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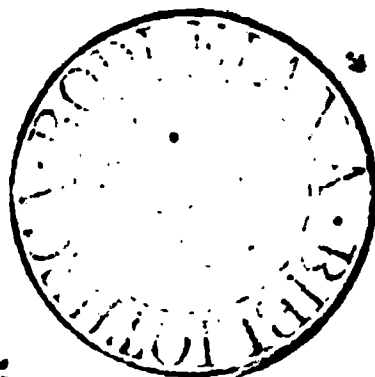
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PREFACE.

SHOULD the writers of the Augustan Review succeed in blending, in literary matters, pertinent observations free from asperity, with occasional instruction void of dogmatism ; and, in political affairs, the just delineation of important measures and events, with the censure provoked by faction, or the reverence due to patriotism, they will consider themselves sufficiently fortunate.

The season chosen for the commencement of their work is, to it at least, not inauspicious : for while a passion for letters becomes more general, Europe is threatened with a convulsion, the progress and effects of which all who can read will, from time to time, desire to see described. Will the war now virtually begun, be a protracted one ? And will this humble undertaking of ours outlive a conflict that may witness the rise and fall of thrones ? To insinuate that the one will, might be deemed a species of political impiety of which we shall not be guilty ; and, little skilled in augury, we presume not to pronounce as to the other.

It was, perhaps, necessary for the authors of the Edinburgh Review, who, adopting the arrangement of their predecessors, yet purposed to give to the world something strikingly new, to mould it into a volume, to present it to the public seldom, and sometimes to make it treat largely on the subjects of books which had not been consulted : and, on the part of the writers of the Quarterly Review, a work destined to serve as a countervailing power, an imitation of their conduct, in some particulars, was almost unavoidable. We imitate neither. We take the field as declared opponents to no redoubted foe. We aim not at any glaring singularity ; but are content that the size of our Journal, its price, and the periods of its publication, be nearly those to which readers have long been accustomed. In the arrangement of its parts there is, however, some novelty : and it is our intention to render it, as soon as we can put matters into a proper train, far more miscellaneous than any other publication bearing the name of Review, by keeping open for writers of genius and taste, who may choose to favor us with their sentiments, the department called the *Miscellanea*. Sketches for this department must be short, because variety will constitute its leading feature.

As to a political creed, we really have not yet composed one. But this circumstance is unimportant, as the ingenuity of our readers will always make it easy for them to infer our belief from our doctrines. Wholly inimical to the principles of no class of good and honorable men, we entertain some hope of being able to demean ourselves becomingly in the sight of all. Such, indeed, is our impartiality, that we care but little to what party our correspondents are attached. Yet to some party they are likely to be attached, since they must have remarked that, of all passive virtues, those of a political nature are the most insignificant : the ancients ranked such virtues with the vices. We beg to add, that as we are to admit the speculations of both whigs and tories, and

that as those writers who take the most lively interest in the success of a favorite system, will usually express themselves in a manner the most forcible and persuasive, our impartiality may sometimes be mistaken and belied. If so, and if any of our readers tell us, that he thinks he sees us inclining with excess to the opinions of some party ecclesiastical or civil, we must desire him to consider, whether that inclination be not, in reality, an homage done to the sanctity of religion, the majesty of the laws, or the imperial dignity of the realm.

For the guidance of our friendly contributors we observe, that there are two great questions, on which we trust they will always write in a measured manner—those of the Catholic Claims, and of the alteration now and then proposed in the mode of parliamentary representation.

Sincere as our wishes are to have religious toleration universally established, we are not at all prepared to approve of those acts of the Catholic Boards, which even their own advocates have held it requisite to discountenance and condemn: and anxious as we are to see the representatives of the people freed from the abuse of inveterate schemers, we will not so much as stretch out the least of our fingers to assist them in taking the House of Commons to pieces and reforming it, in opposition to the recommendations of statesmen estimable alike for the enlargement of their views and the soundness of their wisdom. To every suggestion, in short, in favor of what they call *emancipation* and *reform*, we will not try to give effect; at the same time that we shall at all times reprobate that policy (if any such can exist in England) that would stifle every inquiry, and check all discussion of measures so greatly interesting. If to ask every thing, in cases of doubtful expediency, be allied to presumption, surely to refuse every thing must partake of imprudence.

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Public Affairs.

THE external relations of this country have lately undergone a change, of which, but a short time ago, no human sagacity could form a just conception. America, the government of which, with a certain description of its citizens, had for years appeared as if actuated by an inextinguishable hatred to every thing British, has entered into a pacific arrangement with us, accompanied with incontestable proofs of satisfaction on the part of the more respectable portion of its population: and France, whose princes felt and expressed many weighty obligations to this country, while its people manifested, if not a friendly, at least a pacific disposition towards us, has once more forced us to have recourse to arms. The former event, though by no means generally looked for at the time when it took place, excited more pleasure than surprise: the latter, by its silent subtle approach, and the awful consequences with which it is fraught, has filled the minds of men with alarm.

Never was the restoration of amity between two countries more seasonable, than that which has been effected between these kingdoms and the United States; at the same time that there have been few events on which a greater variety of opinions have been delivered. That every body here should approve of the terms of the Treaty of Ghent, was not to be expected. Men engaged in public affairs—whose principles were different from those of the servants of the crown, could not approve of the treaty in all its bearings; and commercial men, who were deriving great emolument from the continuance of the contest, were likely to disapprove of any terms of accommodation. It was known besides, that many people, recollecting that the Americans had been aggressors, deemed it every way right, that suitable means should be employed to make them at once regret their past temerity, and proceed more cautiously in future; while not a few considered Great Britain as

having lost enough of her glory both naval and military, to justify some strenuous effort to retrieve her character. The diversity of opinion in the United States was comparatively small. And whatever the President's demeanour might previously have been, he manifested no want of alacrity, when his signature came to be definitively called for. This was to be expected. The termination of hostilities in the Peninsula had greatly augmented the means which we might employ beyond the Atlantic. Our forces along the American shores, as well as on the Canadian and New Brunswick frontiers, were daily encreasing; Admiral Cochrane was known to be at sea with a considerable armament; and it is ascertained, that at the period of his arrival in the Mississippi, the dread of his success which prevailed at Washington, far exceeded any hopes entertained of it by rational observers in this country. From these considerations, Mr. Madison did not hesitate to ratify the treaty; at the same time that he is known to have felt a reluctance, which subsequent events at New Orleans, and in France, may by and by be found to have converted into settled regret.

Did the war still continue, would the President accept the terms of accommodation to which he has agreed? If his partiality to France, and his malignity to this kingdom, be only half as great as they have been represented to be, he doubtless would, under circumstances like the present, prefer the continuance of war to a peace which does not insure the main object for which he commenced hostilities. He would go on flattering his own unworthy prepossessions—though at the expense of his country; he would feel a desire to acquire among his friends a title to consistency of conduct; and he might reckon upon fortune's one day granting to his exertions a success and an eclat, which mal-administration had hitherto rendered unattainable.

But there is another point that is every way worthy of attention, and which it would be desirable to have ascertained could that be done. Will the peace with America be durable?—In the treaty of Ghent, the right to search American ships for our own inveigled seamen was not acknowledged. The discussion of it was waived; and although that could be disgraceful only to the American government, which had repeatedly proclaimed its determination to force us to relinquish the right, still it left a door open for serious

complaint and quarrel between the contracting powers. The right of blockading an enemy's ports to the exclusion of neutrals was, likewise, not provided for by that treaty ; and yet a dread of the greatest of national calamities—an invasion by a powerful neighbour, may leave Government no alternative. Again, the line of demarcation between British America and the United States remains to be settled—than which it would be difficult to point out a more fertile source of dissension, should the commissioners on either side be disposed to cavil. Besides all this, what do sea-faring men think of the *courteous* manners which they may in future expect to find in American commanders of all denominations, when speaking of naval actions? What say our merchants to the probability there is of the love of gain urging American traders to contrive the means of putting to sea, one of these days, furnished with French papers? His Imperial Majesty will rejoice in giving facility to the projects of adventurers of this sort ; because such proceedings will give him a chance of seeing America once more embroiled with England ; and Mr. Madison has afforded no ground, on which we can rest in full assurance of his not taking pleasure in again embarking his fortunes with those of his faithful friend.¹

It may be alleged, that a great proportion of the citizens of the United States are mercantile men, whose substantial interests can be effectually promoted only by their continuing at peace—especially with this country. This is true. But the landed interest there—the proprietors of districts in the newly-created states, compose a majority in the legislature ; and as the President always takes care to gratify their wishes, they make a point of supporting his measures ; so that there, as in other countries, commerce is not always the prime consideration. If therefore, from any cause what-

¹ What an unaccountable ignorance did the negociators of 1783 evince—we do not say of diplomatic forms, or of political science, but simply—of the use of the *globes* ! and to say the truth, it does not appear that the negociators of last autumn have a good opinion of each others' proficiency in that branch of knowledge. In treating further with gentlemen on the other side the water, it will be very proper, as it was of late, that an acute lawyer be present ; but as the question of amity or of enmity, will depend chiefly on a geographical problem, why not the astronomer-royal also?

ever, Mr. Madison should choose to incur the risk of another contest, he will not want supporters in Congress ; nor yet, perhaps, throughout the States, in which, as in France, the wounds of war may be closed without having been healed.

Both parties have acknowledged, that the intentions of the negotiators of 1783 respecting the boundaries, have not been duly fulfilled. But the Americans have alleged, and may still do so, that be the present line of separation what it may, it was sanctioned by the customary forms ; they may plead too, as they have already done, the right of occupancy, as well as the delicacy and difficulty of prevailing on any of their brethren on the frontiers, either to immigrate southward, or to become the subjects of another power. But arguments like these are not conclusive, and come too late to be applicable. The ties of friendship between the two countries having been broken, an opportunity was afforded of trying to ascertain the true spirit and intent of the treaty of 1783 ; and of either acting upon it, or concluding one every way new. And if the former mode was preferred, it seems to have been because it was that to which the fewest objections could be started on the part of America ; and which, in the imposing attitude which Great Britain had assumed, bespoke the greatest moderation on her part.

It might be considered affectation in us, to view the relative state of Great Britain and France, at this moment, as any thing else than a state of war. The head of the government of that perturbed country, has infringed a treaty to which England was a party ; and he manifests his insolence by talking about terms of lasting peace, while he disdains not merely to apologise, but so much as to notice the infraction of which he has been guilty. But not merely is the honor of sovereigns now put to the test ; the independence and happiness of nations are in imminent danger. And all Europe is eager to behold, whether the Allies will vigorously maintain an object which they are solemnly pledged to maintain ; or pusillanimously abandon it, because their mortal enemy, whose ill-gotten power would be confirmed by their pusillanimity, thinks proper to call upon them to do so. It is possible, but barely so, that for the sake of preventing an appalling effusion of blood, the restoration of the Bourbons may not be proposed to France as an indispensable point ; but it seems totally impossible

that the Allied sovereigns can listen for a moment to any proposition for allowing the sceptre of that country to remain in the polluted hands that now hold it. Great indeed will that negociator's faith be, who shall hereafter put confidence in the promises of Napoleon; and little must he be acquainted with the history of modern times, who shall consider the peace of mankind secure, while such a being is permitted to walk the earth. He and his equivocal race, with all his perjured ministers and marshals, must, if by any means it be practicable, be swept completely from off the theatre of Europe as intolerable pests and nuisances.

This incipient war with France points out the extreme importance of preserving peace with other countries. It will call for the most dextrous management of the Prince Regent's ministers, as well as for the appropriation of much of the disposable means of the kingdom. To suppose that a niggardly application of these will be sufficient, would be folly of a shameful kind. The public will not be justifiable in expecting more than that they be applied to the best purposes, and without profusion. Men and money, and able counsels, are the desiderata of the crisis; and if they be not found promptly as well as plentifully, they had much better be withheld. Napoleon does not, like the States General of Holland, take matters *ad referendum*; nor does he proceed with his expeditions, like the ardent spirits at the head of affairs in Spain, who give those they mean to attack, though situated on the opposite side of the globe, a full twelvemonth's notice of their hostile intention.

It has never been proved, though the proof has been attempted, that the object of the Congress at Vienna was not the general tranquillity and happiness of Europe. It has however been said, that the course they have pursued, is not merely unwise in some respects; but, upon the whole, contrary to that which the world had been led to expect they would prefer. The re-establishment of all ancient thrones—the reinstating of all princes and illustrious families in the venerated mansions of their progenitors—together with the restoration of all their former privileges to all free states—these are the events which some people expected would distinguish the commencement of the second golden age: instead of which, some sovereigns are not restored at all, others only with

impaired rights—while princes are kept in ignorance of their doom—and free states, celebrated in history, desired to avoid disappointment by expecting nothing.—This is the shady side of the picture : it is an aspect in which it ought never to have been viewed. For who warranted the public in forming such expectations ? Not the Regent's ministers, not the ministers of any friendly power, and least of all the Congress itself : but the Parisian dealers in delusive inuendoes, and the editors of English Journals, who could at no time know one whit more of the intentions of the Allies than the most secluded of their fellow subjects.

The members of the Congress were aware from the hour they first met, that it became them to seek the promotion not of partial, but of universal good. They accordingly contemplated Europe as one great field, no part of which had a proprietor. None of them needed to be reminded that it had frequently been trodden by unhallowed feet, and deeply tinged with the best blood of the species ; and accordingly they prepared to do their utmost either to render the recurrence of enormous guilt impracticable, or to provide adequate means for repressing and punishing it. This momentous question then presented itself : shall we, scrupulous about the rights of all considered separately, suffer the great European commonwealth to be as unhappy as it was twenty or thirty years ago—when one ambitious potentate could with impunity transgress every lawful boundary ; or, shall we rather, by abstracting from the claims of some, render the practice of injustice by one power towards another, if not absolutely impracticable, at least perilous in the extreme ? The latter principle was adopted ; and if through its application, the peace of mankind shall be effectually insured, future ages will not impute to that in which we live as a heinous crime, the simple fact of having, from motives every way benevolent, assigned to Europe one or two sovereign princes less than it once contained.

In this way, one may reason both for and against the measures discussed at Vienna. As for ourselves, we think that the outline of those measures is equally correct and bold ; and that they will, in no great space of time, exhibit the characteristic features of wisdom, especially if it should please the great Disposer of events to call Napoleon Bonaparte to another world : may it be a better

one! But should he be spared and left at large, the effects of the grand system proposed by the Congress, will be comparatively unimportant. For those princes and states, whose entire claims it has been found impossible to grant, may, consulting their feelings more than their reason, take part, in some future enterprise, with him who is known to have a talent by which he can defraud and delight at the same instant. In the present contest, the worst that can be expected of Norway, Poland, and Saxony, is that some of their disappointed chiefs will feel chagrin, and express it warmly. And if some sacrifices have been required in Italy, for the purpose of defeating the projects of France, the greatest gainers by those sacrifices will be the very nations of whom they have been required: the Lombards, for instance, will henceforth possess their iron crown, without being bruised with Napoleon's iron rod.

It has long been obvious, that France is the quarter from which the greatest danger to the independence of nations is to be apprehended. But the necessity for warding off that danger has arisen, before the guardians of mankind could arm and take their ground: they are surprised in their tents—although it ought to have been present to their minds, that there is a man to whom scarce any thing is impossible except the practice of virtue.—They know the arduous task which they have to perform. They also know their own means; and no doubt have calculated the value of the co-operation they may expect from surrounding nations—from those whom they have been able to gratify; as well as from others in whose bosoms some unkindly feelings may be supposed to rankle. We would hope that the circumstance of some of the former being under the influence of the Inquisition, or of personages who once were French Marshals, is not alarmingly ominous; and that if any of the latter should be disposed to lend no aid, they will at least attempt no resistance. King Ferdinand's having sent to Elba some Merino sheep and thorough bred mules, imports nothing fairly applicable to the present case. Napoleon, it ought to be remembered, had long afforded his dearly beloved cousin the rites of French hospitality; and, of course, had a powerful claim on his gratitude.

Next to the lamentable posture of public affairs, occasioned by

Napoleon's unexpected return to France, the means and the mode of that event are the circumstances which now create the greatest interest. Nobody ought to have supposed that that restless, faithless being, could long be detained in any place which he disliked. Elba was the retreat selected by himself: but its being so was not a proof that he would ever like it. It was, however, a substantial reason for not placing him there; and it will long be matter of sincere regret, that Lord Castlereagh's opinions were not permitted to influence that part of the negociation. Napoleon never entertained the humiliating idea of coming to England, to be the scorn of honest men: Caulincourt's having repeatedly declared that he did, ought to have satisfied every body that he did not. He chose Elba, not for the happiness he expected it to yield him; but because he could there, better than any where else, mature the plans already laid with his marshals; and, as a sovereign, enjoy an uninterrupted epistolary intercourse with his brother Joachim, and the sympathising females who had been waltzing and singing duets in Switzerland, with the Empress Maria Louisa. Add to this that he could, with the old mathematical books of which he made so ostentatious an exposure when about to quit France, perfect his knowledge in dynamics; and, at the same time, fix on the rock to which he seemed condemned, the lever which was to move Europe.

To have left the tyrant his head and the choice of his residence, was, as we all know *now*, more than could consist with the welfare of mankind. Yet there was, perhaps, nothing very improvident in the treaty of Fontainebleau. Lord Castlereagh, who, by being nobly solicitous to shield the exalted character of the Emperor of Russia, affords to those of our countrymen who *foresaw* but did not choose to *foretel* all that has happened, daily opportunities of throwing the odium of the measure on himself—Lord Castlereagh has publicly stated, that it was not the habitual humanity of Alexander, nor yet the paternal tenderness of Francis; but the urgency of circumstances arising out of the relative condition of the contending powers, that induced the Allies to suffer their eternal enemy to place himself where he could overlook Italy and France—still rich, and furnished with the nucleus of another armed host. At such a critical juncture, considerations purely humane were

not admissible. And had the daughters of Francis been as numerous as those of Danäus—and all of them wedded to the Napoleoni—it would ill have become him as the father of nations, to yield to an ordinary impulse.

Napoleon's unheeded departure with an armed force from his epitome of an empire, his uninterrupted march over more than half the extent of France, in the presence of troops sent against him by the reigning sovereign; his peaceful entry into the capital, and quiet occupation of a throne which he had lately abdicated; would form no unfit subject for romance, were they not historical facts as solemn as they are real.

And could neither the love of virtue, nor the detestation of vice, raise one patriot arm against this bold intruder? One would imagine, that the story of his matchless guilt were already either forgotten or forgiven in France. Be this as it may, two important questions present themselves: If almost every arm in France has been stretched out to receive Napoleon, and hardly one to oppose him, is he not the choice of the people? And will not any foreign interference in the affairs of France be a crime?

Napoleon may indeed be the choice of those ferocious men whom he had trained to war; and whom, while fortune smiled, he led to victory, and enriched with the spoils of unoffending nations. But he is not the choice of the unarmed population of France—of the peaceful cultivator of the field, the industrious man of business, or the ingenious promoter of the humanising arts. They have had no opportunity of expressing their will, and least of all could they express it either by words or deeds, during his march to the capital. For then the forces which had been called out to oppress him, regardless of the solemn oath they had just before taken, opened an easy route for him, and covered, according to the best rules of Adjutant General Ney's tactics, both his flanks and his rear—repelling every approach of loyalty, and suffering no voice to be heard but such as uttered treason. Never was refined deception carried to such a pitch. The armies sent to oppose Napoleon had been augmented, disciplined, and officered by the minister of war in such a way, as to insure a friendly reception to the invader, whose appearance, though hastened by the apprehension of some unfavorable step being soon taken at Vienna, was by no means

unexpected. And if, in the midst of so much profligacy, M^cDonald did still hold fast his integrity, Soult took care to pitch against him commanders on whom he could rely.

As to our joining in measures to thwart the views of the disturber of the general repose, that might justly be deemed a culpable interference, were it not in this case, as in the comparatively insignificant one of a private family, a matter of serious consideration, whether one's neighbours be peaceable, humane, and disposed to respect the rights of others; or turbulent, suspected of murder, and not averse to an occasional conflagration. It seems to be next to nothing in the estimation of the French themselves how, or by whom they are governed, provided their vanity be but regularly fed. We might, therefore, very properly leave them alone; and our government would, no doubt, be most happy to do so, had they not the strongest evidence, both external and internal, that that fickle nation under their present ruler, neither can, nor will permit, any of their neighbours, who do not basely crouch before them, to remain in the enjoyment of their acknowledged rights. The contest will therefore be for our liberty and our property; it will be essentially defensive; and in such a case, to inquire whether it will be *a just and necessary one*, would be not merely useless, but absurd.

We observe farther, that the Prince Regent, in conjunction with his allies, had entered into a treaty with Napoleon, which he has thought proper to violate without preferring any suitable remonstrance; and that it befits not their dignity to submit tamely to a violation so flagrant and insulting. His apology for this instance of bad faith is first, that his wife and son were not restored to him. But the treaty did not provide that they should be restored: his wife had refused to join him; and it was doubted at Vienna whether, or not, he had a son. Next, that Louis XVIII. had withheld his stipend; respecting which, however, he made no complaint to our government, or to the government of any of our allies. The time within which it was stipulated that the payment should be made, had not elapsed; and Louis's sense of justice would not have permitted it to elapse without the claim being fully satisfied—nay, he would have paid the exile in advance, had not his ministers and marshals resolved on trying to furnish one

enable argument against the honor of their king, by persuading him to defer such generosity. The story of a plan to assassinate him in Elba is a mere French fabrication, good enough, however, for some folks both in Paris and in London. On former occasions, a story of this sort was usually found to be the prelude to some dreadful scene of spoliation and carnage.

What will be the general result of the coming conflict? Will Napoleon triumph? or will he be overcome, and have his pernicious power wrested from him? Admonished to avoid ridicule by the failure of the predictions of some of the leading characters now on the theatre of British politics, we feel more disposed to pause and reflect, than to hazard conjectures. We confess ourselves so much in the dark as to the fate that awaits the usurper of the throne of the Capets, that we do not think it worth while to make it a serious question, whether he will, by and by, be seen dictating, as once before, from Dresden; or swinging on the top of Montmartre. Could any of our readers who were in this country on the 7th of April, 1814, inform those around them at any hour of *that day*, that Napoleon would then sign his own banishment? or on the 1st ultimo that he would then invade France? If they could not, on either of those occasions, tell what a day might bring forth, let them not think ill of us if we are unable to penetrate the veil that covers perhaps a distant futurity.

But though we do not pretend to know any thing of the *certain issue* of the war, we may, without impropriety, mention what we think will be its *probable issue*, which is, that the power of Bonaparte will be extinguished. To enable us to form a rational opinion of this matter, we must call to mind the relative condition of France and the allied powers at a former memorable juncture.

We do not allude to the commencement of the French Revolution: for then a powerful, elastic principle actuated the French nation, and in proportion as their minds were fired and elevated by it, those of their opponents were, through the artful application of it to their prejudices and passions, chilled and depressed. Nor do we speak of the time when Napoleon committed the enormous blunder, both political and military, of marching upon Moscow;

for then two thirds of the forces of Europe—with the same proportion of its strong holds, were his. We have in our contemplation the relative state of the power of the French empire, and of those who made head against it, at the opening of the campaign in 1813.

At that time all the fortresses in the Netherlands and the interior of Germany, as well as those at Hamburgh, Stralsund, Dantzic—and thence through Poland and Silesia, the Tyrol, Italy, and the range of the Pyrennees to the Bay of Biscay, were garrisoned by his troops. The sovereigns of the countries in which they were situated were his devoted friends; and one part of the population of those countries could easily be brought into the field, while the other was condemned to inaction through the presence of their oppressors. The conscription was in full force and activity, and at every turn produced the most frightful effects. Napoleon too could supply the deficits of his treasury in some places by merciless, temporary exactions; in others through the subserviency of the constituted authorities, and the fulfilment of treaties forced upon those whom he had visited either as friends or foes. Such was his gigantic power in 1813: yet he was beaten and compelled to flee with a force barely sufficient to protect his person.

But if his fate was such then, what may we suppose it will be at the close of the campaign just about to open, on which he enters with means greatly diminished, and in which almost every thing that has been taken from him, will be at the disposal of his enemies? To be more particular: if he was overthrown and covered with disgrace in 1813, what ought Europe to expect now when his armies cannot be recruited through the violent operation of the conscription—even in submissive, pliant France; when the places of strength beyond the French frontier which he then held, are occupied by his opponents; when his former vassals are ready to act strenuously against him; when the allied sovereigns have credit because they have honor, and can depend for pecuniary aid on the industry and enterprise of their subjects—while he is without credit, because he is without common honesty, and, prevented from robbing his neighbours, can look no-where for money but to the exhausted coffers of a people who, incessantly harrassed either

with war or revolutions, are total strangers to general prosperity: in fine, when the spell of his invincibility is broken—when the allied powers, firmly united from the first moment of the campaign, are animated by the recollection of recent triumphs, and incensed at the wickedness which tears them so soon from the enjoyment of domestic comfort; and when the scene of blood is about to lie, not as on past occasions, in the territories invaded by the tyrant, but in the very heart of France itself. In a posture of affairs so unequal, can all his craft sustain him? In a predicament so terrible to the French people, who know of no cause for the war except the ambition of their ruler, can they refrain from rising up in acts of vigorous resistance to his authority?

The path we have to move in is not free from asperities. At home some difficulties, chiefly of a financial nature, may occur; abroad many dangers and much suffering will be experienced. But what else ought we to expect at a crisis in which every pound we pay will be the price of peace, and every battle we fight an effort for national independence. Let but the government be prompt and resolute in its measures; let it, regardless of clamor from without or from within, display a vigor similar to that which characterized the glorious warfare of the Peninsula, and every thing will terminate favorably—in all probability, speedily. The preponderance of the power of the allies is now great; and we trust that, at the close of the contest, it will be found such as to enable them, in conformity to the declared intentions of the Congress, to render it impossible for any member of the family of the Corsican hereafter to break in upon the repose of the world. A Decree setting to rest all questions as to their claims (rights they have none) will be worth a short struggle. It will banish much of the regret felt at the necessity of the present portentous movements.

We anticipate with the feelings of men, the immediate consequences of a conflict like this. And we are affected by the idea of the misery to which all must be exposed who live within the limits of the seat of war. But on looking towards the continent, emotions of a mixed nature are excited: and to those who have

either conducted the traitor to a throne which they well knew belonged not to him, or who looked on with complacency during his baleful transit, we say, your misfortunes are of your own seeking—bear them as you can !

April 20th.

ART. I. *The Lord of the Isles.* By Walter Scott, Esq. Fourth Edition, 8vo. Constable, Edinburgh; Longman, London. 1815.

WE remember to have read, many years ago, that a poet *ought either to profit or to please*. This maxim seems to have been well studied by Mr. Scott, who has succeeded, both in affording *pleasure* to a larger portion of the reading world, than any other living author; and in securing a more splendid share of *profit* to himself. In point of quick firing, as well as weight of metal, he is decidedly superior to any individual in the Parnassian corps. And though the work before us may not, in the eyes of all the critics, be so rich in its coloring, or so magnificent in its imagery, as some of his former productions, we believe its *sterling* value in Pater-noster Row (that true barometer of literary feeling) is very little, if at all, inferior. Nor do we find that the multitude to whom his writings afford delight, are less profuse in their admiration than usual. The sixth poem is hailed with the same rapture as the second—it is enshrined in as elegant a covering—followed by as splendid engravings—is as constantly intermixed with the rouge and billets on the toilet—inquired after with the same eagerness at the circulating library—and received with as unbounded an applause, in the form of a burletta, “by the brilliant and discerning audience,” at the Olympic Pavilion.

These circumstances may appear to place our author beyond the ordinary jurisdiction of criticism. But we must take leave to exercise our prescriptive right as reviewers (which is at least as ancient as the castle of Ronald) and examine with the closeness which the subject requires, the sources from whence his fame is derived, and the stamina it possesses. In this inquiry we shall probably discover, that the superior charms of his genius are not those which have tended the most to render him popular; and that he must enter a loftier region, and one where fewer gazers will be able to follow him, in order to pluck the laurel which is to endure for ever. *Paradise Lost*, we should humbly conceive, is as full of bright wonders and awful sublimities as the *Lady of the Lake*; and yet on its publication it was not a hundredth part so much applauded, nor did its author receive as much profit from the sale of its twelve books, as Mr. Scott does from that of as many stanzas.

Now, in the *first* place, we apprehend that it is not so much to the *poetry* of his poems, that our author is indebted for the admiration of so many readers, as to the interest of his stories. He shares the praises of most of them—not with the poetical spirits who have gone before him, but with the manufacturers of ghosts

for the circulating libraries. Those who most eagerly peruse his new pieces, are unacquainted with the springs of delight which earlier and graver writers put in motion. They feel the same kind of interest in them, which they are accustomed to take in less aspiring volumes; and they conclude that they themselves must have a taste for poetry, since they have found verse, which they can so readily understand and enjoy. No one can deny Mr. Scott's right to this species of admiration. His stories are replete with picturesque situation, and surprising incident; and contain a legitimate mixture of love and battle, a proper number of hoary abbots and winding galleries, and a large and valuable assortment of hair-breadth 'scapes and marvellous recognitions. It is impossible precisely to estimate the influence of mere curiosity in the success of such a writer. At the present period, the proportion of the readers who have a true sense of poetical beauty, to that of those who are content to lounge over the newest publication, be it what it will, is, we fear, but small, and wholly inadequate to oppose the powerful enchantments of fashion and patronage. We do not believe that one-tenth part of the modern connoisseurs in poetry ever fairly and fully read either Milton or Spenser; or that they know much of the great dramatic writer they profess to idolize—except as he is displayed at the theatres. It is his *marginal directions* which render him popular with some people—the procession—the radiance, not of fancy but of the stage lamps, the awfulness, not of genius but of the thunder which must now and then be employed. Mr. Scott, therefore, needs not be offended if we insinuate that his popularity, in a good degree, arises from his more extrinsic and inferior qualities, and that, as a test of real merit and lasting fame, nothing can be more deceptive.

But there are two higher grounds of our author's success which we must proceed to notice; the romantic class of his subjects, and his inimitable powers of minute local description. In the *second* place, therefore, we observe, that the period to which his fictions belong, is well adapted to the designs of poetry. It is at once sufficiently removed from the present age to allow an air of venerableness to overspread his wonders; and yet so recent that its vestiges still exist, and the scenery in which they survive may be represented with the vividness of personal inspection, and re-peopled with beautiful and affecting groupes. The singular gallantry of that adventurous age,—the enthusiasm, the bravery, and the mixture of fierceness and generosity, which swelled in the hearts of its independent chieftains, were strikingly contrasted with the ignorance and dark superstition of its tribes of uncultivated savages. Its religion, with the magnificence of its ceremonies, and the terrible secrecy of its mysteries, threw an awful solemnity over

all its denunciations, and alternately hushed and agitated the tumultuous feuds of those who yielded with awe to its influence. The miracles which its votaries proclaimed, took fast hold on the imagination, because they were mingled with truths by which devotion is inspired, and form a part of the earliest and the deepest recollections of fearful childhood. There is a witchery in the magic of those days, which no classical mythology can equal. We are inclined to think, too, that the region in which Mr. Scott's scenes are chiefly laid, displays a peculiar modification of the chivalrous usages, and an enthusiasm which has rendered the contemplation of its local occurrences more attractive. Among their rocky seclusions, the same clans dwelt for ages, to imbibe the character of their awful scenery; and they receive from long tradition superstitions more gloomy, and tales more wonderful, than were ever whispered in the Italian convents. So that Mr. Scott, though inferior to the romance writers of the South in the luxuriance of his imagery, far excels them in the developement of the loftier passions. Instead of the light fairy forms which seem to sport on their velvet lawns, and the fantastic elegancies with which their heroines are encircled; he exhibits deserts disturbed by solemn sounds, and ladies endowed with a retiring holy loveliness. His love is less selfish—it is nobler, and therefore more lasting. Castles “frowning defiance,” and chapels “breathing a browner horror,” supply the place of illuminated alcoves and painted cathedrals.

The *third* peculiar attraction of Mr. Scott's poetry arises from the vivid coloring of his descriptions. There is no kind of writing more universally agreeable, than the delineation of beautiful scenery. It occasions the most grateful associations, and recalls us from the haunts of public life to the love of nature, which the purest minds are the most capable of enjoying. The meek glory of the morning—the stilly whispers which close the day—and the chaste loveliness of moonlight, are become symbols of innocence, and are intimately blended with our best affections. The refreshing foliage of the woods—the golden bosom of the lake at sun-set—and the delicious paths which accompany the course of the secluded stream, are dear to us, because they witnessed the “bright shadowings” of our new-born hope, the warmth of early devotion, and the resolves of untried virtue. A descriptive poet, therefore, with powers like those of Mr. Scott, is sure of awaking the most general and amiable of our sympathies.

There are two principal classes of descriptive poets; one of which does little more than depict the exterior beauties of creation, while the other portrays the emotions they are calculated to produce. The walk of those of the latter class is the more retired;

but it by no means presents a smaller number of interesting objects : for them the humblest objects have a charm, which their own associations have first imparted. Not a note in the wood but revives a thrill of some unearthly pleasure. The country they rove is full of the echoes of happier days : they muse in extasy over the clear fountain which they knew while young. The very clouds are to them messengers of some high behest. Writers of this class, men who study and delineate the beauties of internal nature chiefly, are at once the least popular and the most meritorious.

Mr. Scott, as already observed, is not one of these. He is, however, by far the most successful, in almost every respect, of all living poets. His descriptive passages are not like those which occur in Pope and other writers of former times—little more than catalogues of the objects that had been examined. His grouping, as well as his subject, is exquisite. Every part is delicately touched, and finished with uncommon skill ; while the whole conveys one grand expression, and appears sometimes not to have been elaborated by art, but struck out by a single flash of genius. His pictures have this rare advantage : they are so strikingly local, that we see in them the very spot in which his characters are destined to act and suffer—we seem to breathe the same air, and to participate with them in every vicissitude of fortune.

But we hasten to the romance itself, from which the reader will probably think we have too long detained him. The time in which it is laid is about the year 1307, when Bruce, after his expulsion from Scotland by the English, returned from the coast of Ireland again to achieve the independence of his unhappy country. At this period the first Canto opens, after a few very elegant stanzas in the Spenserian measure by way of introduction. The morning dawns, which was to unite Edith the lovely maid of Lorn, to Ronald, Lord of the Western Isles, a brave and potent chieftain for whom she had long been destined : it is ushered in by a thousand minstrels. Arrayed in the most splendid attire, she alone appeared joyless ; for she alone was impressed with the chilling conviction that the hero who was soon to receive her hand, and who already possessed her heart, regarded her with indifference. While she leant over the turret of the castle of Artornish, whither she had come to await the arrival of her intended lord, and was engaged in confidential discourse with her attendant, his Fleet burst into view, and glided by in proud magnificence. At a distance from this gorgeous spectacle, a single shattered bark was seen struggling amidst the waves. Upon this, two leaders in vain attempt to steer from the domains of Lorn : one of them, broken down by misfortune, retained a kingly dignity ; the other

displayed the impetuosity of youth, and both panted for a daring enterprise in which they might either succeed or perish. The Elder at length resolved on seeking the towers of Artornish, where a thousand lights were now blazing from the illuminated halls of the nuptial banquet. Hostile as the dispositions of the Lords, there assembled, might be to the mysterious fugitives, they hoped the sacred name of guest would afford them protection. As they advanced, the shouts of festal merriment were heard, and the proud fortress seemed to rise in sullen majesty from the waters. Its appearance from the sea, and the contrast of its revelry with the gloom of the evening, is thus beautifully pictured.

“ Now nearer yet, through mist and storm,
Dimly arose the castle's form,
And deepen'd shadow made,
Far lengthen'd on the main below,
Where, dancing in reflected glow,
An hundred torches play'd,
Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in this vale of pain
That dazzle as they fade.”

p. 31.

They steer on in silence, till they reach the narrow, and rocky passage leading to the castle, when the helmsman sounds his horn in order to demand admittance. The warder at first mistakes those who had arrived, for the Abbot and his holy brethren, who were anxiously expected to consecrate the bridal union. To his inquiries they make stern and dignified answer, but being at length invited to share in the festal gaieties, the two chiefs leap on shore, bearing with them a beautiful lady almost exhausted with fatigue. They are conducted to a low room, where the carousing servants gaze upon them, with insolent surprize, until the majestic reproof of one of the noble strangers inspires them with reverence. At length, a hospitable message from the Lord of Artornish requests them to join in the loftier revelry.

The second Canto introduces us to the banquet. Ronald, amidst the mirth which surrounded him, sometimes sunk into fits of abstraction, at others endeavoured to disguise his cares, by loud and hollow laughter. Some saw, in his demeanor, only the mind of a lover burdened with its transport; but there was one swimming eye that pierced deeper, and saw with agony the reluctance he could so ill conceal. He rejoiced at the arrival of the shattered voyagers, as affording some respite to his care, while Lorn and his friends beheld the princely air of their visitors with suspicion and terror. These apprehensions were increased by the fiery reply of the younger guest to a taunting inquiry, respecting the exiled Monarch of Scotland. At length, upon the conclusion of

a song in ridicule of the family of Carrick, their fears are confirmed ; the stranger appears in kingly dignity, the hero stands confest, and Bruce, with his brother and sister, are surrounded by deadly enemies. Lorn calls loudly for their destruction, and a hundred weapons are immediately brandished against them. The respect due to the laws of hospitality restrained their arms, and produced a terrible silence, which Isabella, the sister of Bruce, broke by entreating Argentine for succour. As she kneeled, in the energy of despair, her eye met Ronald's ; his frame was convulsed, and a tender remembrance came across his mind as he incoherently calmed her dismay. New tumults arose in the hall, and a contest was actually commencing, when the doors were thrown open, and the Abbott and his train entered to pronounce the marriage blessing. The holy man interposed, and was on the point of denouncing a terrible curse on the head of Bruce. He gazed awhile in mute amazement on the pale features of the Prince, and then in prophetic rapture pronounced a series of benedictions. The holy frenzy subsiding, he sunk back exhausted, and was conveyed from the astonished audience to his vessel, leaving unconcluded the ceremony he came to perform. We cannot refrain from presenting our readers with the most striking part of the scene.

Like man by prodigy amaz'd,
 Upon the King the Abbot gaz'd ;
 Then o'er his pallid features glance
 Convulsions of extatic trance.
 His breathing came more thick and fast,
 And from his pale blue eyes were cast
 Strange rays of wild and wandering light ;
 Uprise his locks of silver white,
 Flush'd is his brow, through every vein
 In azure tide the currents strain,
 And undistinguish'd accents broke
 The awful silence ere he spoke.

" De Bruce, I rose with purpose dread,
 To speak my curse upon thy head,
 And give thee as an outcast o'er
 To him who burns to shed thy gore, &c.
 O'ermaster'd yet by high behest,
 I bless thee, and thou shalt be blest !"
 He spoke, and o'er the astonish'd throng,
 Was silence awful, deep, and long.

Again that light has fir'd his eye,
 Again his form swells bold and high,
 The broken voice of age is gone,
 'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone :

"Thrice vanquish'd on the battle plain,
Thy followers slaughtered, fled, or ta'en,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exil'd,
Disown'd, deserted, and distress'd,
I bless thee and thou shalt be bless'd ;
Bless'd in the Hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injur'd fame,
Blessed in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful lord,
Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame.
What lengthen'd honors wait thy name !
In distant ages, sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
Go then triumphant ! sweep along
Thy course, the theme of many a song !
The Power whose dictates swell my breast,
Hath bless'd thee and thou shalt be bless'd !—
Enough—my short-liv'd strength decays,
And sinks the momentary blaze,—
Heaven hath our destined purpose broke,
Not here must nuptial vow be spoke ;
Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
Our task discharg'd—Unmoor, unmoor !"

pp. 75—78.

At the commencement of the Third Canto, silence is broken by the fury of Lorn, on discovering that his daughter was missing. His rage is excessive, and he offers the richest rewards to the hand that should restore her, which Cormac Doil, a pirate, sets out to achieve. He then hurries away with some friends, while Ronald increases the guards, returns to his guests, and invites them to repose. At midnight he visits Bruce, and swears to assist him in his arduous struggle. They instantly resolve that Edward shall attend Isabel to Erin, there to await the issue, while Bruce and his host embark for Sky to be beyond the reach of English revenge. There they disembark amid wild and sublime natural scenery, which in the animated description of the Poet, swells into a fearful prospect. Here they find a slender and delicate youth in the garb of a minstrel, who, they are informed, has been dumb from his infancy : they also meet with five men of suspicious appearance ; from whom they, not very prudently, demand shelter. Distrusting their hosts, they and the page of Ronald agree to watch by turns ;

a precaution which proves well grounded ; for before morning they are beset, the page is killed, and a terrible contest ensues between the Princes and the assassins, the chief of whom is the pirate Cormac Doil. The princes are victorious, and the old robber dies breathing defiance and curses. They take the poor dumb captive under their protection, consign the body of the faithful page to the earth, and move absorbed in serious contemplations towards the harbour.

The Fourth Canto opens with a fine description of mountain scenery, in which Mr. Scott rises almost above himself. As the travellers proceed, they are surprised to hear the horn of Edward Bruce resound through the solitudes, and instantly he appears bounding over the hills to meet them. He soon unfolds the reasons of his speedy return ; acquaints them that the patriotic nobles are rousing their clans in favor of Bruce, and that Edward of England, the deadly and potent foe of Scottish independence, had died as he reached the borders. Animated by this intelligence, they hasten to embark—the vessel sweeps along the coast with favorable winds, and lands at the Isle of Arran. The aspect of the shore during the whole voyage is pictured in the most glowing colors. We can make room for only its termination, which we think exquisitely touched.

Onward their destin'd course they drew ;
 It seem'd the Isle her Monarch knew ;
 So brilliant was the landward view,
 The ocean so serene;
 Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd
 O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold
 With azure shone and green.
 The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
 Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour,
 The beach was silver sheen,
 The wind breath'd soft as lover's sigh,
 And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,
 With breathless pause between.
 O who, with speech of war and woes,
 Would wish to break the soft repose
 Of such enchanting scene ! p. 146.

In the midst of this sweet tranquillity, Ronald discloses to Bruce his love for Isabel, and urges the flight of Edith as discharging him from all obligation to her : in the mean time the mute captive listens with deep interest, and hears, with ill-concealed uneasiness, the proposal of Ronald. Higher objects however claim our attention ; the vessel anchors ; Bruce springs to his native shore, and is surrounded by ardent and tearful warriors : he hastens to visit his sister, who had taken refuge in the little monastery of St.

Bride, and had declared her wishes to pass her days in religious retirement. At the mention of Ronald's suit, a slight blush overspreads her cheek

“ Like the last beam of evening thrown
On a white cloud—just seen and gone.”

She refuses to listen to his vows, till he shall lay at her feet the bridal ring of Edith, with an absolute release of him from his recent engagements. At these words the orphan page, who had overheard all at a distance, rushed forward and clasped her neck in silent ecstasy, to her no small amazement and confusion. Her brother excuses this conduct, and leaves her resolved to pass her days in the gloom of a cloister.

The Fifth Canto opens with a picture of Isabel at her devotions. On raising her head she finds a golden ring, to which a little scroll was affixed, resigning the claims of Edith on the heart of the Island Chieftain. A suspicion now arises in her mind that the mute captive is no other than the Maid of Lorn. Impressed with this idea, she dispatches one of the holy brotherhood to conduct the page to the monastery : but Edward Bruce had frustrated this design, by dispatching the gentle youth to the shore of Carrick, with a letter to his brother's friends, ordering them to set the beacon in flames as a signal for invasion. Darkness had already fallen. The expected signal began to blaze, and soon filled the sky like a terrible meteor ; the work of no earthly protector. While the army was trembling with awe, the mute page returned with a letter for the King, of a nature the most appalling. The little army resolved, however, to proceed, and either to conquer or perish. Not aware whom he was cherishing, Ronald supports the poor rejected Edith, and covers her with the folds of his mantle. At last overpowered with fatigue, and broken-hearted to hear her unconscious protector speak of his love for Isabel, she sinks upon the ground, and is left in a cave to repose. There she is found by the servants of Lord Clifford, and by him is ordered to be killed, in the very presence of her brother, as a spy. She resolves to meet death in silence, rather than betray Ronald and his heroic companions. The moment of dreadful preparation arrives : in mute agony she waits her fate ; when the patriot bands burst from their ambush, rescue her, surprise the castle, and, after a bloody combat, remain victorious in the turrets of Carrick. The mingled emotions which Bruce experienced on occupying again the abode of his childhood, are exquisitely depicted, and the Canto closes with a noble address to his comrades.

The last Canto hurries through the military exploits by which Scotland, with the exception of Stirling, submitted to the domin-

ion of her rightful sovereign ; during which " spirit-rousing time," Edith remains in disguise at the convent with Isabel. At length a messenger from King Robert requests her presence at the camp, to make yet another trial on the heart of Ronald. She consents ; and her yielding is thus tenderly excused :

Oh blame her not ! when zephyrs wake,
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake ;
When beams the sun through April's shower,
It needs must bloom, the violet flower,
And love, howe'er the maiden strive,
Must with reviving hope revive.
A thousand soft excuses came
To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.
Pledg'd by their sires in early youth,
He had her plighted faith and truth—
Then, 'twas her liege's high command,
And she, beneath his royal hand,
A ward in person and in land :
And last, she was resolved to stay
Only brief space—one little day—
Close hidden in her safe disguise
From all, but most from Ronald's eyes :
But once to see him more ! nor blame
Her wish to hear him name her name !
Then to bear back to solitude
The thought he had his falsehood rued. p. 233.

She arrives the evening before the battle, and beholds it from a neighbouring eminence. The terrible scene is described with great vividness and graphic skill ; but still it is inferior in richness and coloring to the fight of Flodden Field, in *Marmion*. The reader is aware that the issue reinstates Bruce on his throne ; and no doubt expects Ronald and the Maid of Lorn to be happily united.

Such is the outline of this fine romantic tale. Comparing it with Mr. Scott's former productions, we regard it as better than *Rokeby*, but somewhat beneath *Marmion* and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. We are, on the whole, sincerely happy to meet with him again upon his own borders, returned safe from his imprudent incursion into our plains. Our level roads do not present obstacles sufficient to prove the mettle of his fiery Pegasus.

The subject of the work before us—a patriot monarch returning from exile and regaining his throne after a bloody contest, is loftier than any which Mr. Scott had attempted to adorn. He has, we fear, failed in reaching "the height of his great argument ;" for few of the noble exploits usually characteristic of such enterprises, are related ; and instead of beholding Bruce, in the ardor of dauntless patriotism, leading his bands to perilous achievement, we only find him tête-

à-tête with his sister, or moralizing among mountain scenery. In truth, the love of Edith, and the heroism of Isabel, form the principle attraction of the piece; and when they are not in view, the interest always lingers. We readily admit the inspiration of the Abbot to be genuine: but it could not be very great, since it allowed the heroine whom he had known from childhood to attend him without being discovered. But how she contrives to reach the Isle of Sky; what she does there; how she imposed on the pirate the belief that she was dumb, or how, being dumb, she communicated the story he told to the warriors—we are not duly informed. Even an enchanter in the Arabian Nights would have allowed her some kind of conveyance—a dragon, a magical car, or some other equally comfortable carriage; but our author merely exhibits her in her wedding attire at Artornish, and then, in a few hours, she appears in a savage island in male attire, among a race of very *civilised* pirates. Ronald, too, is rather a singular personage: he consents to a marriage which he dislikes, without assigning any reason for doing so; and finally, after paying zealous court to another lady through five cantos and a half, he transfers his affections to their rightful claimant, in time to conclude the sixth. In one respect, this poem is superior to any the author has produced: we allude to the total absence of the drunken revelries and stupid jests of the subalterns; and the tedious descriptions of blue velvet housings, and harness of approved fabric. We miss, however, the strange witchery which threw so mysterious a shadowing over his earlier poems—and that solemn thrilling voice of the times of old, to whose expiring echoes we can listen with delight.

We now take our leave of Mr. Scott, with a pretty sure presentiment of soon having the pleasure to see him again. Most sincerely do we wish that he would follow the loftier dictates of his genius; that he would think more, print less, and be content to secure a title to draw, not on his booksellers and bankers, but on posterity. He ought, for a while at least, to retire satisfied with the general and cordial applause with which he has been honored.

ART. II. *Charlemagne, ou L'Eglise Délivrée. Poème Epique.* Par Lucien Bonaparte. 2 Vols. 4to. London, Longman. 1814.

WHEN we consider the circumstances under which this poem has been composed and published, together with the obscure birth, acquired rank, elevated connexion, and political pursuits, of the author, the latter seldom allowing to the mind leisure or compo-

sure for literary employments, we cannot but view *Charlemagne* as a phenomenon of considerable interest; especially since we have had the opportunity of ascertaining from an undoubted source, that every line of the four and twenty cantos was actually written by Lucien Bonaparte, who had not been assisted in the structure of the poem by any of the *Savans*, who formed a part of his fifty retainers during his retreat at Thorn-grove. We cannot withhold the local compliment of observing, that the pensive spirits, which may be supposed to flit through the classic shades of Hagley and the Leasowes, have had no reason to start from the approximation of their poetical neighbour; the *Membre de l'Institut de France* has the same poetical sight of nature, and his muse sustains a loftier flight with an unwearied wing.

CHARLEMAGNE has been composed during an exile, if not voluntary, at least chosen by Lucien as a less evil than that of being subservient to the ambition of a brother, whose ability and ready exertion of the means adapted to the end, had placed him upon the steps which led directly to the imperial throne of France. Lucien has never displayed any taste for the pageantry of courts, and that game of *playing at kings and queens*, at which his brother has gambled away so much human life and human happiness. Not choosing to be, like Jerome, divided from the wife of his choice, and married to a princess for the good of the *grande nation*, or, on refusal, to be treated like *Luke* in the *City Madam*, by the Emperor whom he made First Consul, Lucien Bonaparte came un-compelled and un-invited to England, the asylum and sanctuary of Europe.

Although, while a Commissioner of the French government in Portugal, the Prince of Canino had shewn himself sufficiently ready to seize and bear away every thing valuable which came within his grasp—and his rapacity has not been un-noticed by the biographers of the day—in England he was liberal and punctual in his expenditure, and rejected, with all the repugnance of an independent mind, the notion of having his wants supplied by the government of a country, to which, though in fact a prisoner, he chose to consider himself on a visit. He was extremely averse from availing himself of the privilege of bringing his immense cargo of pictures and other effects to England, free of custom-house duties; and when, having tendered payment for the occupation of Percy Castle, where he resided previous to his removal into Worcestershire, he was informed that he was to be lodged at the expence of government, he immediately distributed the money among the different parishes of Ludlow.

However he might choose to palliate or disguise to himself the fact, Lucien Bonaparte, while writing his epic poem, was certainly a prisoner. It was in prison that the immortal *BACON* composed

those works, which contain the seeds of half that has been written since. It was in prison that Galileo pursued his scientific researches, with a zeal unquenched by prejudice and persecution. Ignatius Loyola formed the plan of the society of Jesuits, while immured in a Spanish fortress. Madame de Roland was a prisoner under the constant expectation of the order for execution when she wrote her eloquent Appeal to Posterity, and the entertaining memoirs of Madame de Stael are dated from the Bastille. Numberless are the instances which might be adduced of the elastic energy by which strong minds rise above the pressure of misfortune, and while shut out from the world and forced upon themselves, elicit the flashes of genius from the clouds of adversity.

The details of what Lucien Bonaparte has hitherto performed on the stage of public life, of his residence at Rome, of his favor with the Pope, &c., are in the hands of the public; what part he may in future act, we presume not to predict; it is of his literary not political existence that we now feel ourselves called upon to speak; and we turn from the consideration of the writer to the investigation of his labors.

A French serious epic poem of considerable length may claim at once the advantage of novelty, and the merit of enterprize, since, while the presses of England swarm with cantos and duans, and tales in verse, whose divisions are distinguished by the modest appellation of "books," scarcely any work of the kind has been attempted by our Gallic neighbours since the days of Voltaire, whose *Henriade*, in comparison with the other productions of that universal genius, has been but little read, and coldly commended. Lord Chesterfield has indeed said, "the *Henriade* is a finer epic poem than the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, or *Jerusalem Delivered*," but the decision of the noble Lord has not been confirmed by the public. Whether the temper of the people, or the structure of the language, present the greater obstacle to the attainment of success in the higher departments of the *Epopée*, we venture not to decide; among poems of sportive satire, the voice of the public, which, as Madame de Sevigné says, "is neither stupid nor unjust," has transmitted to the admiration of posterity the *Lutrin* of Boileau, the *Vertvert* of Gresset, and many other minor productions, but the attempts to attain the loftier flights of solemn poetry have most frequently encountered the fatal word "heavy." Of the *Henriade*, not all the "*Esprit de corps*," and "*Esprit de pays*" of a literary Parisian, could prevent him from saying, that although it was "*tres beau*," it was "*tres ennuyeux*," Whether either, or both of these epithets will apply to "*CHARLEMAGNE, ou l'Eglise délivrée*," we will not detain our readers from some imperfect means of judging for themselves.

By the Parnassian laws, it seems to be decreed that an epic poem must have machinery: neither the danger of becoming profane by resorting to sacred images, nor unintelligible by ransacking the stores of Hindû faith, nor wearisome by the school-boy recurrence to the mythology of the Greeks, (which can only be amusive or instructive when its occult meanings are rendered obvious by the torch of science,) can dispense from the observance of this formidable injunction;—our author shall however speak for himself upon this subject, which he appears to have maturely considered:

“L’anathème prononcé par Boileau contre la religion chrétienne comme peu propre à la poème épique, m’a toujours paru injuste et plus digne de l’auteur des Satires que de celui de l’Art Poétique; car il est plus propre à décourager les poètes qu’à les éclairer sur la route qu’ils doivent suivre. Par la raison même que la mythologie est plus variée, elle me semble moins dramatique et moins épique que la religion véritable. La poésie légère aime la multiplicité des accessoires: mais la haute poésie dont le but est d’élever l’homme au dessus de lui-même, doit préférer l’unité d’une morale touchante et sublime à la variété frivole de quelques ornemens et de quelques allégoires souvent supposées par les commentateurs. Le critique Clément, dans sa septième lettre à Voltaire, donne des aperçus profonds sur l’épopée chrétienne, que l’on chercherait en vain dans l’Art Poétique de Boileau. “Sans doute,” dit il, “l’intervention de Dieu, des anges et des saints ne doit pas être employée pour égayer nos poésies, comme Homère employait Mars, Junon, Vulcain, Vénus et sa ceinture. Le merveilleux de notre religion qui tend au grand et au sublime ne doit pas être prodigué et ne saurait être employé avec trop de sagesse et de précaution; mais dans notre système, ainsi que dans celui des anciens, il faut que le merveilleux anime toute l’épopée; il faut que le poète qui se dit inspiré, et qui doit l’être, soit saisi, pour ainsi dire, de l’esprit divin comme les anciens prophètes; qu’il lise dans le ciel les décrets de la Providence; qu’il voie la chaîne qui lie les évènements de ce monde à la volonté divine, et les hommes conduits et dirigés par les agents surnaturels. L’action entière du poème doit être liée au merveilleux; que le ciel veuille et que les hommes se conduisent selon cette volonté. Du commencement jusqu’à sa fin, on doit voir les agents surnaturels donner l’impulsion aux acteurs et toujours l’homme sous la main de Dieu.” Pref. p. xiii.

The selection of such a sensible passage as the preceding extract, leads us to augur well of the piety and good moral taste of the writer of *Charlemagne*, not forgetting, however, the wide difference between the tact which discriminates excellence and the genius which creates it.

The stanza chosen, we believe we may say *invented*, for the poem under our consideration, does not appear to us to possess any peculiar advantages, but for a long composition it is perhaps preferable to what is termed in English heroic measure.

A short, but rather intricate detail of the state of the continent of Europe during the eighth century, and anterior to the commencement of the action of the piece, is prefixed to the poem. The hero, Charlemagne, does not appear to us in a very engaging or respectable point of view, since he is represented to have been drawn in to marry the daughter of Didier, King of the Lombards, although he was already provided with an unexceptionable wife of his own choice, in order that he might assist the attacks of his heretical father-in-law, against the see of Rome, and the orthodox Christian princes. Charlemagne, having been left by his father and predecessor King Pepin, (of whom the readers of this poem must learn to speak with respect,) joint heir with his brother Carloman to the throne of France, takes an early opportunity of quarrelling with his co-partner in authority, who survives the displeasure of a powerful rival about as long as might have been expected in those barbarous ages, and the widow and her two sons, proscribed by the usurper, find a refuge at the holy see.

We will not crowd our pages with the obscure titles of all the inferior agents who are mentioned in the preliminary *exposé*, but commence our analysis of the first Canto. The time is fixed for the beginning of September, and comprehends six days, but the year is not specified. The argument runs thus:

ARGUMENT.

Réunion des Lombards et des Grecs sous les murs de Spolète. Sacrilege de Spolète ; fuite des catholiques vers Rome. L'Eglise de St. Pierre ; tapisseries sacrées ; cérémonies des cendres, le Paradis : oracle.

We present our readers with the narrative of the murder of Vilfrid, Bishop of Spoletum, a passage highly interesting, and capable of being insulated from the body of the poem, without sustaining injury from want of connexion with preceding details.

“ Vilfrid sacrifiait au milieu des latins.
Son front est prosterné devant le sanctuaire ;
Ses sens sont absorbés dans le divin mystère ;
Il n'entend ni la voix, ni les pas des mutins.
Au centre de l'autel et sur la croix domine
Une image divine :

C'est l'image du Christ souffrant pour les mortels,
Et calmant par sa mort l'éternelle justice :
A cet aspect les grecs courent vers les autels ;
Et leurs cris furieux troublent le sacrifice.

Ils s'approchaient déjà de la marche sacrée ;
Déjà la sainte croix cédaît à leurs efforts
Vilfrid les voit, s'élance, et couvre de son corps
Du fils du Tout-puissant l'image révérée ;

" Quel horrible spectacle offrez-vous à mes yeux ?

Arrêtez, malheureux !

Dit alors le pasteur d'une voix inspirée ;
Son front calme et sévère, et ses cheveux blanchis,
Ses accents douloureux, sa démarche assurée,
Glacent soudain le cœur des soldats interdits."

Can. I. p. 14, xxii.

This description does not suffer by a comparison with the forcible entry of the Gauls among the conscript Fathers. Our limits do not allow us to insert two stanzas descriptive of the vacillations of the minds of the soldiery, between pity, reverence, and ferocity ; the latter of which prevails, and the venerable prelate expires with peace and forgiveness on his lips.

It may, perhaps, be expedient to remind some of our readers, that at the period of history at which the action of the poem begins, there prevailed in Constantinople a fanatical sect, known by the title of Iconoclasts, or *breakers of images*. They looked upon the representation of our Saviour upon the cross as an abomination : such were the assassins of Vilfrid. In the second Canto, which begins at the close of the seventh day, we find ourselves at Paris, at a splendid fete given by the royal lover in honor of his bride Armélie, alias Hermengarde, alias Berthe, alias Désidérade, for we learn from the Notes that the lady was entitled to all these names ; and we have the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with our former sovereign Egbert, of whose abolition of the Heptarchy honorable mention is made by Lucien ; and also with the celebrated Orlando, who appears as mad, and as heroic, as in the amusing pages of Ariosto, and is by far the most interesting figure upon the canvas. He espouses warmly the cause of the repudiated queen, and of course makes himself many enemies among the admirers of the reigning goddess of Charlemagne's idolatry. In the Third Canto we touch upon holy ground ; the argument fearlessly announces, "*Cantique des tribus célestes. Les douze disciples. Message d'Elie. Cloître du mont Cassin.*" The peculiar tenets of the Popish faith are clearly discernible in many passages, and especially in the high station and influence allotted to the Virgin Mary. The sacrilege of Didier is engraved upon the eternal records, and the prophet Elias chosen the messenger from heaven, to touch and turn the heart of Charlemagne. So far all is well ; but how shall we translate the description of the attire of the sainted messenger.

" La laine à plis épais forme ses vêtements,
L'humble cuir sur ses reins se rattache en ceinture."

Can. III. p. 79, xvi.

Surely this minute detail of the woollen garb of the embodied spirit is in very bad taste; the dress of heroic personages in a poem should be what it is in a first-rate historical picture, *drapery* and nothing but *drapery*; any accurate discrimination of the quality of the stuff destroys the sublimity of the general effect.

The Fourth Canto begins with the night of the seventh day, and opens with some very fine imagery. Charlemagne, touched with compunction at his adulterous league with the enemies of his faith, determines on visiting the tombs of his ancestors, a pious observance which he had long neglected. He found that

“ L’herbe du péristile a couvert les degrés,
Et la ronce féconde a caché son issue :
Le monarque se trouble ; et dans son âme émue
Il sent naître aussitôt des remords acérés.
Jamais près d’Adeline il n’oublia son père !
Cette ombre auguste et chère
Semble lui reprocher son long éloignement.
Il franchit le contour des arcades funèbres :
Le tombeau de Pépin au fond du monument,
Etait déjà caché dans le sein des ténèbres.

Can. IV. p. 99, viii.

The holy Adelard finds the king in these pious dispositions, and the royal penitent abjures his errors with all the enthusiasm of a heart made for virtue, and led away by ardent passions. The party of Armelia nevertheless continues strong; but the loyal and generous Orlando lends of course the prowess of his arm to the support of the injured queen, whose partizans are aided by the lover of the young Emma, daughter to Charlemagne and Adeline, and who is introduced to the notice of the reader in some very pretty lines.

The Fifth Canto takes in the time from the eighth to the tenth day, and relates the *Derniers efforts d’Armélie : incertitudes de Charlemagne : triomphe de L’Hymen : adieux d’Armélie. Le doître d’Adeline.* The adieux of guilty lovers are sometimes highly pathetic; witness the parting of Margaret, queen to Henry the Sixth, and her paramour the Duke of Suffolk, as given by Shakespeare. But our author, who, to do him justice, never loses sight of *la haute morale*, has taken care not to make his usurping beauty too interesting: a lady who presumptuously raises to heaven,

“ Des regards enflammés de haine et de vengeance,”

Can. V. p. 136, xxx.

excites little sympathy for her sorrows. Some traits of nature, however, awaken pity, when she bewails her inconstancy to her first love, Rodamir, the son of Vitikind, Can. V. p. 137, xxxiii.

Adeline is re-instated on the throne of France, and in the heart

of Charlemagne, whose wanderings she forgives as good wives must do—when they can. Charlemagne is all tenderness and devotion; and, with what may appear to the peaceable followers of the gospel, a monstrous anomaly of images and feelings, takes up the sword and shield, and undertakes, *in the name of God*, a war of extermination against the enemies of the Holy See.

Argument of the Sixth Canto:—*Turdes délivrée par Roland. Fuite des Maures. Trahison de Théodbert duc de Gascogne. Songe de Rémistan. Vallée de Roncevaux.* In this warlike Canto, Stanza XLV. p. 169, describes the missile warfare, and stones and rocky fragments, to which Ruggiero, Orlando, Oliver, and the rest of the noble Paladins, are exposed in the pass of the Pyrenees. These brothers in arms at last perish together in the Valley of Roncevalles.

The argument of the seventh canto announces the *Conseil des chefs alliés. Chaumière des laboureurs. Départ de Laurence et de ses fils. Jonction de Didier et d'Ezelin.*

Armelia, sent back to her father, who is more intent upon avenging the affront offered to his house, than on consoling her sorrows, finds a champion in her former lover, the paladin Rodamir, who promises to her vengeance the head of Charlemagne. The eighth canto extends in point of time from the thirty-sixth to the thirty-ninth day, and advances the history by the following steps. *Propositions de paix repoussées par les Lombards. Marche des Français. Dénombrement des preux. Solitaire du mont Jove. Passage et combat des Alpes.* The opening possesses a considerable degree of descriptive merit.

The principal part of this division of the poem is occupied by a *catalogue raisonné* of the chiefs who fight under the banners of Charlemagne.

The ninth canto begins the thirty-ninth day, and bears for its argument merely this tremendous word, *L'Enfer*. As might have been expected, the finest traits in this canto are drawn directly from the source of the Inspired Writings; it is not however disfigured by the jumble of sacred and profane story, which disgraces the *Divina Commedia* of Dante; the historical details present salutary warnings, and the punishment of Judas is not more disgusting than the *fiero pasto* of Ugolino, who makes his eternal dinner off the reeking head of his persecutor! We are glad “*evadere ad auras*,” and to be conducted from Hell, by the tenth canto, into *La forêt d'Eresbourg. Le culte d'Irmensul. Les captifs suèves à l'autel des druides.* Some critics might object to the following lines, their plagiarism of Milton, but we must in charity observe that it would have been very difficult to avoid it.

Lucifer s'élevant sur la sphère brûlante,
Traverse le chaos d'un vol audacieux ;
Et bientôt, dans les airs, du soleil radieux
Il contemple et maudit la lumière éclatante.

Can. 10. p. 263. 1.

The barbarous rites of the worship of Irmensul occupy the greatest part of this canto. The eleventh extends from the thirty-ninth to the fiftieth day, and contains the *Message de Timance. L'Esargue en Espagne. Naufrage de Laurence. L'Alcasar.*

In this canto the unsuspecting temper of Charlemagne is practised upon by the artifices of Irmensul, and believing in the penitence of Armelia, he consents to a peace with her father; the supernatural agency of Lucifer accomplishes the shipwreck and consequent captivity of Laurence (the widow of Carloman) with her children, and the machinery of the piece thus continues in play and interweaves itself with the human agents of the events narrated.

The twelfth canto begins on the fiftieth day, and contains *Le combat des trois chefs. Victoire des saxons. Désespoir du paladin Raimond. Serment de Charlemagne.* With this canto, followed by about fifty pages of notes, the first volume closes, and before we enter upon our analysis of the second, we may perhaps be allowed to make some comment on what we have already perused. Although it is acknowledged by the author, that some of the details rest solely upon the testimony of the ancient *romanciers* (antecedent to the troubadours, whose simple and affecting lays kept alive so long among the southern nations of Europe the flame of heroic enthusiasm), we have not been shocked by any glaring departure from established facts. The poem would have possessed more dramatic interest, had the interlocutors been less numerous, and their hold upon the memory would have been more secure, had their names been less barbarous. We cannot pass over, without the just tribute of our commendation, the melody and correctness of his versification, and the appropriate coloring of his descriptions: the manners of the poem are uniformly unexceptionable, and the tendency of it is at once pious and moral; qualities which the perverse ingenuity of some sectaries would divide, but which mutually aid and support each other, and cannot maintain their purity in a state of disunion.

But we must at the same time observe, that we never entered upon the perusal of a work, which had less power of fixing the attention: the eye passes over many lines, and the ear receives the cadence of many stanzas, which excite no corresponding perception in the mind. The first volume contains a very fine engraving from a bust of Lucien Buonaparte, and the second has for its

frontispiece a map of Rome and its environs. The thirteenth canto conducts the reader from the fiftieth to the sixty-eighth day and contains the *Retour de Charlemagne. Félonie de Gaiffre d'Aquitaine. Honneurs funèbres rendus à Roland.*

The fourteenth canto contains two days, and relates *Le pont d'Argente. Combat du paladin Isolier et du Scandinave Edgard. Captifs français délivrés. Le rocher de Roland.* Charlemagne, in the true spirit of a crusader, of those self-appointed defenders of the faith, who make the edge of the sabre the medium of conversion, and mangle the body to persuade the mind, exclaims,

La mort ou le baptême ! A cet arrêt terrible
Les Francs ont agité leurs piques et leur dards, &c.

Can. 14. p. 42. xxxi.

The fifteenth canto comprises the history of the seventieth day, and *Le dernier combat de Vitikind.*

The argument of the sixteenth canto runs thus, *Chêne et bûcher d'Irmensul. Le fils d'Héral. Apparition de la religion chrétienne: Vision prophétique des descendants de Vitikind.*

The seventeenth canto takes up the space of seven days and relates the *Campement des Huns. Combat des Ringues. Dépouilles des Huns. Tassillon de Bavière aux pieds de Charlemagne.* Armelia appears again upon the scene, escorted by her lover and champion Rodamir, but the canto closes with the successes of *les preux* and Charlemagne.

In the beginning of the eighteenth canto, the princely author for the first time speaks in his own person, after giving the example of a forbearance which *writing people* will know how to estimate :

Quel orage a brisé les cordes de ma lyre ?
Hélas ! je ne suis plus sur les monts Tusculans :
La paix de ces beaux lieux, favorable à mes chants,
De mes nobles transports nourrissait le délire.
Du verdoyant sommet de ces coteaux fameux,
Rome offrait à mes yeux
De ses vastes remparts l'enceinte magnifique.
Du soleil radieux épiant le retour,
Je découvrais du Christ la sainte Basilique
Étincelante au loin des premiers feux du jour.
Là, si de mon génie éteignant le flambeau,
Le souffle de la guerre et de la calomnie
Obscurcissait parfois l'horizon de ma vie,
J'allais me prosterner aux pieds du saint tombeau, &c.
De la captivité je sens ici le poids !
Rien ne plaît en ces lieux à mon âme abattue ;

Rien ne parle à mon cœur ; rien ne s'offre à ma vue,
 Qui puisse ranimer ma languissante voix.
 Accourez, mes enfants ; viens, épouse chérie,
 Doux charme de ma vie,
 D'un seul de tes regards viens me rendre la paix ;
 Il n'est plus de désert où brille ton sourire.
 Fuyez, sombres chagrins, souvenirs inquiets :
 Sur ce roc Africain je ressaisis ma lyre.

Can. 18. p. 141. i.

The last stanza requires to be elucidated by a reference to the acts, but we think the quotation cannot fail to give pleasure to the reader of taste and sensibility. The conclusion of this canto brings us into Purgatory, and the nineteenth division of the poem informs us of the *Fuite de Laurence dans les Landes. L'hermitage détruit. L'apparition mystérieuse. Le Chatelain de Sère.* Stanzas thirty-four to thirty-seven contain an interesting detail of part of the lonely and meritorious expedition of Laurence and her children.

The twentieth canto comprises twenty-four days and shows us, *Rodamir et Armélie sous les murs de Rome. L'enceinte du temple emportée par les alliés. Les ruines de Tusculum. Le cirque funéraire des Cornéliens. Arpin et Ruffinus.* Here again the bard speaks in his own person, and commemorates the 'Tusculum Mount.

Solitude paisible, heureuse, enchanteresse !
 Mont déjà consacré par tant de souvenirs !
 Pendant un lustre entier, dans les plus doux loisirs,
 Sur ta cime ont passé les jours de ma jeunesse ;
 Que ne puis-je être encor dans tes vastes forêts,
 Ou bien dans tes guérets,
 Au milieu des moissons, du pampre et de l'olive !
 Que ne puis-je, à la nuit dérobant les grands noms,
 Recueillir dans tes flancs, d'une main attentive,
 Les sages, les héros couchés sous tes sillons !
 Toujours du laboureur tu bénis les efforts ;
 Et si l'on te demande une moisson classique,
 La bêche remuant ta poussière héroïque,
 Souvent des temps passés découvre les trésors :
 Ici, de ces faux dieux, fils du cerveau d'Homère,
 L'image mensongère
 Sort après deux mille ans en précieux lambeaux.
 Là, des Cornéliens le cirque magnifique,
 Ses pilastres brisés, ses marbres, ses tombeaux ;
 Et plus loin de Junon la forteresse antique.

Can. 20. p. 236. xlvii.

In the Twenty-first Canto, containing about three days, we find *Charlemagne sur les bords du Tibre. Combat de la tour de Béli-saire. Adélard tégé*. In the relation of these events we find many good stanzas, but none which can be detached from the work, without appearing to considerable disadvantage. The Twenty-second Canto relates, the *Combats singuliers des paladins. Les trois Montmorency. Les Français repoussés. Charlemagne blessé. Le grand druide évoque Irmensul. Les ruines du temple de Saint Pierre*. This canto is full of business; and is enriched with several good descriptions.

The Twenty-third Canto treats of *Les catacombes de Rome. Trêve de deux jours. Adieux d'Adalgise à Eginard. Trahison de Didier*. The first article supplies the subject of some very beautiful stanzas, which the reader must however seek for himself in the pages of the author, not only because we have already been drawn on by the interest of the subject to exceed our limits, but because our scope and aim is to excite, not satiate, curiosity. We now find ourselves advancing towards a close of our labors, and candor demands from us the acknowledgement that a "great book" is not necessarily "a great evil," and that while numerous *soi-disant* epigrammatists daily convince us that it is not impossible to be very brief and very dull, Lucien Buonaparte has added to the proofs that a poem may be long and yet not tedious. It is therefore with a slight feeling of that horror of THE LAST, so finely depicted in the concluding number of the Rambler, that we turn to the twenty-fourth canto, where we find the *Arrivée d'Isolier à Rome. Fin de la guerre civile d'Aquitaine. Le camp de Charlemagne surpris. Combat nocturne. Secours céleste. Victoire. Triomphe*. In this canto the character of Charlemagne, of which the gradual expansion to virtue has been traced by the hand of a master, rises upon us in all its splendor. The events, which bring on the catastrophe of the piece, are closely interwoven and rapidly succeed each other; but the poem bears no marks of that careless precipitation so usual at the close of a long narration, and which at once betrays weariness in the writer, and insures it in the reader. Towards the end of the canto, we are reminded of Raffaele's designs for the Vatican, representing the Wars of Attila, by the immortal champions suspended in the air.

Le nuage à ces mots se déchire et s'entr'ouvre :

Dans son sein se découvre

L'archange des combats, l'ange exterminateur ;

Il plane au haut des airs : d'un bouclier immense,

Sa main gauche couvrait la ville du Seigneur :

Sur les païens, sa droite agitant une lance.

Du pied des saints remparts jusque sur la montagne
Du vaste bouclier s'étend l'orbe brillant :
Charles, en lettres de feu sur le bronze ondoyant,
Voit ces trois mots ; Cyrus, Constantin, Charlemagne, &c
Can. 24, p. 365. LXXII.

In the concluding stanza, the conqueror does homage to the vicar of Christ, and acknowledges the aid of divine assistance.

On the rank, which Lucien Bonaparte is entitled to hold among poets, posterity must decide. Our observations upon recent successes have led us to believe that, for an epic author, to attain celebrity during his lifetime, it is requisite for him either to form or to attach himself to a party. It is not enough that he inform the understanding or amuse the fancy, he must flatter national partiality and gratify national pride ; he must write not only for the calm, dispassionate man of letters, but for the soldier, the artist, and the man of the world, not neglecting the numerous tribe of eager and indulgent readers, for whom "the purple light of love" yet sheds its lustre on the sterile path of human experience, and who hang with rapture on the lay that can excite, and feed those delicious reveries, which steal some happy hours from all the "sad realities of life." Many readers, not in the confidence of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, whom we believe too wise a man to make any superfluous confidants, will doubtless employ their sagacity to discover and proclaim *why Charlemagne has been written ?* Some will say, "To please the Pope ;" others, "To personify Napoleon under the name of the hero—To pave the way for the succession to an empire—To keep alive the Bonapartean name when 'States and empires shall have their periods of declension,'" &c. &c. &c. But we enter our protest against such reasons, and judge his motive to have been simply that, "besoin d'écrire" and impatience of obscurity, which always exist with, and very often, without genius, and which, in the present instance, have been laudably indulged by giving to the world *Charlemagne, ou l'Eglise délivrée*

ART. III.—*Memorial addressed to the King, July, 1814.* By M. Carnot, Lieutenant-General, Chevalier of the Royal Military Order of St. Louis, Member of the Legion of Honor, of the Institute of France, &c.

THE translation which we are to use, is one that has been made exclusively for the *Pamphleteer*. It is by far the best we have seen, and conveys a just idea of the fire and brilliancy of the original.

The interest of the document itself has been much increased by the great events, which have occurred since its publication, as well as by the advancement of its author to a high post in the Imperial government, and the chance there is that he will again act a conspicuous part on the theatre of Europe. It would seem to have been originally intended for the perusal of Louis XVIII. and those near his person; and to have been printed with the view of rendering the perusal of it more easy: but, in France, things are far from being what they *seem* to be. The Court, we have reason to believe, were fully as anxious to prevent others from reading it, as they were to read it themselves; and the printing was suspended with the consent of the author, who managed, however, to have some copies completed.

Before we enter on the consideration of the work itself, we shall offer a sketch of the career of its author, which will throw considerable light on the sentiments he has so daringly avowed. The particulars we shall collect, partly from the short memoir prefixed to the translation, and partly from other sources to which we have had access.

Carnot was the son of a respectable lawyer, at Nolay, in Burgundy, and was destined, early in life, for military pursuits. Although actively engaged in the artillery service, he devoted much of his time to science; and before he reached the age of twenty, had published several mathematical works, some elegant pieces of light poetry, and an Eloge of Vauban, which insured him the patronage of the Prince of Condé. At the commencement of the revolution he was a captain of engineers, and in 1791, was elected to a seat in the legislative assembly. A high admiration of ancient freedom, and an attentive observation of the principles on which the glory of military republics is founded, led him to co-operate with the most furious republicans of the time. He voted for the accusation of the princes, and for the death of the king; and was entrusted with the principal management of those wars, by which France successfully resisted the combined forces of Europe. In consequence of his united intrepidity and republican sentiments, he was raised to the Directorship, from which high station, however, he was soon compelled to descend. Upon this he took shelter in Germany, where, by an eloquent memoir, he accelerated the downfall of the Directory he had quitted; and, though under the protection of a King, ventured to style himself "the irreconcilable enemy of Monarchs." He afterwards became minister of war, and resisted with all his might the first intrigues of Napoleon. He voted singly against the Consulate for life, and obstinately refused his assent to the introduction of the imperial purple. His efforts proving vain, he retired from public life in all

The first are by far the most worthy part of the nation, and among them are to be found the vestiges of its ancient character. They care but little about the administration of public affairs, and scarcely peep through the "loop-holes of their retreat" at the feverish bustles of political struggles. Napoleon had dragged away their children to fill the ranks of his armies, with the unrelenting fierceness of insatiable ambition: but, in return, his reign guaranteed the security of their property, and relieved them from the burthen of tithes, and the inconvenience of ecclesiastical demands. They, therefore, are in general neutral, and anxious only for repose.

As to the Parisian multitude, it seems idle to calculate the direction of their affections: it is problematical whether they are capable of any serious, settled sentiment. They are captivated alike by the lily and the eagle—by a kingly procession, and an imperial triumph. The laurel or the olive is admired according as fashion directs; sometimes the bees are thought more tasty, sometimes the Cross of St. Louis.

But the truth is, that nothing resembling the national mind is spoken of except by the old republicans, who are restrained only by the soldiery. Some of the former are men of the first talents in France—ever eager for change—and ever anxious for opportunities to show what they can achieve. It may seem strange that they should unite with the soldiery in supporting a military despot. The fact, however, is capable of an easy solution. Napoleon broke to pieces the image of Liberty. But by his enterprise he dissipated their *ennui*, he opened for them a new career, and gratified their passion for vain-glory, by offering to make them conquerors of the world. If there was in the character of Napoleon nothing of the moral sublime, which they might admire, there were in it awful depths, which imagination at once longed and dreaded to contemplate. He supplied those whom he ruled with perpetual objects of emotion; with extensive hopes, terrible energies, and mysterious reverence. Besides, he had risen from among the dregs of the *people*, and had realised their inhuman wishes with regard to both the monarchy and the nobles—its ancient legitimate supporters.

In fine, the people in the country remained quiet, because under his rule they were freed from certain exactions, and suffered to retain the national property they had purchased: the republicans supported him, partly because he was not an hereditary monarch, and partly because he was restless and daring: the soldiery admired him as the prime author of their renown: and the people of Paris liked him excessively, because he sometimes flattered their vanity, and always supplied them with materials for conversation.

Thus supported, Napoleon could be overthrown only by his own madness. Completely humbled, as he happily was, by the many severe blows he had received subsequently to his visit to Moscow, he was induced to abdicate his throne. At this crisis, the banners of Louis were displayed, and he himself invited to return. But Louis brought back with him but little personal attachment ; and therefore Carnot takes a retrospective view of affairs, and in this Memorial tells the King, that to have secured his throne he should have delighted the republicans by accepting his crown as the people's gift ; he ought to have calmed the fears of the peasantry by checking all the hopes of the emigrants ; and to have attached all parties to his cause, by not only forgiving his bitter enemies, but by neglecting his faithful friends, and despising the public functionaries of religion. It is needless to say, that security would have been dearly bought at a price like this. To call for the sacrifice, by one act, of tried friendship, royal honor, and every estimable principle moral and religious, was surely going much too far. Louis XVIII. may once more reign in France ; but he cannot reign there in comfort, till the nation acquire a character more worthy of his acknowledged virtues.

ART. IV.—*Lothaire ; a Romance, in Six Cantos, with Notes.*

By Robert Gilmour, 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 210. Cowie, 1815.

WE never heard or read of an age so romantic as the present : all around us, indeed, seems decided Romance. Somewhere about the top of Parnassus, or still ascending—or perhaps only drawing near to it, we see Southey, Campbell, Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Thurlow, Hogg, and many others ; and now comes Mr. Gilmour, with whose muse the public, we imagine, is but little acquainted.

This poem opens in a strain laudably modest and humble. The moral of it is good ; and the interest it excites, so well kept up, that most readers, after perusing a part, will be desirous to go through the whole. In the composition, however, we see, in some instances, too close an imitation of Mr. Scott's style and manner ; although, on the whole, it is easy, unaffected, and not void of sparkling beauties. We select the following passages for the amusement of the reader.

Amidst a spacious wood he found
Himself, and cautious gaz'd around ;
The castle's lofty towers were seen,
Pale rising o'er the tree-tops green,

And thro' the mingled pine and oak,
 Apparent to the warrior's look,
 The moon upon the fosse shone bright,
 That trembled with her silver light.
 'Twas still—save where embowered above,
 The night-bird tuned her song of love,
 And murmuring thro' the branches light,
 Cold sighed the solemn breeze of night.

The contrast in the appearance of the spirit of Lothaire's father, on being introduced a first and second time, is striking. When he meets his son, who has just escaped death, and is about to reveal himself to him, the following is the description :

Deep groaned the Monk, and seemed to stand
 Impassioned, as the knight he viewed,
 Then from his head with solemn hand
 Pull'd back the covering cowl and hood !
 Dread heaven ! what horror seized the knight,
 How shook his inmost soul with fright,
 When pale and ghastly as the grave,
 A countenance was seen,
 Whose bloodless lips dread token gave,
 He saw no human mien !
 Deep in the head, an inch and more,
 A hideous gash appeared,
 With spattered brain and clotted gore,
 All horribly besmeared !
 Silent awhile the spectre stood,
 And earnestly Lothario view'd ;
 Then lifting up its death-pale hand,
 Thus spoke with accent dread—
 The sound made high erected stand
 The locks upon Lothario's head.

But when Lothaire has revenged himself on his father's murderer, his aspect undergoes a pleasing change.

He ceased—the cowl and visage pale
 Changed like the fickle ocean gale,
 The first assumed a shining glow,
 And turned as white as winter snow,
 The next with rays of glory crowned,
 Diffused a dazzling light around,
 And midst a strain, whose cadence sweet,
 No mortal music can repeat,
 The vision vanished from his sight,
 Veiled in a cloud of purple light.

The description of the combat in the last canto, with the various incidents that attend it, is very spirited and picturesque, and were it not too long; we should now insert it. Mr. Gilmour's muse is

a youthful one ; but gives promise of much vigor, and of still greater efforts.

In the finale to his poem, the author breathes a spirited abhorrence of oppression and tyranny :

Oppression ! how I hate thy rod !
 How burns my soul at slavery !
 O man ! thou noblest work of God,
 Hold fast thy birth-right—Liberty !

True liberty its king respects,
 And rank its due attention draws ;
 But still its jealous eye protects
 More dear its country's sacred laws !

ART. V. *The Pilgrims of the Sun* ; a Poem. By James Hogg
 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 148. Murray, 1815.

THIS poem is dedicated to Lord Byron in the following strains :

Not for thy crabbed state-creed, wayward wight,
 Thy noble lineage, nor thy virtues high,
 (God bless the mark !) do I this homage plight ;
 No—'tis thy bold and native energy ;
 Thy soul that dares each bound to overfly,
 Ranging through Nature on erratic wing—
 These do I honour—and would fondly try
 With thee a wild ærial strain to sing :
 Then, O ! round Shepherd's head thy charmed mantle fling.

The author is said, at one time or another, to have been a shepherd ; and, as such, to possess little learning. Granted that he is not classical ; but neither is he unlearned—if to have read and understood, as it is obvious Mr. Hogg has done, most of the best books in our own language can raise a man above the imputation of being destitute of learning.

His present work possesses very considerable merit. The language, as far as the second Canto, will be obscure to the English reader, being in the broadest Scotch dialect ; but in that division of the poem, perspicuity and genius become alike visible. The language of poetry can never be too perspicuous, the imagination must be seized and fired at once, and not be left unemployed till a second or third reading remove its obscurities. There is in this little work a considerable variety of verse. Its stanzas, however, are not nearly so tiresome as those of some others of the fanciful productions of the day.

We could wish the author had written his whole poem in blank

verse, in which he excels. His rhymes in the heroic measure are frequently stiff and formal; and the pyebald metre of the last Canto, written in imitation of Mr. Scott, and the race of poetic romancers, is inferior to the preceding portion of the poem, from the very circumstance of its being in that light undignified style. The close of the first part is very pretty; but the second Canto is more—it is in several passages even sublime. Nothing of a recent date and in the same measure excels it.

The first Canto begins thus :

Of all the lasses in fair Scotland,
That lightly bound o'er muir and lea,
There's nane like the maids of Yarrowdale,
Wi' their green coats kilted to the knee.
O! there shines mony a winsom face,
And mony a bright and beaming ee;
For rosy health blooms on the cheek,
And the blink of love plays o'er the bree.

But ne'er by Yarrow's sunny braes,
Nor Ettrick's green and wizzard shaw,
Did ever maid so lovely won,
As Mary Lee of Carrelha'.

2d Canto.

Harp of Jerusalem! how shall my hand
Awake thy Hallelujahs!—How begin
The song that tells of light ineffable,
And of the dwellers there! The fountain pure,
And source of all—Where bright Archangels dwell,
And where, in unapproached pavilion, framed
Of twelve deep veils, and every veil composed
Of thousand thousand lustres, sits enthroned
The God of Nature!—O thou harp of Salem,
Where shall my strain begin? Soft let it be,
And simple as its own primeval airs;
And minstrel, when on angel wing thou soar'st,
Then will the harp of David rise with thee.

3d Canto.

Imperial England, of the ocean born,
Who from the isles beyond the dawn of morn,
To where waste oceans wash Peruvia's shore,
Hast from all nations drawn thy boasted lore.
Helm of the world, whom seas and isles obey,
Tho' high thy honors, and tho' far thy sway;
Thy harp I crave, unfearful of thy frown,
Well may'st thou lend what erst was not thine own.

4th Canto.

The night wind is sleeping, the forest is still,
 The blair of the heath cock has sunk in the hill,
 Beyond the gray cairn of the moor is his rest,
 On the red heather bloom he has pillow'd his breast;
 There soon with his note the grey dawning he'll cheer,
 But Mary of Carrel' that note will not hear!

The fable of this little work is this: Mary Lee, a fair and no doubt a very virtuous shepherdess, is conveyed by some benignant spirit to the Sun, from whence she is indulged with a full view of all the bodies in the solar system, as well as gratified by hearing and witnessing the extatic employment of the saints and angels who surround the throne of the Almighty: for Mr. Hogg, considering the centre of the Sun as that of nature, places there both the beatifier and the blessed. It is thirty years since the learned Dr. W. Thomson wrote an entertaining novel, called "The Man in the Moon;" and on his ingenious fiction is founded that of the present author. The former, however, was chiefly of a political nature; and took care to bring back its hero, C. J. Fox, to London, but without promising that he should ever revisit the Moon, dead or alive. The latter is of a character becomingly moral, but chiefly religious; and sets Miss Mary Lee down among her own sheep, with an engagement that she, with some other very good people, shall after death be conveyed to the Sun as the destined abode of the just.—Ought not the author to have favored us with the average state of the thermometer at the centre of our system?

ART. VI. *Reasons for the Classical Education of Children of both Sexes.* By John Morell, LL. D.

WE must confess ourselves rather surprised at the title of this work, having always considered the necessity of classical learning, to form and finish the character of a *gentleman*, as an established point, standing firmly upon the basis of experience, and not requiring the additional prop of any arguments or "reasons." And as to the other sex, so much has been said upon the subject, and so unsuccessfully, by the able pen of the ingenious and ill-fated Mary Wolstonecraft, whose notion of *female physicians*, *female barristers*, and *female financiers*, cannot be named without a smile, or reflected on without pity for the absurdities, into which a passion for theory may lead superior minds, that we cannot forbear marvelling at a fresh attempt to assimilate those whom nature and custom agree to keep distinct, but not *divided*: to people our

nurseries and drawing-rooms with a race of she-schoolboys, and to make the last best work of nature, "whose 'prentice han' she tried on man, before she made the lassies O—" any thing but what she is, or ought to be, the charm and solace of domestic life, the companion of man—not his rival.

We disclaim that selfish, illiberal stupidity, which would deny the capacity of females to attain to classical knowledge, or make progress in the paths of polite literature; and which settles every discussion on the subject, by the invidious restriction to the eternal "shirt" and "pudding." Elevation of sentiment, brilliancy of wit, and clearness of judgment, we every day find among women. We could wish them to have a taste for learning, not a voracious appetite: we would have literature be their pleasure, not their business.

The arguments upon this hacknied subject seem capable of being comprised under two heads,—1. Can women be taught Greek and Latin? 2. Will they be the better for being taught Greek and Latin? The first we grant, the second we deny *in toto*. As a general practice and obligation, we heartily disapprove the idea of making classical belles.—To all rules there will arise exceptions. Once or twice in an age, a masculine understanding may drop by chance into a female form; and we are amazed at finding in the world a Madame Dacier, a Mrs. Carter, a Donna Agnesi, or an Elizabeth Smith. But these prodigies were not produced by a regular process of classical study: they were instructed just like other females; and they attained the heights of literature and science through genius and industry alone.

We should not create more Burns's or Bloomfields, by setting our ploughboys and shoemakers' apprentices to read the Seasons and the Georgics; nor should we have more examples of female talent and learning, by condemning our smiling young females to share with their brothers the drudgery and coarseness of the schools.

But it will be said that it is not proposed to make women complete scholars, but only to correct their ideas and conversation. We blush for the want of gallantry in our countrymen. Is there one thinking, speaking, or writing man among us, who is so unhappy as not to know several women whom no scientific lectures could make more lovely, no academic honors more attractive? A word spoken by a beautiful mouth may reach the heart of a profound linguist, although the derivation of it be not accurately ascertained; and a sentence may delight a classic ear, although its structure be not exactly conformable to the rules of Aristotle, Longinus, and John Horne Tooke. Love, like galvanism, requires the application of bodies somewhat dissimilar—no flame can be

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elicited by zinc with zinc. It is now time, however, that we give our author leave to speak for himself, which he will do, as a judge summing up the evidence on both sides, rather than as one laying down the law.

If there be a mode of training by which, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, more useful and applicable knowledge might have been obtained, I believe it is not too much to say, that it is yet untried and unknown in practice, and has never even been explained to the public. I shall suppose the destination of the youth, whom we have now brought to his fifteenth year, to be a merchant's counting-house. If he is to become a student in either of the universities, there can be no question about his previous training. There remain two good years on the lowest calculation, before it will be generally thought expedient to plant him at the desk. This time may be well employed, not only in adding to his stock of classical learning, but in the careful and critical reading (which will not now be impracticable) of several of the best English authors. Should it be apprehended that, by acquirements so much above the business of the counting-house, he should be unfitted for its practice, let it be recollected, that he will take with him habits of application, industry, and reflection, that will much more than turn the balance in his favor; and thus the man of business will be also the man of taste and liberality.

If for these reasons a classical education should be thought the best for boys, who are not destined to the liberal professions, I know of nothing that should make the reasons inapplicable to children of the other sex.—Habits of attention and accuracy, a correct taste in literature, and all the useful and ornamental knowledge which is incidentally acquired in the study of the languages and best writers of antiquity, must tend to refine and raise the mind both of man and woman. And the female, who is thus endowed, must, in the judgment of every man of sense and education, be estimated more highly for the possession, in every social relation, as companion, friend, wife, and mother: nor is it likely that the substitution of thought for levity,¹ and of sound learning for sentimental romance, should prove a disqualification for the discharge of domestic duties.

With the above quotation ends Dr. Morell's Tract, and we wish that here also may end all disquisition on *one* branch of the subject. More than forty years ago, the Sage of Litchfield said, "The business of education is now as well understood as ever it can be." Would that this precious aphorism were always in the view of those who sit down to teach others how to teach!

¹ We much fear that the power of intense thought is not incompatible with levity of conduct. We will not name (lest we excite their aches or their blushes) a numerous band of females whose learning has proved no security against sentimental romance; and we suspect that many a fair grammarian has found, in the theory of language, no words to speak comfort to a wounded heart.

We cannot take leave of Dr. Morell without observing, that his little book is written in a clear and correct style, with becoming candor and temper; and that it may be read with advantage by those who have yet to make up their minds upon the subject of which it treats.

ART. VII. *A Compendious System of Modern Geography, Historical, Physical, Political, and Descriptive*: By Thomas Myers, A. M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 8vo. pp. 520. Wilkie and Robinson, London, 1812.

GEOGRAPHY must ever owe its improvement to enterprise and observation, more than to abstract research. For it is not here as in poetry and other liberal arts, where the combination of imagination and taste, with happy powers of description, can both enlarge and beget excellence: in this branch of knowledge, invention is hardly at all admissible, and taste, though it may lend a beauty, cannot confer any essential utility.

There are two classes of persons on whom the improvement of geography necessarily depends—the traveller, who can narrate candidly and accurately what he has seen, and the writer who knows how to represent faithfully with both his pencil, and his pen, whatever is worthy to be known as being either curious or important. The last twenty years have been productive of eminent persons of both classes; and of the latter we know none who possesses claims to general approbation superior to those of the author of the work before us. His maps are not merely as correct as any of those attached to similar works; they are also the simplest, and on that account, the most intelligible and readily applicable to use. And as for the descriptive part of his book, it is remarkable for clearness as to both the arrangement of its parts, and the perspicuous expressive language employed in it. We consider ourselves indeed fully justified, on a view of the whole performance, in pronouncing it a very considerable acquisition to readers in general; but to those who, from any motive whatever, are studying geography, we think it an acquisition of the highest value. We would accordingly embrace this opportunity of recommending it particularly to public notice and patronage, did we not know that it has already attracted both.

The introductory chapters are very well written, and abound with solid interesting information. From Mr. Myers, indeed, we had a right to expect, in a work on such a subject, something strongly marked by sagacity and discrimination. With his plan,

and his general object we shall make the reader acquainted by the following quotation :

The author of this treatise has been induced to attempt a more free and animated manner of delineation, and to present his readers with the most interesting results of arduous researches, rather than perplex them with tedious details. With this view, he has not hesitated to make use of such materials as appeared best adapted to his purpose ; equally guarding against prolixity on the one hand, and brevity on the other ; so that, while the work is circumscribed within moderate limits, it is far from being reduced to an insignificant nomenclature.

The first chapter contains a concise history of the rise and progress of geography ; briefly enumerating the principal links in that grand chain of events which connects the primeval with the present state of the science. In this, great care has been taken, not only to procure the most authentic documents, but also to exhibit them in that light which is best calculated to improve the understanding and assist the memory. The second chapter consists of the necessary definitions and preliminary observations. The third is occupied with a brief physical view of the earth's surface, and its surrounding atmosphere. This is succeeded, in the fourth chapter, by a similar sketch of the European continent ; chiefly embracing those features which are not peculiar to any country. Fourteen chapters are then employed in describing the natural appearance and specifying the internal economy of the *European* states ; in shewing the power of these nations, as constituted by their territory, population, and commerce ; in sketching their characters, as formed by their genius, religion, government and laws ; and in exhibiting their warlike strength in the combination of their military and naval establishments. Similar views are also taken of *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America* ; while *Australasia* and *Polynesia* are separately treated of at the conclusion. The latitudes and longitudes of the principal places mentioned in the work, are then given in an Appendix, in which both the countries and the places in each are alphabetically arranged. Much valuable and interesting matter, that could not be interwoven with the text without destroying its uniformity, is also inserted in notes ; and the whole illustrated with eighteen maps ; in the construction of which, great attention has been paid to *simplicity*, *perspicuity*, and *correctness* ; and it is presumed that these qualities, so essential in every elementary publication, will be found to prevail, in a very considerable degree, throughout the work.

Having given this brief analysis of the contents, it only remains to be observed, that the author's inducement to the undertaking, and his guide in its accomplishment, has been utility ; which he has endeavoured to attain, by condensing the most valuable matter of more extensive systems into a moderate compass. Much that is *new* cannot be expected ; since the business of a geographer is not to create, but to compile and examine ; to digest and elucidate ; yet any ostentatious display of the numerous works that have been consulted, would not be less inimical to the author's feelings, than contrary to his plan. Elegance

of composition, and beauties of style, have not been attempted, as the author's attention has been occupied in attaining less brilliant, but more useful qualities ; he has been anxious in the pursuit of authenticity, and desirous that his delineations should be simple and perspicuous. His object has been to present to the rising generation a compendium of geography, suited to the ardour of their youthful curiosity, without surpassing the expansion of their mental faculties ; one that, while it enlarges the understanding, and informs the judgment, should not contain any thing inimical to the best interests of society.

With these views, the subsequent sheets are committed to the decision of the public, whose sentence, like that of the ancient Areopagites, has ever been renowned for its justice.

(To be continued.)

ART. VIII. *Outlines of Natural Philosophy, being Heads of Lectures delivered in the University of Edinburgh*, by JOHN PLAYFAIR, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, F. R. S. Lond. and Edin. &c. 2 Vol. 8vo. pp. 310 and 341.—Constable and Co., Edinburgh ; Longman and Co., and Cadell and Davies, London. 1812 and 1814.

On opening a new work on the subject of Natural Philosophy, the mind naturally takes a retrospect of that dreary period in which the dogmas of antiquity had an absolute sway over the literary and scientific world, and derives a peculiar pleasure from perceiving their fetters loosened, and philosophy, freed from restraint, rising to that point, whence the whole material creation appears in its proper light, and exhibits “striking proofs of the beneficence, the wisdom, and the power of the Creator.” During the long period alluded to, the opinions of Aristotle usurped the throne of reason, and his dictates were regarded as the oracles of truth. So long and profoundly did the human mind bow before the shrine of antiquity, that whoever dared to refuse his implicit homage to this deity, was equally exposed to the anathemas of power and the insolence of its bigoted votaries ; while the only asylum that awaited him was a dungeon.

The universe itself is the subject of investigation ; but such a scene, presented to the mind of man at an early stage of its progress, was as much calculated to overwhelm his perceptive powers by its magnitude, as to raise his admiration by its grandeur. It ought not, therefore, to be matter of surprise that he should be found either shrinking from the contemplation of such a stupendous object, or struggling beneath its weight, and inventing hypotheses to relieve himself from the fatigue of investigation, and

to explain what he could not otherwise comprehend. Nor should it create astonishment that those who were endowed with sufficient strength of mind to cultivate an acquaintance with the mechanism of the universe, should over-rate their own powers, and grasp at final causes instead of confining themselves to the discovery of general laws. Thus did the early inquirers after truth not only mistake the true objects of their pursuit, but they also erred in the methods of attaining them, by attempting to explain every thing upon hypothetical principles, instead of searching nature, carefully examining her various phenomena, and ascending from particular effects to the general laws by which they are regulated. Hence the ultimate scope of the human powers was transgressed by men who vainly imagined themselves capable of comprehending the eternal reasons and primary causes of things, and who were ambitious of presenting to mankind none but *complete* systems of philosophy; by which means they retarded rather than promoted the true knowledge of nature.

To this cause also the irregularity of the progress of philosophy may be attributed. While other sciences were progressive in their improvement, this appears to have been sometimes advancing, sometimes stationary, and at others retrograde. For as hypothesis alone was the foundation of each system, the labors of one age or sect frequently destroyed those of the preceding. The *numbers* and *harmony* of the Pythagoreans, the *ideas* of Plato, and the *matter* and *form* of Aristotle successively prevailed. The Epicureans embraced one extreme and the Sceptics the other. In later times, amongst a variety of other crude notions, appeared the *vortices* of Des Cartes, the *metaphysical speculations* of Leibnitz, and the *extravagances* of Spinoza. Each of those, however, while pushing his scheme to the utmost of his power, and vainly hoping to render it complete, more effectually contributed towards showing its absurdity, and consequently undermined the foundations of that Babel which he had himself been erecting. Many, therefore, who were pleased with the fabled system of Des Cartes were checked by the impieties of Spinoza. Many who were delighted with the absolute necessity of Leibnitz demurred at his *monads* and pre-established harmony; while others who easily enough relinquished the reality of matter, could not give up the existence of mind also.

The various opinions and perpetual disputes among ancient philosophers, induced many persons, in all ages, to conclude that it was in vain to expect certainty in natural knowledge; and to ascribe the cause to a defect not in the method of proceeding, but in the principles of science themselves. Modern discoveries, however, have proved the fallacy of such a conclusion, and pointed out the true methods of investigating the laws by which natural

phenomena are regulated. Happily for the world, the Stagyrice and his categories, the Cartesian vortices of more modern times, and all the intermediate absurdities and metaphysical subtleties no longer haunt the imagination of the philosopher. The sagacious mind of the illustrious Bacon, with his inductive process, broke through the trammels of the schools; and the sublime genius of Newton, with his scientific investigations, has conducted the student of Nature from the dark and intricate mazes of uncertainty and error into that illumined path which leads "through nature up to nature's God."

An immense field of accessible knowledge is therefore spread before us; and perhaps one of the greatest advantages which we can derive from contemplating the universe is the view which true philosophy affords us of the perfect harmony and admirable subserviency of all its parts in promoting the beneficent purposes of its Divine Author. Let us not listen then to the fear-fraught admonitions of those who would shrink from the study of Nature with a kind of superstitious horror, and represent the men who attempt to investigate her general laws as lifting their puny arms against the Almighty Governor of the universe, or plunging into the dark abyss of Atheism. For, so far is this from being a legitimate consequence of true philosophy, that those who have made it most their study, have found at every step the most striking instances of incomprehensible wisdom, and continually perceived, that He who ordained the general laws of Nature saw at once their remotest and most minute consequences, and adjusted the vast assemblage to answer every purpose of His Providence. With these views, the philosopher hesitates not to adopt the sentiments of one of the most earnest inquirers into the works of creation; and who exclaims with rapture, "This universe is the magnificent temple of its Great Author, and man is ordained, by his powers and qualifications, the high priest of Nature, to celebrate divine service in this temple of the universe."

We have been led into these reflections by the work before us, but shall now endeavour to atone for indulging in them by confining ourselves strictly to the work itself. The title of these volumes implies their being more particularly designed for those who attend the Lectures delivered by the learned Professor; but as he has submitted them to publication, we conceive that a brief explanation of his design is due to the public. However, as he has thought it right to leave individuals to form their own judgment, we shall endeavour to assist them in doing so, by stating the general nature and contents of the work; illustrating our cursory observations by a few extracts.

The method which the Professor has adopted is that of proposi-

tions, frequently accompanied by historical notices, elucidatory remarks, and practical results; and references to the principal works containing their demonstrations are generally subjoined. With regard to these extracts, our wish is to accommodate them, as much as possible, to our general readers; because we are convinced that our respect cannot be more fully shown either to the learned author himself, or to our scientific friends, than by advising the latter to peruse the work attentively, and judge for themselves.

The subjects included in the first Volume are, 1. The **INTRODUCTION**, containing definitions of the principal terms employed in the science, and an explanation of the properties of matter. 2. **DYNAMICS**, including measures of motion, first law of motion, communication of motion by impulse, motion equally accelerated or retarded, motion of projectiles, and motion accelerated or retarded by variable force. 3. **MECHANICS**, in which are considered the centre of gravity, the mechanical powers, friction, mechanical agents, motion of machines, descent of heavy bodies on plain and curved surfaces, and the rotation of bodies. To this head an Appendix is subjoined containing the construction of arches, and the strength of timber. 4. **HYDROSTATICS**, under which the Professor treats of the pressure of fluids, solid bodies floating on fluids, and the phenomena of capillary tubes. 5. **HYDRAULICS**, under which, fluids issuing through apertures in the bottom or sides of vessels, conduit pipes and open canals, percussion and resistance of fluids, undulation of fluids, or the formation of waves, and hydraulic engines are treated of. 6. **AEROSTATICS**, comprising heat, and equilibrium of elastic fluids. 7. **PNEUMATICS**, in which air is considered as accelerating or retarding motion, as the vehicle of sound, and as the vehicle of heat and moisture. Wind and rain are also included in the topics of consideration.

The Second Volume consists of **ASTRONOMY**, and is divided into two parts. Part I. treats of the fixed stars and the circles of the sphere, atmospherical refraction, figure of the earth, geographical problems, parallaxes, motion of the sun, motion of the moon, eclipses, planets, secondary planets, comets, aberration of light and the nutation of the earth's axis, dimensions of the solar system, the annual parallax, and the distance of the fixed stars. To this part an Appendix is subjoined, treating of the method of determining by observation the constant coefficients in an assumed or given function of a variable quantity. Part II. **PHYSICAL ASTRONOMY**. In this part Professor Playfair treats of the forces which retain the planets in their orbits; those which disturb the elliptical motions of the planets; disturbance in the motions of the primary planets, from their action on one another; disturbance

in the motion of the satellites of Jupiter, from their action on one another; general result from the theory of planetary disturbances; attraction of spheres and spheroids; figure of the earth; precession of the equinoxes; variation of the obliquity of the ecliptic; explanation of the phenomena of the tides; and the principle of universal gravitation.

The following extracts, selected from the article on mechanical agents, show the manner in which this able writer applies the result of his philosophical investigations to the practical purposes of life.

The strength of men, and of all animals, is most powerful when directed against a resistance that is at rest: when the resistance is overcome, and when the animal is in motion, its force is diminished; lastly, with a certain velocity, the animal can do no work, and can only keep up the motion of its own body. A formula having the three properties just mentioned, will afford an approximation to the law of animal force. Let P be the weight which the animal exerting itself to the utmost, or at a *dead pull*, is just able to overcome; W any other weight, with which it is actually loaded; and v the velocity with which it moves when so loaded; c the velocity at which the power of drawing or carrying a load entirely ceases; then $W = P \left(1 - \frac{v}{c}\right)$ is an equation that has all the three conditions mentioned above. Not only, however, has the formula $P \left(1 - \frac{v}{c}\right)$ these conditions, but the square of it has the same, or indeed, any function of it which vanishes when $\left(1 - \frac{v}{c}\right)$ vanishes, that is, when $v = c$. We are left, then, at liberty to choose any of these functions, and would assume the formula above as the simplest, if another condition did not seem necessary to be included. It is certain, that in all cases, when v approaches to c , or when the speed becomes great, a small variation in the weight is accompanied with a great variation in the velocity. The simplest formula that corresponds to this condition, is, when $1 - \frac{v}{c}$ is raised to the square.

Therefore, till experience has led to a more accurate result, we may suppose the strength of animals to follow the law expressed by the formula $W = P \left(1 - \frac{v}{c}\right)^2$. Vol. I. p. 105.

He then states the following conclusion with respect to the greatest quantity of work that can be done by an animal in a given time.

The *effect* of animal force, then, or the quantity of work done in a given time, will be proportional to Wv , or to $Pv \left(1 - \frac{v}{c}\right)^2$, and will be a maximum when $v = \frac{v}{3}$ and when $W = \frac{4}{9}P$, that is, when the animal moves with one third of the speed with which it is able only to move itself, and is loaded with four-ninths of the greatest load it is able to put in motion. p. 106.

Mr. Playfair then applies the same formula to the motion of machines as follows ;

If, therefore, the moving power in any machine follow the law expressed by the equation $W = P \left(1 - \frac{v}{c}\right)^2$; and if the load or resistance that is just able to keep the machine at rest, or to prevent its motion altogether, be found by experiment ; then if the load be reduced to $\frac{4}{9}$ of this quantity, the effect of the machine will be the greatest possible. The moving power and the resistance being both given, other things remaining as above, if a machine be so constructed, that the velocity of the point to which the power is applied, be to the velocity of the point to which the resistance is applied as 9 R to 4 P, the machine will work to the greatest possible advantage. p. 118.

We regret that our limits do not permit us to extract the whole of the Professor's very ingenious explanation of the trade winds, which we regard as more satisfactory than any thing we had previously seen on the subject, and think it could not have failed to afford information to most of our readers. He justly considers the general motion of the air, near the earth's surface, as from the poles towards the equator, and then combines the effect of these currents with that of another motion in the following perspicuous and satisfactory manner.

In consequence of the rotation of the earth on its axis, another motion is combined with that of the currents just described. The air, which is constantly moving from points where the earth's motion on its axis is slower, to those where it is quicker, cannot have precisely the same motion eastward with the part of the surface over which it is passing, and therefore must, relatively to that surface, describe a curve, having its convexity turned to the east. The two currents, therefore, from the opposite hemispheres, when they meet toward the middle of the earth, have each acquired an apparent motion westward, and as their opposite motions from south and north, must destroy one another, nothing will remain but this motion, by which they will go on together, and form a wind blowing directly from the east. p. 294.

The second volume of these "*Outlines*," is a very valuable epitome of Astronomy, in which the Professor's extensive knowledge, perspicuity of explanation, and solidity of judgment, are repeatedly discovered. We should find no difficulty in producing extracts to justify this assertion, did our limits permit. Our restrictions, in this respect, however, are of less importance, as the size of the volume renders it easily accessible to all who feel interested either in the results, or in the objects of contemplation which this science presents. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the two following. The first we select as one out of numerous instances of the practical utility of astronomy ; and seriously recommend it, to the

candid consideration of those, who, at the very time they are deriving so many advantages from the more sublime branches of science, represent them as mere speculations, unconnected with the affairs of life, and consequently as only fit for the recluse or the misanthrope. The latter passage we should be glad to see indelibly impressed on the minds of those, who talk as though the universe had been formed by the fortuitous concourse of inanimate atoms.

As the true length of the sun's revolution is not what has now been supposed, but instead of $365^{\text{d}}.25$, is only $365^{\text{d}}.242264$, the Julian year is longer than the revolution of the sun by $0^{\text{d}}.007736$, (nearly 11^{m} ;) and, therefore, before a new year begins, the sun has passed the point in the ecliptic where the last year began, by a small fraction, viz. $.007736 \times 59' 8''$. The Julian reckoning, therefore, falls continually behind the sun, and the course of the seasons, by a quantity which however was so small, that it was long before it was observed.

At the time of the *Council of Nice*, in the year 325 of the Christian æra, the Julian calendar was introduced into the church; and at that time the vernal equinox fell on the 21st of March. On account of the imperfection in the mode of reckoning just noticed, the reckoning fell constantly behind the true time; so that in the year 1582, the Julian year had fallen nearly 10 days, (9.72415) behind the sun; and the equinox, instead of falling on the 21st, fell on the 11th of March; so that the difference was nearly a day in 132 years. The continuance of this erroneous reckoning would have made the seasons change their places altogether; and it was therefore resolved to reform the Kalendar, which was done by Pope GREGORY XIII, and the first step was to correct the loss of the ten days, by counting the day after the 4th of October, 1582, not the 5th, but the 15th of the month."

As the loss in the Julian Kalendar amounted to one day in 132 years, it would amount to three in 396 years, or in the space nearly of four centuries. It would be necessary, therefore, supposing the Julian intercalation to continue, to suppress three intercalary days in the course of four centuries; and it was agreed, that this should be done on the three successive secular years, retaining the intercalary day on the fourth, by which means the sun, at the beginning of the fifth century, would occupy the same point in the ecliptic, within a few minutes, that he did at the beginning of the first. p. 109—111.

The second extract above referred to occurs at the conclusion of the section on the disturbance occasioned by the mutual action of the planets on each other.

One general result of these investigations is, that both in the system of primary and secondary planets, two elements of every orbit remain secure against all disturbance; the *mean distance*, and the *mean motion*, or which is the same, the transverse axis of the orbit, and the time of the planet's revolution. Another result is, that all the inequalities in the planetary motions are periodical, and observe such laws that each of them, after a certain time, runs through the same series of changes.

This accurate compensation of the inequalities of the planetary motions depends on three conditions, belonging to the primitive and original constitution of the system. 1. That the eccentricities of the orbits are all inconsiderable, or contained within narrow limits:—2. That the planets all move in the same direction, as both primary and secondary do from west to east:—3. That the planes of their orbits are but little inclined to one another.

But for these three conditions, terms of the kind mentioned above^d would come into the expression of the inequalities, which might therefore increase without limit. These three conditions do not *necessarily* arise out of the nature of motion or of gravitation, or from the action of any physical cause with which we are acquainted. Neither can they be considered as arising from chance; for the probability is almost infinite to one, that, without a cause particularly directed to that object, such a conformity could not have arisen in the motions of thirty-one different bodies scattered over such a vast extent.

The only explanation, therefore, that remains, is, *that all this is the work of intelligence and design, directing the original constitutions of the system, and impressing such motions on the parts as were calculated to give stability to the whole.*

Having thus stated our opinion of these “*Outlines*” as a whole, we shall now notice one or two incorrect expressions, and point out some instances in which we think the work may be improved, sincerely hoping that Mr. Playfair will soon have an opportunity, in a new edition, of correcting the one, and re-considering the other. The definitions of motions given in articles 20 and 40 of the first volume are at variance with each other; and the latter only we conceive to be correct. In Art. 50, the word *indefinitely*, should be substituted for *infinitely*; and in Art. 54, “the product of the mass, multiplied by the velocity,” should have been the product of the mass and the velocity. A few other instances of this kind might be pointed out, but they are of too trifling a nature to require enumeration. The following, however, requires more particular notice:

Mr. Playfair denotes the number that expresses the circumference of a circle of which the diameter is 1, by π ; the strength of a ligneous fibre by s ; the length of a beam, projecting horizontally from a wall, by l ; and the weight, which is just sufficient to break

! The terms here referred to are of the form $A \tan nt$, $\frac{A}{\sin nt}$, or $A \times nt$;

where A is any constant coefficient, and n a certain multiplier of t the time; so that nt is an arch of a circle, which increases proportionally to the time. Now if any of these terms were to enter into the value of any of the inequalities, its value would continually increase, and the order of the system might finally be destroyed.

the beam, when suspended from its extremity, by W . Then, at page 153 of vol. i. he observes :

In a cylindric beam, of which the radius is r ,

$$W = \frac{\pi s r^3}{l}.$$

In a cylindric tube, the radius of the external surface being r , and of the internal r' ,

$$W = \frac{\pi s r (r^2 - r'^2)}{l}.$$

The strength of the tube is, therefore, to the strength of the same quantity of matter, formed into a solid cylinder of the same length as r to $\sqrt{r^2 - r'^2}$.

This is not only obscure, but the conclusion is erroneous. The radius r of the solid cylinder, used in the first formula, is not equal to that of the external surface of the cylindric tube of the same length and quantity of matter, employed in the second, and therefore, they should not have been denoted by the *same* letter r . To avoid the obscurity and error, which we conceive to have arisen from this cause, let R be the radius of the external surface of the tube, then the second formula becomes

$$W = \frac{\pi s R (R^2 - r'^2)}{l};$$

and consequently the relative strength of the solid cylinder to that of the cylindric tube is as

$$\frac{\pi s r^3}{l} \text{ to } \frac{\pi s R (R^2 - r'^2)}{l},$$

or as $\frac{\pi s r^2}{l} \times r$ to $\frac{\pi s (R^2 - r'^2)}{l} \times R$.

But πr^2 and $\pi (R^2 - r'^2)$ are the areas of the sections of the two cylindrical beams, which, as well as the strengths of their ligneous fibres and lengths, are the same in both, by hypothesis; and therefore their relative strengths are as r to R ; and not as r to $\sqrt{r^2 - r'^2}$, as inadvertently stated by the Professor.

To the propositions respecting the strength of Timber, given in the first volume, the two following Theorems might be added with advantage; and their practical nature renders them important. If W denote the number of hundred-weights, which laid on the middle of an oak beam, supported at both ends, is just sufficient to break it; l , the length of the beam; b , its breadth; and d , its depth; then $W = \frac{100 b d^3}{l}$. Fir is a little weaker than oak; and about $\frac{1}{4}$ th of this weight may be safely supported in practice.

to us to be the more desirable, as we are not acquainted with any work in our language that can be satisfactorily referred to on that subject.

It was not the author's intention that his work *alone* should be sufficient for the student who is desirous of attaining an intimate acquaintance with the principles of Natural Philosophy; yet there are three classes for whose use it is well adapted. It will, agreeably to his intention, be found an excellent guide to those who attend his lectures; and it deserves to be recommended as a remembrancer to such as have already acquired a considerable knowledge of the subject; and also as a directory to those who possess a good scientific library.

ART. IX. *Secret Memoirs of Napoleon Buonaparte, preceded by an Historical Survey of the character of this extraordinary Personage, founded on his own words and actions, by one who never quitted him for fifteen years. Second Edition, to which is added an account of the Regency at Blois, and the Itinerary of Buonaparte, from the period of his residence at Fontainebleau, to his Establishment on the Island of Elba.* London, Colburn. 1815.

We have perused this work with considerable interest, as communicating much information relative to the strange being whom it professes to depict. It does not, indeed, throw any new light on the more prominent features of his character, which are sufficiently marked by the operations which he has directed, and which will form so melancholy a portion of modern history. But it discovers to us many minute shades, and nice lines in his moral complexion, in which the fire and the terrors of his spirit break forth, and enable us to view him in his privacy with a sort of horrible distinctness.

The chief constituents of his character, as represented by this author, are a vague, headlong and intemperate craving for notoriety—a desperate and concentrated selfishness—a “love of life,” and an unprincipled disregard of the lives of others. Those who shall in future times endeavour to analyse, without prejudice, the character of Buonaparte, will perhaps find it extremely inadequate to the results it has produced. His most determined admirers will hardly allow to him the merit of enlarged policy; and even his professional reputation is tarnished with the charge of a needless and unskilful profusion of human blood. As a singular anomaly in the annals of the world—as a noxious and heterogeneous compound of mental and moral qualities, he may indeed be called an

extraordinary person ; but in the page of history, he will hardly obtain the honors of true greatness ; or even the miserable credit of consistency in Evil Wisdom. As he is pourtrayed in this volume, we are irresistibly reminded of the well-known aphorism ; and are prompted again to marvel at the slight stock of sagacity and talent which suffices to govern nations. What Tacitus observes of barbarian valor in the field of battle, may be applied to Buonaparte: *Virtus* (we do not use the word in a moral sense) *velut extra ipsum*. The mind of this Destroyer seems to want stability and firmness ; to be rather led by impulse, than regulated by reason ; while every action of his life, and his relations with every object about him, appear subservient to his appetite for glory. The most philosophic of Roman Historians has considered the pursuit of fame as an incentive to virtue ; but how far is the benignant love of the guardian Deity, from the selfish and savage triumph of the Pagan Idol !

The author relates at length the intrigues of Buonaparte against Moreau ; and we have an interesting narrative of the imprisonment and murder of Pichegru. These are already so familiar to the public, that we must reserve our space for other subjects. The four Mamelukes, who strangled Pichegru, are supposed to have afterwards fallen victims to the sanguinary caution of the Despot.

Buonaparte's attention to the minuter springs of human conduct and opinion, forms a very essential ingredient of his policy. Hence proceeded the system of mutual inspection, which fettered the freedom of thought ; the slavery of the press, and the studied perversion or suppression of the materials of authentic history. The same spirit, but differently directed, will be visible in the subsequent passages :

No sooner did he become Consul, than the expression of his countenance was enlivened, his voice was less harsh, his eye became mild, and his manner much less repulsive. Did he confer any favor, did he promote any one to an office, it was done with courtesy, often adding even some obliging expressions. The beauties of language were little familiar to him ; he was a stranger to those brilliant obscurities, those neat inversions so necessary to statesmen, who should take care that their modes of speech do not always express what they ought to say, but what they wish others to understand. To remedy this dearth of oratorical powers, he formed to himself a dictionary of chosen words and phrases, which he arranged and moulded according to time, place, person, and circumstances. His speeches of form were always arranged before-hand ; he knew what would be said to him, and he was prepared with an answer. Thence came that barrenness of ideas, that pompous gallimaufry, to which his miserable courtiers gave the appellation of sublime. Many times have I seen him study the style

of M. M——, under pretence of running once again over dispatches which he had read but the moment before. These things would be trifles if they concerned a person less celebrated; but the facts are precious, are even useful, when one reflects that such a man contrived to have his brows surrounded with a royal diadem,—that he overcame all the States on the Continent. Among the people of Asia who are yet immersed in the profoundest ignorance, there would be nothing astonishing in such events; but they are extraordinary in the most civilized nation of the universe, in a nation whose princes have always been cited as models of learning and urbanity. pp. 87, 88.

Some indications of personal character are imparted in the following extracts :

Buonaparte was, by character, always either more or less occupied internally. The moment that he was no longer surrounded by others, he fell into soliloquy, often accompanying his words with appropriate gestures, the same gestures being almost always used under the same circumstances. The application which I made continually of his pantomime to the affairs by which he was then occupied, combined with the mute examinations of which he was constantly the object, have often given me the solution of matters which would otherwise still have remained problems to me. So perfectly assured was I of the truth of my analysis of these gestures and soliloquies, that I would have wagered my whole fortune upon never being ten times out of a hundred mistaken in it.

Had he just quitted you, were you the object by whom he was occupied internally and externally—if he had deceived you by false promises, or if he believed you his dupe in any way whatever, I instantly guessed it. His step was then irregular, hurried, and eager; he walked about the room with his head cast down and looking at his hands, which he rubbed at intervals; his smile was gloomy and fixed, his eyelids winked, the left eye was almost totally closed; he was satisfied with himself, and some unconnected phrases mingled with this pantomime, put me in full possession of the matter.

Had any one been giving him an opinion upon a subject on which he had desired it, if that opinion was in conformity with his interests, or if it accorded only with his passions, which was much better for those by whom the opinion was given, his countenance exhibited a kind of gay care, it lightened up, he repeated: "Nothing can be more true—he is perfectly in the right—he has the proper feeling—no objection can be made." Had he been listening to wise representations, although given with all the delicacy possible, but in opposition to his wishes, and combating his gigantic projects;—or had he learned that such representations had been confidentially made to any of his ministers, then it was that he was really in a state of epilepsy from anger; all was disorder about him, physically as well as morally. The shock of the different passions which tortured him at such moments was so terrible that if the thunder had fallen at his feet it would scarcely have roused him from his convulsions. This was the only fixed state in

which he ever remained long, yet the machine being at length unable to sustain such shocks, he became more calm; then was it truly painful to observe him. A concentrated gloom, wild and funereal, reigned over his whole countenance, he was evidently in a state of great suffering. I am sure that if this man had been penetrable to the precious gift of tears, they would then have flowed as a cordial to him; but this sweet satisfaction was denied him by heaven. I cannot help believing, however people may be disposed to doubt the credibility of the thing, that this torrent once let loose it was impossible for him to control it. I say this the rather, because he was perfectly well aware that these fits of passion had cost him the friendship and advice of many persons of great merit, of two, among others, who resembled him perfectly in the despotism of their ideas. He regretted the loss of their friendship sincerely, but he was born too much of a despot himself to think of making any apology for his faults. He said one day to his uncle, speaking of them: "I know that they are in a state of suffering when with me, and were they not retained by their employments and by their ambition, they would go and live at the farther end of the world to avoid the sight of me."—In effect it was a very curious spectacle to see them together. It is impossible to conceive two persons more dry, more cold in their manner, more laconic in their words, more embarrassed in their whole deportment. I owe it in justice to them to add that two years ago, before the fall of the imperial throne, whether it was the effect of anger, or whether it arose from a point of honor, they had never deviated a single instant from the line of conduct they had marked out to themselves. Thus their indifference in all political matters is still a problem to great numbers of persons. pp. 50 —53.

The moderation of the Allied Powers at the capital of France, is rendered more striking by the fierce desperation of Buonaparte, who had given orders for an explosion, which would have laid it in ruins.

The Allied Army entered Meaux on the 28th. Napoleon learnt the news at a village three leagues from Doulevant, the same day, as he breakfasted. He quitted Doulevant the next day, the 29th, and removed his head quarters to Troyes, where he waited twelve hours for his guard, which could no longer follow him. He set out from Troyes on the 30th at nine in the morning, arrived at Fontainebleau the same hour in the evening, and continued his route to Essonne. This was the day on which Paris capitulated. Napoleon received the news of the capitulation at eleven in the evening, by a general who came at full speed to meet him; he was then at the *Cour-de-France*, a little post station between Essonne and Villejuif. The Emperor on receiving the news was like a man thunderstruck; when he came to himself, he said that he had rather have been pierced to the heart by a dagger. He enquired whether the National Guard had fought well? and upon the officer's answering that they had not even fired a musquet, which was an unworthy falsehood: "*The cowards*," exclaimed

Buonaparte, "*they shall pay for it.*" He added, that he had to reproach himself with two great faults, the one that he had not burned Vienna, the other that he had not burned Berlin.

Did he think that the burning of these two capitals would have led to the burning of Paris?—a catastrophe which he regarded as his only resource, the sole chance of safety which remained to him, and one for which he had made ample provision. We may hence judge with what feelings he saw the capital escape the destruction which he had predicted for two months as the fruit of its being conquered; which he prepared at the same time as the inevitable consequence of the resistance he had himself ordered. Not confining himself to the sterile character of a prophet, but assuring by his own efforts the accomplishment of his fatal predictions.

Furious at the magnanimous conduct of the Allied Monarchs, how much more incensed must he have been at the non-execution of the orders he had given for blowing up the powder magazine of Grenelle. This magazine contained two hundred and forty millions of powder in grains, five millions of cartouches for the infantry, twenty-five millions of ball cartridges, three thousand obuses charged, and a great number of other articles. Those who remember the effect produced in 1794, by the explosion of the magazine on the plain of Grenelle, when it contained only eight millions of powder, may easily form to themselves an idea of the horrible effect that must have been produced by the explosion of a magazine a hundred times more considerable. The greatest part of the city must have been laid completely in ruins. This was the last catastrophe with which Buonaparte sought to terrify the world. All Paris shuddered with horror at hearing of the design; it was related after different fashions, so that M. Lescourt, director of the magazine, was required to give an account of it as far as came within his knowledge. Here follows his letter addressed to the Editor of the *Journal des Débats*, dated the 5th of April, and inserted in that paper on the 7th.

"..... I was occupied on the evening of the day that the attack was made on Paris, in collecting at the Field of Mars the horses requisite for carrying away the artillery; this care I shared with the officers of the general direction. About nine o'clock in the evening, a colonel arrived on horseback near the gate of St. Dominique, where I was, and desired to speak to the director of the artillery. I presented myself as the man:—'Is the powder magazine at Grenelle evacuated, Sir?' said he. 'No;' I answered, 'it is not possible that it should have been, we have neither had time or horses sufficient for it.'—'Well, then,' said he, 'it must be blown up immediately.' At these words I turned pale, I trembled, nor reflected at the moment, that I had no occasion to make myself uneasy about an order not given in writing, and transmitted to me by an officer whom I did not know. 'Do you hesitate, Sir,' said he. After a few moments, I recollected myself, and fearing lest he should transmit the same order to another, I answered him with a calm air, that I would occupy myself with it: he then disappeared. Master of this dreadful secret, I did not confide

52 *Secret Memoirs of Napoleon Buonaparte.*

it to any one ; I did not close the gates of the magazine, as has been said ; I had the evacuation, which had been begun in the day, continued.

“ I must add, that this order could not have come from the artillery-office, since all the officers there are known to me ; that I knew that the Minister at War, and the General in Chief of the Artillery, had quitted Paris some hours before ; and that all the officers of the general direction were assembled at the Field of Mars, where they were occupied with the evacuation which had been ordered.

(Signed) “ MAILLARD DE LESCOURT, Major of Artillery.”

Thus did Paris escape, as by a miracle, the ruin prepared by such horrible means. It is well known with what acclamations the Allied Monarchs were received, and what a contrast their entrance, no less brilliant than pacific, formed with the projects of destruction and conflagration ascribed to them by the only real enemy of Paris. pp. 340-343.

Notwithstanding these terrible indications of a merciless character, there are some instances of kindly feeling to be traced in these pages, with which we are pleased in proportion to their fewness. Napoleon appears to have entertained a becoming affection for Josephine, who is represented as a very amiable woman, who had exerted her whole influence to soften the temper of her husband. She pleaded with energy in behalf of several of his victims, and notwithstanding her opposition to his tyranny, he did not part with her without a severe struggle. In general, however, we are appalled by his deadness to the admonitions of remorse, which sometimes alarm the most obdurate. He seems to have been carried along by the tide of success with a rapidity which allowed little or no pause ; and to have pursued his high career, supported all the way by the ceremonies of religion, and the surpassing magnificence which encircled him. The excessive “ love of life” of which he is so repeatedly accused in these memoirs, and which is said to have induced him to survive his glory, is sufficiently explained by his recent appearance in the Thuilleries. At the very time he abdicated the throne, when he was cajoling some by talking of his indifference about supreme power, and others by affecting an ardent love of science, he was contemplating the issue of his enterprise, and secretly triumphing in his own powers of deceit. No one, we think, can peruse this book without feeling, in the midst of his disgust, a degree of regret, not for the downfall of Napoleon, but for that perversion of taste and that gross misapplication of talents, which have rendered his exercise of power the source of so much disquiet to mankind.

As to the work itself, we must own that with all the interest of its anecdotes we have found it very tiresome. The style is perpe-

tually interrupted by interjections and broken by unnecessary apostrophes. It is to be wished that the writer had better known his proper office; and that when engaged to exhibit the imperial eagle, he had contented himself with making the animal go through his tricks, without displaying so much of his own adroitness.



ART. X. *The Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq.* with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, composed by himself: illustrated from his Letters with Occasional Notes and Narrative by the Right Honorable John, Lord Sheffield. A new Edition, with considerable Additions, in 5 Vols. 8vo. £3. 5s. Boards. Murray, 1814.

SINCE the publication of the first Edition of the *Miscellaneous Works of the Historian of the Roman Empire*, a period has elapsed of eighteen years, and it is observed by the noble Editor that his apprehension of indulging too far his partiality for the compositions of his friend has necessarily been much diminished, by the success of those included in the former collection. The respect due to an admired name has not, we think, been violated by this increase of confidence: and if there be a strong desire in Lord Sheffield to impart to the world the posthumous treasures of his friend, there will also be found in the public an equal readiness to receive them. Though not famed for ductility of mind, or remarkable for countenancing the erroneousness of preconceived opinions, he has shown a disposition to yield to the prejudices of former readers; and we cannot but remark an instance of it exhibited at the very threshold of the work: the much reprobated shade of Gibbon is removed, and a portly representation of him, painted by Warton in 1774, substituted in its stead. As further decorations to this edition are added, an engraving of the Pavilion and Terrace at Lausanne, a view of Sheffield Place (which, in enumerating his own possessions, Mr. Gibbon has pleasantly denominated *his Palace in Sussex*), a representation of Fletching Church, and an outline of a Mausoleum of the Sheffield Family, in which the mortal remains of the Historian are deposited. An Epitaph by Dr. Parr is also given.

Edvardus Gibbon
 Criticus acri ingenio et multiplici doctrina ornatus
 idemque historicorum qui fortunam
 Imperii Romani
 Vel labentis et inclinati vel eversi et funditus deleti
 litteris mandaverint

Omnium facile princeps
 cujus in moribus erat moderatio animi
 cum liberali quadam specie conjuncta
 in sermone
 Multa gravitati comitas suaviter adpersa
 in scriptis
 copiosum splendidum
 concinnum orbe verborum
 et summo artificio distinctum
 orationis genus
 reconditæ exquisitæque sententiæ
 et in monumentis rerum politicarum observandis
 acuta et perspicax prudentia
 vixit annos LVI mens. VII dies XXVIII
 decessit XVII cal. Feb. anno sacro
 MDCCLXXXIV
 et in hoc mausoleo sepultus est
 ex voluntate Johannis domini Sheffield
 qui amico bene merenti et victori humanissimo
 H. Tab. P. C.

If we were called upon to remark the character of English style prevalent at the present moment, as distinguished from that adopted by Mr. Gibbon, it might easily, we think, be proved, that a simpler and chaster form of diction is now in use amongst the approved writers of the time, than that which was most the object of admiration, when the volumes of his miscellaneous works first issued from the press. It is not, however, to be supposed, that in the space of twenty years, such a reformation in taste can have taken place as to render the Essays and compositions now laid before the public, much less attractive than formerly; and if in the substance of the new materials there be displayed the same 'indefatigable industry,' the same 'scrupulous accuracy,' as that exerted by him on other occasions, it cannot justly be made a cause of complaint, that his general cast of sentiment, and the main fabric of his opinions, remain unaltered. We, in the new matter, trace the old man; but we feel ourselves justified in saying, that if the faults attributable to the pictures of this great Historic Master are visible in the subjects now exhibited, so certainly, in proportion to the relative extent of the designs, are discovered his former acknowledged excellencies. In an advertisement prefixed to this edition, the noble Editor states his endeavour to class the several Essays and Compositions under three heads.

1. HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.
2. CLASSICAL and CRITICAL.
3. MISCELLANEOUS.

Under the first head will be found, in addition to the tracts before published, "A Memoir upon the Empire of the Medes"—

“ A Discussion upon the chief Epochs in the History of Greece and Egypt, according to the Chronological system of Sir Isaac Newton, compared with the ordinary Chronology.” — “ A sort of Abstract of the three Memoirs written by the Abbé de la Bleterie, upon the mode of succession, by which the Imperial power passed from one Emperor to another; which the Abbé contends was elective, and at length, after the abolition of the Comitæ, settled wholly in the Senate.” — “ Critical Remarks upon the Population of the Sybarites.” — And an “ Essay upon the feudal Government, particularly with respect to France.” — These are written in French, as are also three smaller articles, viz. an account of the nuptials of Charles Duke of Burgundy with the Princess Margaret, sister of Edward the Fourth, King of England — an Introduction to the General History of the Swiss Republic — and Remarks upon Horace Walpole's Historic Doubts relative to the life and reign of Richard the Third; the latter article was written for the “ *Memoires Litteraires de la Grande Bretagne pour l'an 1768*,” a periodical work, edited by his friend M. Deyverdun. “ Materials for an additional section on the Antiquities of the House of Brunswick,” (in English) connected, where Mr. Gibbon's manuscript ceases, with Mr. Butler's very able ‘ Succinct History of the Geographical and Political Revolutions of the Empire of Charlemagne, from 814 to 1806,’ form the last addition under this head. Under the second Division will be found an Essay on the character of Brutus — a Tract on the Classical Geography of ancient Italy — Remarks upon the works and character of Sallust: of Julius Cæsar: of Cornelius Nepos: and of Livy: Critical Remarks upon a passage in the *Pœnulus* of Plautus, and upon some lines in the *Georgics* of Virgil. Under the third, or Miscellaneous head, are inserted, Remarks upon Jewish, Assyrian, and Persian Chronology, being a critique on “ *Les Memoires Posthumes de M. de Cheseaux*.” Observations on some Prodigies recounted in Suetonius; and on the Sacerdotal Dignities of Julius Cæsar. A Dissertation on the Weight, Monies, and Measures, of the Ancients, &c. of the Lower Empire down to the Capture of Constantinople, &c.; on the Position of the Meridional Line; and an Enquiry into the supposed Circumnavigation of Africa by the Ancients, and its singular coincidence with the opinions of the learned Dr. Vincent, delivered in his *Periplus of the Erythræan Sea*, is observed with just satisfaction. Mr. Gibbon's MS. upon this subject was communicated to the Dean of Westminster only in October last. An Index Expurgatorius, with copious Selections from Mr. G.'s *Extraits Raisonnés de mes Lectures* — *Recueil de mes Observations et Pièces détachées* — and lastly, an Explanatory Supplement, by Mr. Pinkerton, to the

Address of Mr. Gibbon, recommending a publication of the *Scriptores Rerum Anglicarum*, the Latin Memorialists of the middle ages, &c. conclude the collection. Such are the Contents of the additional pages now laid before the world in this new edition of the *Miscellaneous works* of Gibbon. The "Memoir of my Life and writings," with the rest of the original matter contained in the first edition of 1795, has, as far as we have remarked, undergone no alteration. The series of Letters, however, upon which it is our intention to make a few observations, before we direct the attention of our readers to the more elaborate parts of the work, is enlarged by a number little short of sixty. The second volume, indeed, of the present five, consists of Letters only, arranged according to the time of their being written, and of which those that have not before been published, are the epistles of correspondents, rather than of Mr. Gibbon himself. The readers of literary history will necessarily bear in mind his early attachment to Madlle. Curchod, afterwards the wife of Necker; it is observable, in the course of human affairs, that the purest, though unimpassioned friendship, is often found to subsist in maturer age, betwixt persons of different sexes, whom prudence, and the casualties of fortune, have prevented from marrying according to their early and mutual inclination: of this tenderness, it does not appear, from their respective situations, that either the historian or Mad. Necker stood in need; but there is a frankness of esteem shown in the letters of that lady, a little tinged with the peculiarity of French literary compliment, which is decisive of the lady's respect for the character of her former admirer. That J. J. Rousseau, at fifty-one, could but ill understand the calculating, though filial obedience, which actuated the philosopher of twenty-six, may be easily believed. The historian enters in his Journal in June—"Saw Mademoiselle Curchod;" and adds, (as a memorandum) 'Omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori.' In the April following he quits Lausanne for England—"and passion slept." It is not probable that such a love should have been regarded without suspicion by him, whom the eloquent daughter of the lady in question describes as a man becoming enamoured, in consequence of his own meditations; to whom it has perhaps happened to fall in love gradually with a woman, by dwelling on the idea of her during her absence, who discovered no sudden emotion, but whose feelings grew into intensity upon long reflection. Rousseau himself relates a boyish attachment at twelve years of age of his own; and tells his readers, (there are few whom his genius has not beguiled into reading him) that twenty years afterwards, sailing with his father upon the lake of their native city, he inquired who were those ladies whom he saw in a boat ap-

proaching their own ; when informed that it was his early flame, his heart sunk within him at the almost forgotten name, and unable to sustain the meeting, he directed his boatman to take another course, that he might avoid the encounter. Twenty years after this he records the circumstance. Although we do not therefore believe that Gibbon would at any time have died of love, yet we cannot but feel that he had reason to complain of some injustice, when spoken of as a man to be despised for leaving even Susan Curchod. The letters of the lady herself form no inconsiderable part of the volume of which we are now speaking, and certainly express, in strong terms, the esteem felt both by Mr. Necker and herself, for the talents and moral qualities of the friend whom she is addressing.

No. CCXXXVII.

" A Geneve, ce 30 Mars, 1792.

« **** Je finis, Monsieur, en vous rappelant trois promesses : la lecture des opinions religieuses, car si elle ne change pas les vôtres, vous vivrez du moins encore plus intimément avec nous : vous jugerez du génie, de l'éloquence, et des sentimens de Monsieur Necker ; et vous jugerez aussi de l'impression que j'en recevois. Je connois trop la supériorité et l'universalité de votre esprit, pour vous croire étranger aux plus grandes questions que les hommes se soient jamais proposées ; ce n'est pas vous qui traiterez légèrement les profondeurs de nos destinées ; ce n'est pas vous qui traiterez légèrement les affections les plus douces, les plus propres à consoler deux âmes étroitement unies, qui ne peuvent plus retenir le tems prêt à s'échapper pour elles, et qui le suivent, et se suivent jusques dans les abîmes de l'éternité, et vous donnerez quelques larmes au passage qui exprime ce sentiment avec des couleurs inimitables." —

No. CCLV.

M. NECKER à M. GIBBON.

" Rolle, Mars 19, 1793.

« Nous comptons, Monsieur, quitter Rolle vers la fin du mois. La santé de Madame Necker la rend impatiente de changer d'air, et nous irons plus ou moins long tems nous établir à Copet. Nous avons toujours en perspective d'aller passer quelques jours avec vous, et nous prendrons le moment où nos idées sur l'avenir seront plus arrêtées. Peut-être aurions nous le plaisir de vous recevoir auparavant ; il y auroit bien de la grace à vous en user ainsi. On a toujours plus besoin d'un ami tel que vous. Il nous en coûte véritablement de renvoyer à un autre moment le plaisir que nous nous proposons, mais nous l'aurons sans cesse en perspective, et je laisserai alors à Madame Necker la satisfaction de vous l'annoncer. Je lui ai promis, foi de votre raison, de votre indulgence, et de votre amitié, que vous approuverez ce petit

derangement ; et que vous ne serez pas moins disposé à nous recevoir avec bonté dans un autre moment."——

Amongst the new matter of this edition, next in number to the letters of the Neckers, are those of Horace Walpole, some of which however, we rather suspect to have before appeared in the correspondence of the latter gentleman. The following by Garrick, giving Lord Camden's opinion of the first volume of the "*Decline and Fall*," strikes us as characteristic.

No. LXXIII.

DAVID GARRICK, Esq. to Mr. GIBBON.

"Dear Sir,

Adelphi, March 9th, 1776.

Whenever I am truly pleased I must communicate my joy. Lord Camden called upon me this morning ; and before Cumberland, declared, that he never read a more admirable performance than Mr. Gibbon's *History &c.* *He was in transport, and so was I ; the author is the only man to write history of the age ; such depth, such perspicuity, and such language, force, variety, and what not !* 'I am so delighted with him,' continued he, 'that I must write to thank him ; I should be happy to know him.' 'My lord, I have that honour ; and will contrive, if possible, to bring you together.' Said I too much ?—My coach is at the door—my wife bawling for me, and every thing impatient. So hey for Hampton, till Monday ; and in the mean time, as I am always most truly,

Your most obedient and obliged

D. GARRICK.

I have not a moment to read over this scrawl."

It is not our wish, nor can it be our duty under the present head, to pass our judgment upon that part of the miscellaneous works which has before been given to the Public ; on that which is new, however, whether it be from the pen of the Historian, of the correspondents of the Historian, or of the noble Editor himself, we certainly think ourselves justified in commenting. There appeared in the *English Review*, for the year 1788, some strictures upon parts of the "*History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," written, and afterwards collected and published separately, by the Rev. John Whitaker. Lord Sheffield states, in a Note to the "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings*," (p. 243, vol. I.) that several very amicable letters from the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, addressed to Mr. Gibbon, are still in his possession, the date of which letters are subsequent to Mr. Whitaker's perusal of the offensive Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters. 'When Mr. Gibbon came to England in 1787 he read Whitaker's *Mary, Queen of Scots* ; and I have heard him *very incautiously* express his opinion of it. Some good-natured friend mentioned it to Mr. Whitaker ; and it is thence more than insinuated, that the bitterness

and illiberality evinced in the strictures must have probably arisen from a personal feeling of hostility. We do not sufficiently bear in mind the nature and style of the critique, to say, in what degree this severe animadversion is justifiable. It is undoubtedly true that Religion receives her greatest injuries from those champions of the Church, who under the pretence of vindicating the gospel, outrageously violate both the spirit and letter of it. With this sentiment of Lord Sheffield, we certainly agree, without venturing however to pronounce any sentence upon the strictures themselves. That they may have originated from another and a purer motive, Lord S. indeed himself seems to admit, for (in vol. 2.) with a liberality worthy of the friend of Gibbon, he informs his readers that had the private letters of Mr. Whitaker been perused previously to the publication of the former edition, this manly and spirited declaration in favor of the Principles of the Established Church, and against the perversions of those opinions which constitute the greatest comfort and consolation of the Christian world, would not have then been withheld. There are several letters of Mr. Whitaker in this collection, and all of them containing curious matter. The passage alluded to by Lord Sheffield is this.

* * * * "These, if ever so true, are but trifles light as air in my estimation, when they are compared with what I think the great blot of your work. You have there exhibited Deism in a new shape, and in one that is more likely to affect the uninstructed million, than the reasoning form she has usually worn. You seem to me like another Tacitus, revived with all his animosity against Christianity, his strong philosophical spirit of sentiment, and more than his superiority to the absurdities of heathenism. And you will have the dishonor (pardon me, Sir) of being ranked by the folly of scepticism, that is working so powerfully at present, among the most distinguished deists of the age. I have long suspected the tendency of your opinions. I once took the liberty of hinting my suspicions. But I did not think the poison had spread so universally through your frame. And I can only deplore the misfortune, and a very great one I consider it, to the highest and dearest interests of men among all your readers.

These must be very numerous. I see you are getting a second edition already. I give you joy of it. And I remain with an equal mixture of regret and regard,

Your obliged friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER."

CXXII. is an angry epistle of Mr. Gibbon to Dr. Chelsum returning a copy of *Dr. Chelsum's* attack upon his history, which had been sent to him by Dr. C. It is followed by an excusatory answer of Dr. Chelsum, in justification of his having so sent his remarks. We think no apology was necessary on the part of the

Editor for the insertion of the whole of the correspondence between his friend and Dr. Priestley, though the latter gentleman has already given them to the press.

As might have been expected, there are few names known to the world of literature, connected with the period of Gibbon's life, that do not occur in this volume, and we fear not to say, that as a testimonial of the diffusion of general knowledge, few are the countries of the civilized world that have produced a stronger than that before us. Dr. Campbell, Adam Fergusson, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Vincent, Sir John Macpherson, Major Rennell, Lord Loughborough, Lord Thurlow, and many others contribute respectively to the new matter. As it is our design to lay before our readers a more detailed judgment upon the various compositions of Mr. Gibbon contained in the present volumes, we shall now be content with extracting the letter of thanks from Lord North.

No. CCXX.

LORD NORTH, to EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

"Dear Sir,

Grosvenor Street, May 1st, 1788.

Upon the receipt of your books and the perusal of your preface, my heart was too full to give you an immediate answer: so kind and honorable a testimony of your friendship and esteem would have afforded me the greatest pleasure in the moment of my highest health and political prosperity; judge then what I must feel upon receiving it in my retirement, while laboring! under a calamity which would be severe were it not for the kindness of my friends. I have it, thank God, in my power to return your kindness in the manner which will be most agreeable to you, by assuring you sincerely, that nothing could have given me more real comfort and satisfaction than the notice that you have taken of me. I am, dear Sir,

Most gratefully Your's,

NORTH."

(*To be Continued.*)

ART. XI. *History of the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1807 to 1814.* By General Sarrazin, one of the Commanders of the French Legion of Honor, &c. London, Colburn. 1815. pp. 375.

THE name of General Sarrazin must be familiar to most of our readers; as being that of the French officer who came over from Boulogne some years ago, and landed at Dover in an open boat; and who has since spent much of his time in endeavouring to instruct the British government and public on topics connected with the defence of this island, and with the origin, progress, and management of the war in which he found us engaged.

Amongst the minor wonders of this extraordinary age is that of a French general deserting the cause of his chief; assuming the character of a military Philosopher, and criticising, with the greatest freedom, the conduct of the Generals commanding in the armies of the country in which he has found an asylum. Still we are inclined to give this enterprising officer a fair and full hearing, believing him to be actuated, on this occasion, by sound enough principles; and being persuaded that there are hints contained in his book which, if duly attended to, may be advantageous in future contests.

In his preface the General states that no historical account of the Spanish war had yet appeared; and that as he had been enabled from peculiar circumstances,

To consult both English and French General officers, he had been induced to collect the most interesting information respecting its principal events.

He proceeds :

I shall perhaps be asked by what title I constitute myself the censor of the most able Generals, such as Soult, Dupont, Wellington, Suchet, Massena, &c. I answer, that from early youth I have studied mathematics and the art of war. In 1786, when I had scarcely attained my sixteenth year, I was in a regiment of dragoons. I served the King, the Republic, the Directory, and lastly Bonaparte, until the month of June, 1810, when I went to England, and offered my services to Louis XVIII.

After giving in his preface a short analysis of the war between the French and Spaniards from 1793 to 1795, he begins his first book with some introductory remarks upon Spain, and an account of the dark intrigues carried on between the Court of St. Cloud and the Spanish traitor, Manuel Godoi, which terminated in the introduction of a French army into the Peninsula, and the delivery of the Spanish Royal Family into the power of Bonaparte at Bayonne. These events having been detailed in the pamphlet of Don Pedro Cevallos, are already well known to the British public. He next notices the atrocious massacre of 10,000 Spaniards in the streets of Madrid on the second of May; the surrender of the French fleet under Admiral Rossily at Cadiz to General Morla; the discomfiture of Marshal Moncey before Valencia; and then proceeds to detail the defeat of General Dupont's army in Andalusia, which he attributes to the superior sagacity of Castanos who judged,

That he should easily defeat the French, if he succeeded in dividing their forces.

In commenting upon this action, he says :

I am far from blaming General Dupont for having capitulated :

all his troops witnessed not only his courage, which left victory long doubtful, but his despair, which often made him seek for death in the most perilous places. Had his orders been punctually obeyed by General Wedel, the Spaniards dared not to have conceived the design of cutting off the retreat of the French from Madrid. Fourteen thousand men laid down their arms. About two thousand had been killed or taken prisoners in the battle of Baylen, which commenced on the 19th of July, at three o'clock in the morning, and raged with the utmost obstinacy until two o'clock in the afternoon.

Passing over the General's account of the defeat of Cuesta near Medina del Rio Seco, and the gallant defence and repulse of the French from before Saragossa, we come to the expedition under Sir Arthur Wellesley to Portugal. In describing the battle of Vimeira, the general has committed some errors, as he states that General Junot first attacked the left wing of the English army, whereas it was our centre which received the first fire of the French, and drove them back with the bayonet upon the reserve. He also substitutes the name of Brigadier General Ackland for that of Brigadier General Anstruther, and says that the English had the advantage of entrenchments, which is altogether erroneous, as the English hardly expected the attack and had taken no precautions of defence. After characterising the convention of Cintra "as a feeble and dangerous measure," he says,

Thus ended the first campaign of the Peninsula, favorably for the Portuguese, and most gloriously for the Spaniards. We may frankly here state that nothing was wanting on the part of the allies, but a *man of consummate experience* to organize them, to maintain their enthusiasm, to keep their exertions in a right direction, and above all incessantly to repeat,—that they had done nothing as long as there was left a single Frenchman in arms upon the Spanish territory.

Of Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna, General Sarrazin says, that

Sir John, who had never yet commanded an army so considerable, especially on a retreat, paid too much attention to abuses that are almost unavoidable, and the repression of which ought to be left to subaltern officers, or to the Colonels of regiments. His orders for restoring discipline constituted *the eulogium of his heart rather than of his experience*. It is painful to acknowledge, but it is incontestibly true, that there are critical moments in war, when the commanders must wink at some improprieties in order to avoid greater ones.

In mentioning the taking of Oporto by Sir Arthur Wellesley the General allows "that the French were nearly surprised." But willing to find some apology for Marshal Soult who is his hero, he states that those who know him are of opinion,

That considering his position as a very hazardous one, he was

glad of an opportunity of leaving it as soon as possible, and in a way not to commit himself with Bonaparte. This fruitless expedition cost France, in the space of three months, 7000 soldiers, of whom more than two-thirds were slaughtered by the Portuguese. The rest perished in engagements, or remained in the hospitals at Oporto.

General S. then proceeds to state by what manœuvres Sir Arthur might have succeeded in cutting off Soult from Loison, and defeating them both in succession. But

Soult's good fortune prevailed: not only did he escape from Portugal, but he was so lucky as to arrive in the neighbourhood of Lugo; when this town, blockaded by General Mane, at the head of 20,000 Spaniards, was on the point of surrendering, the garrison being without any provisions.

He accuses Sir Arthur Wellesley of want of firmness after the battle of Talavera, in not yielding to the proposal of General Cuesta to move forward and form a junction with the army of General Venegas, so as to have acted with such a superiority "of forces as would have insured victory and the conquest of Madrid." But, continues he,

Sir Arthur was afraid of a defeat, and thought of his retreat before he fought, and he determined to keep his position at Talavera; which, either by the bridge of Arzobispo or that of Almaraz, afforded him great facilities to place the Tagus between himself and the French. There is undoubtedly much prudence in this conduct:

And therefore it was, at that juncture, proper to adopt it. Massena next comes in for his share of censure.

Astonished to find the position of Torres Vedras still stronger than that of Busaco, he renounced every project of attack, and determined to blockade the allies, hoping that hunger would oblige them to leave their lines and give him battle. He might have selected a field where Wellington would have been obliged to fight him, for the purpose of freeing Portugal from the vexations of his foraging men, whom he might then have sent to great distances, in all directions.

This is mere declamation. We deny that Massena could have selected any field of battle where Lord Wellington would have been obliged to fight him. As to what follows, we are not inclined to differ from General Sarrazin.

The lines of Torres Vedras may be certainly taken by an able General; but they actually proved impregnable to the Commander who had suffered himself to be so completely beaten at Busaco. The dignities of a Prince and Marshal do not constitute a general of the first rank; Marshal Soult, at the head of Massena's army, would have carried the position of Busaco; (or rather would never have attempted

it) and would have forced the lines of Torres Vedras; because he unquestionably was the ablest General of the army sent to Spain. The allies, besides, would not have been strong enough to resist the French, if the latter had been commanded by a commander possessed of talents as eminent *for the offensive*, as those of Lord Wellington were *for the defensive*.

In noticing the battle of Barrosa, this writer bestows the greatest praise on the distinguished ability of General Graham, and the uncommon intrepidity of his troops, and concludes his account of the action by observing that

There is one circumstance which gives a peculiar character to the battle of Barrosa; it was the first offensive battle successfully fought by the Allies.

The next passage which we shall quote as necessary to the illustration of the subject is, that which respects the waste of human blood caused by the battle of Albuera.

The slaughter of Albuera ought to draw down the severest censures upon the two Generals who were the wanton authors of it. Had General Beresford been sensible of the advantage, which General Blake's arrival gave him, he would *not* have raised the siege of Badajoz. Assisted by the zeal of the inhabitants of Estremadura, he might, in two days, have drawn lines of contravallation and circumvallation. These would have paralyzed the Polish cavalry, which merely gained a momentary success from a kind of stupor, suddenly occasioned by the length of their lances, and the floating of a little red flag that inspired terror, though it is but a silly ornament more fit for the stage than for a regimental dress.

Sir Rowland Hill's successful attack upon General Girard extorts from the author before us much commendation.

Bonaparte also felt severely hurt at General Girard's misfortune, not for the sake of the loss which his army experienced, but on account of that glory, which a manœuvre as scientific as bold shed upon the English army; and, above all, upon the General by whom it had been so seasonably performed.

It is well that one or two British commanders have appeared upon the tapis, of whom General Sarrazin entertains a favorable opinion. He seems not to have found more than one or two meritorious officers in all the vast armies of Napoleon.

In summing up the history of this campaign, he says,

Thus ended a campaign which offered so many favourable chances to the allies, though they did not avail themselves of the advantages. Badajoz would have been preserved, if it *had been succoured in time*;

and this might have been effected by La Romana's corps, supported by our English reserve. The siege of Cadiz would have been raised, in consequence of the victory of Barrosa, *if Graham had been Commander-in-chief*. A well combined attack might have destroyed Massena's rear-guard, on the third of April, near Sabugal; and by observing the usual precautions, the garrison of Almeida might have been taken and its stores preserved.

Here follow a string of important points that might have been gained, *if* something or other had been done, which our ablest commanders thought impracticable.

Finally, had Lord Wellington been less circumspect, and waited for the attack of the French in his entrenched camp, at Fonte Guinaldo, his victory, which would have been complete, would have made amends for his previous errors, and decided the campaign in favor of the Allies!

The General now sets himself to blame the conduct of the French engineers, as he has throughout his whole work done that of the English engineer officers. In discussing the siege of Tariffa, he says,

That Marshal Soult selected a very improper time, viz. the middle of winter, for undertaking the siege. The Engineers, besides, proceeded, as they had done at St. Jean d'Acre, against all the rules of art: they contented themselves with establishing one parallel, to cover the construction of the batteries. The column, destined to make the assault, was obliged to issue from this parallel; and thus to march uncovered, and at noon-day, under a very murderous fire, to arrive at the breach where, independently of the English bayonets, a ditch, which they had neglected to reconnoitre, retarded their march, and rendered the attack very sanguinary.

The real explanation of this affair is, that the English engineer was a man of talents much superior to those of the French engineer-in-chief, and that the ditch having been cut during the siege within the breach, it could not possibly be reconnoitred by the attacking enemy.

We, however, agree very readily with General Sarrazin's reflections, on the great mischief necessarily attendant on the storming of places during the night. They are, in fact, agreeable to the sentiments of the best informed engineers in our own service, and we are obliged to him for strengthening our ideas by the authority of the great Vauban.

It seems that when this great Engineer was besieging Valenciennes, he proposed to Louis XIV. that the assault should be made at noon. The French Marshals protested against the measure, pretending that

night was more favourable. Vauban persisted: 'You wish,' observed he, 'to spare the blood of the soldiers. You will spare it much better when they fight by day-light, without confusion and without tumult. We want to surprise the enemy. They always expect to be attacked by night. We shall surprise them much more effectually when exhausted with the fatigue of their night-watch, they will be under the necessity of encountering our troops refreshed, and proud to fight under the eyes of their King.' Louis adopted Vauban's opinion, in spite of the opposition made by Marshals de Schomberg, de Luxembourg, de Lorge, d'Humières, and de la Feuillade, and the minister Louvois, who were all present at the council of war. Valenciennes was taken by storm on the 17th of March; and its garrison, amounting to 4000 men, obliged to surrender at discretion. This conquest, one of the most brilliant exploits of Louis XIV. cost him but 40 men. The loss of the Allies at Badajos, on the 6th of April, amounted to about 4000 killed and wounded.

In 1695 the Prince of Orange lost 20,000 men at the siege of Namur, and Marshal Boufflers, who commanded in the place, had 10,000 killed or wounded. Lord Wellington is far from meriting any blame with respect to the loss which he suffered: but had he availed himself of every favourable circumstance, he would have obtained the same results at a much cheaper rate.

Our military historian at length pays a compliment to the abilities of Lord Wellington.

It really is as mortifying to the French Generals, as it is glorious to the English Commander, that an army of 50,000 men should, by the ability and boldness of its manœuvres, have been enabled to take two strong places, the reputed keys of Spain on the side of Portugal, in spite of their being protected by two French armies, amounting together to at least 80,000 men under arms.

Our limits will not permit us to follow the General through the remainder of his history. His observations appear to be on the whole just, although much too severe. We cannot, however, help suspecting that he is but indifferently informed as to the particular details of some of the sieges, especially that of Burgos. Had he been master of the operations there, he would not have lavished so much censure on the British engineers for the failure of measures with the planning of which they had little or no concern. It is obvious that Colonel Jones's work on the sieges of the Peninsula has not fallen into his hands.

A charge of a very serious nature is made against Lord Wellington at page 298: indeed it has been spoken of in other quarters—

The English ministers expected that fortune would continue to smile upon them, and that they should soon hear of the total expul-

sion of the French from the Peninsula. *The event was, however, procrastinated by a negligence on the part of Lord Wellington.* Had he sent an officer to summon the castle of Burgos to surrender, General Dubreton, its governor, had resolved, ever since the affair of the 18th, to accept an honorable capitulation. *Thus the pride of a Commander, the too faithful organ of the sentiments of his masters, retarded for a year the deliverance of the Peninsula.*

In the Seventh Book the historian atones for this severity, by bestowing on Lord Wellington great praise for the ability of the manoeuvres by which he was enabled to come to the field of battle at Vittoria :

Lord Wellington's movements, at the beginning of that campaign, were a master-piece. He did not covet the ephemeral triumph of entering Madrid ; but took solid positions, which forced the French to evacuate the capital. He threatened their whole right flank from Santandero up to Valencia. He approached Burgos, which contained immense stores of ammunition. He had even the boldness to push the left of his army to the very line of operations on the part of the French ; and he succeeded in taking possession of the high road, which leads from Madrid to Bayonne.

To praise the ability of his plans, in reaching a field of battle, is mere justice to Lord Wellington : but the historian would be open to the censure of all military men, if he did not also remark, that his Lordship sometimes showed uncertainty in his movements in the field of battle itself ; that he trusted too much to his subordinate officers ; and that he did not know how to avail himself of victory. General Hill on the right, and General Graham on the left, defended Subijana and Gamarra-Major with true bravery ; but they performed no manoeuvres that mark the eminent commander. General Beresford is proclaimed as his Lordship's Mentor, for his friendly advice and assistance during the operations. Lord Wellington's modesty in this respect, though conformable to the English character, cannot be applauded. The condescension of bestowing praises upon those, from whom we derive assistance, has limits, beyond which it becomes ridiculous. To hear the conqueror of Salamanca and Vittoria, declaring that he is indebted for his laurels to the General, who, in the battle of Albuera, was obliged to contend against a Polish lancer, is truly painful.

We are now ready to lay down General Sarrazin's work, which is written in a manly style, and characterised by great independence of spirit. Indeed this last quality is so predominant, that if we had not previously known a good deal of the author's own history, we might have supposed that, like some of the great Mareschals of France, he was in some measure capable of envying the British generals the laurels they had acquired, and that, like a number of persons among ourselves, he fancied ministers had some time or other neglected him, and put an affront on him.

Had this ever been the case, it might account for the temper with which many parts of the work are written ; but it ought not to be allowed to detract from the reputation of its merits. These will be found important, not only to such as are desirous of becoming acquainted with the Peninsular war, but to those who mean to take part in the grand military movements about to be witnessed on the banks of the Rhine. General Sarrazin's professional education has been a substantial one ; he has had much experience ; and he knows well how to combine theory with practice.

Miscellanea.

I HAVE always been of opinion that observation, taste, and reflection, are the materials of which books should be made : and as I cannot allow that I am quite destitute of either observation, taste, or reflection, I flatter myself that want of inclination, not of ability, has hitherto prevented me from adding something to the literary stores of my country. The Prospectus of the Augustan Review holds out a fair promise of encouragement to enterprise and talent ; and I who have no literary sins “unwhipt of justice,” can fearlessly fix my eye on the awful genius of criticism, who carries in one hand a torch, to shed lustre on modest merit, and in the other a scourge to correct presumptuous folly. What tribunal can be superior to that which holds dominion over the mind—and which, by a writ of *habeas animus*, can raise from obscurity to celebrity, or sink from notoriety to oblivion ?

I also will be a reviewer !—But what shall I criticise ? Divinity—Alas ! did we but bear in mind that solemn review from which no leave of absence can be obtained, we should not be extreme to discover deficiencies in each other's tactics. Politics—the trade is overstocked : nearly all our men, and women, and not a few of our children, being adepts in this comprehensive science. History—no pursuit can be more difficult—such is the rude and

undigested mass from which the historian has to cull his materials. Novels—irksome beyond measure, unless stamped with the sterling names of Edgeworth, Opie, Dorset, and a very few others. As to philosophy, it is too late at sixty-five either to study modern nomenclatures, or to revive the knowledge of ancient theories. Poetry is rarely perused with interest by those who have waked from youth's gay dreams, and I doubt whether even the merry lay of Burns can rally the feelings of "green eighteen" round the arm-chair of a sexagenary student. What then shall I review? Is there no subject with which I am sufficiently familiar to write on it with authority? I have found one! But not on the shelves of a library, nor in the gloomy recesses of a college; not in the pages of ephemeral publications, or the vitiated archives of the theatres; but, where few people would have thought of looking for any thing wise, or great,—within myself! Let me review the lengthened series of my own opinions. Surely I cannot have travelled so many of the stages of life, and passed through all the gradations of novelty and satiety, without having gleaned some knowledge which may prove beneficial to those who have yet to explore the thorny maze of this probationary existence, on which I turn with sadness the retrospective glance—still hurried onward with the current of time which knows no reflux wave.

If then the public will accept an occasional paper on a publication, which few have yet perused, and which will certainly be very soon out of print, my pen is ready; and some of my lucubrations shall, before the lapse of another month, be reduced to a convenient form.

SENEX.

ON DUELLING.

—————at once dispatched;
Cut off even in the blossoms of his sin—
No reckoning made, but sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head!

THE present age is distinguished above all that preceded it, by the general diffusion of knowledge. The sources of intellectual gratification are more numerous, and at the same time, more accessible, than in any former period. Those means of information,

on subjects of literature and science, which were once confined to the man of professional character, of studious habits, or of opulent resources, are now within the reach of the most cursory and superficial inquirer. Repositories of intelligence, on all possible topics of discussion, from the height of metaphysical abstractions, through all the descending gradations of philosophical, political, and fashionable disquisition, may be obtained at different ratios of expense, adapted to all the degrees of mental capacity. And what might we not expect from such a combination and diversity of the "ways and means" of improvement? What, but a refinement of taste and manners corresponding in some measure with these methods of amelioration?

To a certain extent these justly expected results have been attained; nor would it be difficult to illustrate the influence of general knowledge, on the character of the age. It is particularly apparent in its judicial administration. What judge or jury would now attempt to revive the obsolete and sanguinary punishments, formerly inflicted on the wizards and witches of darker times? Who would imagine the endurance of a fiery ordeal, to be a sufficient test of female chastity? It is natural to look for an accuracy, amounting almost to delicacy, in the decisions of law and justice: yet, after all that has been attained in the improvement of our jurisprudence, it is lamentable, that, either through an amazing defect of energy in the law, or an amazing force in the opposition of custom, the practice of **DUELLING** should still be indulged with impunity! It might have been hoped, that so irrational and pernicious a custom, would of itself, like all other barbarous usages, have become extinct; overborne by the prevalence of sounder opinions, and more refined feelings. But in spite of the ameliorating influence of civilization, its continuance still presents an anomaly in the manners of the age: it is nurtured by courts, and sanctioned by heroes; and while other vices seek concealment, this stalks across our fields, disturbing the harmonious intercourse of society, and glorying in our national shame.

The frequency of Duels, like that of other crimes, has too often a blasting influence on our moral sensibilities. Accustomed to their recurrence, we forget to shudder at their enormity; we listen with the feeling of momentary regret to the tale which ought to have inspired us with horror; and instead of decisive indignation against its prevalence, we only talk about the *laws of honor*, and the *usages of society*! In order to estimate what degree of powerful emotion ought to be excited by the occurrence of a fatal duel, let us suppose that such laws of honor, such usages of fashionable life had never obtained amongst us—that the influence of genuine Christianity had prevented the obtrusion of every false stand-

ard of moral obligation; and that instead of appealing to the passion of resentment, every private contest had been determined according to the principles of equity and benevolence. If we can suppose such an order of things to have prevailed, what an outrage to the feelings of humanity, and to the convictions of justice, would be witnessed in a single instance of duelling! How subversive of the peace and order of society! What a perversion of the rights and duties of magistrates, to transfer the execution of the law, to the dangerous and destructive paroxysms of individual anger! If the cause of difference between the parties amounted to a serious injury, it might be asked, are not the tribunals of civil and of criminal justice accessible? If that difference arose from trivial causes, could not the healing interference of friendship be obtained? Did the state of social order, and the prevalence of general opinion, accord with the supposition I have made, the whole nation would rise up in indignant hostility against this violation of law, of humanity, and of religion; and not tolerate for a moment a custom barbarous in its origin, brutalising in its tendency, and indefensible in its principles.

The practice of Duelling has all the peculiarities of a *barbarous origin*. The object intended to be accomplished is not, cannot, be realised. There is not a shadow of congruity between the means and the end. If the person aggrieved meet his antagonist in private combat, is there any tendency in the nature of that combat to convince the aggressor that he had given an unpardonable offence; or to impart any real satisfaction to the man who is injured?—None! There is indeed the gloomy malignant satisfaction of revenge; and this feeling well accords with the character of the barbarous nations of the North of Europe, among whom the practice originated.

We are informed by historians that “much of the best blood in Christendom was, at one period, shed through contests of honor; and that war itself was scarcely more destructive to the human race.” To what does the duellist appeal in justification of his conduct?—To the principle of honor!—“It would be disgraceful to his character,” he alleges, “degrading to his rank, or unbecoming his profession to act otherwise—he would not be a *gentleman*!” But the principle of honor in this instance, is opposed to the laws of Man, as much as to the authority of higher obligations. The learned Blackstone, describing the *malitia præcogitata* essential to the crime of murder, observes, “this takes in the case of deliberate duelling, where both parties meet avowedly with an intent to murder; thinking it their duty, as gentlemen, and claiming it as their right, to wanton with their own lives, and those of their fellow creatures; *without any warrant or authority from any power either divine or human, but in direct contradiction to the laws of God and man; and therefore the law has justly fixed the crime and punish-*

ment of murder, on them, and on their friends also." It is a singular fact in the history of modern jurisprudence, that the crime of duelling should be so distinctly defined, and its appropriate punishment so clearly determined: and yet that the execution of the law should be so successfully resisted by the authority of custom and the principle of honor! The reason is obvious—Duelling is sanctioned by splendid examples: the *patriotic* hero, and the *enlightened* statesman, are occasionally its practical advocates. Emboldened by such authorities, and impelled by the ebullitions of passion, the tribes of fluttering and worthless insects that sport amidst the circles of fashion, endeavour to raise themselves into importance, by magnifying their petty resentments into *unpardonable* provocations! and challenges, and pistols, and death, are the immediate consequences! When a contemptible bully, whose ignorance and pride render him liable to continual explosions, to the no small terror of his peaceable neighbours, imagines his flimsy dignity to be insulted, we are not surprised at the frothy effervescence of his rage terminating in a duel. There is an entire consistency between the character and the action. But when a man of intelligence and worth is so far the dupe of custom, and the slave of *honor*, as to expose his life in private combat, because a coxcomb or a villain has sent him a challenge, we ought to raise, rather than depress, the tone of reprobation. An action of this nature is far from proving a man's courage. With what a delightful feeling of approbation do we contemplate the conduct of that distinguished Christian and hero, Colonel Gardiner, who, on the reception of a challenge, returned this magnanimous reply; "I fear sinning—though, as you know, I do not fear fighting!"

I cannot close these reflections without animadverting on the prevailing tone of sentiment in reference to the subject, which pervades the writings of modern poets and novelists. As the heroine of a tale is obliged to have several rival suitors in order to render her a more *interesting* character, it is generally contrived that two high-spirited youths shall have, at least, an argumentative *rencontre* on the occasion: or if they are more cool-blooded and systematic in their proceedings, a formal duel must take place. No doubt, all these are most important affairs, as they afford admirable opportunities for pathetic description—charmingly nervous agitations—and occasional faintings. Matters of this kind might be tolerated; but when such a serious business as a duel can transpire and call forth no execration from the author, and even be palliated and pleaded for on the ground of juvenile indiscretion, sudden impulse, or prevailing custom, either the head or the heart of the writer must be dreadfully disordered. The great mass, indeed, of such writings, is too insignificant to have much influence on the conduct.

of society. But when those works of fiction, which are constructed by the magic of genius, and embellished by the refinements of taste, lend their sanction, directly or indirectly, to the irrational custom of duelling, it is an impious prostitution of powers which ought rather to be consecrated to the aid of virtue, and the suppression of vice. Though we generally discover in such productions only the state of sentiment and feeling amongst the classes of fashionable society, yet their influence in the way of re-action is most pernicious. It becomes the friend of truth and social order, therefore, and above all, the responsible tribunals of literary criticism, to attach the stigma of merited infamy to the fatal tendency of such publications.

CLERICUS.

ON THE PUNISHMENT OF THE PILLORY.

A proposition for abolishing this species of punishment is now before parliament, and it is thought that the following observations can at least do no harm.

The first reason that strikes us why the Pillory is unfit to answer the purposes of legitimate punishment is, its manifest inequality with respect to the persons upon whom it is inflicted. And this objection arises not merely from the rank and station of the culprit—not only from its inadequacy to terrify the wretched and low-born, and its overwhelming horrors for the man of fortune and birth—but from the peculiarity of the feelings with which different individuals are endowed. These are circumstances which lie far beyond the ken of a Court of Justice. It is evident that a sentence, the weight of which depends upon strength of nerves—the power of enduring ridicule—and a variety of circumstances that cannot be taken into account on a trial, cannot be averred to be an equitable one. But the force of this consideration is greatly increased when we recollect that the habitually criminal, being insensible to shame, suffer but little; while those who possess moral worth and cling fondly to reputation, are tortured by the severest agonies. It may perhaps be questioned how far punishments, which, like this, affect the mind, almost exclusively, are proper to be at all inflicted. No doubt can be entertained of the impolicy of one in which nothing is certain, but that the worst men will set it at naught, and the best suffer more than a sense of equity can warrant.

Another strong objection to this mode of exposure is, that it

constitutes the mob a Court of Appeal from the decisions of justice, and leaves it to them to punish severely, or not, according to their misguided opinions. In many cases it has afforded only an occasion for triumph to the offender, and of opprobrium to the authorities by whom he was convicted. A judgment solemnly pronounced, may thus be reversed; the criminal may be covered with vulgar applause and rise in popularity, the object he most desires.

We have further to object to this anomalous penalty—that it not only makes the people judges, but executioners. The victim of popular fury is sentenced only to *exposure*, and yet he is pelted almost to death by the spectators. If his crime deserve all the pain he endures, it should be visited with a severer sentence in the due course of proceedings. Besides, the irritation excited may proceed not solely from a monstrous act of immorality; but from unfounded rumours, from gross misapprehension, or from the peculiar politics of the devoted individual. In any point of view, it is bad policy to make the multitude executioners—to train them to acts of violence and riot—to inspire them with savage exultation at the sufferings of others—and to permit them to violate the laws of social order themselves, under pretence of avenging the violation of it in others. Upon the criminal himself, it has seldom a beneficial influence. It either hardens the heart, or breaks it.

We express ourselves earnestly, because when we find a single practice opposed by the whole spirit and tenor of our laws, flattering the worst passions of the mob, without at all strengthening the popular branch of the constitution—degrading the dignity of magistrates, and casting reproach on the high authority which permits it; we think ourselves justified in regarding it as a crumbling relic of unenlightened periods which requires only to be pointed out, in order to be removed from the pure temple of justice which it now disfigures.

JURIDICUS.

MONTHLY REGISTER

OF

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

•• *The Conductors of the AUGUSTAN REVIEW request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publisher (post paid) before the 20th of the month.*

I.

INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Mrs. AGNES IBBETSON, who has so long and so successfully studied the nature and economy of vegetation, has recently communicated a paper to the Editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*, "proving that the embryos of seeds are formed in the root alone." The extreme curiosity of the phenomenon, and its great importance in a botanical point of view, have induced us to present our readers with the following extract; confident it will interest those who have not had an opportunity of perusing the whole.

"That time is now arrived, of which I last year promised to give notice, when the seeds are to be discovered mounting in the alburnum vessels from the root. It is

a phenomenon so easily seen, that I cannot help calling on botanists in general to convince themselves of a fact of such importance to science, and establishing the foundation (if admitted) of a more perfect knowledge in the formation of plants than we yet possess. It requires no other preparation (to view it well) than merely cutting off a small piece of the outward rind of any tree, then cutting an extremely thin slice adjoining the several cuticles, which, if it is the proper piece (that is, the alburnum vessels) it will be so soft as to cut with the utmost ease. In this specimen, with the naked eye, if held up to the light, but certainly with a small magnifier, the seeds will be seen mounting the tree. I

shall first give a complete account of their proceedings from their first formation in the side roots to their settling in the buds ; I shall then answer every objection that has occurred to myself, or been suggested by others, in contradiction to the fact here reported with the same exactness and impartiality as if I were unconnected with the discovery.

“ When first I viewed these balls just entering the bud, I could not conceive what they were ; but pursuing them in the *right season for several years together*, I found that they commenced their course in the radicle, at the termination of the side roots, about the end of January ; *there* they appeared to be first formed in a sort of *grass powder*, which separated as it advanced further into the root, and soon became very small balls, which afterwards entered the narrow passage of the middle root ; here they generally stopped for a time, and then, proceeding across the centre, entered the alburnum vessels in the stem, and mounted to the buds. Suppose the larch, or oak tree, but the first is the most distinguished and clear for viewing the completion of this curious phenomenon, as the shooting of its beautiful red flowers marks best the time of observation. The seeds, having mounted the stem, arrive at a collection of gemmæ, and form a large heap at the middle points of the pith leading up to the buds ; here they remain many days, perhaps a week or more, till the vessel of dispersion has formed, and run from the heap opening at each bud ; the seed vessel of which remains *distended* for the reception of the seeds. When this is complete the balls

enter this *new-formed vessel* one by one, and slide up the cylinder to each pericarp, and such a number of balls are deposited in each seed-vessel as suits the order to which the tree belongs. Thus the seeds disappear from the heap by degrees, and the pericarps, when they have received their proper number, close at bottom, and the vessel of dispersion is soon lost in the increasing part of the plant ; but the seeds never enlarge from the time they quit the middle root till they enter the bud.

“ I must now observe that it is the *heart* of the seed only that is formed in the root, that part which *afterwards becomes the embryo* of the plant. In the wheat and grasses it is so exactly *marked*, as the heart is before impregnation, that it is impossible not to be struck with the similitude of the figure. I conclude, therefore, that this part is formed by the immediate assemblage of the fresh blood of the plant, mixing with and imbibing the new sap just proceeding from the earth ; may not, therefore, the concoction thus formed, when both juices are in their purest state, and perfectly unmixed with other ingredients, complete that production of animated nature, which no other assemblage of matter could produce, and which is *concluded and finished* by a thin thread of the line of life passing through each ball at its first formation ? When aggregated into a larger mass, their circle was completed ; and the thread which ties them altogether is fixed never to be severed, but, passing with them through all the different habitations, in the side root, centre root, and alburnum vessel in the stem, *fixes them at last* in the seed-

vessel, either incorporating the string with it, as in the lily, or hanging by it, as in the seed of the rose or violet, which seed is afterwards impregnated through this identical string. In the cactus tube, the balls being thoroughly divided, the string is admirably seen, being very thick in proportion, and so much more woody and solid than the matter of the seed, that it is easily distinguished. The seeds are found in every plant about six weeks or two months preceding flowering time, according to the season at which each plant performs that function. Fir trees rarely begin to show their seeds till the seventh or eighth year of their age, and in other trees rather earlier."

Mrs. Ibbetson then states her conviction that the embryo of trees is the same in all plants of the same genus, from the indifference in the procedure of the plant when grafted or budded; and suggests this as the real cause that plants will not act in this way in any but their own germs. She then executes the second part of her promise by presenting answers to the objections that have been suggested to this discovery by herself and others.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY has transmitted to the Royal Society an account of some Experiments and Observations on the Colors used in painting by the ancients. In this paper, he first takes a review of the progress of painting among the Greeks, and then traces it from Greece to Rome. His experiments were made on the coloring matter of paintings found on the walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in the baths of Titus and

Livia, and other ruins of ancient Rome. Some of these colors were discovered in vases under the ruins of the palace of Titus; and were identified with those of the fresco paintings in that palace. Three kinds of red were found in a vase; the first, approaching to orange, was minium; the second, a dull red, and the third, a purplish red, were ochres. Another red, found in the fresco paintings, was vermilion. The yellows are ochres, diluted with chalk, and yellow oxide of lead, or massicot. Pieces of deep blue frit were found among the baths of Titus. These consisted of soda, silica, and oxide of copper. All the blues were composed of this compound, and the intensity of their color was reduced with carbonate of lime. The greens are all carbonate of copper, except one approaching to olive, which consists of a green earth of Verona. The browns are oxides of iron, and mixtures of iron and manganese. The white consists generally of carbonates of lime, and fine white clays. The ground, on which the paintings are executed, consists of powdered marble cemented with lime, and polished; but neither wax nor animal gluten of any kind was discovered in any of these paintings.

The property of conducting heat possessed by different bodies, which is not less important than curious, was proposed sometime ago as a prize question by the Society of Sciences at Rotterdam; and the prize awarded to Mr. C. G. Boekmann, for his dissertation on that subject. Mr. B. examined eighteen metals and metallic compounds; and found that bismuth

parts with its heat soonest, and iron retains it longest. Mr. B. also examined a great variety of other substances; as stone, earth, glass, wood, coal, wax, phosphorus, &c. besides several fluids.

M. LE PERE has transmitted to the class of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences of the French Institute, a Memoir relative to the ancient communication between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean by the isthmus of Suez. The reporter of this memoir considers the question respecting the communication, which has been agitated for ages, as resolved by this levelling. From this memoir, it appears that the low-water mark of the Mediterranean is 8 metres and 121 millimetres below the low-water mark, and 9 metres and 907 millimetres below the high-water mark of the Red sea. The total slope of the hill from Cairo to Rosetta, a distance of 252,000 metres, varies by about 8 metres from the lowest to the highest level of the waters. Some points of land and even inhabited places are below the level of both seas, and extensive tracts of country very little above that of the Mediterranean, and much lower than that of the Red sea. Le Pere, and the Council to which this Memoir was submitted, conclude by asserting that the re-opening of the communication between the Red sea and the Mediterranean, by means of canals, is quite practicable.

DR. BERZELIUS, professor of Chemistry at Stockholm, has published "an attempt to establish a pure scientific System of Mineralogy by the application of the electro-chemical Theory and the chemi-

cal proportions." The object of this attempt is to shew "that minerals are all real chemical compounds, that every species consists of constituents combined, according to the laws of chemical proportions, and that they are susceptible of an accurate chemical arrangement into classes, orders, genera, and species, according to the nature of the substances of which they are composed. Professor Berzelius proposes to divide minerals into as many families as there are simple known substances, which are about 46. These families he divides into orders, according to the different electro-negative bodies, with which the most electro-positive are combined: as for example, 1. Sulphurets: 2. Carburets: 3. Oxides, &c. He then illustrates this arrangement by the following examples. SILVER FAMILY. 1st order: Pure silver. 2d order: Sulphurets. 3d order: Stibiets, consisting of antimonious silver ore and silberspies-glanz. 4th order: Tellurets, comprising the various ores of tellurium. 5th order: Aurets, containing electrum and auriferous silver. 6th order: Hydrargyrets, containing native amalgam. 7th order: Carbonates. 8th order: Murates. IRON FAMILY. 1st order: Native iron. 2nd order: Sulphurets. 3d order: Carburets. 4th order: Arseniets. 5th order: Tellurets. 6th order: Oxides. 7th order: Sulphates. 8th order: Phosphates. 9th order: Carbonates. 10th order: Arseniates. 11th order: Chromates. 12th order: Tungstates. 13th order: Siliciates. 14th order: Tantalates. 15th order: Titanates. 16th order: Hydrates. FAMILY OF ALUMINIUM. 1st order: Sulphates. 2d order:

Fluates. 3d order: Fluo-silicates. **4th order:** Silicates. **1st subdivision:** single silicates, including nepheline, collyrite, &c. **2d subdivision:** double silicates, comprehending beryl, emerald chalc; mealy zealite, lomonite; hamotome, or cross-stone; mesotype, schrol; felspar, lepidolite, leucite. **3d subdivision:** triple and complex silicates, containing pruhite, koupholite, mica.

This indefatigable professor has also given in the same work, a series of experiments proving that magnetic iron ore is a compound of black and red oxides of iron.

Professor Berzelius has likewise made Experiments to determine the definite Proportions in which the elements of organic Nature are combined. Among a variety of substances which he examined he included common sugar; and states the following composition as the result of his analysis, when the sugar had been dried in a vacuum; viz.

Hydrogen	. . . 6.785
Carbon	. . . 44.200
Oxygen	. . . 49.015
	<hr/>
	100.000

Comparing the weights of these elements with each other, Sugar is found to consist of 10 atoms of Oxygen, 12 of Carbon, and 21 of Hydrogen, which gives per cent,

Hydrogen	. . . 6.802
Carbon	. . . 44.115
Oxygen	. . . 49.083
	<hr/>
	100.000

To avoid the objection that the saccharate analysed might contain some other substance besides sugar, he decomposed a certain

quantity of it in water, through which he passed a current of carbonic acid gas; and then filtered the liquid, and concentrated it. The result was pure white crystals, possessing all the properties of common sugar. He also burnt a part of it, and obtained from 0.4 of sugar, dried in a vacuum in a hot sand bath, 0.2346 of water; and 0.628 of carbonic acid, which make in 100 parts

Hydrogen	. . . 6.891
Carbon	. . . 42.704
Oxygen	. . . 50.405
	<hr/>
	100.000

This gives 21 Oxygen, 24 Carbon, 44 Hydrogen.

Thenard and *Gay-Lussa* found sugar composed of

Hydrogen	. . . 6.90
Carbon	. . . 42.47
Oxygen	. . . 50.63
	<hr/>
	100.00

Which coincides very nearly with the last analysis given above.

The Rev. W. GREGOR has analysed some specimens of *Green Uran Mica*, found in the copper mine of Gunnis Lake, in the eastern extremity of the county of Cornwall. The purest pieces of this fossil were selected for experiment: and its specific gravity at the temperature of 52° of Fahrenheit, was 3.3. The results from this analysis were the following, viz.

Oxide of Uranium, with	
a trace of oxide of lead	. . . 74.4
Oxide of copper	. . . 8.2
Water	. . . 15.4
Loss	. . . 2.
	<hr/>
	100.0

Copper, therefore, exists in this fossil in a much greater proportion than was previously supposed.

M. GEHLBN gives the following method of gilding steel. The part of the polished surface to be gilt is to be rendered rough by means of nitric acid; and then the steel dipped into a solution containing the gold, which adheres to the roughened surface with sufficient tenacity to admit of being burnished.

Professor DOBEREINER of Jena states that he has discovered charcoal to be a metallic com-

pound.

M. BROR concludes a short article "On the nature of forces, which produce double refraction," published in the *Moniteur* a few weeks since, in the following manner:

"These results show that, in the action of crystals upon light, there exists the same opposition of forces that has been already discovered in several other natural actions; such as the two kinds of magnetism, and electricity. The other observations which I have published on the oscillations and rotations of luminous particles also lead to the same result."

Literary Intelligence.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Dr. Pinckard is preparing a new edition of "Notes on the West Indies," in 2 volumes, with considerable alterations and additions. The new matter will contain remarks on the Islands of Martinique, Jamaica, and St. Domingo; with observations on the condition and treatment of the slaves, and a sug-

gestion for effecting their emancipation.

Mr. Duncan, author of the "Essay on Genius," has in the press a work, intitled, "The Philosophy of Human Nature." This treatise relates chiefly to morals; but besides giving a complete view of the sub-

ject expressed in the title, Part II. will contain a new Theory, intended to explain all human interests.

The Rev. Dr. Collyer has in the press a volume of Lectures on Scripture Parables. This will constitute the fourth volume of Dr. Collyer's Lectures.

Mr. Robert Thompson has in the press a Sketch of the French Revolution, including the eventful period from 1789 to the downfall of Bonaparte; with many interesting anecdotes.

The Rev. John Grant, A. M. has in the press, Arabia, a Poem, with Notes; to which are added, several smaller Pieces, in one small volume 8vo.

Marshal de Vaundercourt is preparing an account of the Russian Campaign in 1812; a specimen of which, elucidating the passage of the Beresino, will soon appear in an English translation.

Mr. John Britton has issued proposals for publishing three Engravings of the Bust of Shakspeare, from his Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon; accompanied by an Essay on his Life and Writings. One hundred and fifty proofs on Indian paper, Imperial 4to. at 3 Guineas each. The remainder on Medium 4to., at 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Accum has in the press a Treatise on Gas Light; comprising a description of the apparatus and machinery for illuminating streets, houses, and public edifices; illustrated by engravings.

Mr. Parker, the Author of the Chemical Catechism, has in the press a series of Chemical Essays. The work will form four pocket volumes, including a variety of ex-

planatory Notes and an Index; and illustrated with more than twenty engravings on copper.

Dr. Ronalds, of Coventry, is preparing for the press a Translation of the celebrated little work of Cabanis, on Certainty in Medicine.

Mr. Huish's scientific Treatise on the Culture and Management of Bees, illustrated with plates, is expected to appear in May.

Mr. Bryce will soon publish a work under the title of the Belgian Traveller, or Guide through the United Netherlands; containing an account of their history, character, customs, natural productions, and commerce; a correct description of every principal town, its population, trade, curiosities, &c.

Mr. William Jaques will shortly publish a second and improved edition of his Translation of Professor Franck's Guide to the Study of the Scriptures, with Notes, Life, &c.

M. de Lewis is preparing for publication, in English and French, in 2 volumes 8vo., England at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, after the manner of Mad. de Stael.

Mr. C. Blunt, Optician, is preparing for the press a Descriptive Essay on the Magic Lanthorn, with many plates and wood-cuts; and an account of the various instruments and contrivances for exhibiting optical deceptions.

Mr. Peter Coxe proposes to publish, in royal octavo, the Social Day, in four Cantos, embellished with twenty-five Engravings.

The Rev. Samuel Kittle has in the press a new and improved edition of the Rev. Samuel Pike's

Philosophia Sacra; or the Principles of Natural Philosophy, extracted from Divine Revelation.

In the press, the **Life of President Edwards**, originally written by Dr. Hopkins, of America; revised and enlarged, with occasional Notes, by the late Dr. Williams, of Rotherham, and now first published in a separate form, with additions and corrections, by John Hawksley.

The **History of Richard the Third, King of England, &c.** in 5 Books, by Sir George Buck, will speedily be published, from the original Manuscripts in the possession of the Editor; with an Appendix of Notes and Documents; by Charles Yarnold, Esq. An imperfect edition of this important work was first published in 1646, by George Buck, Esq. son of the author; which, defective and incorrect as it is, is now rarely to be met with, and then at a high price. The intended edition, given literally from the original manuscript of Sir George Buck, will contain much interesting matter, not in the former one.

The **Memoirs and Confessions of Capt. Thomas Ashe**, author of the **Spirit of the Book**, are preparing for the press.

A fourth edition of **Mrs. Taylor's "Maternal Solitude,"** and a second edition of **"Practical Hints to Young Females on the Duties of a Wife, a Mother, and a Mistress of a Family,"** are in the press.

Messrs. Roden and Craske, Stamford, propose to publish, in a post 4to volume, **"Pierce Penilesse, his Supplication to the Dieul,"** by Thomas Nash, Gent. To be printed from the edition of Abel Seffs, in 1692, collated with that of R. Jones, of the same date. The reprint will be limited to one hundred

copies, and will be accompanied with a **Biographical and Literary Introduction**, by Octavius Gilchrist, Esq. F. S. A.

A new edition of the **Lives of eminently Pious Women**, in 3 vols. 8vo.; including an additional volume of highly interesting Lives, by the Rev. Samuel Burder. Ornamented with eighteen fine portraits, by Hopwood.

A selection of **Sermons from Bishop Beverige**, altered and adapted to the use of public and private Instruction, by the Rev. John Dakins, Rector of St. James's, Colchester, 2 vols. 8vo.

Shortly will be published, **Memoirs of the Abbé Edgeworth**; containing two Letters to the Abbé and his Brother, from Louis XVIII. By C. Sneyd Edgeworth, Esq.

Speedily will be published, in a very neat duodecimo volume, **Dissertations on Christian Baptism**; in which is clearly shown, that Antipædo-baptism is in opposition to the Holy Scriptures, and the general practice of the Church of Christ, in the first and all succeeding ages. By the late Rev. and learned Micaiah Towgood. A new edition. To which are added, Notes and Illustrations; and recommended by the Rev. Doctors Cracknell, Dupree, Haweis, and Smith; and by the Rev. Messrs. Bogue, Clayton, sen, Durant, Lowell, Raffles, and Smith.

Mrs. Pinchard, author of the **Blind Girl**, has in the press the **Ward of Delamere**, a Novel, in three volumes.

Mr. Grainger, Surgeon, of Birmingham, will publish, in May, a Work on a new mode of opening the Bladder in certain obstructions of the urethra and prostate gland; and on

A simple method of removing the tonsils of the throat, and other tumors, from the accessible cavities of the body, &c. &c.

M. de Chateaubriand will shortly publish two Works; the one entitled, *Recollections of Italy, England, and America*; and the other on the *Revolution of Empires*.

The Rev. H. Popplewell has in the Press, a second and improved Edition of *Andrew's Sermons*.

The Hydrographer of the Naval Chronicle proposes to publish a new Edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, revised and corrected for the advancement of Nautical Education, with technical and geographical illustrations.

The fifth Volume of Mr. Kirby's *Wonderful Museum* will be published early in May.

A new Edition of Collyer's *Sacred Interpreter* in 2 Vols. 8vo. will be published in the course of the present month.

Miss C. A. Mant, author of "*Ellen or the young Godmother*," has *Caroline Lismore, or Errors of Fashion*, a Tale, in the Press.

Mr. William Godwin will shortly publish the *Lives of Edward and John Philips, Nephews and Pupils of Milton*, including various particulars of the Literary and Political History of their Times. With Portraits, in one Volume, quarto.

Mr. William Wordsworth has nearly ready for publication, *Lyrical Ballads and Miscellaneous Pieces*, in 2 Vols. 8vo.

The second Edition of *Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer*, by the author of *Waverley*, is nearly ready for publication, in 3 Vols. 12mo.

A Translation of the *Psalms of David*, with Notes, by Samuel Horsley, LL.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, in 2 Vols. 8vo.

***History of Brazil, Volume 2.* by Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureat, Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, in Quarto, will soon be published.**

***Travels of Ali Bey, in Morocco, Tripoli, Cyprus, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey*, between the years 1803 and 1807. Written by himself, and translated into English, in 2 Vols. 4to, illustrated by about One Hundred Plates, will shortly appear.**

An Account of the Kingdom of Cabul, and its Dependencies, in Persia, Tartary, and India; comprising a View of the Afghaun Nation, and a History of the Doorraunee Monarchy. By the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, Resident of the Court of Poonab, and late Envoy to the King of Cabul, with colored Plates of the Costume of the Country, and a Map of the Kingdom, is nearly ready for publication, in 4to.

***Commentaries on the Treatment of Syphilis, and on the means of insuring the successful and avoiding the injurious effects of Mercury*; with an Appendix, recommending an improvement in the Treatment of Strictures, and on the Retention of Urine, by Edward Geoghegan, of the College of Surgeons in Ireland, Honorary Member of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh, will soon appear, in 8vo.**

A new and highly embellished edition of *Walton's Complete Angler* will be published in a few weeks, accompanied by fresh portraits of *Walton* and *Cotton* from the original paintings; that of the former en-

graved from a drawing by Hayter; that of the latter from a drawing by Linnell. In this edition the plates of Fish are portraits recently taken from living subjects. Among the Vignettes are Walton's house in Fleet Street, Theobald's, two views of Beresford Hall, &c. There is also a material accession of Notes.

A few copies of the portraits, proofs, will be separately printed on a larger paper for the accommodation of Collectors.

Nearly ready for publication, a new and handsomely printed octavo edition of Burnet's *History of his own Times*; in printing which the folio edition has been compared with the octavo by Dr. Flexman, so as to combine the advantages of both editions; and the paging of the folio is preserved in the margin.

A New Edition of the Greek Tes-

tament, with Griesbach's Text. It will contain copious Notes from Hardy, Raphel, Kypke, Schleusner, Rosenmuller, &c. in familiar Latin: together with parallel passages from the Classics, and with references to Vigerus for idioms, and Bos for Ellipses. By the Rev. E. Valpy, B. D. Trin. Col. Cam. 3 vols. 8vo. A few copies on large paper.

The Literary and Scientific Calendar of the British Empire. For the year 1814. To be continued annually.

Ovii Metamorphoses Selectæ, et in Usum Scholarum expurgatæ; cum Notis Anglicis. By the Rev. C. Bradley.

Cicero De Officiis, with English Notes, historical and explanatory. The text is taken from the best editions.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

General Report of the Agricultural State and Political Circumstances of Scotland, drawn up for the consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement, under the direction of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. Founder of the Board of Agriculture, 5 large vols. 8vo. with numerous engravings, and

a volume of plates in 4to. of Agricultural Implements, price 4l. 4s. bound.

Observations on the Price of Corn, as connected with the Commerce of the Country and Public Revenue, by R. Duppa, LL.D. price 1s.

A Letter on the Corn Laws, and on the Means of obviating the Mis-

chiefs and Distress which are rapidly increasing, from the Right Hon. Lord Sheffield, price 2s. 6d.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent, and the Grounds of an Opinion on the Policy of restricting the Importation of Foreign Corn, price 3s.

ASTRONOMY.

The Heavens Surveyed; or the Science of Astronomy made easy, by Bonnel George Thornton, Lecturer on Astronomy and Botany, &c. price 5s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Lady Hamilton, drawn from original sources of information, and comprising many new and authentic Anecdotes of various distinguished Personages; among whom are the King and Queen of Sicily, Sir William Hamilton, the late Lord, and the present Earl, Nelson, the Earl of Bristol, the Duke of Queensbury, &c. small 8vo. embellished with a beautiful portrait.

The Lives of Caius Asinius Pollio, Marcus Terentius Varro, and Cneius Cornelius Gallus, with notes and illustrations, by the Rev. Edward Berwick, 8vo. price 7s. 6d. in boards.

A Supplement to the Memoirs of the Life, Writings, Discourses, and Professional Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Jas. Northcote, Esq. 4to. 15s.

Authentic Memoirs of the Life of John Sobieski, King of Poland; illustrative of the Errors in the former Constitution of that Kingdom, which ultimately paved the way to its downfall, by A. T. Palmer, 8vo. 12s. boards.

The Life of the Duke of Wellington, by George Elliot, Esq. 8vo. price 14s. boards.

The Royal Military Calendar; dedicated, by permission, to His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, price, to Subscribers, 1l. Non-Subscribers, 1l. 1s. Containing, (without comment) the services of all the General Officers living at the close of the year 1814. By John Philippart, Esq.

EDUCATION.

Latin Prosody made easy; by W. Shaw, D.D. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

An Introduction to Arithmetic, designed for the use of private teaching, by Mr. A. Vincent, Private Teacher, Oxford.

EUTROPIUS, with English Notes on the plan of PHÆDRUS. By the Rev. C. BRADLEY, M. A. Pr. 2s. 6d. bound.

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History of the Secret Societies of the Army, and of the Military Conspiracies, which had for their object the Destruction of the Government of Buonaparte, 8vo. price 7s.

History of the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1807 to 1814, illustrated by a map, exhibiting the routes of the Armies, by General Sarrazin, 8vo. 12s. boards.

Memoires sur la Guerre des Français en Espagne, par M. De Rocca, 8vo. 9s. 6d. boards.

LAW.

The Statutes of the United King-

dom of Great Britain and Ireland, Vol. IV. Part III. from L. to LII. George III. 4to. price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* boards.

Introduction to the Science of the Law, by Fred. Ritso, Esq. 8vo. 9*s.*

A Dictionary of the Law of Scotland, by R. Bell, Esq. Advocate, 2*nd* Edit. 5 vols. 8vo.

Advice on the Study and Practice of the Law, with directions for the choice of books, addressed to Attorneys' Clerks, by Mr. Wright.

MATHEMATICS.

An easy Introduction to the Mathematics; in which the history, theory, and practice, of the leading branches are familiarly laid down: with numerous explanations and notes, memoirs of mathematical authors and their works, &c. by Charles Butler. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

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Sketch of the New Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain and Nervous System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, considered as comprehending a complete system of Zoonomy. With Observations on its tendency to the Improvement of Education, of Punishment, and of the treatment of Insanity. Price 5*s.* boards, with a plate. Reprinted from the Pamphleteer. By T. Forster, F. L. S., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; and Honorary Member of Med. Soc. St. Bart. Hosp.

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Memoirs and Anecdotes, between the years 1753 and 1790, translated from the French of Baron de Grimm. 2*d.* ed. 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 16*s.* boards.

Hints to Travellers in Italy, by R. C. H. foolscap, 4*s.* boards.

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Shakspeare's Himself Again: or, the language of the Poet asserted: being a full, but dispassionate, Examen of the Readings and Interpretations of the later Editors. The whole comprised in a series of Notes, *Sixteen Hundred* in number; and further illustrative of the more difficult Passages in his Plays: to the Various Editions of which, the present volumes form a complete and necessary Supplement. By ANDREW BECKET; Au-

ther of "*Lucianus Redivivus; or Dialogues concerning Men, Manners, and Opinions*"—"A Trip to Holland; containing Sketches of Characters"—"Socrates, a Dramatic Poem, on the model of the Ancient Greek Tragedy"—"The Genii, (good and evil) a Masque, in the *New British Theatre*, No. IV."—"Public Prosperity: a Plan for raising Six Millions Sterling in aid of Necessitous and Industrious persons:" in the *Pamphleteer*, No. IV. In 2 vols. 8vo. Pr. 1*l.* 4*s.*

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The Sailor-Boy, a Poem; second edition, foolscap. 7*s.* 6*d.* boards.

The Works of Robert Burns, with thirteen engravings from designs by Stothard. 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*

Mr Townsend's long-expected

Poem of Armageddon has just made its appearance. The Author has printed the first eight books in 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

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N.B. The Conductors of the **AUGUSTAN REVIEW** are anxious to render this department of the Work a faithful record of what its title imports ; and earnestly request scientific and literary men, as well as Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information on the various subjects it embraces. They are equally desirous that it should be useful to the man of business and the philosopher :—to the former as a register of facts and results ; and to the latter, as an index to those works where the subjects are more fully treated ; and they hope it will not be devoid of utility as an Historical Synopsis, in which the progress of Arts and Sciences may be distinctly traced. The Conductors, therefore, solicit the indulgence of the public for the incompleteness of the present list, arising from those circumstances which necessarily attend the *first* appearance of all such undertakings ; and they trust, that a more extensive promulgation of their design will not fail to obtain that degree of public patronage, which will enable them completely to realise their desired object.

END OF NO. I.

ART. I. *Armageddon*, a Poem in Twelve Books.—The Eight first Books. By the Rev. G. Townsend, of Trin. Coll. Camb. 4to. pp. 350. London, Hatchard, 1815. 1l. 11s. 6d.

WE consider this poem as a literary phenomenon of no common interest. Since the stupendous excursion of Milton into the invisible world, no English writer has followed him in his daring career—even at the humblest distance. Many of his qualities, indeed, have, in some degree, been exhibited by poets who had caught a portion of his spirit. Phillips succeeded in copying the majestic harmony of his verse; and Wordsworth, in our own day, has treated us with sonnets in the same artless simplicity which characterises the smaller productions of his genius. But his supernal marvels—his masterly pictures of regions unseen—and his still more venturous delineations of spiritual beings—have hitherto been peculiar to himself: “within that circle none dared walk but he.” At last, however, a writer has arisen, who has boldly entered on a similar course; and who, undismayed by the obstacles which surround him, has burst upon us with a plan more hazardous than even that of his great predecessor,—a large portion of which is actually completed, and presented to the public in the volume before us. If Milton proposed “to vindicate the ways of God to man;” Mr. Townsend endeavours, “to reconcile His justice with His love.”

So numerous and appalling are the difficulties which Mr. Townsend has had to encounter, that we are rather surprised that the effort should ever have been made, than that it should have been delayed to the present period. Milton’s genius seemed sufficient to deter the most ambitious from themes on which it had shed so rich an effulgence; and his fame, to check the growth of every production that promised to flourish where it had been planted. But we are inclined to regard the nature of the subject itself, as the principal reason why he alone has hitherto endeavoured to grasp it. It bears but little relation to human feelings and sympathies; and being occupied chiefly with the inhabitants of invisible regions, is destitute of most of the gentler appeals to the heart and the affections. Poetry is, no doubt, greatly exalted by the judicious employment of machinery—by glimpses of superior loveliness and grandeur—and by those ravishing prospects of heaven and celestial messengers, which purify the eye of the moral vision, and fill the soul with

ethereal perceptions. But then, to be effective, the flight must be short, for the spectator will soon be weary with gazing, and desire again to repose on that beauty which pleases without dazzling. The enchantments of magic, the ancient tales of superstition, and the obscure mysteries in which unseen agents are supposed to work, are legitimate subjects of poetry ; but to render the recurrence of them pleasing, they must be mingled with objects and graces that are natural. A labored tale of the projects and exploits of demons, carried on through twelve books, wears out its own impressions, and can be rescued from dullness only by the splendor of a genius capable of shedding a radiance on every thing it touches. Nor do we think this objection completely obviated by the reference such poems may have to our religious faith, and our eternal destinies. We feel that they are fictions ; and we feel too that as fictions, they are out of their place. Our ideas of spirits are not likely to be rendered clearer by representations, however sublime, of their engaging in combat—of their being bruised, cut in pieces, and at one time closing with inconceivable quickness, at another lying buried beneath their armour ; nor can our devotion be exalted by the scholastic disputations which Milton has ventured to attribute to the Deity. The profane think such things absurd, the pious regard them as profane : and it is certain that they can add nothing valuable to what we learn from the scriptures, and but little to the purest of our feelings.

In these respects, both Mr. Townsend's conceptions and his expressions are more becoming than those of Milton. He constantly guards against supposing any thing ordinary, any thing altogether human, to have proceeded from the Omniscient ; and, employing fire and the thunders of heaven as the chief engines of war, he says as little as possible about "the tread of the embattled host," and "the clangor of arms." The refinement of taste, and the improvement of our language in the course of the last 150 years, entitle us, indeed, to expect that the excusable errors of former times be now avoided.—But in regard to another point just mentioned—that of the effect of natural objects being duly mixed with such as are supernatural, Milton really has much the advantage of his enterprising follower. The groundwork of his story is in Paradise ; and though both heaven and hell are soon and tremendously revealed to us, it is there that our attention is first awakened ; and thither it is that, after a series of sublime glories and more sublime terrors, we at length

retire, and are refreshed with descriptions full of tenderness and delight. The work before us, on the other hand, is one continued flight through imaginary worlds, in which nothing human is to be found; and commences with the close of man's earthly hopes, anxieties, and joys. Its subject is a struggle between the powers of hell and the hosts of heaven, subsequently to the final judgment, in a vast space, to which is assigned the name of *Armageddon*.

Mr. Townsend has adopted a new theory of the universe, the truth of which, philosophers will think very far from being yet established. This circumstance, however, we hold to be immaterial, as he stands before us not as a geologist or ouranologist, but merely as a poet. He supposes *Armageddon* to be filled with stars, and worlds; to be bounded by heaven above, and by hell beneath; and, extending from east to west, to form the scene of the last judgment, and of the great and final contest. All the spheres thus inclosed he makes to revolve round a central world by an invariable law: and thus he prepares the ground for the vast machinery which he has ventured to employ.

The work consists of eight books. The first, after a due invocation, represents Asriel, the spirit watching near the throne of God, as receiving the indications of the divine will, and directing the angels to prepare the universe for the great display of the mercy and justice of the Almighty. They immediately depart on their high mission; and we are delighted with a beautiful description of the ministry of these benignant spirits. The last evening on earth is very feelingly described. Its silence and serenity are awful, and sink deep into the soul. An address to the moon, diffusing her meek radiance for the last time, is marked with a solemn, pleasing pathos. At last the voice of the Archangel breaks the solemn stillness—the tombs resign their dead—and the earth is covered with innumerable tribes starting into imperishable youth. The mist covering the new raised bodies is finely imagined; and their emerging from it, and ascending into the celestial world, pictured with very delicate and airy coloring. While they move on, among various orders of being, the heathen tribes enquire whither they are to be conducted, and are told of the world of happiness appointed for them. At last the multitudes arrive at *Armageddon*—The Messiah appears in mild yet awful majesty: the judgment is solemnly pronounced—Adam utters a wild and fruitless prayer for the beings his guilt had undone—the wicked are borne away

by joyful demons—and the righteous are welcomed into the regions of bliss by spirits participating in their joy.

The second book presents us with a vivid description of the happiness of the righteous, who are invited to attend to the song of Jediel. The appearance of this cherub bard is very brilliantly described, and the preparation for his melody is singularly graceful and enchanting. He takes a rapid view of the dispensations of Jehovah from the creation of the heavens, and bursts forth at last into a rapturous prophecy of the final consummation of things. This song forms the prominent feature of the second book of the poem.

In the third book, after some allusions to hope, and youthful joy, and the poetry of the present age, we are conducted into the realms of horror. The chief of the demons meet—not, as in Milton, in stately halls blazing with diamonds and gold—but on a black and barren rock elevated amidst waves of flame. Cherubai in a persuasive harangue counsels submission to the Almighty, but is vehemently opposed by Brahma—the spirit who deluded the Indian world, and wove around it the strong web of infernal enchantment. Asriock takes a middle course, and recommends the chieftains to throw up strong fortifications on the borders of hell, and there to await the expected attack of the celestial messengers. Sin is then represented as descending in a female figure, and urging the assembly to attempt the daring enterprize of assailing the gates of Paradise. The softness beaming through the terrors of the spectre; and the alluring blandishments she once possessed, are powerfully conceived, and their effects on the dark crowd strikingly portrayed.

In the fourth book the consultation is continued. Satan himself addresses his subjects in a speech breathing revenge and defiance; and instantly dispatches Brahma and Ithream to consume the earth by hurling a comet from its orbit. The legions of hell prepare for combat, and a magnificent description follows of the seven orders of spirits of whom the infernal army is composed. On leaving the confines of their dungeon, the rebel chieftain again animates his legions, and is answered by their universal oath never to rest from vengeance until the throne of God be rased from its foundations.

We now leave Satan and his followers to their perilous enterprize, and accompany Brahma and Ithream on their course to the destruction of our deserted planet. They hold on their trackless way amidst starry worlds, till they arrive at the central globe, round which all the systems of the universe are supposed to

revolve in stupendous circles. This refulgent orb was once the habitation of angelic legions, who were deputed to watch over the stars with which it was engirdled. It is described with a luxury of imagination which is delicious, after the horrors among which we have so long been delayed. The demons themselves relent, and forget their purposes of vengeance. Onward, however, they steer, till they reach the sun, and contemplate the solar system, where our desolate world, rolling on in silent beauty, engages their chief attention. Brahma, at the request of his companion, relates its history, commencing with the creation. He enlarges on the state of the mind, and the nature of its wonderful faculties; and touches on the influence of ambition and love in exalting and softening its character. A dark but powerful representation is given of man as a social being—in his crimes, his errors, and his miseries—and those contentions with which his sad story is so frequently chequered.

In the sixth book, Brahma proceeds with his narration, and pointing to the terrestrial globe, touches on the character of the various nations inhabiting it. The French Revolution, that theme of every poet and of every moralist, is energetically described, and the restoration of the House of Bourbon triumphantly celebrated. The demon, however, takes no notice of the expulsion of that unfortunate family, which we have recently witnessed. He proceeds to describe the Millennium, the restoration of the Jews, the prevalence of immortal spring over the face of nature, and the primal resurrection of the patriarchs and martyrs. The union of these sanctified beings with their former associates, and the renewal of friendship and love which death had for a while suspended, are exquisitely given. The historian then briefly glances at the final contest on earth of Gog and Magog, and at the general resurrection; when his companion earnestly requests some more information respecting Britain. This gives an opportunity to the author of introducing an eloquent panegyric on his country, and a just compliment to the House of Brunswick.

This long conference being concluded, the demons prepare to execute their terrible commission. The comet is hurled from its orbit, the sun is turned into darkness, and the earth is enveloped in flame. Death, hovering over creation as his last prey, exults in the mighty ruin. In the mean time the celestial hosts prepare for the final contest with the powers of hell. Messiah, in a strain of elevated rapture, promises victory to the champions of heaven. Both armies arrive on the plains of Armageddon, and rest for the night upon their arms.

In the eighth book, Brahma and Ithream return from their work of destruction, and rejoin the powers of Satan. The former, at the desire of his monarch, gives a magnificent narration of the success of his exploits, and describes the progress of the conflagration, and the last struggles of nature. The earth, at last, is reduced to one general mass, and appears like an ocean of melted glass, without inequality or shore.

Such is the outline of the portion of *Armageddon* now before us. It is perhaps sufficient to awaken the curiosity of our readers, if, indeed, that has not already been done by the notice of Mr. Cumberland, who, in the first number of his *Review*, gave an account of the author's design. His expectations, sanguine as they were, would not have been disappointed, had he lived to witness the maturity of those exertions which his goodness induced him to foster. A few extracts will, however, convey a better idea of Mr. Townsend's powers, than we have been able to furnish by our analysis of his story.

The following is the representation of the descent of the Messiah to *Armageddon*, in order to judge the universe. It exhibits great majesty and beauty, though a few of the lines are careless and prosaic :—

————— Through the vaulted arch,
Upborne on fiery wing, an angel form
In rapid flight was seen ; and, swift as thought,
Sped o'er the gazing hosts, and loud exclaimed—
“God comes to judge the world, and minister
True judgment in his righteousness ! the Lord
Descendeth from the heav'ns ! himself is judge !”
And, suddenly, a strong and mighty wind
The mountains rent, and into pieces brake
The rocks before the Lord, howling around
Through the deep caves : not on the winged blast
He came, nor on the terrors of the storm,
Or earthquake, that o'erthrew the yielding plain
Of *Armageddon* ; not upon the flash
That, pouring 'mid the new-made fragments, shone
Upon the ruins, melting every rock
Before him ; beaming with immortal love,
The majesty of beauty, and the strength
Of honor, girt with radiance as a robe
Of light, and glorified in mortal form,
The opening heav'ns he bowed ; descending low,
Borne on his throne of glory to the scene
Of judgment ; streaming fire beneath his feet
Its nameless splendors waved, yet not dispersed
The darkness, but its gleaming lightnings spread

Wide in the front, and darting on the soil
 Revealed the trembling nations ; round the throne
 Th' admiring day-spring knew its place, and threw,
 In floating lustre, a serener light
 Than that of midnight moons ; full o'er his head
 The high pavilion bent, with waters dark
 And covering clouds encircled, as the sea
 Blends with the stormy sky at distance seen,
 Girding the earth ; Justice and Mercy shone
 On either side resplendent ; and around
 Ten thousand times ten thousand of the host
 Of cherubim and mightiest seraphim,
 In fiery orbits glowed, with purple light
 The vaulted arch adorn, and pour around
 The brightness of their beauty.—— Book I. pp. 31—33.

We must make room for the splendid description of the central world on which Brahma and Ithream rested.

——— Perpetual spring was here,
 Perpetual day ; the lovely Paradise
 Of all the angelic squadrons of the heavens !
 Here yielding groves, and fields, and all the plants
 That garnish earth were seen, though nobler far
 Than earthly flowers or groves, their varied tribes
 Appear in kind profusion, to delight
 The roving eye ; th' enamelled plains were deck'd
 With shades unknown to man ; the seasons poured
 Their mingling beauties, and attempered sweets
 In gay luxuriance, but withheld their storms,
 In fear to violate the calm repose
 That ruled the waving streams, the fragrant air,
 And hills of softest green, that boast the charm
 Of bending lotos, amaranth, and rose,
 And herbs of blooming pride ; the crystal seas,
 By daring barks unploughed, were richly gemmed
 In sparkling colors of ten thousand flowers,
 Deep-rooted in the mild unruffled beds
 That bound with silver edge the painted plains,
 Reflected on the bright and silent tide ;
 The lustre-beaming atmosphere above
 Shone on the peaceful ocean, and illum'd
 The blue foundations of the glassy depths,
 Or played among the foliage that adorned
 The verdant gulphs ; the ripening fruitage swelled,
 And round the solitary arbours twined ;
 The pendent blossom and the opening bud
 Profusely scattered o'er the bended boughs
 Their grateful sweets ; th' united seasons danced

Round the deserted scene, and graced the bowers
 In every shadowy vale, with every hue
 And fairest broidery of great Nature's hand.

Book V. pp. 171—173.

We add the following description of the bed of the Pacific Ocean, after its waters have been dried up by the last conflagration :—

Above the dark foundations of the main
 Glittered the coral palaces, th' abode
 Of countless insects, shewed in varying curves
 Of white and purest purple—once the base
 Of islands, spangling the Pacific realms
 With golden foliage, and the sweets of spring,
 When once their mighty monarch tranquil rolled
 His sheltering waves along their flowery mounds ;
 Now, of his power bereft, confused and torn,
 Or scattered o'er the broken rocks they fall,
 The first dread trophy of the spoiler fire !
 With these the tottering relics and the domes
 Of earth's primeval kings, and mouldering towers,
 Erected ere the flood of waters whelmed
 The pristine globe !———

——— The branching forests of the lowest deep
 Clothed the black rocks beneath them, where no beam
 Of the light-giving sun, or midnight moon,
 Had pierced th' unfathomed caverns, or disturbed
 Their vast inhabitants ; no voice of man
 Had echoed through the desolate abyss ;
 Though many a wreck, and many a drowning corpse,
 Descending through the green and stormy flood,
 With death-fixed eye, unconscious of its grave,
 Glared wildly on the large Leviathan,
 That wondering gazed upon the human form,
 As slowly stalking o'er the humid soil
 He moved ; half-reasoning of the distant land,
 Whence came his ghastly and mysterious prey,
 The mighty sea-snake his procumbent length
 In tortured volumes turned ; the long-lost wealth,
 Deep-buried in the bosom of the tide,
 By Avarice' iron heart through life-deplored,
 Shone through the wide destruction of the deep,
 As gems that sparkle o'er their owner's bier ;
 And shattered fleets, forsaken by mankind,
 Hurl their consuming fragments through the air,
 Lighting the general ruin with their flame,
 Dim torches pointing to a new-made grave.

Book VIII. p. 287—289.

From these extracts our readers will perceive that Mr. Townsend's chief merit lies in the description of extended and magnificent scenery. He errs, indeed, in the profusion of his glitter; and he fatigues us by his want of contrast, and not allowing seasons for repose. This fault, however, which time will correct, arises in a good degree from the aerial nature of his subject. The conduct of his story, too, we think is not altogether judicious. The same ground is trodden in the song of Jediel, and the narrative of Brahma; and the episode, in which the latter is concerned, is of a length very disproportioned to the poem. Indeed, the dissertation of that singular personage, whilst resting in the sun, appears out of both time and character. A malignant spirit, sent on a great work of destruction, might indeed sit down, and give a narrative of circumstances relating to the system he was about to destroy; but that he should be eloquent in praise of its virtue, and rapturous in his description of its happiness, is not at all probable. The whole narration might, without the least impropriety, have been transferred to Jediel: in the mouth of the present speaker, it is dramatically absurd. Mr. Townsend has succeeded the least in the scenes laid in the infernal world. He appears to have followed the Pilgrim's Progress more than Milton; and hence his hell is that of a pious enthusiast, rather than of a sublime poet. But his brighter visions want only a little more distinctness to render them exquisite.—We heartily wish him health to complete his work, in the full confidence that he will shine more as he advances farther; and that he will succeed in refuting the fashionable doctrine, that the age is too refined, and its criticism too severe, to admit of the bolder efforts of original genius.

Should any of our readers have a wish to see a comparison regularly instituted between this poet and Milton, we assure them that the task would not be difficult, and beg they will amuse themselves in performing it. They will find the former not less a patriot than the latter, and a good deal more loyal. Never, indeed, were the praises of Great Britain, and of the illustrious House of Brunswick, sung in strains loftier or more earnest, than those that issue from the mouth of Brahma, though but a demon: would that the poet had made him an angel! And those who have been accustomed to extol the advantages resulting from our insular situation will rejoice to hear, that, at the consummation of all things, Britain is not to be consumed like other countries with fire, but swallowed up at once in the ocean; while it will be consolatory to the gentlemen of the Common Hall of the City of London to learn that, be the result of the present war what it may, they run no risk of being forced out of the frying-pan into the fire.

ART. II.—*Maria; or the Hollanders*: by Louis Bonaparte. In three Volumes. London. Colburn. 1815.

WERE it not for the interest excited by the name prefixed to this work, we should not have thought of introducing it to the notice of our readers. It is, however, very curious and edifying to observe how empiricism detects itself even in this age of quackery; and how the favorites of fortune discover their unworthiness of the attention they have attracted. Thus, the mad ambition of Napoleon discovered to Europe the slender foundations on which his fame had been erected—a fame which might otherwise have been regarded as the effect of great but perverted intellects; and thus, poor Louis, who is said to be the most inoffensive of his family, has, in this little work, exposed the full extent of his feebleness—which before was known only to his own particular friends.

This production of ci-devant royalty has the rare merit of originality in its design—it is a *Dutch Romance*, and its persons the most sentimental of *Hollanders*! Its opening scene is laid in the most beautiful spot in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam—a noble mansion of unspeakable beauty—in which an incomparable sister, and a pair of most ineffably attached lovers reside. The sister, however, is completely mistress, for “the children,” as she terms her brother and “the celestial Maria,” can exchange neither a smile nor a flower without her especial permission. This divine lady, in one of her condescending moods, actually informs her brother Julius, that she is a widow—that her husband was a Dutch Admiral, very brave, sentimental and refined—and that he perished “in a frightful tempest:” and having from painful experience discovered that lovers are liable to be separated for ever, she prudently resolves not to suffer the young couple to be united. At last, however, she thinks better of the matter, and every thing is arranged for the union; when war breaks out between France and Holland, and Julius is detained at Lisle, and compelled, by the conscription no doubt, to join the French armies. The ladies set out for Paris to procure his liberation—but in vain—he is forced to depart with the revolutionary bands, having, however, been specially allowed by his wonderful sister to embrace Maria. In the night following, a very affecting incident occurs—the heroine bursts into Hermacantha’s chamber, clings round her neck, and begs she will allow her to be married immediately—no matter to whom; but that prudent guardian merely suffers her to cry herself to sleep. In the mean time, the lover goes to the wars, and performs, of course, prodigies of valor, actually

"bringing down to the earth a man of large stature, great strength, and a ferocious aspect; who had killed two grenadiers, and was armed with a double-barrelled piece and two pistols." Besides this, he rescued, we know not from what, a young lady named Sophia, who cried "approach me not," fell into fits, and tried to throw herself out of the window.

All his adventures, however, were not to be so fortunate. He is shortly after severely wounded, taken prisoner by the allied forces, and carried into Poland. Maria, in the mean time, has her strange presentiments, and sees exactly at four in the morning, when her lover was wounded, a most marvellous appearance of a courier, on a white horse of enormous size, who offered her a letter. Shortly afterwards, intelligence of Julius's death by a fever arrives. The plot and her troubles thicken—the revolutionary outrages increase—and a most terrible decree is issued, by which all the young ladies in Paris are ordered to provide themselves with husbands within ten days! Our heroine is compelled, of course, to submit to the general calamity, and becomes the wife of the Duke D'Ast, a man of most profligate habits, though her own cousin. After the birth of a child, it is discovered—as the reader probably anticipates—that Julius is alive. He had not conducted himself in his exile in so pure a way as might have been expected from one whose morals had been so vigilantly guarded by his "miraculous sister." He had indulged in licentious gaieties; but had never ceased to talk of Maria in a strain of romantic sentiment, and to adore her with as profound an ardor, as when under the eye of Hermacantha. Peace at last arrives, and he returns—just in time to accompany Maria on a long journey—which he does without her having the least idea that he was in existence. He prepared her chamber, cooked her dinners, and finally rescued her from death, without her once getting a glimpse of him. This, however, is only common justice:—for as the young lady had contrived to see prodigies which never appeared, it was but fair that she should be deprived of the faculty of beholding what was really present. At last the game of hide and seek ends—the Duke dies—the lovers are united; and Louis's book ends, equally to the satisfaction of his hero and heroine, and also of his readers.

This is the substance of *Maria*, or the *Hollanders*; though there is a slight underplot in which another *moral* young man named Adolphus is the hero. One incident in his story is so original, that we feel it our duty to record it. Riding over a bridge with a capricious beauty to whom his heart was devoted,

he made loud protestations of the vehemence of his attachment; which she very coolly requested him to prove—by throwing himself with his horse over the parapet. With this singular request he gallantly complied—bruised himself a little in his fall—caught an abominable cold—and abjured the lady for ever!

King Louis of Holland must write no more. His novel is a strange mixture of sickly sentiment and odious debauchery. Some parts of the story, to which we could not allude, are indelicate in the extreme, though the translator says that the worst passages have not been rendered into English. We have therefore only to hope that the absurdity of the thing will prevent it from becoming mischievous; and regret that his labor was not bestowed upon something that might have, at least, amused the frivolous part of society, without meriting the reprobation of the serious.

ART. III. *Letters from Portugal, Spain, and France, written during the Campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, addressed to a Friend in England; describing the leading features of the Provinces passed through, and the state of Society, Manners, Habits, &c. of the People.* By S. D. BROUGHTON. London, Longman. 1815.

Few literary productions are read with more avidity, and judged with less fairness, than volumes of travels. They are generally entertaining, and not unfrequently useful; but whatever amusement may be derived from their pages, it will most commonly be enjoyed by the reader with little acknowledgment of the industry which collected, and the skill which arranged, the materials for the book; while the weariness and ennui which sometimes result from the narrations of those who have returned from “viewing in different countries varied modes of existence,” are uniformly charged to the inability of the relater, who is rarely identified with his book under circumstances at all gratifying to his self-love. These obvious considerations must, we think, present themselves to every voyager, before he ventures to launch his bark upon the perilous sea of public opinion. Happy are those passengers whose pilot sets sail with the rich freight of previous information, and the ballast of discretion! Under such circumstances, fame may reward the fatigues of the voyage, but vanity will not sit at the helm. A candid and observant traveller is the most disinterested of literary claimants; he makes a valuable present to the community, and in return, asks merely *to be credited*. Authenticity is the chief and indis-

pensable merit of a book of travels; and whoever respects truth so far as to resist, for her sake, the allurements of fancy, the suggestions of wit, and the exaggerations of prejudice, treads with security in the narrow, but certain path to the good opinion both of his contemporaries and posterity. Such seems to have been the design, and such, we predict, will be the success of Mr. S. D. Broughton, whose opportunities for information, without being ostentatiously displayed, are evidently proved to have been highly advantageous, and whose vigilant improvement of such means may be gathered from "his plain, unvarnished tale," which has the stamp of reality, and the interest of a moving picture, true to the colors of nature.

The medical profession of the writer, which, not stated on the title-page, or betrayed by any *technicalities* of diction, is rather implied than declared in the progress of the work, affords the power of estimating the comparative advancement of surgery and the practice of medicine, in the countries through which the English army passed at the close of the campaign.

The form of letters seems to have been adopted, from being most conducive to the purposes of familiar narrative, and enabling the writer to dispense with the obligation of methodical arrangement, while it gives to the reader something like the pleasure of an unpremeditated conversation. Before we present to our readers any specimens of the travels, we think it due to the author to allow him to speak for himself, by giving his short preface.

The following Letters were written originally at the request of a domestic circle of friends. The author is aware that they possess very slender claims only to literary merit, and anticipates many objections that may be raised on the score of presumption, against his offering them to the public, which would probably have greatly swayed with him in entirely suppressing them, if the lively interest recently taken in every thing relating to the countries through which he passed, joined to the wishes, and perhaps partial commendation of his friends, had not induced him to adopt an opposite resolution.

During the progress of a long march commenced at Lisbon, and terminated at Boulogne, comprehending a tract of between fifteen hundred and two thousand miles, the author made it his un-deviating practice to note down faithfully, at the close of each day, every circumstance which appeared to him worthy of remark, and it was from these sources that he has been enabled to collect materials sufficient for the following series of Letters to his friends.

Whatever may be its merits in other respects, it is at least entitled

to that of unbiassed veracity, as the author has scrupulously abstained from recording any thing that did not immediately come within the sphere of his own observation, or upon the truth of which his own experience had not taught him to rely. Throughout the Letters, the author, from very obvious reasons, has studiously avoided giving any information, or expressing any opinion upon military affairs, any further than was necessary to give a general idea of events which it was desirable to notice slightly.

In conclusion : the author feels it to be due to his own character to state, that the speculations and prospective observations, which from time to time he has been disposed to indulge in, relative to the *ultimate* consequences of our successes in Spain, and the occupation of Paris by the allied armies, were written, it is well known, at a period long prior to the melancholy events which have since actually occurred.

The subjects of the first six letters are arranged under the following heads, and do not disappoint the promise of entertainment and instruction which they announce. "Arrival at Lisbon—Principal places of Resort—First view of the Town and Neighbourhood—Billeting—Preparations for a Campaign—General Description of Lisbon—Buenos Ayres—Bellem—Interior Description of Lisbon—Construction of the Houses—Domestic Arrangements—Diet—Carriages—Instances of Bigotry and Devotion—Procession of the Host—The Churches—St. Roque—Patriarchal Church—High Mass—St. Jeronimo—Church Ceremonies—Decay of Respect for the Clergy—Portuguese Sunday—The Theatres—Lord Wellington's Arrival—Sir Charles Stewart's Assemblies—Evening Amusements—Society of Lisbon—Quelug Palace—Cintra—Aqueduct—Mafra." After an interesting and clear account of the position chosen by our great commander on the banks of the Tagus, we meet with the following observations.

Such were the preparations for the great campaign of 1810, which in its immediate consequences overthrew one of the enemy's most powerful armies, and liberated the kingdom of Portugal. In its more remote consequences it held out a cheering example to the nations of Europe, and eventually animated them to successful resistance; a campaign which completely falsified the predictions of those who prophesied the most disastrous results, and in its sequel exceeded the most sanguine expectations; a campaign, which, by the fair operation of superior tactics, and the firm and steady perseverance in one great plan, cost the enemy the flower of one of his finest armies without a single general action.

The rapid and imposing advance of Massena very much alarmed the government and people of Lisbon; and when it was known

that his cannon was almost within hearing, terror arrived at its height. The applications for departures and passages to England, America, and almost every part of the globe, became importunate and incessant. The packets, intended to accommodate thirty or forty, were bespoken for from two to three hundred, and confusion and alarm reigned throughout that populous city.

At that time Marshal Beresford was advanced to the Order of the Bath; and, though it may appear singular, the ceremony of his investiture and the gaieties attendant upon it, actually allayed the storm of anxiety, and appeased the fears of the Portuguese. Lord Wellington gave a grand dinner and ball in the palace of Mafra to the officers and gentry, in honor of the ceremonial of investiture. The dinner was of course confined to persons of the highest description, though the invitations for the evening were nearly general. The enemy, amounting to upwards of 80,000 men, was then before us, the out-posts were close, and our allied videttes and his could shake hands. A very small portion of officers only were left in the first line, all the rest being allowed to join in the festivities of the day. Arrangements were however made that every one should return to his post after the ball. The whole of this fearless and judicious measure inspired confidence, and produced a most happy effect. The Portuguese naturally felt, that, if the Commander of the forces could give a fête to the whole army, when a powerful enemy's advanced posts were almost within hearing of his revels, the danger could not be very pressing. It being usual on bespeaking a passage in the packet to pay half down in the event of not going, many of the captains, in consequence of the tranquillity and security diffused throughout the city by this well-timed entertainment, acquired considerable property. One of them had absolutely received money from about 250 persons who were flying to England, but who subsequently to this ball altered their resolution; and the captain only carried thirty, the rest forfeiting their deposit rather than adhere to determinations made during the phrensy of terror and despair.

The beginning of the eleventh letter introduces the reader to the frontiers of Spain, and announces a new field of interesting inquiry. The author tells us that

On the day previous to our entering Salamanca, three thousand of the enemy were surprised by our advanced posts, who charged them over the bridge, and drove them through the streets out of the town; and, following them over the downs on their way to Burgos, took three hundred prisoners, and killed between fifty and sixty men, principally by means of the artillery.

The French General commanding (Villette) was leisurely walking through the streets of Salamanca with his mistress, when the alarm was given of the approach of the British. He made his

escape with difficulty, but the lady and the carriage fell into our hands. Curiosity induced me to follow the tracks by which the enemy retired, and while thus employed I saw many of the bodies of the killed lying in different directions, mangled most dreadfully with cannon shot. Many had been buried by the inhabitants of a neighbouring village, and those which remained had become victims to wolves and birds of prey. On my return I was much surprised by encountering a numerous flock of vultures, of a very large size. They appeared to have been disturbed by my approach, and had in consequence rendezvoused in a retired and sheltered position under a piece of rising ground, till my departure afforded them an opportunity of again regaling at their ease upon their horrible repast. My coming so suddenly upon them, completely deceived me as to their nature, for, till they arose into the air, (literally darkening it by their numbers), I supposed them to be an herd of goats. Some Spaniards informed me that similar bands of these depredators occasionally prove formidable to a solitary passenger, for that when they are pressed by hunger they are sometimes known to attack him, and without ceremony devour him. I leave you to judge of the truth of this, although I do not conceive it to be absolutely impossible.

The twenty-first letter is dated from St. Jean de Luz, March, 1814, and the remainder of the volume is taken up with an animated description of French scenery, French manners, and French accommodations, with some slight notices of the wonders of art collected in Paris; in observations on the temper, feeling, and political state of the people of France, the talents of this writer develop themselves; and we recommend the twenty-fourth letter to the attention of our readers. The reflections are of a nature which come home to every one's "business and concern," and although their subject be less gratifying to the taste, they will be more serviceable to the judgment than details of pictures and statues, and exclamations about the "learning of Poussin, the purity of Domenichino, or the grand contour of Michel Agnuolo."

In the little which our author says upon these subjects, he wholly abstains from the cant of *connoisseurship*, and gives his opinion with a modesty which, while it adds grace to knowledge, might almost apologise for the absence of accurate and extensive information. As a specimen of his manner we give the following passage:

The deluge, by Poussin, though a comparatively small picture, struck me (and I believe it is generally considered) as one of the first in the collection. It has probably acquired its reputation

more from the extraordinary medium diffused over the whole, than from any other of its admirable qualities. The heavens seem to descend in one continued deluge, which silently and gradually swallows up the world. There is nothing in the picture that gives the idea of a turbulent and transient storm; the whole seems to go forward with a solemn and dreadful certainty; inevitable and uniform destruction seems at hand. The various groupes of distressed figures, incidentally introduced throughout the scene, are happily conceived; but the most surprising thing to me in the whole picture is, the bloated and saturated appearance which the artist has contrived to throw into every object throughout the painting.

We close our extracts from this lively and interesting work with the following passage:

Besides the auberges, in large towns there are many "chambres à louer," announced on the outside of large houses, the various inhabitants of which are usually not of the most select description; and, from the construction of the rooms, privacy and comfort are out of the question. I was once quartered on such a place, and on enquiring for my room, was introduced to a spacious dirty garret, furnished with several broken-down bedsteads, chairs, and tables, adorned with old and dirty moth-eaten green tapestry, altogether presenting so woeful an appearance as could scarcely have been paralleled in Grub-street. There being no less than four different doors communicating with various lesser rooms and passages, it was late before the numerous lodgers ceased to pass and repass, and when I deemed it prudent, I followed the example of those who occupied the other beds (among which was a whole family of children in one) and prepared to stretch myself on my dirty couch. Before, however, I could effect this completely, a party, consisting of an old man and three women, (all intoxicated,) accompanied by two children, burst into the room, apparently arrived from some fair or revel, and seated themselves with perfect sang-froid round a table, to enjoy their supper before they retired to rest. In vain I remonstrated, and insisted upon my right to the privacy of the room, in order to get to bed. "Restez tranquille, Monsieur," was the only answer I could obtain, and it was not without considerable opposition and difficulty, on my part, that I at length persuaded them to retire to their chamber, where they all went to sup and to sleep. Early the next morning, I was awakened by my busy fellow-lodgers, and without much stretch of imagination, might easily have conceived myself to be lying in an open street, in the most frequented part of the town, from the multiplicity of people that continually passed and repassed by the foot of my bed, leaving me in as little hopes of avoiding rising, as I had experienced of sleeping, in public. This chamber seemed to be the focus where all the lodgers concentrated. At one end I saw, on looking through my curtain, a party at breakfast; by the side of the fire, some children were hav-

ing their feet washed, and the ladies “*en papillote et deshabelle*,” were preparing for the recreations of a Sunday morning, while a group was in constant motion before me, among which I noticed *filles, garçons, shoe-brushers, pedlars, old-clothes men*, (one of whom actually enquired of me as I lay in bed, if I had any small-clothes, or other garments for sale!) with an host of people of all kinds, making my corner of the room a perfect thoroughfare. You may readily conceive, that my first care on getting up, was to apply for another billet, which Monsieur le Maire, with many condolences for my bad lodging, very readily afforded me.

ART. IV. *The Recluse of Norway.* By Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER. In four volumes : London, Longman and Co. 1814.

WHATEVER may be thought of the present age in other respects, it obviously abounds more than any preceding one in excellent novelists. Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson, were eminent in their peculiar walks : but they stood alone, or were accompanied only by a crowd of servile imitators. At the present day, there are innumerable instances of great and diversified talent. In practical good sense, in sparkling repartee, and the brilliant representation of fashionable life, Miss Edgeworth is far superior to any author by whom she has been preceded. Madame D'Arblay is unequalled in strength of coloring, and the nice finishing of her portraits. The tenderest pathetic, relieved by sweet pictures of feminine grace, is exquisitely displayed by Mrs. Opie. And Mr. Godwin has wielded the stormy and terrific passions with an energy as wild, and has carried the breathlessness of interest to a height as fearful, as any who has ever dared to employ the potent machinery of horror. Even the perverted genius of Mr. Lewis has displayed talents of a high order. And the works of the lady whose last publication is now before us, as well as of her sister, are replete with that deep interest, and those gentle springs of delight, which we admire more, the longer we contemplate them.

There are, we think, two very obvious reasons why an advanced stage of civilization is favorable to this species of invention, while it retards the growth and checks the luxuriance of some of the bolder efforts of genius. Love, the main spring of action in novels and romances, as far as it is delicate and exalted, depends on the progress of refinement, and grows with the growth of the tender and social affections. In the infancy of

society, when originality of thought is most frequently discovered, the softer feelings are almost unknown, or linked only to images the most debasing. That generous passion from which selfishness is almost excluded, and which is so well exhibited in our best romances, flourishes amidst the elegancies of life, and is sheltered by the observancies and forms which experience and time have created. It is, therefore, in later periods, when the sun of poetical genius has passed its meridian, that the art of framing fictitious narratives will best be unfolded, and prove the most powerfully attractive. But the principal cause of its tardy excellence will be found in the late elevation of the female sex, who form at once its most delightful subjects and its ablest votaries. There is scarcely an eminent authoress living, who has not been distinguished by some useful and interesting tale; and certainly there is no romance in which female virtue and tenderness do not constitute the brightest images in the Elysium to which we are transported.

Among the female novelists, by whom our age is adorned, there is, perhaps, none who more strikingly proves the truth of these observations, than the lady before us, or her sister. Of all the writers of romance, they are the most purely romantic. Without the slightest tinge of sickly sensibility, without a single touch which does not conduce to the great end and moral of the story, they contrive a spell so enchanting, that we are made to feel their excellent lessons without hearing them, and are rendered better when we suppose we are only made happier. They possess the quality of delineating characters which are at once ideal and true to nature: which have all the ravishment of another world hanging around them, and yet are evidently of a species akin to our own. Their scenes of peace and domestic repose, placed amidst the rocky fastnesses of regions almost untrodden, elevate us above the world, and impart a mingled feeling of home-felt joy and sublime conception, which it would be difficult to describe. This feeling is, we think, produced by the union of rare and opposite qualities; an elevated taste for the romantic, and an exquisite sense of the natural: so that the wildest scenery is peopled with pleasing groups—the strangest events are rendered probable—and the most spotless characters held up to our admiration.

We do not think the "*Recluse of Norway*" at all inferior to the earlier works of Miss A. M. Porter. It bears evident marks of maturer years, is tinged with a more pensive coloring, and exhibits less of bounding anticipation and youthful enthusiasm. But if "the radiance that was once so bright" be somewhat

dimmed, the feeling is deeper ; if the sun-shine of the mind's first opening be a little clouded, its hopes are more extended, and the thoughts which spring from its sadness more soothing. We think the Recluse decidedly superior to Sebastian. Exquisite as many parts of that work must ever appear, it was in general deficient in interest, and extended over too large a portion of time for a well connected story. Here there is no break in the narration—no chasm in the interest—no diverting of the stream of feeling into irregular channels. There may be less of that eloquence which appeals to the ear, but there is more of the persuasion which comes home to the heart. We shall now lay before our readers an outline of the principal events.

Dorestom, a Norwegian Mariner, returns to his country from the West Indies, with Heinrich his infant son, to take possession of a small patrimony situated on the banks of the Sagne Fiord in a wild and romantic seclusion. The vessel which conveys him is wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, but he has the good fortune not only to escape with his son, but to preserve the child of a noble Spaniard, together with a small box of trinkets of more elegance than value. He adopts this orphan, who is called Theodore, and educates him as the brother of Heinrich. The first days of their youth are passed in the sequestered abodes of the happy valley ; a stern professor of science, named Sergendal, retiring disappointed from the world, is won by the gentleness of Theodore, and amuses himself by instructing him ; while his servant assists Heinrich in the cultivation of his musical talents, and incites in him a strong desire of popular applause. Both youths succeed in their respective pursuits. The latter makes the most rapid advances in the harmonies of the ear, while the former acquires a relish for those of the soul. The elegance, the vivacity, and the easy good-temper of Heinrich, become the delight of the simple neighbourhood, who are most hospitably entertained at Dorestom's abode " the stone cottage of the valley of Aardal." The tranquillity of that peaceful dwelling is cruelly broken by his abrupt departure for Copenhagen ; where he procures an engagement at the Opera, and plunges into all the dissipations of the capital. Thither Theodore follows him with the professor, for a very different purpose ; to correct the last work of his instructor, who had promised to leave him all his little property. During this visit the professor dies, and bequeathes to his affectionate pupil nothing but an unfinished manuscript—with the profits of which Theodore discharges the debts his poor foster-brother had accumulated ; and returns in poverty to Aardal. There

he makes the most heroic personal sacrifices, and devotes himself to obscurity and virtue. Two strangers of noble rank, the one, an hereditary Prince, and the other the Count Lauvenheim, are detained by an accident at the cottage, and the latter, a man of amiable dispositions and distinguished talents, is delighted with our hero, and offers him the post of his private secretary, which the wishes of his friends induce him to accept. With his new patron he leaves Norway, arrives at Copenhagen, is introduced into the family of his patron, and becomes daily more firmly rooted in his esteem and affections. Here he gets acquainted with the two daughters of the Count. The eldest, Anastasia, a lady of extraordinary beauty, dazzles his imagination; but the modesty, the delicacy, and the retiring charms of Ellesif, awaken within his bosom far more lively and permanent sensations. A mutual attachment soon takes place, and though their lips are silent, their eyes hold eloquent converse. In the very spring-time of their love, it receives a terrible check. The Count, amidst all his excellent qualities, is madly ambitious; and, stung to the soul by injuries his sovereign had heaped upon him, he entreats the assistance of Theodore in plans of treason. The mind of the noble youth is convulsed in a terrible struggle: his dear Ellesif is proposed as the reward of his concurrence, and eternal banishment from her as the consequence of his refusal. His virtue comes off victorious. He leaves his heart and his all behind him, and flies to his friends at Aardal. Thither too, the poor repentant Heinrich returns to receive his father's forgiveness, and to die in his arms.—Theodore, after many interesting adventures in Spain, procures himself to be openly acknowledged as the heir and grandson of the Condé Ronchevalles, who, dying, leaves him in possession of his paternal estates. Catherine and Dorestom leave Norway to share his fortune. But the best charm of life is faded; the memory of Ellesif is fondly cherished by Theodore—and the belief of her indifference throws a chill over all his enjoyments.

In the mean time, the treasons of Count Lauvenheim are discovered; his estates are confiscated; and he escapes with difficulty into Holstein. There the beautiful Anastasia dies from her own imprudence at a ball; and Ellesif alone remains to console her remorse-stricken and disconsolate father. Invited into Spain by a noble relative, they meet again with Theodore; and that meeting repays them for all their distresses. The fond lovers are united, and on the idea of their delight the reader is left to repose.

Such is the outline of the story before us, in giving which we have been obliged to omit some of its nicer features, as

well as some of its more original characters. The scenes in which the Count's projects are disclosed to Theodore, and in which that unhappy nobleman takes leave of his daughters, are as striking as the pictures of Aardal are sweet and endearing. In the character of the Condé, the stateliness of a Spanish grandee is admirably portrayed, and the modes by which he is prevailed upon to own his grandson strongly conceived, and skilfully executed. We are rather inclined, however, to quarrel with Miss A. M. P. for her cruelty in killing the lovely Anastasia; who had been guilty of nothing to involve her in so hard a fate, except taking some ice after dancing; and whose melancholy end throws an unnecessary shade over the concluding joy. Of all the personages in the piece, the Hereditary Prince of ——— is the most objectionable. His childishness borders on inanity which we pity; and his eagerness to learn the art of cookery, is frivolous in the extreme. These are but slight failings, and cannot materially impair the deep-woven charm of the work.

ART. V. *Travels in South Africa, undertaken at the request of the Missionary Society. Second Edition.* By JOHN CAMPBELL. London: Black and Co., Hamilton. 1815. 10s. 6d. boards.

THERE are periods and events, in the contemplation of which every honest Briton not only feels a kind of pride in acknowledging his country, but experiences a refutation of that sophism, which represents ardent patriotism and the general love of our species as incapable of residing in the same bosom. Without referring to distant periods, or remote events, in proof of the co-existence of these virtues, it will be sufficient to point to those of a recent date, when the valor and generosity of Britain were allowed to have done so much for the liberation of Europe; and the sovereigns and warriors who had been the chief instruments in effecting the emancipation, hastened to this speck in the ocean to make their acknowledgments, and receive the congratulations of a liberal public. Was there an individual on that occasion who would have exchanged his birth-right as a *Briton* for that of an inhabitant of any other country on the globe? The answer we need not give.

Notwithstanding that the British annals record a multiplicity of events calculated to raise the blaze of patriotism to a pitch sufficient to illuminate surrounding nations, they are not less prolific in those which maintain the pure flame of philanthropy,

and cause it to encircle the globe. Nor are examples of this latter spirit less numerous than those of the former. This is manifest from the number and variety of those Institutions, expressly formed and voluntarily supported for relieving the distressed, instructing the ignorant, and diffusing the blessings of civilization, and the light of truth, over the savage and benighted regions of the earth. Many of these institutions, so noble in principle and benevolent in design, were not only established when Britain was either contending against the combined powers of Europe, or defending her rights in one hemisphere, and raising her courageous arm against unbounded tyranny in the other; but owe their origin to men whose patriotism was never doubted, and whose philanthropy will adorn and enrich the pages of her history to the end of time. Thus they derive additional importance, both from the period of their formation, and the character of those by whom they are supported; and whatever may be thought of the means that have been employed for carrying their purposes into effect, or the success that has attended their exertions, none can justly withhold the meed of praise due to extraordinary purity of intention.

It is neither our business nor inclination to investigate the comparative merits of institutions of this kind, or to scrutinize their individual defects; but only to state that it is to "the Missionary Society, instituted in London in 1795, for the sole purpose of diffusing the Gospel in heathen and other unenlightened countries," that we are indebted for the present volume, which adds considerably to our stock of knowledge respecting the South of Africa; and especially relative to some districts which are not known to have been visited before by any European: and even this will not be destitute of interest to some persons who may be totally indifferent about the motives that produced it. The occasion of Mr. Campbell's journey is thus stated, in the advertisement prefixed to the work by the Directors of the Society.

At length it pleased God to remove by death that valuable man (Dr. Vanderkemp) who superintended the African missions; when the Directors thought it expedient to request one of their own body, the Rev. John Campbell, to visit the country, personally to inspect the different settlements, and to establish such regulations, in concurrence with Mr. Read, and the other Missionaries, as might be most conducive to the great end proposed:—the conversion of the heathen, keeping in view at the same time the promotion of their civilization. p. vi.

The volume before us bears ample testimony that the Directors did not make an improper choice in fixing upon Mr.

Campbell for the work ; in the execution of which, he has displayed considerable diligence, fortitude, and prudence—qualities of the utmost importance to the object he had in view. The qualifications, however, of a complete Traveller in Africa, where every thing is so entirely opposed to all that is European, are such as seldom fall to the lot of an individual. To the essentials, possessed by Mr. Campbell, he should, at least, unite those of a Naturalist, a Botanist, a Mineralogist, and an Astronomer ; and be capable of describing, with his pen or his pencil, the things he saw and felt, so as to cause his readers, in some measure, to see and *feel* them also.

Mr. Campbell sailed from England on the 24th of June, 1812, and landed at the Cape on the 24th of October. He prudently remained some time at Cape Town and in its vicinity, for the purpose of obtaining the requisite information relative to the former communications of the missionaries with the government of the Cape, to permit the sultry summer months to pass, and to get himself in some degree seasoned to the climate before he undertook his journey into the interior. Having made every requisite preparation, and obtained letters of introduction from His Excellency, Sir John Cradock, the Governor, to the several Landdrosts, through whose districts he expected to pass, Mr. C. left Cape Town on the 13th of February, 1813, and

Proceeded first to Bethelsdorp, about five hundred miles east of the Cape ; from thence northward to Graaf Reynet, then to Griqua Town, and from thence to Lattakoo, a populous city, scarcely known to Europeans ; he afterwards visited several tribes of people, some of whom had never before seen a white man ; several of their chiefs expressed their readiness to receive Christian Instructors. Mr. Campbell then returned to Griqua Town, from which place he travelled westward as far as Pella, on the other side of Africa, near the mouth of the Great Orange River, and from thence travelled southward, parallel to the west coast of Africa, till, after a laborious and perilous journey of nine months, he reached Cape Town in health and safety. p. vii.

Mr. Campbell has accompanied his work with a map of the southern part of Africa, on which he has laid down his route ; extending to about 3000 miles, over rocks, mountains, rivers, and deserts, of vast extent. This journey was not, therefore, accomplished without privations, hardships, difficulties, and dangers ; and when we reflect that it was not mere curiosity, a love of the marvellous, or a prospect of gain, that induced him to undertake it, but a desire to benefit men whose life scarcely surpasses animal existence, and whose knowledge is nearly on a level with that of the wild beasts with whom they share these

dreary abodes ; we follow every step of his progress with a respect and an anxiety which perhaps no other object could have inspired. But if a *visit* to those regions for such a purpose can thus excite our feelings and command our regard, must we not allow it to be

An act of the highest philanthropy, and a most exalted display of the power of Christian principles, for a missionary, for love to Jesus Christ and the souls of men, to leave European society, and retire to this gloomy wilderness, merely to do good to its scattered and miserable inhabitants. p. 31.

As animate rises above inanimate nature, and *man* was the principal object of Mr. Campbell's journey, we shall chiefly confine our subsequent remarks to the same subject, and endeavour to present our readers with a cursory view of society, as it appeared to this author in the southern extremity of the Old world. The Boors, or occupiers of the land in the colony of the Cape, constitute the superior class in the interior of this southern portion of Africa ; but even the lives of these, in many cases, is scarcely one degree above that of the animals from which they derive their principal means of subsistence. The following extracts afford a pretty correct view of the subject.

Many of the Boors have four or five stout sons, who, in consequence of the crowd of Hottentots about the house, have no occasion to put their hands to any work ; wherefore they sit with their legs across the greater part of the day, or else indulge in sleep : they sometimes bestir themselves to shoot for an hour. In this way their days and years pass on in miserable idleness. Perhaps the only thing which a Hottentot will have to do for a whole day is, to bring his master's whip from the next room ; another will have to bring his mistress' fire box, and place it under her feet ; a third, to bring two or three times wood from the fire to light his master's pipe. In this way the Hottentots have their habits of idleness confirmed and increased : the Boors feel life a burthen, because they have nothing to do, or talk of, and feeling themselves miserable, they endeavour to derive pleasure from making others miserable also. This account of a Boor's life has been related by various persons to me, and appears, from what I saw, to be a true picture of many, though not of all. p. 81.

Very few of the Boors, except in the vicinity of the Cape, cultivate any portion of their land ; but either depend solely upon the produce of their cattle and sheep for subsistence, or purchase a little corn or flour at Cape Town, or the neighbouring part of the colony. Their aversion to the labor of sowing and reaping for themselves is strongly marked in the following instance. Captain Andrews, at a military post, on the bank of the Fish-

river, in the eastern part of Albany, had constructed an engine to raise water from the river for his garden, which equally astonished the Boors and the Hottentots.

He was very anxious that the Boor who lives near the fort should cultivate a piece of his farm to raise a little grain for bread ; and as an inducement to his consenting to the proposal, he offered to bring the water of two neighbouring fountains to water his ground ; but all his arguments made no impression on the lazy Boor, who said it would be *bys* (or superfluous) trouble : he would rather send five days' journey to purchase flour, than be at the trouble of ploughing, sowing, and reaping his ground. p. 120.

Soon after this travelling party had re-entered the colony on the opposite or west side of Africa, they met a Boor, his wife, and an infant, who had set out for Cape Town, a distance of about 300 miles, " to purchase grain ; but having about half way obtained a sack of wheat for an ox, he and his family returned."

The following extract gives a finish to the picture, which is not easily surpassed. It deserves to be remarked, however, to the credit of these Boors, that ignorance and indolence have not yet swallowed up every virtue, as hospitality was conspicuous on almost every occasion.

At seven in the evening (October 2nd, 1813,) we came to the first Boor's house in the colony : his name is Lear : he has had ten daughters, who are all married : the parents were not above forty years of age. Their servants are Hottentots, and have the appearance of extreme wretchedness, being covered with tattered skins worn by the sheep of former times, and their bodies so filthy, that they seem not to have been washed since they were born. The mistress sits with a long stick in her hand, commanding in the tone of a general, and her orders are instantaneously obeyed.

The chief articles visible in the house were skins. There was a low table, and three things that once had been chairs. In the corner there was a space inclosed by a mud wall, about eighteen inches high, with some skins spread on the floor of it, which probably was the family bed. Their son, a tall young man of eighteen years of age, was lying on his back in it, gazing at the strangers : his name was Daniel, and the place where he lay resembled a den. They were very kind to us, furnishing us with plenty of milk, some butter, and a small loaf, which were valuable articles to people in our circumstances. pp. 328—329.

The original inhabitants, as Hottentots, Bushmen, Corannas, Griquas, Matchappees, Namacquas, &c., rank still lower in the scale of human beings. Some of them, indeed, are not altogether strangers to the cultivation of the ground ; others have cattle, sheep, and goats, upon the produce of which they subsist ;

while many live by the chase and the spontaneous produce of the soil alone. The following incidental remark conveys a clear idea of a Bushman's manner of subsistence.

This season (May) may be called the Bushmen's harvest; for the ground being softened by the rain, they can easily pull up roots, not only for present consumption, but, if they choose, for future use also. In summer they are supplied with locusts, which they dry and pound into powder, which serves as a substitute for flour. p. 139.

So totally averse are many of the tribes to labor, that Mr. C. asserts, notwithstanding they would undertake a journey of two days for a little tobacco, they could not be induced to dig five spades-full of earth for the same reward. Their houses in shape resemble an inverted tea-cup, and are principally composed of sticks thrust into the ground, and covered with mats. So exactly are the houses of each tribe alike, that "if you see only one Matchappec, Coranna, or Bushman's house, you see an exact model of every house belonging to that particular nation, as they hardly ever differ, even in size."

Their chief clothing consists of sheep skins thrown loosely around them, their bodies being covered with a kind of red clay or chalk mixed with grease: and in some places their heads with a blue powder: and this red covering not unfrequently constitutes their whole clothing.

In reference to their knowledge, Mr. C. observes, respecting the Bushmen, and the same is applicable to other tribes,

I understand that some of them have a confused idea of a Great Being, and actions which they consider it impossible for Man to effect, they ascribe to that Being; but they have no knowledge that they are possessed of souls, and consequently no idea of a future state of existence. p. 314.

Some of the tribes even appear to be destitute of this confused notion of a Deity. But the most civilized and ingenious nations that Mr. Campbell visited are the Matchappees, whose capital is Lattakoo; supposed to contain a population of 7500 individuals. This city is situated in the 26th degree of east longitude, and about 200 miles north of the Great Orange River. They cultivate the ground, keep cattle, prepare skins for use, and are expert at making them into garments.

It is the province of the women to build their houses, to dig the fields, to sow, and reap; and that of the men to milk the cows, make their clothes, and go to war. p. 190.

That the civilization of this tribe is superior to that of their neighbours, is sufficiently evident from the circumstance that

they are not wholly destitute of the imitative arts. This appears from the following fact.

Having heard of some paintings in Salakootoo's house, we went to view them. We found them very rough representations of the camel-leopard, rhinoceros, elephant, lion, tiger, and stein-buck, which Salakootoo's wife had drawn on the clay wall, with white and black paint. However, they were as well done as we expected, and may lead to something better. p. 194.

The subsequent extracts furnish such a picture of African Royalty, as forms a striking contrast with regal dignity in other parts of the globe; and can scarcely fail of putting the risible muscles of our readers in motion. Mr. Campbell and his companions having visited the wife of Salakootoo, the king's uncle; they found her with a family of children

sitting in the enclosure in the front of the house, grinding tobacco between two stones. [Mr. C. continues.] We next visited the queen, who had also a family of fine children, who were sitting round a fire in the corner of the yard. p. 184.

The women here (Lattakoo) are the farmers. Even the Queen digs the ground along with the other females. The instrument they use is a kind of pick-axe; they all sing while at work, and strike the ground with their axes according to time, so that no one gives a stroke more than another: thus they make labor an amusement. p. 201.

The *Royal Family* were at dinner in a corner of their yard, outside the house. The King's distinction seemed to consist in his sitting next the pot that contained the boiled beans, on which they were dining, and having the only spoon we saw, with which he helped himself and his friends, by putting a portion into each hand as it was held out to him. One of the *princesses* was employed in cutting, with an axe, a dried paunch, into small pieces, and putting them into a pot to be boiled, either to complete that repast, or to serve for another soon after. One of Mateebe's (the King) sisters was cutting up a filthy looking piece of flesh, and putting it into the same pot. Certainly an Englishman would be dying for want of food before he accepted an invitation to dine with the King of Lattakoo. p. 210.

Having thus presented our readers with a slight view of the state of society in those parts of Africa that were visited by Mr. Campbell, and which have also experienced the least control from foreign influence; we shall conclude this article with a cursory glance at those districts where civilization and instruction have been attempted. On this head we must be very brief; a few facts, however, will enable our readers to contrast the two states, and draw their own conclusions; and we conceive that the testimony of those native chiefs who have witnessed the effects of instruction upon others without participating in its be-

nefits themselves, must be allowed to be unequivocal evidence. Munneets, the uncle and deputy of the King, said, after Mr. C. had explained to him the object of their visit to Lattakoo,

I acknowledge the things you have to tell us are good, from the change they have made on the Griquas and Corannas at Klaar Water. p. 192.

An old Bushman being informed what was our business in this country, and that the Matchappees, Corannas, and his own countrymen on the Malalareen, had agreed to receive instructors, said, Instruction is good, for they had had peace ever since it came into the country. p. 246.

The following facts prove that the people of Bethelsdorp, the missionary station near Algoa Bay, have not only imbibed some portion of that industry which is the constant handmaid of civilization; but also exhibit some traces of that benevolence which springs from Gospel influence, and is one of the brightest ornaments of the Christian character.

I found among them *eighteen* different employments, viz. smiths, carpenters, waggon-makers, basket-makers, blanket-makers, (viz. of sheep's skins sewed together very neatly, bought by officers in the army, &c.) tobacco-pipe makers, sawyers, turners, hewers of wood, carriers, soap-boilers, mat-manufacturers, stocking-makers, tailors, brick-makers, thatchers, coopers, and lime-burners; likewise an auctioneer and a miller. p. 93.

I found also a fund maintained by the members of the institution for the support of the poor and sick, which at present amounts to two hundred and fifty rix dollars. Each rix dollar is four shillings currency. The people have also offered to build an asylum for their reception. p. 94.

Is it not truly animating to Christian benevolence, to see a sprig from that tree of British munificence, "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations," taking root, blossoming, and yielding fruit on the eastern shores of Southern Africa!

On the 7th of August, 1813, when our travellers had a meeting with all the male inhabitants of Griqua Town, which is situated on the north of the great Orange River, to consult about regulations for the protection of the lives and property of the community; after some preparatory explanation, fourteen laws, immediately referring to the principal crimes that are generally committed, were agreed to by all present. It was also agreed,

That the framing of other laws should be deferred till circumstances, which might arise, should point out their necessity.

That their two Captains, or Chiefs, should continue to act as commanders in things requiring the public safety against foreign attacks. p. 253.

They likewise resolved, that nine Magistrates should be chosen

to act as judges at Griqua Town, and one at each of the two principal out-posts, who is to judge in smaller cases, but others are to be remitted to the judges at Grigna Town.

That the two captains, Bern and Kok, with Messrs. Anderson and Janz, be a court of appeal.

That the limits of their country be marked out in the course of one month, and the magistrates chosen. p. 255.

The judicious laws that were adopted, were principally drawn up by Mr. Campbell; and it was our intention to have inserted them in this place, but our limits forbid. From the information Mr. C. received during his visit to Lattakoo, there does not appear to be a doubt that Dr. Cowan, Lieutenant Denovan, with twenty men of the Cape regiment, a Boor, and a person from Klaar Water, who went from the Cape to explore the interior of Africa, about seven years before Mr. C., were all murdered by the Wanketzens; a tribe who live on the north of the Matchappees. This horrid transaction took place near the town of Melita. Mr. Campbell has accompanied his journal with several plates, representing natural scenery, modes of building, utensils and weapons, the junction of rivers, &c. which make it more interesting and valuable. He has also subjoined an appendix, containing a variety of information respecting Caffraria, the Island of Madagascar, the Isle of France, and several other subjects.

His work being merely a brief journal of transactions as they occurred, did not call for elegance of style, or great depth of remark; yet it is, in general, perspicuously written, and if his observations are not always profound, they are at least useful.

ART. VI. *A Visit to Paris in 1814; being a Review of the Moral, Political, Intellectual, and Social Condition of the French Capital.* By JOHN SCOTT, Editor of the Champion. London, Longman and Co. 1815. pp. 338.

THIS work exhibits, in the conduct of its author, a singular contrast to the character of the people whom it professes to delineate. Instead of moving on through the gay variety of Parisian enjoyment, and fluttering lightly over every gaudy object, he fixes on the prominent features by which he is attracted, and never leaves them till he has exhausted the fund of observation which they supply. The French seldom think, but he is always thinking. The most dreadful events speedily fade away from their imaginations; but he cannot see a large bonnet, or a long

waist, without stopping to moralize. He is a true English writer; and appears more strikingly so, from the opposite qualities of the subject he has chosen for his enquiries.

We hesitate a little when we speak of the character of the Parisians; we might as well describe the color of theameleon as their character. Their only fixed characteristic is that they are always changing. At one moment they are gorged with blood and carnage: the next, they sport in all the refined elegance of the most airy frivolity. One day, they weep at the sight of the daughter of their murdered sovereign; the next, they hear without emotion that she has been forced to flee the country which is her inheritance. They live only in the present moment. Of the past, they remember nothing: about the future they take no concern. Vice, therefore, does not degrade them either in their own opinion, or in that of those around them: the memory of the stain passes away; and, if virtue be the fashion, a Frenchman is at liberty to be virtuous. It is but justice to them, however, to admit, that of all people they best understand the art of living—the art of being happy, while fortune smiles—and of laughing at her with all their hearts when she frowns. Among them a burst of grief ends in a burst of laughter. They have no thoughts “too deep for tears”—no joys too rapturous for smiles—nothing solid or durable; and least of all, any thing to evince that they are immortal beings, belonging to a race whose origin and end are in heaven.

Of these observations, harsh as they may appear, there are abundant proofs in the work before us. The following remarks strikingly illustrate the exceeding fickleness of the French.

The fronts of all the public buildings at Paris, and not a few of the private ones, give a testimony partly whimsical and partly melancholy, that governments, creeds, and other serious matters are here introduced, danced for awhile before the eyes, and finally displaced as if they were so many figures of a magic lanthorn. The palaces having originally been impressed with the symbols of the Bourbons, that were battered down by the cannon of the Jacobins, for some time displayed the insignia of the republic, until they were covered with N's by the jacobinical, consular, imperial Napoleon; and during my visits the French artists were racking their ingenuity to discover the neatest methods of turning the letter N into an L for Louis, or an H for Henry the Fourth. The statue of the latter monarch on the Pont Neuf, having been thrown down by the revolutionists, the place it occupied was filled by a representation of his own person, and if France did not feel the change as unseemly or ungrateful, it was not to be expected that the Emperor should. But the Emperor had in turn vanished, when I first crossed the Pont Neuf, and Henry the Fourth was rising again in plaster. One of

the first hotels in Paris was named by its proprietor, *Hôtel de la Guerre*, during the predominance of the fortunes of Buonaparte; but scarcely had the eagle given place to the lily when a re-baptism was celebrated, and *Hôtel de Commerce* in large letters now gives an important sanction to the returned family and their system. The *Hôtel de la Victoire*, its dream of glory o'er, has subsided into the *Hôtel de la Paix*. But the most remarkable instance of this tergiversation is furnished by the front of the coffee-house, which, as a public proof of the fervent loyalty of its proprietor to his imperial ruler, the painter was in the act of consecrating with the words *de l'Empereur*, when it chanced that the allies entered Paris and Buonaparte was deposed. As a few hours' deliberation sufficed to turn the current of the allegiance of the most devoted of all senates, a few dashes of the brush converted *de l'Empereur* into *des Empereurs*, and this delicate compliment mine host doubtless expected would be much esteemed by the allied monarchs when they entered as conquerors into the capital of France.

Since Mr. Scott's remarks were written, another alarming change has suddenly been effected in France. The statues and effigies of Napoleon have been restored—the hotels have assumed their old denominations, and the decorations of the eagle have taken place of the scarcely raised ensigns of the lily. What the next transmutation may be, we pretend not to divine. But it is probably not far distant; and we may expect soon to hear of another new constitution, new music, and new cockades. It appears as if it would be gratifying to the good folks at Paris to change their government as they do their dress—with the changes of the seasons.

The capital of France is, however, still interesting among cities, from the matchless monuments of art which it contains. On these our author enlarges with a laudable enthusiasm, and criticises with judgment and feeling. We agree with him in lamenting that Paris should be thus adorned: for, however convenient it may be for the student to find the spoils of Italy concentrated in the Louvre, it is impossible they can be contemplated there, with that deep interest which they must have excited in the venerable sanctuaries from which they were torn. While in these, the view of them was accompanied by a thousand affecting associations, which rendered them almost sacred; instead of which the mind is now filled with ideas of rapacity and human misery. Besides, the zeal of the student was heightened by the difficulties he had to encounter in reaching the object of his wish: he entered on the study of ancient models with a far higher ardor after a journey over the Alps, than he can possibly feel amid the gaieties and dissipations of Paris. We thank Mr. Scott for the excellent observations his work contains. For light reading, it is sometimes too deep—its moral disquisitions too frequent.

Of himself we would say, that, notwithstanding his connexion with the race of reformists, he, much to his credit, differs from them in both feeling and expressing an abhorrence of the arch enemy to the freedom and happiness of mankind. He has looked on the splendors and gaities of Paris with an undazzled eye; and evinced a taste for the noble and solid, in preference to the showy and unsubstantial.

ART. VII. *The Truth to which Christ came into the World to bear witness.* A Sermon preached at Llanarth and Carmarthen, on September 30, and October 13, 1814. Being a sequel to a Sermon preached at St. Peter's, Oxford, 1790. By the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S.

PREFACE.—The discourse, to which the following sermon is a sequel, was preached at Oxford in the year 1790, on Christ's declaration of his divinity, attested and interpreted by his living witnesses, the Jews, who charged him with calling himself the Son of God, in a sense that made himself God and equal with God.

A lapse of five and twenty years since the publication of the former discourse has afforded me many opportunities of reviewing the argument and the objection, which I have not neglected. The results of this long acquaintance with my subject (*verbo absit invidia*) I have submitted to the judgment of the reader in the following sermon. And here I think it a duty which I owe to the less experienced reader, and to the common faith, which we profess, to declare, that the progress of my inquiry has uniformly confirmed my belief in the divinity of Christ; and strengthened my convictions, that his divinity was the truth, to which he came into the world to bear witness; and that his atonement on the cross for the sins of mankind, was the great work, which he came to fulfil.

After this introduction, and showing the weakness of Mr. Wakefield's objection to the evidence given by the Jews of our Saviour's Divinity, the Bishop observes,

If we can establish the proof of Christ's divinity by his own testimony, interpreted by his own contemporaries and hearers, and reported by his apostles, there is an end of the controversy concerning the pretended Unitarianism of the two first centuries, as maintained by Dr. Priestley and Mr. Belsham, or the three first, as was still more absurdly asserted by Mr. Lindsey.

He then proceeds to establish the proof in the way proposed; but states, in passing, that Mr. Burgh had succeeded, in his

Inquiry into the Opinions of the writers of the Three First Centuries, in proving, Mr. Lindsey's position to be false by the testimony of every Christian writer of the three first centuries; without a single exception, and that the contradictory of his position was true.

His Lordship takes his text from St. John's Gospel, xviii, 37 and 38.—“To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice. Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?” He first discusses the two interesting questions, What is truth? And what is that truth to which Christ came into the world to bear witness? And then endeavours to establish the divinity of our Saviour on the assertions of his disciples and apostles; but chiefly on our Saviour's own declarations and admissions, and on his miracles and death. This done, he inculcates and enforces the necessity of *good works*, but more particularly (as arising naturally and immediately out of his text) the absolute and indispensable necessity of *sound faith*. Now, we who do not presume to reason against revelation, and who *are not wise beyond what is written*, highly commend the course which the learned prelate has taken. For, whatever some opinionated people may allege, there are, in these times, to be discovered in the world much fewer errors in men's morals, than in their belief: and from the circumstance of the Bishop of St. David's having been induced to resume this subject after a lapse of five and twenty years, it is plain that he thinks so. The whole discourse is marked with good sense, candor, and christian zeal; and we are sure our readers will be much gratified by the following quotation:

In proportion then as we see and feel the value of religious truth, must be our indignation at the temerity and perverseness of those unbelievers, who would expunge from the Gospel all its essential doctrines; and at the irreligion of others, who, in direct opposition to the Gospel, hold all religious opinions to be matters of indifference; and assert that, ‘His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right;’ as if the same authority which says, without holiness no man must see the Lord, did not also say, without faith it is impossible to please God. How deceitful all such reasoning is, which underrates the necessity of a right faith, we may judge from the single example of Cornelius, the virtuous heathen, to whom St. Peter was sent to carry the glad tidings of the Gospel. Whose life could have been more in the right than his was? Yet to him was St. Peter sent to instruct him in the faith of Christ, and to testify that ‘through his name, whosoever believeth in him, should receive

remission of sins : ' through his name, that is, for his sake, and on account of his atonement for the sins of mankind. This joint efficacy of Christ's atonement on one hand, and of our faith on the other, for the remission of sins, Christ strongly marked, when he said, ' as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life.'

The best moral life, therefore, does not supersede the necessity of a right faith. When we are told in one of our creeds that ' whoever will be saved, it is necessary above all things to hold the Catholic faith,' that is, faith in the holy Trinity, some persons not comparing scripture with scripture, nor attending to the grounds of the christian revelation, are apt to charge this declaration of the indispensable necessity of faith, and the damnatory clause, as it is called, with want of charity. Yet does not our Saviour say, ' He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned ;' that is, shall perish everlastingly. Again :

The knowledge of Christ's divinity leaves no room for unbelief in that faith, into which we were all baptized, faith in the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. For if Christ be God, as the Father is God, he must be in nature and power, as well as will, one God with the Father. And if the Holy Ghost be God, which his divine attributes prove him to be, he must be one God with the Father and the Son : for the same scriptures which distinguish the three divine persons, and ascribe to each the attributes of Deity, assure us also, that there is only one God. Belief in the Trinity is that, which chiefly distinguishes us from modern Jews, from Mahometans, and Heathens ; and therefore it cannot be too distinctly understood, and tenaciously held by us. This essential tenet of Christianity is unfortunately too often considered as a doctrine above our comprehension, and therefore neglected, as a subject about which we need not be solicitous. We might for the same reason neglect the doctrine of God's omnipresence, which it is impossible for us to comprehend. No one could be indifferent to this doctrine, who did but bear in mind, that it is the foundation of the Christian religion, (for, as I said before, it is the faith into which we are all baptized) that the belief of it is that which makes us Christians, and consequently, that unbelievers in the Trinity are not Christians.

In these conclusions you see all the weight and interest of the question resulting from my text, What is the truth to which Christ came into the world to bear witness ? You see how the examination of this question embraces the deepest interests—our faith, our hopes, our very name as Christians. When in our search after the truth, we find the Gospel represented in the New Testament as a mystery, we learn that a religion without mystery, that is, without doctrines which human reason could not have discovered, is not Christianity ; that the mysterious doctrines of Christianity are those which come

nearest to us as Christians, and that doctrines which it was impossible for human reason to discover, or adequately to explain, are easy to receive, and to be believed on the authority of the written word of God. When we observe, that in the knowledge and practice of moral duties there is no mystery, that the charge for which Christ died was no question in morals, and that the difference in religion, which distinguishes us from Jews and other unbelievers, is not a moral difference, we may be sure that something besides moral duty is necessary to make us Christians, and to secure our salvation; and therefore that the most virtuous life does not supersede the necessity of a right faith. And when we are directed to prove all things, and to contend earnestly for the faith; and are moreover taught that without faith it is impossible to please God; we have at once a caution against the indifference which would persuade us that we have no concern with the mysterious doctrines of religion, as well as a motive to diligence in the study of the scriptures, that we may be made wise unto salvation; and may acquire that steadiness of faith, and firmness of religious principle, which may enable us to please God in all our actions, and to glorify his holy name.

ART. VIII.—*Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, during the years 1810 and 1811: by a French Traveller. With remarks on the Country—its Arts, Literature, and Politics; and on the manners and customs of its Inhabitants. In Two Vols. Edinburgh. Constable and Co. 1815.*

WE predict that this book will become a favorite with literary loungers. It treats of a great variety of matter, and the style of it is rapid and easy. The author seems to have omitted no opportunity of acquiring information; and the circumstance of his being a foreigner, adds to his merit, as he writes, in general, in good English. He appears to be a very chatty, good-humoured, versatile sort of gentleman—fond of seeing every thing he hears of, and of telling every thing he has seen; and all this with so little appearance of form or previous arrangement, that an inquisitive person, in looking through his pages, will experience something like the gratification afforded to minds of a peculiar turn, on over-hearing a private conversation, or getting a peep at a confidential letter. He says of himself in his preface:

The writer of this journal has spent nearly two years in Great Britain, without any other object than that of seeing the country. He was born in France, and had resided more than twenty years in

the United States of America before he made this voyage. To give the friends he had left in America the pleasure of following him upon the map,—of seeing and thinking with him,—and, in order to retain some traces of new objects, the remembrance of which would otherwise soon have faded on his memory, he sent, from the beginning, a journal of what he did and saw, faithfully and plainly recorded. Such a journal is like gathering fruit into a basket. If you attempt it only with your hands, when they are full, you drop what you have already, in endeavouring to get more.

The journal was written in English, because the things and persons the traveller saw, were best described in the language of the country, which is become familiar to him by long habit. It was seen in England by a few friends, who read parts of it with interest, and for the first time in his life, the idea entered his mind of writing a book! He does not mean to throw any responsibility on his friends; none of them *pressed* him to publish; he did not *yield to their solicitations*; and he alone is answerable for the consequences, alarming as they may be. He was, indeed, encouraged by the consideration, that no travels in England, by a native of France, had come to his knowledge deserving of notice. M. Faujas de St. Fond gave all his attention to minerals; Madame Roland, Madame de Genlis, and Madame de Staël, have spoken incidentally of what they have seen in England, through the medium of their various prejudices, or for *effect* in works of imagination. In remoter times, the Chevalier Hamilton published only the *chronique scandaleuse* of a profligate court. Sully thought only of his embassy.

Their present successor did not merely traverse England; he lived in it without business, and was not pressed for time. His wife, who is English, was with him; and he owes to her introduction a greater share of domestic intimacy than foreigners usually enjoy in England, or indeed in any country. His acquaintance with the language enabled him to observe with greater ease and accuracy than the generality of French tourists. In short, he might hope to do better what none had done well.

Private anecdotes have been excluded as much as possible. It is a great sacrifice; for they do not merely amuse the reader, but they initiate him into the peculiarities of national manners, and the mysteries of domestic life. They instruct without the form of instruction. You may give them to your friends: but it is an unpardonable indelicacy to make a public exhibition of those who have opened their doors to you, and shown you kindness.

We highly approve the feeling which dictated the preceding sentence, and are sorry that our limits do not allow us to give the whole of the preface, which is obviously written, not under the supposed necessity of saying something, but because the author really had something essential to say. The beginning of the journal is dated Dec. the 24th, 1809. The author tells us

about packets and custom-house officers, and says: "I overheard the head seizer asking the Captain, whether he preferred having his wine or his spirits seized; and the Captain seemed to take the proposal in very good part, and told me afterwards the man was very *friendly* to him." Of the women at Falmouth, he says, that they "move about with an elastic gait, on the light fantastic patten, making a universal clatter of iron upon the pavement." *Fantastic* is not exactly the word we should have chosen to designate that clumsy defence for the female foot, which it is intended to describe.

Of the beautiful seat of Lord Mount Edgecumbe, we are presented with a long description, elucidated by a map and an elevation of "a small gothic ruin of modern erection." We are, however, told rather cavalierly, that "there is nothing done at Mount Edgecumbe, which a gentleman of moderate fortune could not perform; and nature herself has been at no great expense of bold rocks or mountains; it is a lump of earth sloping to the water, more or less abruptly, but with great variety, and deeply indented with bays." When our author gets to Exeter, he is delighted with the chanting, or as he terms it, the *chant* in the cathedral, and assures us that "angels in heaven cannot sing better." Of the opportunities of comparative judgment between the celestial choristers, and those of the good city of Exon, which may have been afforded to our French-American friend, we are ignorant; and shall for the present rest satisfied with his assurance. He pronounces the Exchange at Bristol to be "in excellent style;" and concerning the manner of living of the wealthy inhabitants of that city, he assures us, that "Lucullus dines with Lucullus every day." He terms the Hot-well "a harmless medical spring." *Harmless* and *medical* are two words which we are always happy to find in connection, but are inclined to doubt whether *medicinal* would not have conveyed his meaning better. He is quite in raptures with the *cream-colored* buildings of Bath. We fear, however, that the residents in that favorite city will not be much gratified to have it reported that "Bath is a sort of great monastery, inhabited by single people, particularly superannuated females. No trade, no manufactures, no occupations of any sort, except that of killing time, the most laborious of all." Our author at last arrives in London, and we must think him very fortunate in his morning perambulations through the streets of the metropolis, for he says, "I have heard no cries in the streets,—seen few beggars,—no obstructions or stoppages of carriages, each taking to the left."

The author shines in his observations on the comforts and dis-comforts of society, and speaks of the loneliness of isolation in a crowd, with all the *tact* of a gentleman whose quickness of feeling and accuracy of moral perception entitle him to participate in select conversation. He says :

The letters we brought have not procured many useful or agreeable acquaintances ; some of them have not been followed by the slightest act of politeness ; and although we have to acknowledge the attentions of some persons, their number is very small, and we feel alone in the crowd. London is a giant : strangers can only reach his feet. Shut up in our apartments, well warmed and well lighted, and where we seem to want nothing but a little of that immense society in the midst of which we are suspended, but not mixed, we have full leisure to observe its outward aspect and general movements, and listen to the roar of its waves, breaking around us in measured time, like the tides of the ocean.

The detail of the author's views and opinions of the amusements, occupations, and accommodations of London, is exceedingly amusing ; but we find ourselves obliged to pass by much matter, which will reward the attention of the reader of the work. Painting seems a favorite subject with the writer, many of his criticisms are in good taste, but some of his assertions rather bold. He does justice to the inimitable grace and truth of Sir Joshua Reynolds' designs ; but exaggerates the reproach which has been cast upon the coloring of this great master, by coolly assuring us that " many of his pictures are now only black and white." From pictures, Monsieur (we wish he had indulged us with his name) makes a sudden digression to dinners, and after the names of Lawrence, Wilkie, Shee, &c. we find ourselves introduced to a bill of fare, or rather a *ground-plan* of a dinner *à-la-mode* at Mrs. Glasse's, and tantalized with " fish, oyster-sauce, fowls, soup, &c." An elaborate receipt for making a plum-pudding is generously given in a note ; and to guard his readers against the calamitous error of the Frenchman, who served up to his expectant friends the boiled ingredients for his *boudin anglais* in a tureen, the author has been so kind as to specify that " the *cloth* is to be taken from it before serving." From English beef, and English pudding, nothing can be more natural than the transition to Mr. Whitbread ; and the House of Commons supplies the subject of a considerable portion of the book. After politics we return to pictures, and then are introduced to the theatres. Some of our dramatic pieces and performers are very well criticised. Our author has a happy talent for working round from one subject to another. With-

out the shock of a sudden transition, and immediately after finding him discussing the merits of "We fly by Night," "Hit or Miss," Cooke and Mrs. Siddons, we perceive ourselves, we know not how or why, entangled with Gale Jones and Sir Francis Burdett, the wrongs of electors, and the rights of ministers. Among the fashionable follies of the day, the barouche-club is not omitted; and our author, who really draws well for an amateur, presents his readers with vignette representations of our stage coaches, and then we come back to Mrs. Siddons again. Deep thinkers may find some interest, but we fear not much consolation, in viewing the statement given of the national debt; and the depreciation of the currency of the country: but readers of a more ordinary class will be much better pleased by the infinite variety of miscellaneous matter which is supplied by visits to Bury St. Edmond's, Salisbury, Chepstow, Tenby, Llangollen, &c. &c. From Chester and Liverpool, our tourist makes his way through the country of the Lake-poets to Scotland, where he observes, as many others have done before him, that the costume of the highlanders bears a close resemblance to the dress of the Roman soldiery; and is very angry that "the vulgar contrivance of hats and shoes" should "betray the northern barbarian." It does not betray them all. In the account of Edinburgh and its vicinity, we find all that we expected to find, and a great deal more. Our author cannot be accused of that frequent indulgence of moral feeling and metaphysical enquiry, which men of pleasure, and men of business are apt to call *prosing*; but as an occasional specimen of that nature, we select the following passage. "Close to Edinburgh, on the slope of Catton Hill, the tomb of Hume is shown, a sort of low tower which he himself built in his lifetime, to receive all that was to remain of his existence. 'L'immortalité,' says Villerterque, 'est le songe du dernier sommeil: on ne se reveille pas pour en jouir.' Fallacious as the sentiment of immortality may seem to some, they still desire that the remembrance of them should be preserved.

The sight of Loch Katrine, by aid of the poetry of Walter Scott, calls from our lively traveller some observations, which we will give to our readers, trusting, that the justness of the sentiment will excuse some trifling inelegance in the diction. His style is not always classical, but it is always intelligible, and, as a foreigner, he certainly does wonders; were it only in saying and admitting what follows.

True poets in France write in prose. First among them I should certainly name Jean Jaques Rousseau, who wrote nothing

good in verse; the author of *Paul and Virginia*; of *Telemaque*; of *Corinne*. If poetry was only what the dictionary of the Academy calls it, *l'art de faire des ouvrages en vers*, or, according to Johnson's definition, *metrical composition*; then, indeed, these writers were no poets. But they were eminently so, if poetry is the art of exciting the imagination, either by a representation of material objects, or by an imitation of the language of our passions and affections, and in doing this with the truth of nature, in a manner that all may feel who are capable of feeling.

A work of genius often fixes the attention of the reader less than one that is merely good, and not more than a bad one, although from a very different cause. The mind is carried away from the ideas and sentiments expressed in the first, by those it suggests, it slumbers over the last, and gives its full and undivided attention to the second.

The poetry of almost all foreign nations is different from the French; and those who are acquainted with the latter only, can scarcely form an idea of what is meant by poetry. That wondrous art of awakening the mind to strong emotions, by happy expressions, and words of magic import, arranged in measured and harmonious lines; of fixing as they pass, some of those fleeting nameless thoughts that swell the heart, and dim the eyes; and, as the crowd of strange forms, creatures of another world, and deeds of hands unseen, rush on the mind like a mighty torrent, of snatching a few drops from the hurrying stream, and giving a color and a name to the invisible creation.

Our author visits Mr. Southey, of whose works he appears competent to judge; and then we find him again at Edinburgh, attending the high court of justiciary, of which the proceedings supply the subject of a learned note. We are then led to the "plaisant paths of poesy," by his introduction to Mr. Walter Scott, of whom he does not say much, although he gives a description of his features and complexion. Some of the by-play in our author's performance is very good: he says of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*

It is more amusing than the best novel, and more useful than the best history. As a portrait from nature of the manners, customs, and ways of thinking of his own time, delineated with a simplicity, and a candour of vanity, which set criticism and ridicule at defiance; you find yourself in the best society the country could afford; the most learned, the cleverest, and the most witty. It is conversation, all substance and spirit, never languid, weak or insignificant; enjoyed without the painful effort of bearing a part in it, or the fidgetty consciousness of your own dullness and silence.

The second volume opens with a geological *exposé* of the Wernerian and Huttonian theories: to that succeeds a critique

on the Edinburgh Review, after which we find a good deal of interesting writing under the following heads. Dunbar—Alnwick—Newcastle—Lancastrian School—Leeds—Castleton—Peak's-hole—Chatsworth—Matlock—Dove-dale—Litchfield—Birmingham—The Leasowes—Hagley—Blenheim—Oxford—The King—Windsor—Pictures, and at length, after an absence of nine months, we find our ingenious wanderer once more in London. He makes several agreeable jaunts to Chiswick, Twickenham, &c. and attends service in Westminster Abbey. We are afraid that the tone of his enthusiasm must have been considerably lowered by his abode in England and Scotland, since instead of being *paragoned* with the empyrean psalmody, the chanting is simply said to be "very fine." This nice observer is very severe upon the officiating clergyman, whom he calls a "purple-faccd, short-necked man, forcing his hollow, vulgar, insincere voice through a fat narrow passage." Daily experience unhappily convinces us, that the voice may be the organ of insincere sentiments, but an *insincere voice* is an expression new to us. Our tourist seems scarcely to have recovered from the disgust excited by this poor gentleman's apoplectic complexion and defective intonation, before he goes to see Mr. West's picture of Christ healing the sick. The grand question of the education of the poor is liberally discussed; and, like the grand duchess of Oldenburgh, Monsieur goes to see the great breweries, and makes very rational observations upon them. His inquiries embrace a wide circle—the liberty of the press; British empire in India; vaccination; the Prince Regent's fête.

We are waiting, he says, only for a change of wind to go on board the ship which is to carry us away, for ever perhaps, from a country where we have been received with kindness, and where we leave a few friends. If I was asked at this moment, for a summary opinion of what I have seen in England, I might probably say, that its political institutions present a detail of corrupt practices, of profusion, and of personal ambition under the mask of public spirit, very carelessly put on, more disgusting than I should have expected: the workings of the selfish passions are exhibited in all their nakedness and deformity. On the other hand, I should admit very readily, that I have found the great mass of the people richer, happier, and more respectable than any other with which I am acquainted. I have seen prevailing among all ranks of people that emulation of industry and independence, which characterizes a state of advancing civilization, properly directed. The manners, and the whole deportment of superiors to inferiors, are marked with that just regard and circumspection, which announce the presence of laws equal for all. By such signs I know this to be the best government that ever existed. I sincerely admire it in its results,

but I cannot say I particularly like the means. What I dislike here, I might be told, belongs to human nature in general; to the world, rather than to England particularly. It may be so, and I shall not undertake the panegyric of either the one or the other.

With some candid reflections on the British character, and a brief narration of some of the phænomena, which interest the observant passenger during a voyage, the book closes.

ART. IX. *A Compendious System of Modern Geography.*

By Thomas Myers, A. M. 8vo. pp. 520. 18 Maps. 12s. boards.
Concluded from page 37. No. I.

THE omission of the present part of this article in our first number arose from an accidental occurrence, which it is unnecessary for us to explain; and as we consider the extract from the author's preface, given in our preceding number, as a brief, but accurate description of the whole work, our principal business will be to justify this opinion by a few extracts, and to point out some particulars in which this system differs from others. A short analysis of the first two or three chapters, will not only effect this, but afford a pretty correct idea of the whole book, as nearly the same topics occur in the consideration of each of the countries of which it treats.

The first chapter, on the rise and progress of geography, treats of the origin of geography, its primitive state among the Egyptians, Hebrews, Chinese, Persians, Parthians, and Phenicians. The invention of the gnomon, the improvements of Thales, Tresmegistus, Anaxinauder, Aristagoras, Pytheas, and Eratosthenes. The ancient measures of the earth, the improvements of Hipparchus, and the Roman survey. The improvements introduced into the science by Ptolemy, and the corrections of his latitudes. The geography of the Arabs, the discovery of Iceland, and the invention of the mariner's compass. The discovery of America, and of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope. The utility of time-pieces, refraction, Jupiter's satellites, and learned societies in promoting the science of geography. The discoveries of circumnavigators, and the modern measures of the earth conclude the sketch.

Thus in the space of about 26 pages, the learner is furnished with a distinct view of the principal features in the history of this interesting science; which is a valuable and distinguishing part of Mr. Myers's work, nothing like which is to be found in any other of the same extent. The information it contains is various, and the author has employed much industry and investigation to render it correct. The following short extract will

show the style in which it is written ; but the whole deserves to be read by every student of geography.

The *Phenicians*, an Egyptian colony, soon perceived, from the sterility of their situation, that their only prospect of either obtaining opulence or rising into power, must be drawn from foreign sources. This induced them to apply the astronomical and geographical knowledge they had brought from the parent state, to the purposes of navigation; and by this means they became masters of the sea, and of nearly all the commerce of the world. About the time of David and Solomon, or 1000 years before the Christian era, they frequented the ports of the Mediterranean, visited the west of Europe, and Africa, and collected the spices of the East, the perfumes of Arabia, and the gold of Ophir. Herodotus likewise informs us, that some Phenician ships, by order of *Necho*, king of Egypt, sailed down the Red Sea or Arabian Gulf, and, after coasting round the south part of Africa, entered the straits of Gibraltar, and arrived at Egypt in the third year after their departure. This was about the year before Christ 650; and the first time that Africa was proved to be peninsular. The Phenicians also drew sketches, and composed descriptions of the places they visited, as guides to future adventurers of their own nation, as well as planted colonies for protecting and extending their commerce ; and thus became practical improvers of geography. They were the only people who had traversed the Mediterranean and penetrated into the ocean ; and they concealed with the greatest care, their adventures, their discoveries, and their colonies ; and employed every means to prevent other nations from following their steps. p. 4.

The second chapter contains the usual definitions and preliminary observations, stated in a kind of inductive manner, which we think preferable to the common method. This mode is illustrated by the following brief extract.

The regular succession of day and night is produced by the revolution of the earth about an imaginary line passing through its centre, and always directed towards the north and south points of the heavens. This line is termed the *axis*, and its extremities the *poles* of the earth ; that which is directed north-ward is the *north pole*, and the other the *south pole*. If we conceive a circle to be described about the earth, having every part equally distant from each of the poles, it will be the *equator*. This circle divides the surface of the globe into two equal parts or hemispheres. The northern hemisphere comprehends the space between the equator and the north pole, and the southern hemisphere contains the opposite half of the globe. If other circles be conceived to intersect each other in the poles, they will cut the equator at right angles, and have the sun over them respectively, when it is mid-day at the places through which they pass ; from which circumstance they have obtained the name of *meridians*. These circles, like the equator,

divide the globe into two equal parts, and separate the eastern and western hemispheres, with respect to each particular meridian.

The third chapter contains a general view of the earth's surface, embracing such objects, chiefly relating to the physical branch of the subject, as could not well be comprehended in the description of any particular portion of the globe. These are the population of the earth, and the extent of its surface. The difference in man. The inequality of the land, and the division of terrestrial bodies. The difference of temperature, and density of the atmosphere. Terms of congelation. Division of the land. Mountains and rivers. Encroachments of the sea. Division of the ocean. The atmosphere and winds.

The following quotation shows the author's ideas relative to the utility of mountains.

Nor is there less inequality in the surface, than irregularity in the outlines, of the land; a circumstance which may present to the mind of the superficial observer the idea of an immense ruin. But when the effects of these inequalities are carefully examined, they are found to exhibit manifest proofs of creative goodness, and benevolent design. They possess every variety, from the narrow valley to the widely extended plain; from the gentle and verdant elevation to those stupendous masses of rock, the barren summits of which ascend above the clouds. The whole is adorned and enriched with those diversities of color and soil which not only contribute to the comfort, but also administer to the delight, of rational creatures. The height and position of mountains have great influence on the climate in their vicinity; and much of the cold that generally prevails in different countries of the same latitude, must be ascribed to this cause. In warm climates, however, they are highly conducive to a favourable state of the atmosphere: they give rise to cooling springs, brooks, and rivers; while breezes and fruitful showers proceed from them, which greatly refresh the adjacent parts. Many regions, now celebrated for their luxuriant fertility, deprived of mountains would be a comparative desert; and even the South of France, Spain, and Italy, without their mitigating influence, would lose that mild temperature of climate which they now enjoy. Mountains are most numerous and elevated in the torrid, and adjoining parts of the temperate zones; and gradually decrease in height towards the poles. p. 44.

Mr. Myers also subjoins the following interesting note containing the perpendicular heights of the principal mountains on the globe, the altitudes of which have been determined mathematically. These must have cost him much trouble to collect and reduce to English yards and miles; as many of them were only to be obtained from foreign sources. We therefore give this list a place

in our pages, considering it as the most complete of the kind in the English language.

AMERICA.			
<i>Mountains.</i>		<i>Yards.</i>	<i>Eng. miles.</i>
Chimborazo, according to Humboldt	- - -	7,147	4-061
Cayambé-Orcon, under the equator	- - -	6,462	3-672
Antisana,	} according to Humboldt	6,383	3-627
Cotapaxi,		6,297	3-578
Papocatepeth,		5,912	3-359
Orizaba,		5,797	3-294
El-Altor, extinguished volcano	- - -	5,752	3-268
Itinica	- - -	5,746	3-265
	- - -	5,712	3-245
	- - -	5,500	3-125
	- - -	5,478	3-119
Nevada of St. Marta	- - -	5,478	3-110
Pichincha, according to Humboldt	- - -	5,313	3-012
El Corazon,	- - -	5,265	2-991
	oldt	5,237	2-975
	- - -	5,180	2-943
	- - -	5-067	2-879
	to Humboldt	5,060	2-875
Ditto behind Perote	- - -	4,475	2-843
Lake near Taluca	- - -	4,000	2-273
ALPS.			
Mount Blanc	- - -	5,221	2-965
Mount Rosa	- - -	5,210	2-960
Mount St. Gothard, highest summit	- - -	5,158	2-931
	to, according to Dr. Gebhard	5,118	2-913
Junfran,	} according to Tralles	4,734	2-690
		4,610	2-619
		4,531	2-574
	} according to Saussure	4,463	2-535
		4,406	2-504
	to Tralles	4,390	2-494
	- - -	4,263	2-422
	according to de Luc	4,758	2-362
	according to Tralles	4,101	2-330
	- - -	3,606	2-049
Mount Tourne	- - -	3,587	2-038
Duet, according to Saussure	- - -	3,366	1-913
L'Antesendas, Canton of Bern	- - -	3,112	1-769
Mount Pilate, Canton of Lucerne	- - -	3,091	1-756
PYRENEES.			
Maladetta and Mount Perdu, each	- - -	3,753	2-135
Vignemale	- - -	3,671	2-086

Mountains.	PYRENEES.		Yards.	Engl. miles.
Pic Long - - - - -			3,555	2-020
Maboré - - - - -			3,466	1-969
Pic du Midi - - - - -			3,157	1-794
Bains de Barege - - - - -			3,099	1-761
Canigou, according to Mechain - - - - -			3,042	1-728
<hr/>				
Ophir in Sumatra, according to Marsden - - - - -			4,077	2-794
Peak of Teneriffe, according to Borda - - - - -			4,058	2-306
Mount Etna - - - - -			3,666	2-089
Mount Rotondo, in Corsica - - - - -			3,302	1-875
Mount Lebanon, in Palestine - - - - -			3,197	1-816

The fourth chapter contains a general view of Europe, describing such of its most prominent features as do not belong exclusively to any particular country.

The subjects treated of in the description of each particular country, are its name, boundaries, extent, population, division, outlines, surface, mountains, forests, lakes, rivers, climate, soil, agriculture, vegetable, and mineral productions, canals, chief towns, manufacturers, and commerce, manners and customs, antiquities and curiosities, religion, literature, government, laws, army, navy, revenue, and islands. Our limits, however, forbid us to make any extract from these descriptions.

Before closing this article, we must, in justice to Mr. Myers, observe that the account he gives of the geographical state of the European continent, at the time of Buonaparte's full domination, will doubtless make his work highly valuable as a book of reference when that order of things shall have passed away, and their extraordinary nature shall have rendered them almost incredible.

Mr. Myers has likewise improved his maps by dividing the north and middle of Europe into portions somewhat different from his predecessors. By this means the whole of the late divisions of Germany are seen at one view, on his map denominated "Central Europe." By a commendable simplification he has been able to make them about half-an-inch larger each way, than is usual in works of this size. The map of the United States of America, and of the islands in the Pacific ocean denominated *Australasia* and *Polynesia*, are certainly improvements.

ART. X. *Memoirs of Lady Hamilton*; with illustrative Anecdotes of many of her most particular Friends and distinguished Contemporaries. Embellished with a fine Portrait, after Romney. London: Colburn. 8vo. pp. 399. 1815.

THIS is a valuable work, correct in its principles, authentic in its details, and, on the whole, masterly in its execution. The inevitable succession of moral causes and effects, the pernicious results to the community, from a deterioration of character in the higher classes of society, and the mischievous tendency of such publications as relate the annals of Vice and Folly, without stigmatizing them with abhorrence and contempt, cannot be placed in a more luminous point of view. The outline of the performance is traced with precision, the coloring is true to nature, and the shadows, although deep, necessarily result from the relative position of the principal figures, when the picture is lighted by the torch of truth.

We rejoice in finding so powerful a champion enlisted under the banners of religion and morality. The enemies to virtue and happiness are ever on the watch—skilful in allurements, and practiced in disguise. Talents must, therefore, be met by talent, and vigilance by vigilance. A popular dissenter once expressed his concern, that “the devil should have all the good tunes,” and accordingly he adapted pious words to some favorite, though profane melodies. We, on our part, after reading these “*Memoirs of Lady Hamilton*,” found reason to rejoice, that the devil cannot claim all the clever books. The junction of wit and wickedness is not, we are persuaded, by any means so frequent as the dunces, who will always be the more numerous party, would have us to believe; and we must own, that we have little charity for any of those, who having “eyes to make partition between good and evil,” yet choose the latter.

We now set about furnishing our readers with a few extracts. Of the sentiments of the author, and the character of his style, they will, of course, convey an idea: but the merit of the book as a *whole*, can be appreciated only when it has been attentively read. In this case we are circumstanced somewhat like the cynic, who carried about one brick to show the excellence of a house which he wished to recommend.

We give the greater part of the Preface, for two reasons—it is very short, and it is very good.

Though the introductory chapter contains an explicit statement of the views of the writer, and an ample apology for a biographical

memoir of this description, it may be necessary to apprise the reader, that the facts here related are brought forward merely as illustrative of character, and not to indulge a splenetic disposition, or to gratify an idle curiosity.

It is possible, however, that some persons will be offended with what is here narrated, and the reflections to which the incidents have given rise; while others, perhaps, may feel resentment at the disclosure of circumstances that have a tendency to weaken their admiration of men of eminence: but, in justification of the Author, let it be considered, that morality is of greater value than genius, and that the precepts and institutions of religion are of infinitely more consequence than temporal glory.

When, therefore, any of those, who have risen above their contemporaries by their performances, are found remarkably deficient in those duties which constitute the only points of efficient example, the causes of their error, and the consequences of their follies ought to be plainly related, that historic truth may not be injured by partial representations, nor the power of virtue weakened by the influence of splendid names.

This work is divided into Chapters, each of which has an appropriate motto; that of the first contains a profession of candor, which seems to be strictly adhered to in the succeeding pages—

Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.

In the following passage, the sentiments of the author, respecting the scope and utility of the biography of departed characters, are fully developed.

The maxim, that “nothing should be said of the dead, but what is good,” though it has become proverbial by the frequency of repetition, and the benevolence which it seems to inculcate, is too often made an excuse for error, and an apology for depravity. But whatever may be the nature or the extent of the rule, it never could have been intended to operate as an act of indemnity, to cover in oblivion the deeds of those who have endeavoured to loosen the foundations of morality by their principles, or to render vice attractive by their example. The precept of the ancients must be regarded as equivalent to the universal duty of doing strict justice to all concerning whom we may be called to give the testimony of our knowledge, and of adhering rigidly to truth, without any mixture of prejudice, in what we relate of the conduct of others, whether they are in the capacity of speaking for themselves, or are placed beyond the possibility of being affected by our praise or our censure. Were the doctrine otherwise, and did it lay survivors at all times, and in every circumstance, under the immutable obligation of concealing the obliquities of those who have been removed from this busy stage, where every action of the humblest

individual has some connexion with his contemporaries; and effect on posterity, history would be no better than romance, by depriving mankind of the lessons for the regulation of life, which are afforded by the contemplation of human infirmity. Colored by the partiality of friendship, and shaded by an excess of liberality, the examples, even of the most upright men, would lose much of their efficacy for the want of being rendered familiar by those peculiar touches of character, which can alone enable the mind to form a correct estimate of those qualities which are the object of admiration. Active virtue is most brilliant in the resistance of temptations, and in that conflict which brings the passions under the dominion of reason. The nature of this trial, and the value of the conquest, cannot be duly appreciated, without closely inspecting human nature in the varieties of public and private life. In this study, the whole of Man must be investigated, if any improvement is expected from the enquiry; but that will be looked for in vain, unless the ruling principle of the mind is distinctly marked, the favorite pursuits are clearly exhibited, and all the circumstances related to them faithfully detailed, and minutely observed. If any excuse should be deemed requisite for the introduction of remarks, the justice of which must be self-evident, even to those who feel more delight in the elegance of diction than the simplicity of truth, that excuse will be found in the uncertainty which is spread over the real characters of distinguished persons, by the design or carelessness of their biographers.

An evil practice has of late years prevailed, of eulogizing persons of note, instead of giving a detailed account of their pursuits and sentiments, the habits which they acquired, and the errors into which they occasionally fell. This method of substituting panegyric for history has indeed become so general, that it would not be surprising to see a justificatory memoir of GUY FAWKES, or an apology for the conduct of NELL GWYN.

The history of the subject of this Memoir begins in the second Chapter, and we have reason to believe it to be faithfully detailed. It also contains a good deal of instructive matter, respecting several persons of celebrity—Romney, the artist, who is characterised by the epithet “eccentric,” equally applicable to his conduct and his pictures; Mr. Charles Greville, Sir William Hamilton, and the Bishop of Derry, (Lord Bristol), of whom it is said :

Though an ecclesiastic of such high station in the church, he was an avowed sceptic in religion, the doctrines and institutions of which he would not scruple to ridicule in the company of women, treating even the immortality of the soul as an article of doubt and indifference. He affected a peculiar singularity in his dress, generally wearing a white hat, and a coat of colored silk, so as to have very rarely the smallest external sign of the episcopal func-

tion, and never showing in his conversation the least degree of that gravity which became his age, rank, and profession. Besides giving encouragement to every kind of fashionable amusement, he kept a box at the Opera; and even the diversions which in Italy are freely practised on Sunday evenings excited in him not the smallest concern.

He commonly abroad went by the title of the Count Bishop, and his company was greatly courted on account of his lively conversation, blunt freedom, and the fund of anecdote which he possessed. Being on a visit to a friend in 1782, he related the following pleasant story of himself:—that going to the Grande Chartreuse, whilst the society were at dinner, he found the convent door shut, and on knocking, the porter told him that no one was permitted to enter while the monks were at their meals; upon this, he gave the porter a letter to the Abbott, from a neighbouring Bishop, who had sent this recommendation, in which the Bishop called him his brother, the Bishop of Derry. Immediately after the letter was delivered, the doors flew open, and the whole convent, on their knees, met his lordship, craving his blessing; which he, without any ceremony, delivered to them as he passed along. The good brotherhood were wholly ignorant where Derry was situated; and relying upon the testimonial which he brought, they of course took him for a catholic bishop. Without attempting to undeceive them, his lordship blessed them all, throwing out his benedictions very gravely with his hands. When the Monks became better informed of his character, they had no doubt a very different opinion of the efficacy of his benedictions.

One of the Letters of his Lordship (to Lady Hamilton) concludes with these lines:

“ O! Emma, who'd ever be wise,
“ If madness be loving of thee?”

At another time he says:

Yesterday we dined on Mount Vesuvius; to-day we were to have dined on its victim, Pompeii: but ‘by the grace of God, which passes all understanding,’ since Bartolomeo himself, that weather soothsayer, did not foresee this British weather, we are prevented. In the mean time, all this week and the next is replete with projects to Istria, Procrita, &c., so God only knows when I can worship again my Diana of Ephesus.

This last indecent allusion has a reference to the part of Diana, which was personated by her Ladyship with great effect, and of which there is an engraving executed at Naples, after a picture painted by order of her husband. The circumstances attending the introduction of Lord Nelson, then Captain of the *Agamemnon*, to Sir William and Lady Hamilton, are now, we believe, for the first time, accurately stated. Of one of the

services to her country, rendered by the accomplished subject of the Memoir, the following account is given :

In the summer of the next year, (1795), the French Republican Government succeeded in frightening the timid and corrupt cabinet of Madrid into a separate peace ; but the negotiations were so secretly carried on, that the other powers had no apprehension of such an alienation. Lady Hamilton, however, had the merit of discovering the design before it actually became public, and she lost no time in communicating the intelligence to the nearest commander, who happened to be Captain Nelson. The manner in which this extraordinary woman obtained possession of this important state secret, indicated uncommon quickness of penetration, and great readiness in the choice of means for the accomplishment of her object. Being one day with the King when a packet of letters was brought to him from Spain, she perceived that while he carelessly threw down all as fast as he glanced over them, to his secretary, there was one, which, after arresting his attention, he carefully put into his pocket. Rightly thinking that this letter contained some intelligence of peculiar interest, her ladyship the same day bribed the page to take it from his master's pocket during his afternoon's sleep. Having read and hastily copied this letter, which apprized Ferdinand of the intended peace with France, and the probable rupture with England, she gave it again to the page, and sent off a dispatch to Captain Nelson, who made a proper use of it.

On the justice of Lady Hamilton's claims for remuneration from Government for services rendered to this country, the following observations are made :

Lady Hamilton did not want friends in power to bring forward her case in the strongest manner, which would in all probability have been successful, had she been contented with resting her plea for a pension on the simple ground of her husband's long services, without setting up higher pretensions of her own, and such as could not stand a strict investigation : but when this assumption was made, she lost that interest which otherwise might have been excited in her behalf. Ministers could not, even with their utmost inclination to do honor to the private sentiments of Nelson, sanction what was manifestly a perversion of facts, and which, if true to any extent, would have been a reflection on the character of an envoy, whose years and experience rendered him too respectable to suffer such a stain on his memory, as must have been the case, if a grant had been bestowed for exertions made by his wife, for a public service, which it belonged to him to discharge.

The friends of Lady Nelson will read with pleasure a narrative which completely vindicates her temper and disposition from the aspersions which have been cast on them by the par-

tisans of Lady Hamilton, and the indiscriminating blind adorers of Lord Nelson.

The account of the "Decline and Fall" of the fascinating Emma exhibits a striking moral lesson :

Even the extinction of her fondest hope, by the catastrophe of the hero to whom she was attached, had not the effect of correcting her love of pleasure, or moderating her propensity to extravagance. She strove to counteract the mortification produced by the contemptuous neglect she experienced in one quarter, by encreasing her expenses, and enlarging the circle of her acquaintance. In the choice of these new friends she certainly was far from being over scrupulous, and none who felt any concern about the moral qualities of their associates would have been much at their ease in the companies that were usually assembled at Merton Place.

"The last scene of all" in the "strange eventful history" of the once fascinating Emma comported with the rest of her chequered existence; for her life was a series of marvellous adventures, from the time when she went barefooted in a Welsh village, to her entrance upon a state of dissipation in London, where her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments rendered her an object of universal admiration, and occasioned her transplantation to a soil perfectly suited to her taste for pleasure, and the versatile powers of her genius. How she figured in that land of voluptuousness, and the effects which her influence produced, it will be for history to record, and posterity to lament; but after her return to England she began very soon to experience the mutability of fortune, which she wanted prudence to improve; and, indeed, as her adversity came on, her folly increased, till at length, solely from that cause, she was driven into exile, where she closed her days in sorrow and poverty, unpitied by those around her in the hour of sickness, while her wretched remains were indebted to the hand of charity for a grave.

ART. XI. *The Great Mystery of Godliness. A Sermon delivered at a monthly association of congregational Ministers and Churches, in connection with the old College, Homerton.*
By WILLIAM BENGOLLYER, D.D. F.A.S. London. Longman, and Co. 1815.

THAT some of the essential doctrines of Christianity are mysterious, is readily admitted even by those who possess the greatest

penetration. Nor will this appear surprising to such as have either attempted to examine nature, and investigate her general laws, or have turned their thoughts inward, and traced the operations of their own minds; for the inquirer into first principles finds every element of the natural creation equally incomprehensible—not indeed, as to the fact of its being, but in respect to the *mode* of its subsistence. Even the principles of science, and the process of human thought, do not afford him any information relative to things themselves, but merely to their mutual relations to each other, and the general laws by which their effects are regulated. And this relative knowledge can be attained only by diligent research and patient investigation; while that which is *absolute* lies far beyond the utmost grasp of the human powers; and consequently the subjects to which it relates are every way mysterious.

If the mind of Man, therefore, fail in comprehending finite objects, why should it be thought incredible that it cannot comprehend such as are infinite? Why should it be thought strange, that those plans, which infinite wisdom has devised for reconciling mercy and justice, in the redemption of Man, should contain any thing truly mysterious? Or why, indeed, should they, for whose everlasting benefit these plans were devised, reject them because infinite wisdom has made *faith* an essential doctrine of Christianity, and commanded them to believe what is *above* reason, not what is contrary to it? How absurd then is the maxim which asserts “where mystery begins, religion ends;” for if faith be an essential doctrine of Christianity, there must be some object upon which it is to be exercised, as complete knowledge would change it into certainty, and banish it from the Christian system. Besides, if facts are not to be believed until their mode of existence can be perfectly understood, even the evidence of the senses must be excluded, and universal scepticism become the result.

The subject assigned to Dr. Collyer, as the basis of his discourse, on this occasion, naturally led him to 1 Tim. iii. 16. “AND WITHOUT CONTROVERSY, GREAT IS THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS.” In the first part of his discourse, he calls the attention of his hearers to the various criticisms on the context.

These, (he observes) have principally been confined to two points—the interpretation which ought to be given to the pillar and ground of faith; and whether this high character should be applied to the minister addressed, to the church of the living God, or to the important doctrine itself.

Poole, Wakefield, and other distinguished translators, with the

editors of *that* which *assumes* to be an *improved version of the New Testament*, refer this figurative language to Timothy. Macknight, Whitby, and Lightfoot, refer it to the Church; and Dr. Doddridge, to the leading doctrine of the context, *the Deity and incarnation of Christ*.

The second point upon which the criticisms on this passage turn, is the expression "God was manifest in the flesh." Here the Dr. briefly recites the opinions of Wakefield, Grotius, Griesbach, Wetstein, Mill, Macknight, Whitby, Doddridge, Jones, Bishop Pearson, Dr. Smith, and the editors of the "improved version," above referred to; and then modestly concludes this branch of his subject, with the following observations.

If amidst authorities so confessedly great, and so apparently balanced, I might be allowed to give an opinion, I should say, I admire most the rendering of the passage by Dr. Doddridge. Three things I must be permitted to remark.—First, the mystery ~~must~~ refer to the Son of God, as it appears to me, and not to the gospel, to which the chain of expressions employed could not apply, and which could not be said to be "received up into glory." Secondly, if the word "God" must be dropped before the verb "manifested," I should prefer the proposition of Dr. Smith, which throws the intermediate sentence into parenthesis, and connects the manifestation with the "living God," in the verse preceding; and therefore, in point of doctrine, amounts to the same thing. Thirdly, that whatever criticisms be given on this text, I consider its legitimate import to be the exhibition of the essential Deity, and the Incarnation of Jesus Christ.

Having thus terminated the preliminary part of his subject, the Doctor proceeds,

First, to explain what is intended by the great mystery of godliness.

Secondly, to vindicate our reception of the doctrine, notwithstanding it is mysterious; and

Thirdly, to exhibit our duty in respect to this sublime and interesting branch of Christian truth.

Under the first of these general heads, he treats of the essential deity of Jesus Christ, his incarnation, and his official character; and commences the discussion with sentiments at once ingenious and manly; and such as we should be happy to see constantly manifested by all who bear the name of Christians. He observes:

My present object is obviously statement: it will devolve upon me hereafter to produce the evidence upon which I receive, as true, those doctrines which I now feel it my duty to state, and to state

distinctly, that if the sentiments are false, they may be the more readily exposed; that if they are true, they may be the more easily compared with the oracles of God; and that in both cases they may be perfectly understood. It is dishonest to shrink from the avowal of that which the judgment and conscience receive.

Dr. Collyer terminates his reasoning on this head, with the following summary. "We consider then the essential Deity of Christ, connected with his incarnation, and necessary to his official character, as constituting the Great mystery of godliness." He then proceeds to vindicate the reception of this doctrine, from the character of the mystery, from the authority and fullness of scriptural testimony, and from the acknowledged limitation of our faculties. And he concludes the second head, by adverting by way of illustration to the chain of events connected by the text with this great mystery.

Under the third general head, the Doctor eloquently and impressively admonishes his hearers of their duty in respect to this leading branch of Christian doctrine; first, as preachers, then as hearers, and finally in a general sense. His concluding remarks are so energetic and so just, that we are happy to re-record them.

There is a common duty to be observed by those who occupy a public or a private station. It is, to cultivate a spirit of humility towards God, and of forbearance towards Man. Let us receive with meekness the doctrines which revelation has unfolded, as facts to be cordially embraced, without pretending to fathom those "secret things which belong to God," or to be "wise above that which is written." The dauntless spirit which imperiously demands of the Deity a reason for all his plans, adapted to the contracted powers which presume to arraign them, is totally devoid of Christian humility. How shall the mind, which cannot comprehend the glow-worm, dare to think "by searching, to find out the Almighty to perfection?" While some, with impious industry, attempt to pluck the starry coronet from the head of the Redeemer, others, with presumptuous curiosity, would enumerate every living gem of which it is composed. As for us, the disposition which we would cultivate, is one, which, while it confides entirely in his fidelity, should humble us always at his feet.

Forbearance towards men should be united with humility before God. These principles appear to me so interwoven, that I do not see how they can be separated. Let our zeal be without bitterness. Do we plead for the superiority of our creed? let it be seen in the regulation of our tempers. Let us leave to little minds the venom of malice; in celestial bosoms angry dispositions ought not to reside. The cause of truth may be injured, but cannot be promoted, by invective. Why should charity be separated from orthodoxy? These should be sister graces in the character: the former is as

essential to the heart, as the latter is honorable to the understanding. We should have tears to shed over a world lying in wickedness, not censures to scatter. We should have prayers rising from the heart to the throne of mercy, that God would be "pleased to bring into the way of truth, all such as have erred, or are deceived." Let us hold fast "faith and a good conscience;" strenuously maintaining the truths of the gospel; but tenderly respecting the feelings, the character, and the consciences of others; remembering, that "if any man have not the *spirit* of Christ, he is none of his." "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things!"

The sermon is accompanied by numerous and extensive notes, in which the Dr. evinces both his own critical skill and his acquaintance with the writings of others.

ART. XII. *A Comparative view of the Churches of England and Rome.* By HERBERT MARSH, D. D. F. R. S. Margaret Professor of Divinity, in the University of Cambridge.

THE learned Professor has stated, with all those characteristic marks of nice discrimination for which he is celebrated in his controversial writings, the essential difference between the English Church and the Roman; shewing that the latter founds its doctrines on two equal and independent Authorities, *Scripture* and *Tradition*, (the *verbum scriptum* and the *verbum non scriptum*,) whilst the former lays the foundation of its doctrines in the Scripture alone. By a fair and candid reference to the writings of that distinguished champion of the Roman faith, Cardinal Bellarmine, as well as to the Roman Catholic profession of Faith, as established by the council of Trent, the author has ably and fully proved his assertion. In doing this, he shews that the church of Rome admits, besides what it terms the oral traditions of Christ and his Apostles and of the early Christians, those books which in the Scripture are called apocryphal—allowing to them equal authority with the canonical books: and he observes, that the Roman church takes its leading authority from the Latin vulgate translation of the Bible, and not from the genuine Hebrew text, to which Christ and his Apostles constantly refer. He then very distinctly points out how many erroneous tenets the Romanists have adopted from the authority of the apocryphal books—such as the doctrines of purgatory, of the beatitude and canonization of Saints—of relics and the worship of images and saints.

Well does the Professor say, that "when doctrines contained, or supposed to be contained in the *written* word, are explained by the aid of the *unwritten* word, the rule of interpretation is supposed to possess the same divine origin as the text itself. "For tradition, as a rule of faith, is composed of those traditions which are called divine and apostolical." But that these traditions are divine and apostolical merely in the imagination of the Romanists, he proves in a very satisfactory manner in the fourth chapter of this valuable publication. He adds that, among the circumstances which distinguish the Roman and the English churches in matters of faith, may be reckoned the exclusive acknowledgment of the latin vulgate, on the part of the church of Rome "in public lectures, disputations, sermons, and expositions." And that it is the glory of Protestants, that in the exposition of scripture, they enjoy the liberty of appealing to the divine originals. To elucidate this position, he observes that, previously to the Reformation, the authorized version of the Bible in this country was the Latin Vulgate: yet our Reformers rejected the apocryphal writings of the Old Testament for this very reason, that they were not contained in the Hebrew. He closes his sixth chapter with the profession of the Catholic Faith, according to the Council of Trent—which was published by Pope Pius the fourth. This profession was decreed to be made by every beneficed Clergyman, on pain of forfeiting his benefice. It begins with the Apostles' creed, which is succeeded by twelve distinct articles. Vide p. 122.

The Professor in his seventh chapter speaks of church ceremonies; and of the consequences of confounding the tradition of ceremonies, with the tradition of doctrines, as the Romanists frequently do.

In his eighth and ninth chapters, he demonstrates that the church of England carries its authority no farther than is absolutely necessary for its own preservation: but that the church of Rome does carry its authority farther than is necessary for its preservation, and that its authority is exercised in such a manner as at once to extinguish the right of private judgment in its own members, and to trample on the rights of all other churches.

If the church of England allows private judgment, this right is absolutely refused by the church of Rome. The latter not only requires obedience from all that continue in its communion, but prohibits a departure from that communion. And this prohibition is carried so far, that the church of Rome claims a power of exer-

rising spiritual jurisdiction over those, who have ceased to be its members. Accordingly we find in the Roman catechism, published by order of Pius the fifth, that heretics and schismatics, though no longer members of the church of Rome, are still in the power of the church, as persons to be called by it to judgment, punished and doomed by anathema to damnation.

It is added :

The authority of the church of England goes no further, than is necessary for its own preservation. Its members have no other restraints, than such as the welfare of every society requires : it neither prevents them from adopting any other form of Christianity, nor excludes them from salvation if they do. But the church of Rome, which denies salvation to all who depart from it, and inculcates the belief that every act of departure is the forfeiture of salvation, enslaves the conscience, and enchains the faculties of Man. The church of England then is a system of religious liberty: the church of Rome a system of religious slavery.

In his last chapter, the Professor proceeds to shew that if the church of Rome tramples on the rights of all other churches; it is a necessary consequence, that it affects, in this country, the rights also of the state : and that, if the College of Maynooth holds the above doctrine concerning Heretics and Schismatics, we cannot doubt what must be the fate of the Protestants, if the church of Rome should again acquire in these dominions the ascendancy to which it aspires. “But” (he adds,) “it seems that the Romanists call their church the mother and mistress of all other churches ; and therefore think themselves authorised to interfere with all other religious concerns : but this is palpably false, for the mother of all churches was unquestionably the church of Jerusalem.”

The Professor expresses himself thus on the assertion of the Romanists that their church is the mistress of all churches :

It shows such ambition, and arrogance on their part, as is sufficient to put all other churches on their guard against future encroachments. If one church considers itself as the mistress of another, it will certainly not fail to exercise its authority, whenever it acquires the power. Now, in whatever light we view this claim of spiritual dominion, it must equally excite our surprize and indignation. That either a prince or a priest residing in one country, should claim the right of interfering in the administration of another country, which is perfectly independent as a state, and subject only to its own Prince, is an anomaly in the government of the world, of which the Roman Pontiff affords the sole example.—Of this spiritual tyranny we freed ourselves at the reformation. We must not forget that a universal Bishop is a thing as much to be dreaded as a universal Monarch. We must not forget, that as universal

Empire in temporal concerns is subversive of *civil* liberty; so universal empire in ecclesiastical concerns is subversive of *religious* liberty.

Thus does Dr. Marsh combat and expose the errors and dangerous tenets of the church of Rome. And if in the course of his work, he sometimes repeats his arguments, it is only to put them in a clearer light, and to impress them more strongly on the mind. Aware of the false refinement of the times, when by an affected liberality of opinion the most noxious tenets are ingeniously explained away, he aims at guarding us in unqualified terms against the weapons of a subtle adversary; thereby proving himself, as he has done on former occasions, the undaunted and able champion of the Church of England.

ART. XIII. *An Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of St. Paul.* By HANNAH MORE. 2 vols. Royal 12mo. 12s. bds. Cadell and Co. 1815.

A WRITER of the justly-acquired celebrity of Mrs. More, can have nothing to fear, and little to hope, from candid criticism. From apprehension of censure, her good sense, and the character of her productions, must shelter her; and the meed of praise for which others labor, has already been awarded her by the suffrages of the public. Her principles also are fixed, her style is formed, her peculiarities as an author must be the result of choice; and her works have been so frequently reviewed, that she can be no stranger to the opinions entertained by our brother journalists both of their beauties and of their defects. As we have nothing new to offer to the author or the public upon those points, so often, so fully, so freely discussed, it seems to be our only duty relative to a writer of such established fame, to watch her successive publications, and, in conformity to the injunction of the archbishop of Grenada, give her timely notice when her "genius begins to flag," and her "pen to smack of age." As we have discovered no symptoms of decreasing vigor in the work before us—as we think it quite equal to any of her most admired productions—and as we deem it superfluous to comment upon a style and manner of writing with which the world is so conversant, and which it has so pointedly approved—the duty devolving upon us appears to consist principally in presenting a fair and ample analysis of these volumes, by which our readers may judge of

their merit for themselves; reserving however the privilege of pointing out any defects which may present themselves in the course of our examination.

With some readers the preface to a work is seldom consulted; but we recommend those who may wish to appreciate these Essays to suffer Mrs. More to explain her own object, which she has done with much clearness and humility: and we promise every reader of taste and liberality a sufficient recompense for the perusal of twelve pages, if he only find such a paragraph as the following:

There are, it is true, passages in the works of this great apostle, (but they are of rare occurrence, and bear no proportion to such as are obvious) which have been interpreted in a different and even contradictory manner by men, who, agreeing in the grand essentials of Christianity, may be allowed to differ on a few abstruse points, without any impeachment of the piety on either side. If one must be mistaken, both may be sincere. If either be wrong, both doubtless desire to be right; and, happily for mankind, we shall all be ultimately tried by a judge, who is a searcher of the thoughts and intents of the *heart*; in whose sight the reciprocal exercise of Christian charity may be more acceptable than that entire uniformity of sentiment which would supersede the occasion of its exercise. "What I know not teach 'Thou me," is a petition which even the wisest are not too wise to offer; and they who have preferred it with the most effect, are, of all others, the persons who will judge the most tenderly of the different views, or unintentional misconceptions of the opposite party.

That conquest in debate over a Christian adversary, which is achieved at the expense of the Christian temper, will always be dearly purchased; and though a triumph so obtained may discomfit the opponent, it will afford no moral triumph to the conqueror.
p. v.

The writer of these Essays has indeed undertaken a gigantic achievement; and we think she has executed it in a way which cannot fail to reflect distinguished honor on herself, and to render an acceptable service to the cause of real religion. To appreciate the character and the writings of St. Paul, requires something of his genius and of his spirit. All that was sublime in conception, touching in eloquence, energetic in feeling, comprehensive in knowledge, perspicacious in communication, elevated in devotion, and disinterested in purpose, may be traced in the tone of his mind, and in that exhibition of his principles and deportment, which we find in his writings: and such is the character which the author attempts to delineate.

In presenting a syllabus of these interesting volumes, we shall offer such remarks as occur to us on the subjects respectively treated—so far as this design can be effected without occupying that space in our pages which ought to be devoted to other works of equal claims.

The work (which is divided into 22 chapters) opens with "Introductory Remarks on the Morality of Paganism, shewing the necessity of the Christian Revelation." The first sentence of this division is well worthy attention; as it advances a most comprehensive and important sentiment.

The morality of a people necessarily partakes of the nature of their theology; and in proportion as it is founded on the knowledge of the true God, in such proportion it tends to improve the conduct of Man.

Subsequently this principle is finely illustrated, when it is observed of the most intelligent heathens, that

Their idea of a perfect character wanted consistency and completeness. It had many constituent parts, but there was no *whole* which comprised them. The moral fractions made up no integral. The virtuous man thought it no derogation from his virtue to be selfish, the conqueror to be revengeful, the philosopher to be arrogant, the injured to be unforgiving: forbearance was cowardice, humility was baseness, meekness was pusillanimity. Not only their justice was stained with cruelty, but the most cruel acts of injustice were the road to a popularity which immortalized the perpetrator. The good man was his own centre. Their virtues wanted to be drawn out of themselves, and this could not be the case. As their goodness did not arise from any knowledge, so it could not spring from any imitation of the divine perfections. That inspiring principle, the love of God, the vital spark of all religion, was a motive of which they had not so much as heard; and if they had, it was a feeling which it would have been impossible for them to cherish, since some of the best of their deities were as bad as the worst of themselves. p. 6.

It is most correctly stated (p. 17,) that with such a religion as was that of paganism

All were dissatisfied. The wise had a vague desire for a religion which comprehended great objects, and had noble ends in view. The people stood in need of a religion which should bring relief to human wants, and consolation to human miseries. They wanted a simple way, proportioned to their comprehension; a short way proportioned to their leisure; a living way, which should give light to the conscience and support to the mind; a way founded, not on speculation, but evidence, which should carry conversion

to the heart as well as conviction to the understanding. Such a religion God was preparing for them is the Gospel of his Son.

The second chapter "On the historical writers of the New Testament" contains these striking remarks ;

In recording the most stupendous events, we are never called to an exhibition of their own pity, or their own wonder, or their own admiration. In relating the most soul-moving circumstances, there is no attempt to be pathetic, no aim to work up the feelings of the reader; no appeal to his sympathy, no studied finish, no elaborate excitement. Jesus wept ;—no comment. He is hungry ;—no compassion escapes them. He is transfigured ;—no expression of astonishment. He is agonized ;—the narrative does not rise in emphasis. He is betrayed ;—no execration of the betrayer. He is condemned ;—no animadversions on the iniquitous judge ; while their own denial and desertion are faithfully recorded. He expires ; no remark on the tremendous catastrophe, no display of their own sorrow. Facts alone supply the void ; and what facts ? The earthquakes, the sun is eclipsed, the graves give up their dead. In such a history, it is very true, fidelity was praise, fact was glory. And yet, if, on the one hand, there was no need of the rhetorician's art to embellish the tale, what mere rhetoricians could have abstained from using it ? p. 37.

To whose heart do not these observations, as affecting as they are just, find their way ?

In the chapter, "On the epistolary writers of the New Testament, particularly St. Paul," are some admirable remarks on the necessity and authority of the epistles, and on their conformity to those principles which are established in the Gospels.

It was therefore ordained by that wisdom which cannot err, that the apostles, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, should work up all the documents of the anterior scriptures into a more systematic form ; that they should more fully unfold their doctrines, extract the essence of their separate maxims, collect the scattered rays of spiritual light into a focus, and blend the whole into one complete body. p. 54.

We wish this subject to be seriously considered by those who are apt to lay stress upon one portion of the scriptures to the neglect of the rest ; and who place the Gospels above other parts of a volume, the whole of which has the authority of inspiration.

In the chapter on "Faith a practical principle" we find some little confusion both of sentiment and expression ; and it appears to us, sometimes that the writer has not a distinct con-

ception of her subject, by the desultory language which she employs, and at others that she has confounded faith with hope; perhaps from this circumstance arise those terms which appear to us indefinite. A good definition of the principle, however, is contained in the following remark.

The most indefatigable but rational champion of faith is the apostle Paul. He every where demonstrates, that it is not a speculative dogma remaining dormant in the mind, but a lively conviction of the power and goodness of God, and of his mercy in Christ Jesus; a principle received into the heart, acknowledged by the understanding, and operating on the practice. p. 77.

“The morality of St. Paul” succeeds—and the chapter opens with this beautiful sentiment, “Christianity was a second creation. It completed the first order of things, and introduced a new one of its own, not subversive, but perfective of the original.” In this department of the Essay, which is admirably executed, the long-agitated dispute of the opposition of St. Paul and St. James is noticed and ably refuted. In p. 99, it is observed,

We sometimes hear in conversation Saint James set up as the champion of moral virtue against Saint Paul, the bold assertor of doctrines. For these two eminent apostles, there has been invented an opposition, which, as it never existed in their minds, so it cannot be traced in their writings. Without detracting from the perfect ethics of Saint James, may we not be allowed to insist, that Paul, his coadjutor, not his rival, is equally zealous in the inculcation of practice; only running it up more uniformly into its principle; descending more deeply into its radical stock, connecting it more invariably with its motive. It is worth observing, in confirmation of their similarity of views, and perfect agreement in sentiment, that Saint Paul and Saint James derive their instance of the principle, for which each is contending, from the same example, the patriarch Abraham.

This point is well argued, and distinctly proved, in the quotations and references which follow the passage transcribed.

In the chapter “On the disinterestedness of St. Paul” is a just attack upon “that metaphysical theology, which makes such untaught distinctions, as to separate our love of God from any regard to our own beatitude”—upon “those abstracted mystics, who profess an unnatural disinterestedness, and a superhuman disdain of any recompence but that which they find in the pure love of God.” The comparison of the disinterestedness of St. Paul, with the moderation, humility, and retirement.

of Cinnamonatus is eminently beautiful; and the superiority of the same principle in the apostle, over its operation on the dictator, singularly striking. "St. Paul's prudence towards the Jews" is well drawn. The enumeration of the vices of his own countrymen and those of the Pagans, both brought into one point of view in the same epistle, addressed to the Romans, deprives the Jew of that exultation which he might otherwise have felt over the Gentile, and is a circumstance wrought up by this writer with much effect.

"Saint Paul's judgment in his intercourse with the Pagans"—is illustrated by the obvious, but important selections of his speech before Agrippa, and his oration at Athens. The contrast between the weak and adulatory address of Tertullus, and his own sublime and simple defence before Felix, is properly marked and skilfully employed.

But in wishing to do justice to this work, we feel that we are extending our extracts and our remarks beyond bounds; and where all is so excellent, it is scarcely possible to resist the temptation of detail. We must content ourselves with enumerating the remaining subjects, and sparingly use the indulgence of transcription. The ninth chapter "on the general principle of St. Paul's writings" is very important. "The style and genius of St. Paul" closes the first volume; and we refer to p. 254, as an energetic delineation of the diversified character of his mind.

St. Paul's manner of writing will be found every way worthy of the greatness of his subject. His powerful and diversified character of mind seems to have combined the separate excellencies of all the other sacred authors—the loftiness of Isaiah, the devotion of David, the pathos of Jeremiah, the vehemence of Ezekiel, the didactic gravity of Moses, the elevated morality and practical good sense, though somewhat highly colored, of Saint James; the sublime conceptions and deep views of Saint John, the noble energies and burning zeal of Saint Peter. To all these, he added his own strong argumentative powers, depth of thought, and intensity of feeling. In every single department he was eminently gifted; so that what Livy said of Cato might with far greater truth have been asserted of Paul—that you would think him born for the single thing in which he was engaged.

In p. 257, &c. some judicious criticisms on the peculiar character of his style may be read with profit.

The second volume opens with "his tenderness of heart," and among the skilful delineations of this lovely disposition,

Acts xx. representing his parting with the Ephesian Church, is well-selected as a specimen.

The chapter succeeding, on "his heavenly-mindedness," affords a good definition of the subject in the very first sentence. "True religion consists in the subjugation of the body to the soul, and of the soul to God." We have observed this as a peculiarity in this writer: she almost uniformly comprises in the opening of every chapter substantially the principle which it is to discuss. For example, we will take the commencement of the succeeding department, which embraces "a general view of the qualities of St. Paul; his knowledge of human nature—his delicacy in giving advice or reproof—his integrity." The chapter opens thus:

There is in St. Paul's writings and conduct, such a warmth and openness; so much frankness and candor; such an unreserved pouring out of his very soul; such a free disclosure of his feelings, as well as of his opinions; such an elevation, mingled with such a soberness of thinking; so much social kindness, with so much divine love; so much practical activity, with such deep spirituality; so much human prudence, with so much of the wisdom that is from above; so much tenderness for the persons of men, with so little connivance at their faults; so much professional dignity, with so much personal humility,—as it would be difficult to find in any other human being. p. 61.

This first sentence is an epitome of the chapter. One impressive observation we cannot withhold.

Had a late noble and polished preceptor (Lord Chesterfield) been as conversant with the holy scriptures as he unquestionably was with polite literature, and had his principles been as sound as his taste, he would have had no occasion to look farther than the writings of Paul of Tarsus for the most complete illustration of that favorite maxim, the adoption of which he so repeatedly enjoined on his misguided pupil. His fine sense, under the influence of religion, would have led him, while he pressed the injunction, to give it all it wanted, a right direction. He would have found the *saviter in modo* accompany the *fortiter in re* more uniformly in our apostle than in any other writer. p. 82.

It is grievous in an essay of this description, and in the very midst of such sentiments as these, to find such a writer descending to trifle upon the subject of the apostle's supposed visit to this country; mingling conjecture with fact, and weaving legend with inspired truth. See p. 88.

"St. Paul on the love of money," is a severe arraignment of a worldly spirit, and we particularly call the attention of professors of religion to the following passage:

Even among professing Christians, who speak with horror of public diversions, or even of human literature, as containing the essence of all sin, yet seem to see no turpitude, to feel no danger, to dread no responsibility, in any thing that respects this private, domestic, bosom sin; this circumspect vice, this discreet and orderly corruption. Yet the sins which make no noise are often the most dangerous, and the vices of which the effect is to procure respect, instead of contempt, constitute the most deadly snare. p. 104.

“On the genius of Christianity as seen in St. Paul,” the principle of a free salvation is traced as branching into a variety of ramifications of a practical character.

His “respect for constituted authorities” is clearly demonstrated: we earnestly recommend it to serious consideration; and venture to promise a repayment of pleasure and profit for the time and attention bestowed upon it, in a fine close to the 17th chapter, which delineates the character of Voltaire, and the revolutionary catastrophe which he hastened: p. 176, 180, are indeed specimens of fine writing.

“St. Paul’s attention to inferior concerns” is detailed with considerable interest, and crowned with a beautiful comment on the epistle to Philemon relative to Onesimus.

“St. Paul on the resurrection” is a sublime part of the essay, and some powerful appeals are made to the heart, founded on the 15th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. In commenting upon the matchless climax of the final victory over death and “the grave,” Mrs. More observes “it is almost profane to talk of beauties where the theme is so transcendent; but this is one of the rare instances in which amplification adds to spirit, and velocity is not retarded by repetition.” p. 221.

“St. Paul on prayer, thanksgiving, and religious joy” is finely devotional; and a correct exposition is given (p. 227,) of those impressive but frequently misunderstood precepts, “pray always,” “pray without ceasing.”

“St. Paul an example to familiar life” is more desultory, but not less interesting than the preceding chapters.

“On the superior advantages of the present period for the attainment of knowledge, religion, and happiness,” the writer remarks (p. 300,)

Had any patriarch or saint, who was permitted only some rare and transient glimpses of the promised blessing, been allowed, in prophetic vision, to penetrate through the long vista of ages, which lay in remote futurity before him—had he been asked, whether, if his power concurred with his choice, in what age and in what nation he would have wished his lot assigned him—is it not more than proba-

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ble that he would have replied—IN GREAT BRITAIN, IN THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!

The last chapter contains a “cursory inquiry into some of the causes which impede general improvement.” This, with the preceding dissertation, may be considered as suggested by the whole character of the volumes, rather than arising out of the particular subject, but they form together an impressive close to an interesting work.

Mrs. More has not been always accurate in her statements, of which we have a singular example in the sixth chapter, p. 150. Vol. i. where it is said “Jesus never had divine honors paid him.” This writer would be the last to impugn the Deity of Christ, and from the connexion of these words her intention may be gathered; but it is incautiously expressed, and the sentence, as it stands, negatives an obvious fact; for nothing can be more certain than that Jesus was worshipped, even during his pilgrimage.

In a work of this description we are sorry to observe expressions degrading to so exalted a subject. Several instances might be adduced—such as “*clubbed* their opinions, and *picked out* the best from each sect,” p. 8.—“*tally* with a *dovetailed correspondence*,” p. 27. God did not “*see fit to be at the expense* of a perpetual miracle,” p. 41.—“the very *heart's core* of piety,” p. 242.

With respect to the style in general—it is more beautiful than sublime—more familiar than correct—more simple than energetic. Its equality leaves us little to select—and the passages transcribed were chosen, not because they had any claims of superiority in style, but because of the sentiments which they contained. We submit one more extract, as affording a complete specimen of the style of this writer, both in its simplicity and beauty—particularly as it appears to us to comprehend its whole character.

Alexander, though he had the magnanimity to declare to his illustrious preceptor, that he had rather excel in knowledge than in power, yet blamed him for divulging to the world those secrets in learning, which he wished to confine exclusively to themselves. How would he have been offended with the Christian philosophy, which, though it has mysteries for all, has no secrets for any! How would he have been offended with that bright hope of glory, which would have displayed itself in the same effulgence to his meanest soldier, as to the conqueror of Persia!

But how would both the monarch and the philosopher have looked on a religion which, after kindling their curiosity, by intimating it had greater things to bestow than learning and empire, should dash

their high hopes, by making these great things consist in poverty of spirit, in being little in their own eyes, in not loving the world, nor the things of the world.

But what would they have said to a religion which placed human intellect in an inferior degree in the scale of God's gifts; and even degraded it from thence when not used to his glory? What would they have thought of a religion, which, so far from being sent exclusively to the conquerors in arms, or the leaders in science, frankly declared at its outset, that "not many mighty, not many noble were called;" which professed, while it filled the hungry with good things, to send the rich empty away?

Yet that mysterious HOPE which Alexander declared was all he kept for himself, when he profusely scattered kingdoms among his favorites—those ambiguous TEARS which he shed, because he had no more worlds to conquer; that deeply felt, but ill understood hope, those undefined and unintelligible tears, mark a profound feeling of the vanity of this world, a more fervent panting after something better than power or knowledge, a more heartfelt "longing after immortality," than almost any express language which philosophy has recorded.

"Learn of me" would have been thought a dignified exordium for the founder of a new religion by the masters of the Grecian Schools; but when they came to the humbling motive of the injunction, "for I am meek and lowly in heart," how would their expectations have been damped! They would have thought it an abject declaration from the lips of a great Teacher, unless they had understood that grand paradox of Christianity, that lowliness of heart was among the highest attainments to be made by a rational creature.

When they had heard the beginning of that animating interrogation, "Where is the wise? Where is the disputer of this world?" methinks I behold the whole portico and academy emulously rush forward at an invitation so alluring, at a challenge so personal: but how instinctively would they have shrunk back at the repulsive question which succeeds; "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" Yet would not Christianity, well understood and faithfully received, have taught these exalted spirits, that to look down upon what is humanly great, is a loftier attainment than to look up to it?

Would it not have carried a sentiment to the heart of Alexander, a system to the mind of Aristotle, which their respective, though differently pursued, careers of ambition utterly failed of furnishing to either? p. 18.

ART. XIV. *The Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa, in the year 1805.* By MUNGO PARK. Together with other Documents, official and private, relating to the same Mission. To which is prefixed, an Account of the Life of Mr. Park. London, Murray. 1815.

THE volume which we now announce, has long been considered by geographers and the opposers of the slave-trade, as an important desideratum. By the very able manner in which a difficult task has been performed by the editor and compiler of it, the memory of a serviceable and highly-gifted member of society has been vindicated from various reports prejudicial to his mental attainments; at the same time that it has been proved that his judgment of the best means of accomplishing, was equal to his zeal in the execution of a great enterprise, undertaken not from the stimulus of gain, but from that generous devotion to public utility, and that high ambition for virtuous fame, without which nothing great can be performed, because nothing great will be attempted, but which by ordinary minds will never be appreciated or understood. It has frequently been asserted, that Mr. Mungo Park not only did not write that abstract of his Travels which was laid before the African Association in 1797, and which is now known to have been drawn up by the pen of Mr. Bryan Edwards, but that he was incapable of any literary composition, the whole narrative of his travels having been drawn from him by minute and repeated questions. Thus an intelligent man, who had improved an early classical education by subsequent habits of constant study and reflection, has been represented as a mere practical drudge, who carried in his mind stores which he knew neither how to use nor to communicate.

But a more serious charge has been brought forward against him, by some who have not scrupled to represent him as giving his testimony in favor of the forcible subjugation of the negroes to the miseries of domestic slavery. This charge has been made by men whose interest led them to desire the sanction of Mr. Park's experience of the character and habits of the Africans, in order to support their infamous traffic in human blood: and the fact is clearly made out by the editor of the Journal, and forms not the least interesting part of his biographical memoir.

Where nothing is superfluous, selection becomes difficult. And, since the merit and utility of biography do not depend upon brilliant passages, or whatever comes under the denomination of *sine writing*; detached pages, however chosen, can-

not secure to this or any other writer the well-earned commendation of candor, perspicuity, judicious arrangement and inflexible integrity. That we may not however fall into an error, similar, although not so dangerous as that of some religious teachers, who are said to “preach *themselves*, and not *the word* ;” we will withhold any further expression of our approbation of the pages we have been perusing, lay before our readers an abstract of the work, with such passages as appear fitted to awaken their interest, and gratify their curiosity. The Advertisement must not be omitted, since it is the key-stone on which rests the arch of this trophy to industry and perseverance.

The original documents relating to Mr. Mungo Park's last mission into Africa having been entrusted to the Directors of the African Institution by the Secretary of State for the colonial department, with liberty to publish them, in case they should deem it expedient ; the Directors now avail themselves of this permission, by publishing the papers for the benefit of Mr. Park's family.

These documents, together with other papers furnished by Mr. Park's connections and friends, which also form a part of the present publication, consist of the following particulars.

1. The original Journal of the expedition, officially transmitted by Mr. Park to the Secretary of State, containing several of Mr. Park's drawings and sketches, illustrative of particular descriptions, which are copied in this publication.

2. The Journal, as translated from the Arabic language, in which it was originally composed, of Isaaco, a native African, commissioned in the year 1810, by the Governor of Senegal, to go in search of Mr. Park and ascertain his fate ; which Journal was likewise officially transmitted to the Secretary of State.

3. A Memoir delivered by Mr. Park at the Colonial Office in the year 1804, relative to the plan and objects of the intended expedition into Africa ; together with the official instructions which he received for his guidance ; and two letters addressed by him to the Secretary of State, one written shortly after his arrival at the Coast of Africa, and the other, at the time of transmitting his Journal, previously to his final embarkation on the Niger.

4. Several private letters of Mr. Park, principally written during the time he was engaged in this mission ; which, together with the documents included under the last mentioned head, have been incorporated into the Account of Mr. Park's Life, which is prefixed to the Journal.

It has before been stated, that the official papers are published under the authority of the Directors of the African Institution. It may be thought proper to add, that the individual, who has undertaken to prepare this work for the press, is alone responsible for

the publication of the private letters, and for whatever else is contained in this volume, besides the official documents.

Of the papers before enumerated, the most important, and the only one which calls for any particular observation, is Mr. Park's own Journal; respecting which, it may be necessary to apprise the reader that it was written without the slightest view to publication, being intended only (as he informed the Secretary of State, by his letter of the 17th of November, 1805,) "to recal to his own recollection other particulars illustrative of the manners and customs of the natives, which would have swelled the communication to a most unreasonable size." The work, therefore, which is now submitted to the public, can be considered in no other light than as the mere outline of a much more extended and detailed narrative, which it was the author's intention to prepare for the press after his return to England.

A work thus imperfect, and which the unfortunate fate of its author prevented from being brought to a completion, is entitled to peculiar indulgence; and if those allowances are made, which candor and justice require, the editor confidently hopes, that Mr. Park's Journal will not disappoint the public expectation. It will be found to contain several interesting particulars concerning Africa, not hitherto known; and to illustrate and confirm, in various material respects, some of the most important discoveries communicated in Mr. Park's former Travels. It bears strong internal marks of truth and fidelity; and, perhaps, the very nakedness and simplicity of its descriptions, and its minute details of petty circumstances, may be thought by some readers to convey a more accurate and distinct conception of the process of an African journey, and of the difficulties with which such expeditions are attended, than a more elaborate and polished narrative.

With a view of rendering the present publication more complete, and of gratifying in a certain degree that reasonable curiosity, which will naturally be felt by many readers of this Journal, and the former Travels, it has been thought advisable to add a biographical memoir of the author. But, as the events of Mr. Park's life, with the exception of those contained in the works just alluded to, are few and unimportant; the editor has been induced, in the course of this undertaking, to deviate occasionally into other topics, more or less connected with the principal subject; in the discussion of which, he has inadvertently exceeded the limits which he had originally assigned to himself. This circumstance has added considerably to the length of the Memoir, and its Appendix; for which, he would willingly believe, that the interest belonging to the topics themselves will be deemed a sufficient apology.

In preparing this Memoir, the editor naturally applied for information to Mr. Park's family, and was much gratified by discovering, that some materials, with a view to a similar undertaking, had been collected by a brother-in-law of Mr. Park, Mr. Archibald

Buchanan of Glascoo; who, on being made acquainted with the editor's intention, immediately and with the greatest candor, transmitted to him the whole of his papers.

These materials have been of great use in preparing the memoir; in which the editor has likewise been assisted by much useful information, which he has received from another brother-in-law of Mr. Park, Mr. James Dickson, whose name will occur in the course of the ensuing memoir; and also from Mr. Park's two brothers, Mr. Adam Park of Gravesend, and Mr. Alexander Park of Selkirk, the latter of whom is unfortunately since dead.

The editor is likewise greatly indebted to Major Rennell, and to Zachary Macaulay, Esq. for several interesting particulars concerning Mr. Park; and to the latter in particular, for much valuable information relative to the trade of this country with Africa, which will be found in the Appendix to the Memoir.

But his acknowledgments are due in an especial manner to Sir Joseph Banks; who has not only favored the editor with the fullest communication of his correspondence with Mr. Park, and of his papers relating to this subject, but has in every other respect assisted and promoted the present undertaking with a kindness and liberality, proportioned to his sincere and constant friendship for Mr. Park, and to his uniform zeal for whatever he considers to be in any degree connected with useful knowledge and scientific discovery.

In perusing the life of Mungo Park, we find him in his twenty-first year appointed to be surgeon in the East India Company's service, by the interest of Sir Joseph Banks; and

Having made a voyage to Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra, he returned to England in the following year (1793). Nothing material occurred during this voyage: but he availed himself of all the opportunities which it afforded, to obtain information in his favorite scientific pursuits, and appears to have made many observations, and collected many specimens in Botany and Natural History. Several of these were the subjects of a communication made by him to the Linnean Society, which was afterwards published in their printed transactions. p. viii.

Soon after the return of Mungo Park to England, the African Association being anxious to find a person capable of supplying the loss of Major Houghton, and willing to engage in the arduous undertaking of ascertaining the course of the great inland river Joliba or Niger; their attention was by Sir Joseph Banks directed to the subject of this memoir.

There was nothing in Park's previous studies, which had particularly led him towards geographical pursuits; but he had a passion for travelling, he was in the full vigor of life, his constitution had been in some degree inured to hot climates; he saw the opportunities which a new country would afford of indulging his taste for

natural history : nor was he insensible to the distinction which was likely to result from any great discoveries in African geography. These considerations determined him. Having fully informed himself as to what was expected by the Association, he eagerly offered himself for the service ; and after some previous enquiry into his qualifications, the offer was readily accepted. p. x.

Of this voyage the details have already been laid before the public, and we pass over an interesting account of Mr. Park's return to England, and the subsequent employment of his time, to proceed to his last and fatal expedition.

Soon after the signature of the preliminary articles of peace with France, in October, 1801, he received a letter from Sir Joseph Banks, acquainting him, ' that in consequence of the peace, the Association would certainly revive their project of sending a mission to Africa ; in order to penetrate to, and navigate the Niger ; and he added, that in case Government should enter into the plan, Park would certainly be recommended as the person proper to be employed for carrying it into execution.' But the business remained for a considerable time in suspense, nor did any specific proposal follow this communication till the autumn of the year 1803 ; when he received a letter addressed to him from the office of the Colonial Secretary of State, desiring his attendance without delay. p. xxxv.

Many obstacles to this important mission arose on the part of successive persons high in office, and it was not until the 4th of October 1804, that Mr. Park was directed to deliver to Lord Camden a circumstantial memoir of the objects to which his attention would be chiefly directed in his journey to the interior of Africa ; of the means necessary for accomplishing that journey, and of the manner in which he proposed to carry the plans of Government into execution. We are sorry that our limits do not allow us to insert this interesting memoir. Mr. Park did not pass in idleness and repining, the time spent in the negotiations respecting his mission ; but sedulously applied himself to such studies as must have proved eminently useful to his country, had his life been spared to reap the fruit of them. He made himself master of the Arabic language, and cultivated Natural History in all its branches.

(To be continued.)

Miscellanea.

ON DIVERSITY OF CHARACTER.

THE features of human character are variously displayed. The energies of genius are developed in the discoveries of science, or the inventions of art; in original conceptions or novel illustrations; in combinations which attract by their beauty, or astonish by their grandeur. Characterizing distinctions are less strikingly marked in others: there are no elevations above the ordinary standard of intellectual acquisition; they preserve the "noiseless tenor of their way," and no deviations render them either conspicuous or eccentric. But there are minuter shades of difference, more remote from ordinary observation, and the causes of which are more latent and complicated. These peculiarities are displayed in the incidental occurrences of life, in the hours of social intercourse, and in those transient effusions of thought and feeling which burst from the heart, in the enjoyment of unrestrained conversation. In such circumstances, we can frequently ascertain, with the greatest precision, the characters of men, and the individuality of those characters. The robes of office are laid aside, the address of life is assumed, and the men are seen in their own attire.

The other day, in the company of a few friends, among the various topics of discussion, there was an allusion to the memorable battle of *Trafalgar*. It gave a new turn to the observations of the social circle; and to one who felt himself at liberty to look around him, and in such a scene to notice the peculiarities and the differences of character, it afforded no small gratification to remark the varied associations of thought which the names of Nelson and "Victory" excited. One person immediately referred to the battles of Aboukir and Copenhagen, and seemed accurately versed in the graphic history of naval exploits. Another recurred to political causes—and the direct and collateral consequences of those great achievements. A third appeared all ardor and enthusiasm at the gallant heroism of the man who fought and died for his country; and the vivacity of his eye evinced the glowing patriotism of his heart. A fourth adverted to the physical evils and moral influence of national hostilities; and, like Cowper,

mourned "the avarice and pride that render man a foe to man!" What different views and feelings were elicited by one allusion! To what causes, affecting the mental constitution and forming the mental habits of individuals, can we ascribe this marked diversity?

It must be acknowledged as an unquestionable fact, that there are original differences in the structure of the human mind, without which it is impossible to account for the actual differences of character. How is it, that of two individuals who have the same parents, the same education, the same advantages for intellectual improvement, and the same attention to the development and culture of their mental powers, the one shall evince, even in the first periods of life, a decided superiority above the other: or if there be an equality of talent, the one shall be displayed in a department of science or of art totally different from the favorite pursuit of the other? If there be an exact similarity of situation and employment, under the same tuition and discipline, and yet an early and radical difference be discoverable, whence result such tendencies, such preferences, such peculiar views of the understanding? External and accidental circumstances, without doubt, considerably modify the complexion of character; but the influence of these circumstances, producing certain fixed associations in some instances and not in others, is a striking indication of an original difference in mental constitution.

Whether the power of thought results from material organization, or from a separate and independent principle, (which is the most rational opinion, and can alone account for the variety of mental phenomena,) it is freely admitted that there is between them an intimate connexion, and a closely reciprocal action. Sensation, or the capacity of feeling, is the germ of intellectual character. The acuteness of this faculty depends on the nervous system in general, and especially on the conformation of the organic media, by which it receives impressions from external objects. Hence, according to their comparative fitness or unfitness for the discharge of their respective functions, will be the corresponding intensity or weakness of those impressions; and as all ideas are ultimately derived from them, the mental character must depend essentially on physical organization.

In the language of common life it is not unusual to apply the term *genius* to that constitutional peculiarity of mind, by which one individual is distinguished from another. The particular application of the term may perhaps, in many instances,

be inaccurate ; and that may be resolved into an original mental tendency, which may be purely the result of education or of accident. I am, however, disposed to think that the principle on which this use of the term is founded is correct ; and that it affords a solution of its meaning, which precisely accords with its etymological derivation. ' *That* is a man's genius which is *born* with him ; which circumstances may develope, which culture may refine ; but for which neither circumstances nor culture can account ; and which must be resolved into some original peculiarity in the structure of the mind itself. In this view of the term, it comprehends its humble and its most elevated applications. It is employed to describe the superiority of a mechanic, as well as of a philosopher. It denotes commanding vigor of intellect, and luxuriant fertility of imagination ; it is applied to what is profound in the researches of reason, and attractive in the combination of fancy. Few, indeed, attain such pre-eminent stations, as to irradiate by the brilliancies of genius an extended sphere ; thousands may be useful and happy if they reach only the point of mediocrity ; and there are descending gradations in the scale of excellence, in the attainment of which we may still recognise an endless diversity of human character.

The influence of genius, however, will not alone account for these diversities. We must, therefore, have recourse to external circumstances. Those are obviously the most important, which respect the great business of *education* ; and they include not only what is generally termed education—(or the discipline of the school,) but the total amount of influence derived from parental instructions and domestic example. A gradual and imperceptible process is carrying on, from the first period of existence, to the age of maturity, to which the final results of habit and character may be generally traced. Hence arises the peculiar responsibility of the parental relation. It is the design of culture, as extending to the whole of this intellectual and moral process, to ascertain the prevailing bias of the mind ; to call into action its talent and genius ; to correct what is irregular ; to eradicate what is injurious ; and to form those associations of thought and feeling, which shall constitute the future habits of the individual, and determine the future character. It often happens that accident effects what education could not produce ; a train of reasoning is begun, which gives an entirely new direction to the views and inclinations of the mind ; and

' Through the medium of the French language it is obviously derived from *gignere*.

then are developed its original and characterizing features. The history of *Clavius* illustrates this remark. In early life his stupidity was incorrigible. When about to be dismissed from college, one of his preceptors directed his attention to geometry—and he afterwards became the Euclid of Germany. Who can calculate on the immediate and remote effects of accident? What moral consequences of immense magnitude, and destined to affect the whole duration of our being, have often resulted from occurrences and events, to our limited view, altogether contingent and unexpected!

The passions and affections of our nature are the immediate principles of action. Hence the history of human nature is the history of human passions. They are implanted within us, for the wisest purposes; and on their right or wrong direction, they become the fertile sources of happiness or misery. Every circumstance which tends to modify these principles of action, and to give them the stability and influence of habit, produces a corresponding peculiarity of character. On this subject I might specify various causes; such as the influence of fashion—the power of custom—the effect of companionship—the tendency of national or local prejudices; these and other causes of wide and extensive operation are powerfully felt, and visibly displayed in the formation of character. They produce various modifications of thought, and corresponding diversities of mental and of moral habit.

The influence of genius, combined with education and circumstances, is particularly manifest in the *prevailing associations* we are led to form; and to which, as the immediate cause, individual peculiarity may be traced. There are two generic classes of mental association; *associations of cause and effect*, and *associations of relation* in all its varieties. Some discover, in the earliest periods of life, a tendency of mind to examine the reasons and causes of things; and when external circumstances contribute to the developement and progress of such inclinations, the predominant associations of such a mind will be those of the former class. Thus will be formed *the philosophic character*. Let the process of culture be rightly conducted, and that curiosity, which prompts the inquiries of the child, will lay a foundation for the researches of the man. He will be a student of the laws of nature—the causes of things; he will be a philosopher. Others, in similar circumstances, delight to trace resemblances—to form contrasts—to investigate differences. Hence predominant associations of the latter class,

displayed in fertility of invention, poignancy of wit and humor, and refinement of taste. Both classes of association may exist in the same mind; but it is the predominant class which will determine the character.

No causes of diversity have a more decisive influence on the entire system of our passions and habits, than those which result from moral principle and religious conviction. According to the distinctness or obscurity, the narrowness or comprehension, the purity or debasement of these principles, will be the consistent dignity or the wavering indecision of the mind. In proportion as such principles approximate to the immutable standard with which we are favored, will be the measure of individual excellence; and as the degrees of attainment are almost infinitely varied, the consequent characters of men will be varied too. There will be full scope for all the causes of diversity arising from original differences of mental constitution, and external circumstances; they will, however, as far as the pure influence of religion extends, be so blended and qualified and harmonized as to secure the most important and beneficial results. The diversity of character in the moral world will then accord with the diversity of the natural world. The one, like the other, will be subservient to the great purposes of heavenly wisdom. Genius will refine religion, and religion consecrate genius. Mental superiority will no longer become, by the perversion of its power, an instrument of mighty mischief, and thus counteract the end for which it was bestowed. Its union with piety will attemper its bright effulgence, and direct its varied movements. It will be no longer a raging fire, spreading around it devastation and death; but, like the light of heaven, "pleasant to look upon," and mild and beneficent in the midst of its splendor.

ANECDOTES PARISIENNES.

Any good story-teller by profession, who could manage to buy up the entire edition of this little book, might establish himself with a stock in trade for life. A moderate share of ingenuity assiduously applied to alter names, disguise precedents, and vary incidents, might create, from this selection—from selections, a magazine of *newly done up* witticisms and anecdotes, sufficient for the consumption of forty years of visiting among private parties of stationary friends; and should the retailer be of the *migratory* tribe of two-legged animals without feathers,

a much smaller assortment would keep him afloat in the fluctuating medium of his hearers.

But those stories, and traits of character, which rest upon the support of collateral evidence, or bear that stamp of reality which fixes them as genuine upon the mind, may be made to answer a purpose much more important than the mere amusement of an idle hour. They may supply data for that most interesting and useful of all sciences, the knowledge of the human heart; and they may teach us to appreciate both our contemporaries and ourselves. The merits of a book of this nature, which does not admit of a methodical analysis, can only be shown by examples. The following is a pattern of refined gallantry:

“ M. de Fontenelle étant dans une maison où il avoit dîné, quelqu’ un vint montrer à la compagnie un petit ouvrage d’ivoire d’un travail si délicat, qu’on n’ osoit le toucher, de crainte de le briser. Tout le monde le trouvait admirable. “ Pour moi,” dit M. de Fontenelle, je n’aime point ce qu’il faut tant respecter.” Dans ce moment arrivoit Madame la Marquise de Flamarens. Elle l’avoit entendu. Il se retourne, l’apperçoit et ajoute, “ Je ne dis pas cela pour vous, Madame.”

The bon mots and adventures of different *Gascons*, whom, (to speak in their own style,) we may term *the Irishmen of France*, supply matter for more than twenty pages: some of them might furnish subject for caricature sketches more humorous than any thing lately imported from Paris, and abounding more in the *vis comica* than the peregrinations of Dr. Syntax, even with the comfortless concomitants of a scolding wife and an empty purse.

“ Un Gascon passant une nuit près d’un tombeau, vit un spectre; il mit l’épée à la main, en lui, disant: *Attends moi, si tu veux mourir une seconde fois.*”

“ Un Gascon disait: J’ai l’air si martial, que quand je me regarde dans un miroir, j’ai peur de moi-même.”

The following story affords a parallel to Montezuma smiling on the burning embers. “ M. Gaubier donna, en 1753, *Brioché, ou l’origine des Marionettes*, aux Italiens; cette pièce ne réussit pas; quelqu’ un s’avisait de demander à l’auteur, pourquoi il l’avoit risquée au théâtre, il répondit: *Il y a si long-temps, que tout Paris m’ennuye en détail, que j’ai choisi cette occasion pour rassembler tout le monde, et prendre ma revanche en gros.*”

Some of these *Parisian anecdotes* are pretty freely borrowed from the annals of English wit. We adduce Dr. South as evidence. “ Un religieux au milieu de son sermon entendoit babiller, il en fit ses plaintes; une femme se leva, et pour venger

son sexe dit : " Au moins, mon révérend père, ce n'est point de notre côté." " Tant mieux, ma bonne, tant mieux," dit le prédicateur, " cela finira plutôt !"

The principle and practice of the following story may not, perhaps, be quite new to some of our female readers:

" Une jeune demoiselle, qui entrait dans le monde, croyant être seule dans sa chambre, consultait son miroir, plaçait, déplaçait son bonnet, arrangeait ses cheveux, et parlait pour voir la grâce qu'elle avait. Elle supposait qu'elle était environnée de concubins qui la persécutaient, elle se donnait de son éventail, tantôt sur une épaule, tantôt sur l'autre, en disant : " M. des Rochers, laissez-moi donc. Finissez, je vous prie, M. Desnoyers, quel plaisir prenez-vous à me tourmenter ? Pour cela vous êtes trop vif : " elle affectait de prendre un air à demi-sévère, et faisait plus de grimaces qu'il n'y en a dans le dictionnaire des mines : " Mais M. de l'Ormont," continuait-elle, " vous abusez de la complaisance qu'on a pour vous." Ce cavalier était justement caché dans la chambre, et parut en ce moment avec de grands éclats de rire ; la demoiselle ne pouvant soutenir la confusion qu'elle eut à cette vue, s'enferma dans un cabinet."

Marmontel is the most copious contributor to these facetious pages ; and some of the passages in his works are so interesting, that we are glad to meet with them in any company. In the warfare of wit, a good defence shows incomparably more skill than an attack : for instance, " Un homme buvait à table d'excellent vin, sans le louer, le maître de la maison lui en fit servir de très médiocre." " Voilà de bon vin," dit le buveur silencieux. " C'est du vin à dix sous," dit le maître, " et l'autre est un vin des dieux." " Je le sais," reprit le convive ; " aussi ne l'ai-je pas loué. C'est celui-ci qui a besoin de recommandation."

Here is a story which can be understood by those only who know that in Italy, as in some other countries, the day and night are divided into twenty-four hours, but, that the hours are reckoned from sun-set : " Le Pape Alex. VIII. monta sur le Saint Siège à soixante et dix-neuf ans. En trois semaines il pourvut tous ses neveux ; et comme un ami lui représentait qu'il marquait trop de précipitation pour l'avancement de sa famille, il répondit : " Oh ! Oh ! il est vingt-trois heures et demie."

PARIS CHIT CHAT.

THE title of this work is well calculated to awaken expectations of diversified amusement. The French before that political convulsion which has changed and deformed the moral aspect of the country, maintained the character of being the first nation in the world for lively, elegant, and familiar conversation. At Paris, the characters of a "man of letters" and a "man of the world," were very frequently found blended in the same person; and this was owing to the constant intercourse between the nobility, and that numerous class which we term professional people—especially the superior clergy and the French *gens de robe*: on the contrary we, when we have wished to bring together company of a *superior cast*, have sometimes found ourselves circumstanced like the lady in the Rambler, who having cultivated a *refined* taste for the manner, as well as the matter of conversation, "refused to admit scholars because they were not fine gentlemen, and fine gentlemen because they were not scholars." But that chivalrous respect for sex, age, and dignity, which characterised the French of former times, and gave lustre to their bravery and grace to their frivolity, has since the age of terror wholly disappeared. This is no doubt an evil comparatively light, when weighed against the load of public infamy and guilt which has proceeded from the same cause; yet it is a widely spreading evil, and by destroying the charm of social life, tends to narrow the heart, debase the fancy, and paralyse the affections.

So large a capital as Paris must, however, in any period, supply abundant matter to reward the attention of the curious observer; and to the ability for placing such matter in an amusing point of view, the claims of the "*Hermite de la chaussée d'Antin*" are already before the public. Many of his essays have found their way into English Journals, and the original work has been pretty widely circulated in this country. The pages now under consideration continue the series of observations on men and manners; and we select part of the second number which describes the "Entry of the King;" it is headed by a motto from the *Henriade*.

"Tout le peuple à genoux, dans ce jour salulaire,
Reconnaît son vrai Roi, son bienfaiteur, son père."

May 14, 1814.

"For God's sake, Madame de Montlivert, give me my neck-cloth and my coat; the signal guns are firing!"

"Well, sir, there is no hurry ; it is not yet eight o'clock."

"What kind of weather is it ?"

"Charming indeed ! the finest of May days."

"So much the better, madam. The populace are naturally but a superstitious kind of animal, and you would have some trouble in making them believe that a good king could make his entrée in bad weather—but where is Victor ?"

"He set off an hour ago to meet the king, even as far as St. Ouen."

"On foot ?"

"Certainly ; you well know that there is not a horse to be hired in all Paris."

"And that you had not a louis in your purse to procure him that pleasure ; but you spoil your children, Madam, you really spoil them : this, however, is not the moment to reproach you with it. Do you mean we should take little Julius with us ?"

"Most undoubtedly ; his sister Emma is now dressing him."

"Yet she has just been to wish me a good day, and I observed her very sorrowful."

"The poor little thing is vexed and disappointed : for yesterday she ordered a hat with *the lily under the protection of the Graces*, and she is afraid that it will not come home in time."

"Yes, yes, we are always too late in this house, and you will see that such will be the case to-day."

Whilst I was thus grumbling at my wife in order that I might not break through a good custom, I thumbed over some old chronicles for the purpose of finding some account of the different entries of the kings into Paris that I might compare them with the circumstances of which I was about to become an eye-witness.

I found, in a memoir of the Chevalier de Jaucourt, full of curious researches into various periods of our history, that "the kings of France have always made their entry into the capital by the gate of St. Denis ; that all the streets through which they passed were covered with silken tapestry, &c. ; that fountains of perfumed water impregnated the air ; that milk and wine flowed in abundance ; and that the deputies of the six mercantile bodies carried the canopy. As to the bodies of trades, they had the duty of undertaking the dramatic parts in the great ceremony ; they followed on horseback representing, in characteristic habits, the seven mortal sins, the seven virtues :

Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Prudence, Strength, and Temperance ; Death, Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise."

After the quotation of a few parallel passages from the annals of Malingre, Mezerai, and Perefize, the author goes on to say, "I know not in what Arabian tale it is that I have read, that when the kings of Lahor made their entry into the capital, they were preceded by three heralds ; the first proclaimed the pompous titles of the monarch, the second then cried out, "O Prince ! so great, so powerful ! forget not that you must die ;" when the third added, 'Eternal praise to him who lives and never dies !' All the moral duties of those who govern nations are concentrated in these words ; there they see what they owe to their rank as kings, and what they owe to God, in whose eyes princes and their subjects are equal."

After some desultory chat in which the good man of the house explains to his children *who* Louis the eighteenth is, and *why* they ought to be glad to see him, a point which many thousands of French "children of a larger growth" have not yet been made to understand, but in which the little royalists cordially agree, the family party sets out, but the father on the way bethinks himself that he has not breakfasted, and repairs to the "saloon of one hundred and fifty covers," where he finds himself "opposite to two military geniuses ; one of whom, with carotty mustachios, dressed in a green riding-coat, decorated with two crosses, and his right arm slung in a black handkerchief, looked at his comrade from time to time with an expression of bitter sadness.

"Monsieur appears to be wounded ;" said I to him, drawing back for fear of touching his arm.

"Yes, Sir, I had my arm broken by a grape-shot at Champaubert."

"That affair was very honorable to the French arms ; you fought well."

"Just as I have fought these last eighteen years, and as I shall never fight again"—replied he with a sigh. "But you will enjoy the fruit of your toils. An honorable character is the reward of valor, and the recompence of glory."

"Honorable character !"

"Yes, the most just, the most merited. The French soldiery are all the honor of the country, and are those children who will be dearest to the heart of the King ; it is for him that you have fought in supporting the glory of his people, and you have sacred claims upon his grateful remembrance."

"You are a worthy fellow !"

"So must all say of you, who look at your button holes; and you have this advantage, that it is only necessary, to show yourself, in order to inspire respect."

"Confess, however, that it is very hard, after so many victories——"

"To accept of peace, and to reconcile France, and the whole of Europe?"

"They impose this peace on us; I wish to have conquered it."——

With this declaration, which we believe to speak the universal feeling of the military in France, we close the scene of the "*Sallon de cent cinquante couverts*," and passing over a page or two about "triumphal arches," "floating pennants" "white cockades," and "wreaths of flowers" we follow our guide and all the rest of the "bien pensans" who could gain admission, into the church of Notre Dame. Within these sacred walls we are told that "The King appears under a brilliant canopy, above which I can almost fancy I see hover the glorious spirits of his ancestors. At this august moment recollection checked enthusiasm; the King knelt, and all hearts united with his in addressing to heaven their silent supplications.

The first tribute being paid to the King of Kings, universal shouts hailed the monarch, even to the very moment when the priests commenced the holy canticle. Oh! how fervent must have been the prayer that the august daughter of Louis XVI. addressed at that moment to the eternal Being! The sentiments with which her soul was filled, gave the most touching expression to her figure," (the French word *figure* should have been rendered by *face*) "and who can doubt that heaven heard favorably the prayers that she offered up for France!" At the present momentous crisis of affairs, after a reverse in the fortune of the Bourbons, so total and so rapid that the short-lived splendor which preceded it, is scarcely embodied in our recollections, but floats on the memory like the unreal texture of a dream, the details of the restoration of Louis the eighteenth to the throne of his ancestors, must awaken sensations of regret, and at the same time reprobation of the improvident counsels and futile precautions which "scotch'd the snake, not killed it;" and attempted to build a temple to peace and security on the sandy margin of an angry ocean.

The remaining numbers of the first volume treat on the following subjects—Talent and Probity—Glance over Paris—The Great Stair-case—Suicide—Indecision of present Manners—The Baths—Caricatures—The Turkish Garden—Dialogue of the

Dead—Tablets of a Man of the World—Of Literary Property—The Fête and the Morrow—Moral Pathology on the reigning Complaints.

The second volume is more entertaining than the first, it is written with less affectation of the manner of Sterne; it appears to have suffered less too from having been *done into English*. The contents are “The Office for Nurses—The Mendicants—For and Against—On Courtiers—A Journey in a Diligence—The Horses of Paris—The Two Brothers; or which has been most prudent—Twenty-five years ago—The Hospital of the *Enfants-trouvés* (Foundling Hospital)—Memoirs of a Lacquey.” We close our notice of this book with some extracts from the article on Mendicants. “Physiological experiments have demonstrated, that, in a certain class of animals, the faculty of raising themselves on their hind legs is owing to the arrangement and flexibility of the vertebræ. It is the same with reptiles of the human species; the most adroit in *getting up*, are those whose spinal bones are the most supple. Buonaparte said one day, speaking of an illustrious *beggar*, who has not forsaken his profession, ‘Je ne sais comment cela se fait : cet homme a huit pouces de plus que moi, et toutes les fois que je lui parle, je suis obligé de me baisser pour l’entendre.’ ‘I don’t know how it is; that man is eight inches taller than I am; and yet every time that I talk to him, I am obliged to stoop down to hear what he has to say.’ “The laws of the ancients respecting mendicants were better than ours, if we may judge by the results. The Egyptians, according to Herodotus, would not suffer among them either beggars or vagabonds. Every district had its officer of the police, to whom each citizen gave annually an account of his means of subsistence.”

The same spirit reigned among the Greeks. “There are not any beggars in our republic,” says Plato, “in one of his letters; and if any one exercised that disgraceful occupation, the magistrates obliged him to leave the country.”

Among the Romans, one of the first duties in the office of the censors, was to keep an eye on mendicants; and the laws relative to them were so rigorous, that they went even so far as to declare, that it was better to let beggars die for want, than to support them in idleness: *Potius expedit inertes fame perire quam ignaviæ favere.*

The immense hospitals that Constantine founded for the refuge of those Christians who were released from slavery, became in some measure the seminaries of *mendicity*, the scourge of which was presently spread over all Europe. Charlemagne

by publishing edicts respecting vagabond beggars, with a prohibition against affording sustenance to any one of them who refused to work, completely freed his vast dominions from them; but, two centuries afterwards, the foundation and example of a religious order devoted to alms-giving, restored the race of mendicants, who entered into a confederacy among themselves, to live without working, and yet to live well.

During two centuries there have been published in France, twenty edicts against *mendicants*, the inefficacy of which has increased with their rigor, since they only palliated an evil which the establishment of workhouses would have destroyed.

The governments that have succeeded since 1790, have each of them in its turn dictated laws on this subject, on the principle of well-grounded foresight; but they remained almost everywhere without execution. The first and the most successful trials of that plan have been made in *Belgium*, by the Count de Pontecoulant, the prefect of the department of Dyle, and now member of the House of Peers. In less than a year, by means of the establishment of houses of *refuge* for infirm mendicants, and of workshops for those who could labor, *mendicity* was totally extirpated in a country where that evil was perhaps the most inveterate. I was then at Brussels, and had ocular demonstration that in governments, every thing is practicable where perseverance and talent are united.

For some time past the mendicants have again invaded that city. The public walks swarm with them; but they no longer excite our commiseration by disease, nakedness, or distress: they are, or pretend to be, those who have taken an active part in the last events of the war.—One may notice, on quitting the suburbs of Paris, a swarm of mendicants in the habits of peasants of Franche Compté, Alsace, Champagne, and Burgundy, who say that their cottages have been burnt down, their farms pillaged, or their vineyards destroyed, through the visits paid them by the armies of the Allies. In the new race of mendicants there are to be found several who ask alms, with unblushing confidence, although they are as well clothed as those to whom they address themselves. The chief of that species is a man about forty years of age, whom one meets constantly on the *Boulevard Italien*, or in *la rue de Provence*. A new coat, well-dressed hair, and black silk stockings, would scarcely lead one to suspect the profession that he exercises; hence he takes good care to apprise you of it at some distance, by a bow accompanied with the words “*Je demande l'aumône*”

“ I ask charity” and is ready to answer, like the Spanish beggar to those who might feel disposed to remonstrate with him, ask money from you, and not advice.” This man, whose appearance and contrivances have much amused me, has a servant who comes to tell him when dinner is ready, and who brings him in the evening a great coat, or an umbrella, according to the state of the weather.

REFLEXIONS

Suggested by a recent Report. May 24, 1815.

Since life so small a store of bliss can give,
That we but *dream* of pleasure while we live;
Since airy forms invite our eager eyes,
But ere we snatch, the bright illusion flies—
Or, if sometimes a radiant hour be lent,
Satiety close follows on Content—
Shakes from her train the blossoms of delight,
And nips their bloom with her unwholesome blight;
Since, while Hope’s rosy hands the bowl prepare,
Deep in its centre lurk the dregs of Care;
Or should the madd’ning draught no mixture know
Unsulled by the bitter tears of woe;
Should Rapture for a moment lend her wing,
And all the Paradise of Fancy bring
Close to our dazzled sight, while gaily bound
Our hearts forgetting ev’ry former wound;
How soon the bubble breaks!—we sink and find
A weary void in the exhausted mind:
And sadly serious, own th’ attempt were vain
To gild with Joy days consecrate to Pain.

Since our existence on these terms we hold,
In youth too sanguine, and in age too cold;
Since Wisdom seldom smiles on Pleasure’s hour,
Nor dimples Mirth beneath stern Reason’s power;
How shall we prize that highly-gifted mind
By study polish’d, and by art refined,
Which bids us wake to pleasures pure and chaste,
Informs our judgment, and directs our taste,
Calls forth each generous impulse of the soul,
And each impassioned feeling can control!

How shall we speak our gratitude; how claim
Just meed of praise for our distinguished name!

That name is KEMBLE—patron of the Stage,
Pride of the drama—honor of the Age;
That name is link'd to genius, learning, worth,
And all of dignity that visits earth;
That name is dear to histrionic lore,
Rich are its gifts to Erudition's store;
Nor can the ready tribute be suppress'd,
From unschooled feeling in each glowing breast.
Few can appreciate, all must own the skill
Which guides each rising sentiment at will;
Subdues the soul when pale Penruddock tells
How deep despair within his bosom dwells—
How tenderly he trusted—was deceived,
(Thus all who loved too well perhaps have grieved)
Then paints the generous mind which could bestow
For evil good, and render bliss for woe.

See deeply-wrong'd Coriolanus stand,
And mark his mother mid the suppliant band!
See the fine springs of Nature move his soul,
From his stern brow the tears of Pity roll!
See him long struggle with averted face,
'Ere seals his fate, one filial, fond embrace;
He gives his life, and—virtue far more rare—
He gives Revenge up to a mother's prayer.

See Hamlet—Richard—Memory, space the train!
Oh! should a Nation's fondest prayer be vain—
Should human Fame be changed for Heaven so soon,
While Talent yet shines in its fervid noon!
Should cypress mingle with the well-earn'd bays,
And nought remain of Kemble—but his praise!
How will Remembrance hang on every line
His voice has uttered—by His acting, fine!
How shall another bend Ulysses' bow!
Kemble, for thee our tears must ever flow—
Called by thy solemn tones 'ere life was spent—
When gone, a tribute to thy merit lent;
Thus not with life shall end thy magic power,
But reign triumphant past the parting hour.

Distressful bodings! wherefore fill the mind!
Fate may be lenient—Heaven may be kind.
That which we so much fear, we seem to meet;
Nor trust our wishes, dreading their deceit.
The mind long chilled in Sorrow's gloomy shade,
Of Hope's gay sunshine shuddering seems afraid;

Shrinks from the dazzling influence of her beam,
And fears her soothing tale an empty dream.

Yet, let us cherish Hope—oh! blest the hour,
When Kemble's health shall ring from hall to bower;
When adverse parties, in one cause combined,
Shall hail their favourite with united mind;
When bursts of plaudits welcome once again
Our hero freed from agonizing Pain—
With renovated health once more to rise,
“And read his value in a Nation's eyes.”

Public Affairs.

ARTICLE I.

THE impending war, for which such formidable preparations have long been making, continues to be, in some places, the object of “fearful expectation.” In most places, however, and in circles the most enlightened, hope, with good reason, maintains the ascendant. The lapse of a month has effected no change in our way of thinking, so that we cannot do better than repeat from our last number: “That if government be but prompt and resolute in its measures; if, regardless of clamor from without and from within, it display a vigor similar to that which characterized the glorious warfare of the Peninsula, every thing will terminate favorably—in all probability, speedily. The preponderance of the power of the allies is great; and we trust that, at the close of the contest, it will be found such as to enable them, in conformity to the declared intentions of the Congress, to render it impossible for any member of the family of the Corsican hereafter to break in upon the repose of the world.”

Our minds are far from being discomposed by the thought of affairs being in such a posture, that nothing short of the death, or the flight, of the dissembling tyrant, can avert a tremendous

conflict. If he perish "ere a sword be drawn," God's will be done! Europe will then have peace: from that hour nations can repose in security. But his life may be spared, and yet be innoxious: for, unbending as he is, a few of those reverses, which it is evident he now dreads, may dispose him to accept of an asylum—in none of *the milder latitudes*.

He does not now assemble his obsequious functionaries and tell them, as in days of yore, "I leave you only for a moment, that I may go and insure the glory of the great nation." He is not seen, as we remember to have seen him,—humbling a mighty monarchy in the dust almost before his approach can be ascertained. On the contrary, he loiters in his capital, making a delusive parade about his preparations and means, while the spirit of the soldiery is evaporating, and the unarmed population reasoning coolly on their perilous situation. It is thus they now talk: "How was it with us under the King, and what would have been our condition this summer had he remained among us? I shall be proud to consider this (my own question) when the atmosphere becomes more settled: one cannot write well in hot weather. We do not fight, and yet we have none of the benefits of peace—little either to comfort or to tranquillise us. We must fight however by and by; because the Emperor's honor forbids him to yield. But what if the Emperor be beaten? Why we shall have to rebuild many of our towns with fewer hands than we have at present; and to buy mourning at an advanced price. But then the King will come back, bringing with him, as usual, humanity, justice, repose, and the good-will of all our neighbours. This, without doubt, is very good; but it would also have been very good had his Majesty not seen it requisite to leave us."

The production from which these reflections are taken, will be given to the public as soon as it can be translated. It takes up the vague question of the comparative popularity of the King and Napoleon—assigning to the former as friends—at least three-fourths of the population; and it states several reasons, as good perhaps as can be found, for the apparent *sang froid* of the people on the occasion of the recent usurpation. Our

opinion is, that Louis is moderately liked by a great majority of the French, and seriously disliked by hardly any; while Napoleon is admired by a few, detested by some, and viewed with distrust by all the rest. That his troops are attached to him, no one doubts. They have been degraded in the estimation of foreign nations, and in their own; and they flatter themselves that he can retrieve their character. Nay, the whole population of France acknowledge, not without regret, that their military glory has been tarnished. Many appreciate justly enough the peace of last year. But still it occurs to every body, that *the great nation was conquered*: and it is this feeling that reconciles them to innovation and bloodshed—and not by any means the love of Napoleon, or an aversion to Louis.

They do not know the French, who expect them to feel and express strong emotions on beholding only *a revolution in the state*. Experience has shown that they can submit to any form of government, and bend before any ruler, with an unconcern about both the past and the future, which, thank God, no moral, no political apathy has imparted to other nations. The King will speedily re-ascend the throne of his ancestors: the allied powers have said it, and none but Heaven can prevent it. But Heaven will not interpose to prevent that which, to a large portion of the human race, will be a signal benefit of a two-fold nature—the removal of an enormous evil, and the substitution of a superlative good.

All statesmen—almost all mankind, are convinced, not merely that there could be no security for the ancient thrones of Europe were Napoleon again placed only a step from the continent; but, that the peace of the world would be in continual danger of being disturbed, were he tolerated as an independent power of any magnitude, in any quarter of the globe. The whole of the presumptuous claims of the Corsican family must be rejected by the allies without suffering any sort of discussion: they must be instantly and authoritatively disclaimed, and the act made part of the law of nations. It will form the most valuable article in the whole public code. It will eventually compensate for the

miseries of the war, let them be as great as they can well be imagined. Very great, comparatively speaking, they cannot be. For we do not now, as when public spirit existed no where but among ourselves, meet the enemy single handed: we are not about to contend on unknown ground, seconded by armies whose zeal, prowess, and fidelity, are questionable. Our allies are numerous, powerful, and ardent in the cause, as being emphatically their own. And Bonaparte has no ally, the world having for twelve months back been too virtuous to vouchsafe him more than one, and he, as the tyrant once very coolly pronounced of King Ferdinand, "*has ceased to reign.*" But that those evils may not be great, the war which is to effect the annulment of Napoleon's claims must be short and successful, which we predict it will be—It will probably close with one campaign: and if it do, we shall consider it to have been preferable even to the peace which we were enjoying a few months ago. Peace is not always desirable. Nothing called a blessing ought to be accounted such, if its existence imply that of a preponderating evil. The late peace (for we really are at war) was unsatisfactory, because one bad man, whom no tie human or divine could bind, had it in his power to interrupt it; but the peace which we promise ourselves after a short appeal to arms, will be one, on the prospective blessings of which we can securely reckon, because the general disturber will have been put out of the sphere of action, and because the fulfilment of its conditions will lie with powers whose prosperity and glory depend on its uniform operation.

On the abstract question of *Peace or War*, we have a paper for the perusal of our readers, with which a distinguished character has favored us, and which he calls upon us to publish on the ground of the impartiality expressed in the Preface to our first number. It will follow this, and form a separate article. In the mean time it is highly satisfactory to be able to lay before the public the masterly communication of the Earl of Clancarty to Lord Castlereagh, illustrative of the temper and views of the Congress at Vienna—a temper the mildest, and views in every

respect the wisest, that can be conceived. This letter,¹ and the knowledge of Lord Castlereagh's having taken the same dignified, yet moderate course with Caulincourt's proposals here, which the ministers of the allies afterwards adopted at Vienna, ought, one should think, to allay a little of that fretfulness, and mur-

THE EARL OF CLANCARTY TO VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH.

Vienna, May 6, 1815.

MY LORD—Adverting to your Lordship's Dispatch, No. 3, and to its several inclosures, conveying a proposal made by the existing Government in France, and your Lordship's answer thereto, I have the honor to acquaint you, for the information of his Majesty's Government, that at a conference held on the 3d instant, his Highness Prince Metternich acquainted us, that a M. de Strassant, who had been stopped, on his way hither, at Lintz, from not having been furnished with proper passports, had addressed a letter to his Imperial Majesty, and therewith forwarded some unopened letters which the Emperor had directed him to unseal in the presence of the Plenipotentiaries of the Allied Powers.

These proved to be a letter from Bonaparte, addressed to his Majesty, professing a desire to continue at peace, to observe the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, &c. and a letter from M. de Caulincourt to Prince Metternich, containing similar professions.

After reading these Papers, it was considered whether any, and what answer should be made thereto, when the general opinion appeared to be, that none should be returned, and no notice whatever taken of the proposal.

Upon this, as indeed upon all other occasions subsequent to the resumption of authority by Bonaparte, wherein the present state of the Continental Powers, with regard to France, has come under discussion, but one opinion has appeared to direct the Councils of the several Sovereigns. They adhere, and from the commencement have never ceased to adhere, to their Declaration of the 13th of March, with respect to the actual Ruler of France. They are in a state of hostility with him and his adherents, not from choice, but from necessity, because past experience has shewn, that no faith has been kept by him, and that no reliance can be placed on the professions of one who has hitherto no longer regarded the most solemn compacts, than as it may have suited his own convenience to

muring, and clamoring, about the principle and object of the war, which we occasionally hear in both public and private assemblies. Lord Grenville has done himself great honor by his manly reprobation of the advice offered to the House of Lords,

observe them, whose word, the only assurance he can afford for his peaceable disposition, is not less in direct opposition to the tenor of his former life, than it is to the military position in which he is actually placed. They feel that they should neither perform their duty to themselves, or to the people committed by Providence to their charge, if they were now to listen to those professions of a desire for peace which have been made, and suffer themselves thus to be lulled into the supposition that they might now relieve their people from the burthen of supporting immense military masses, by diminishing their forces to a peace establishment, convinced as the several Sovereigns are from past experience, that no sooner should they have been disarmed, than advantage would be taken of their want of preparation, to renew those scenes of aggression and bloodshed, from which they had hoped that the peace so gloriously won at Paris, would long have secured them.

They are at war, then, for the purpose of obtaining some security for their own independence, and for the re-conquest of that peace and permanent tranquillity, for which the world has so long panted. They are not even at war for the greater or less proportion of security which France can afford them of future tranquillity, but because France, under its present Chief, is unable to afford them any security whatever.

In this war, they do not desire to interfere with any legitimate right of the French people; they have no design to oppose the claim of that nation to choose their own form of Government, or intention to trench, in any respect, upon their independence as a great and free people: but they do think they have a right, and that of the highest nature, to contend against the re-establishment of an individual as the head of the French Government, whose past conduct has invariably demonstrated, that in such a situation he will not suffer other nations to be at peace—whose restless ambition, whose thirst for foreign conquest, and whose disregard for the rights and independence of other States, must expose the whole of Europe to renewed scenes of plunder and devastation.

on the 23d, by Earl Grey. For the present, we only say of his Lordship, that his sentiments are every way worthy the intimate,

However general the feelings of the Sovereigns may be in favor of the restoration of the King, they no otherwise seek to influence the proceedings of the French in the choice of this or of any other Dynasty, or form of Government, than may be essential to the safety and permanent tranquillity of the rest of Europe: such reasonable security being afforded by France in this respect, as other states have a legitimate right to claim in their own defence, their object will be satisfied; and they shall joyfully return to that state of peace, which will then, and then only, be open to them, and lay down those arms which they have only taken up for the purpose of acquiring that tranquillity so eagerly desired by them on the part of their respective empires.

Such, my Lord, are the general sentiments of the Sovereigns and of their Ministers here assembled; and it should seem that the glorious forbearance observed by them when masters of the French capital, in the early part of the last year, ought to prove to the French that this is not a war against their freedom and independence, or excited by any spirit of ambition, or desire of conquest, but one arising out of necessity, urged on the principles of self-preservation, and founded on that legitimate and incontrovertible right of obtaining reasonable security for their own tranquillity and independence, to which, if France has on her part a claim, other nations have an equal title to claim at the hands of France.

I this day laid before the Plenipotentiaries of the three allied Powers in conference, the Note proposed to be delivered upon the exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty of the 25th March. After the opinions which I have detailed, as those with which the Allied Sovereigns are impressed, with respect to the object of the war, it is scarcely necessary for me to add, that the explanation afforded to the Note, as the construction put by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent on the eighth article of that Treaty, was favorably received. Immediate instructions will consequently be issued to the Ambassadors of the Imperial Courts of Austria and Russia, and to the Minister of his Prussian Majesty, to accept of this Note on the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty in question.

In order to be assured that I have advanced nothing in this dis-

esteemed, unfeigned friend of Mr. Pitt. The *news-makers* say, that it is now possible to induce Lord Grenville to take part in the direction of affairs. We wish it were so; and that ministers were persuaded of the fact, and no *paramount power* averse to it.

We have reason to think that the war is very popular, and that, if well conducted in the field, it will continue to be so. Nobody adopts any public measure against it. We hold ourselves justified in saying *nobody*, being sanctioned by all the branches of the legislature in considering the Guildhall and Old Palace Yard gentry, as being *bona fide* nobody at all.' As for the leaders of opposition they have been unprecedentedly, and, in the opinion of their admirers, alarmingly silent on the subject of the war as *an entire measure*. As such, not a single proposition have they ventured to ground on it. Napoleon's Hegira has indeed been duly commemorated; and Poland, and Saxony, and Genoa, and Naples, have all, in their turn, afforded topics for useless debate—but that is all. Even the upholders of

patch which does not accord with the views of the Cabinets of the Allied Sovereigns, I have acquainted the Plenipotentiaries of the high Allied Powers with the contents thereof, and have the honor to inform you that the sentiments contained in it entirely coincide with those of their respective Courts.

I have the honor to be, &c.

(Signed) CLANCARTY.

' It has excited both regret and surprise to observe that a cloud has lately been thrown over the political character of the Lord Mayor. In all London there is not a man more uniformly loyal than he, or who has endeavoured either more frequently or more successfully to support His Majesty's government. This fact is perfectly well known in every quarter: and hence we conclude that the dryness said to have been shown him on a recent occasion, must have arisen solely from his having held himself in duty bound to be the organ of the uncourtly petitioners for peace. It is a wretched thing for a gentleman to have to appear in bad company; which, by the way, a Mayor of London is frequently under an absolute necessity of doing.

Napoleon's fame have become languid in their eulogies; and all accounts from the continent agree in representing the new men whom his Imperial Majesty made princes, and the fine ladies whom he placed by their sides, as hastening in despair to abandon his cause. If so, and if it be true that it has at length become as difficult for opposition to contrive a parliamentary query with something of novelty in it, as it is for the royal physicians to hit upon a new bulletin, we humbly think they might, without the risk of any detriment either to themselves or the country, direct their attention to something else. It is plain that their combined operations against Lord Castlereagh have been unavailing. And they feel that they lately said rather too much to Mr. Vansittart. By exciting and keeping up the popular clamor against the Income Tax, they rendered the increase of other taxes extremely easy; and because they were ashamed of outraging common sense by trying to revive that clamor, they, as a party, submitted quietly to the continuance of the measure. The present juncture evidently invites to a change of procedure. Mr. Tierney has settled, as well as he could, the business of the Civil List—Mr. Whitbread has thrown Drury Lane Theatre off his shoulders—and the sitting member for Westminster has given his electors the friendly meeting in Old Palace Yard. All therefore have time enough on their hands—and this is what we would propose. That (in imitation of the earlier French jacobins) the Prince Regent do appoint commissioners to repair to Belgium for the purpose of watching the political conduct of the Duke of Wellington—of controlling the expenditure of the commissariat—and of putting an end (happen what may to discipline) to every species of corporal punishment. It is needless to say who ought to be sent. Sir Francis would make a prime provost-marshal. More vigilant by far than Marshal Jones, he would take good care that even his colleagues should not go over to their friend Napoleon. This, however, would not be much to be apprehended—if their salaries were large—say 14,000*l.* a year each—Napoleon having scarcely any thing to spare to those whom he might wish to distinguish, except the cordon of the Legion of Honor. What a valuable, what an inexhaustible stock of materials for parliamentary discussion,

would the commissioners, conjointly and severally, be enabled to bring back with them! Woe to the minister for full seven years to come!

Our view of affairs for next month will no doubt lead us to enter much into detail, and that detail cannot fail of being of a very grave cast. For the effects of the blow which Napoleon would long since have struck, had his means and his confidence in those he governs been at all commensurate with his inclinations, will by that time be felt; and a practical solution be had of the vital question, *whether or not the army be the sole prop of the tyrant's power.*

ARTICLE II.

If any crisis in the history of our country has excited feelings of inexpressible anxiety, and most imperiously demanded mature and deliberate investigation, it is that to which we are now brought, by a series of events, transcending in their sudden and marvellous combinations, all the fictions of romance. Scarcely a year has elapsed, since our attention was directed to the apparently decisive overthrow of the most gigantic military despotism that ever appalled and terrified the world. Under its ambitious sway the boundaries of ancient kingdoms disappeared; the thrones of ages crumbled into dust. Above all the dynasties of the European Continent, it reared its tremendous height. It was a structure founded on the aggressions of war and conquest; it was cemented by singular policy; and it appeared to bid defiance to every hostile attack. Suddenly the astonished nations beheld its seeming downfall. The infatuation of its founder conspired with the measures of its enemies to effect it; and from behind the thick darkness that had long brooded over the world, we heard, or thought we heard, the voice of the Almighty interposing to break the spell that had enslaved the nations, and restore the blessings of universal peace. We rejoiced in the termination of a bloody and destruc-

tive war; we admired *at that time*, the moderation of the Sovereigns of Europe; and would to God that no subsequent plans of aggrandisement, no practical violation of the principles so firmly avowed at the beginning of their successes, had ever transpired, to destroy our confidence in their wisdom, or diminish the lustre of their fame!

How soon has the scene been reversed! The exiled Napoleon has resumed his power; and the scattered fragments of his former greatness are again replaced with amazing rapidity and unparalleled success! We are at peace with the French—we accuse them of no violated treaties in reference to ourselves—they are forming no suspicious schemes of aggression against us—the re-modelled constitution under the restored Emperor approximates more entirely to the principles and genius of our own, than even that which was formed by the provisional government, accepted by the hereditary monarch, and afterwards pared down and modified, till its original elements disappeared. It is a fact, the proofs of which no sophistry can invalidate, that Bonaparte is the chosen Sovereign of the French; and the only question on which peace or war depends, is one of a most simple and definite nature:—it is, *whether or not we shall allow the French people to retain the Sovereign of their unquestionable choice*. The moral and political character of that Sovereign may be as dark and atrocious, as his most malignant enemies represent it; but *at the present crisis*, that subject, on which little contrariety of opinion exists, affects not the question that now occupies and absorbs the thoughts of every reflecting mind. We may speculate as we please about the probable causes of the restoration of Bonaparte, and refer it to the condition and character of the French—to the administration of the government under Louis the XVIIIth—to the fears of the people—to the force of the army—to one, or to all of these causes combined: but however we account for it, it is obviously NOT the wish of the French people that the House of Bourbon should reign any longer. Had that been the case to any important extent, how easily might the progress of Napoleon have been impeded; and what innumerable facilities and opportunities were there for effectually preventing its intended consummation!

It is customary on this subject to consider a reference to *the army*, as at once determining the point. I am fully disposed to consider the operation of this cause as the most important. But the fact contended for is virtually involved in this decision. The army, recruited and invigorated by the thousands and tens of thousands who were liberated from the prisons of Britain and Russia—the army, comprehending in it a large portion of mental as well as of physical strength—the army, connected with the whole population of the country, and diffusing its peculiar and characteristic feelings through the entire mass of that population, may actually be considered as representing and expressing the general state of sentiment throughout the French empire.

In thus adverting to the army, it is impossible not to be reminded of the inevitable injury that must result to the character and liberties of a people, from the encroachments and influence of military habits : and a most powerful argument against the renewal of hostilities is founded on prospective views of that injury to ourselves in particular, and to Europe in general. It is thus the world is cursed by war, not only when its tremendous inundation passes over a country, but by the slime and pollution it leaves behind it. It breeds “all monstrous, all prodigious things ;” and nothing but time and tranquillity can destroy them. Another war will revive them abroad, and tend to engender the same state of society at home. It will create and continue the necessities of war by identifying with its operations the very being of millions of the human race, depending on it for their present subsistence, and all their hopes of future advancement. Now it is unspeakably desirable that something should be done towards the subversion of this unnatural condition of things. War in itself must always be contemplated as an evil of immense magnitude, which nothing can palliate, and for which nothing can be pleaded as its legitimate and justifiable cause, but *its absolute necessity to the ultimate security of peace*. In order to the satisfactory vindication of any particular war, it should be distinctly proved, *that it is unavoidable—that the points at issue are incapable of being determined by any other method, and that those*

methods have been actually resorted to, without success. Unless these facts can be clearly established, a war is unjust and unnecessary, whatever authorities may be pleaded in its favor, and whatever eloquence may be employed in its support. I am aware indeed, that in determining these points, the *ultima ratio* of kings and of governments is much sooner arrived at, than it would be, if calm and disinterested inquiries preceded it. Magnified through the delusive medium of the passions, and distorted by the clamors of faction, "trifles light as air" become insurmountable obstacles; and the quiet and unresisting part of the community are hurried along by the interests and the violence of their neighbours. Whatever may be said about the wars in which this country has been engaged for the last fifty years, with little intermission, not the shadow of sound argument has ever yet been produced, for a renewal of hostilities against France. Do we allege in vindication of war the character of Napoleon? That cannot be a reason for not continuing at peace, which prevented not on the part of our government former attempts at négociation. Do we fear the French army, and view it as containing the elements of another explosion which may endanger the safety of Europe? War will be the direct and immediate cause of that danger; it will kindle the train, while peace will gradually dissipate the inflammable materials, and by its moral influence, in counteracting the evils of war, proportionately increase the security of the world. Do we indulge suspicions of the treachery of Bonaparte, and are we unable to confide in his professions? I reply, our national safety depends not on the sincerity of any of the sovereigns of Europe; if it did, I should soon tremble for the consequences. It arises from our physical resources, and the moral strength which results from the principles of our constitution, and the character of the people. If overt acts of aggression commence on the part of Napoleon; if he violate the solemn protestations he has published to the world; if he renew his ambitious

Non est inter artificia bellum, imo res est TAM HORRENDA UT EAM NISI SUMMA NECESSITAS, AUT VERA CARITAS NON ESTAM EFFICERE QUEAT. *Grotius. De Jure Bell.*

projects and forget the lessons of wisdom which adversity has taught him ; if he keep not within the limits of territory assigned to France in the Treaty of Paris ; if he cease to regard as his exclusive object the independence of his country, and again revolve in the gloomy recesses of his capacious mind, plans of future devastation and ruin—then let the tocsin of war sound—then, let the nations of Europe again confederate for the general weal—then principle not passion, the cause of justice, not the impulse of ambition—the angel of Peace, not the demon of revenge, will conduct the embattled hosts to conflict, and to victory.

An alternative of immense responsibility is involved in the present decisions of our government. Were that alternative to be determined by the continental powers alone, it would require no prophetic talent to foresee a pacific adjustment of the claims and interests which now agitate the world. Hostilities have not yet formally commenced ; and the passions which are generally developed in their progress, are not yet excited to furnish new motives for their continuance, and to give them stability and perpetuity. The obvious dictates of policy, confirmed by the justest views of social equity, would compel the allied sovereigns to remember their former declarations, to acknowledge and respect the independence of France, and to abstain from all interference with the principles and arrangements of her constitution. For on what is the right of such interference founded ? What nation ever dared to dictate to England the restoration of the Stuarts ? And shall we sanction an invasion of the territory of France, which, if its principles and objects were applied to our own country, would overturn the boasted constitution of Britain ? Already we have declared that we have “ no right to interfere with the domestic affairs of *Spain* ; ” and shall we support a violent interference with the affairs of *France*, where no inquisition frowns in horrid vengeance on the liberties of men—where no racks and tortures are prepared for those of kindred faith with our own—and where the sacred rights of conscience are cherished and supported by all the authorities of legislation and government ?

Let the interference of this country be most religiously avoided ; and the state of the resources of the allied Sovereigns, already impoverished, and always inadequate to the vigorous efficiencies of war without the assistance of Britain, would come in aid of better reasons for endeavouring to preserve the tranquillity of the world. An assurance that the renewal of that assistance towards supporting a direct attack on the liberties of France, could not be again expected, would tend to allay their feverish irritation ; and at all events would save them from the guilt of being *aggressors* in another European warfare. Nor would such an intimation violate any principle of good faith towards our allies ; on the contrary, it would exactly correspond with the solemn declarations of the treaty of Paris, and prove the best illustration of the integrity of those who made them. I need not say, that the state of *our own* resources as imperiously demands our attention. Subsidies and loans cannot always be forth-coming. The enormous pressure of taxation cannot be endured for ever, and with progressive accumulations ! There must be a period, when endurance will cease, and when, if ever we arrive at that crisis, the resistance and the recoil will be tremendous.

I cannot close these cursory remarks, without adverting to those general reasons for the most strenuous exertions to preserve the peace and tranquillity of the world, which are derived from a view of the physical and moral evils of war. In this country we have been, for a long series of years, happily exempted from its immediate desolations. It “ grieves, but alarms us not ;” and we are familiarised to the mournful details of human suffering. In fact, those details, by the incidents they develope—the light they throw on the varieties of character—the constant succession of strong mental excitements which they have supplied to the thinking part of the world for the last twenty years—the subjects they have furnished for political speculation—and the scope they have given to commercial adventure, have become matters of daily and of powerful interest ; and by the remoteness of war, from the scene of our personal observations, it has been so much divested of its horrors, that

the very sympathies of men have ceased to operate, and their hearts have almost lost their tenderness and sensibility. So complete has been this obdurate process on all the better feelings of our nature, that in most instances the slightest allusion to the evils of war, for the purpose of exciting abhorrence or commiseration, is at once repelled as romantic enthusiasm, or effeminate weakness; and wrapped up in the cloak of impenetrable selfishness, the mercenary, calculating politician, will tell you—"war is a necessary evil, and our griefs will neither diminish nor remove it." In spite, however, of this convenient and profitable oblivion of the miseries of war, it is indispensably requisite to present them to the view of our countrymen, in all their nakedness and deformity. Before we commit ourselves to the work of human destruction, and the national sanction is given to another crusade against the peace and order of the world, let us reflect—on the vast expenditure of blood—the shrill-piercing cries of suffering humanity—the brutal spoliation of towns and cities—the violent disruption of all the charities of life—the tears of widows and orphans—the spread of famine and pestilence—and all the remoter evils of war on the thousands and millions who feel not its immediate desolations. Let these be subjects of serious and affecting thought—let them be dwelt upon and realized by the imagination—let the mind ponder on them till they are distinctly and definitely apprehended in all their forms of terror, and the heart feels the corresponding impression:—and then, let us be the advocates and abettors of war—if we can! I know well, that all this will be evaded, by calling it the declamation of feeling; but it is possible some one may pause, before he gives his vote for the wholesale murder of his fellow creatures, and present another offering in the temple of Moloch!

War is not only a source of misery, but of crimes; and its moral tendencies present more awful subjects of reflection, than even its physical evils. Its influence on individual and social character; its depravation of general manners; the irrational antipathies it creates and cherishes; the direct and palpable violations of justice and humanity, which it commits and vin-

dicates; its perversion of all the principles of equity, and its formal construction of expediency, as the basis and the test of right; its invariable tendency to promote, especially among the lower orders, the habits of sensuality and dissipation; and the false estimate of utility to which it leads all classes, by the splendid and fascinating attractions of military heroism—are only some of the consequences of war, as to its moral influence on society. These are topics, easily capable of expansion and detail, by every reflecting mind; and I suggest them for this purpose. While so many are vigorously employed in appealing to all the malevolent passions of our nature, and are the systematic advocates of aggression and bloodshed, it becomes those who have no interest in war—who expect no remuneration from conquest—who are the friends of liberty, humanity, and social order—who love their country, and are able to combine with the warmest patriotism, the most extended philanthropy—it becomes all such, to interpose their personal and united influence on behalf of Peace. Let them not, at this tremendous crisis, be neutral and indifferent. Let them cherish every pacific feeling, and support every pacific measure; and thus prove the congeniality of their spirit and temper, with the genius of that Religion, which is emphatically and pre-eminently — **THE RELIGION OF PEACE!**

“As things stand at present,” say the ablest Journalists of the day, “the prospects of the world are sufficiently gloomy. Two things, however, seem clear in the midst of the darkness; one, that a war in behalf of the Bourbons, and the old monarchy, is as palpably hopeless, as it is manifestly unjust;—and the other, that that course of policy is the wisest and most auspicious, which tends most to reclaim the population of France, (and for the same reason our own population,) from its military habits, and to withhold it from those scenes of adventure, in which its military spirit has been formed.”

May, 1815.

MONTHLY REGISTER

OF

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

. *The Conductors of the AUGUSTAN REVIEW request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publisher (post paid) before the 20th of the month.*

I.

INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MR. JOHN WALTERS of London, architect, has obtained a patent for improvements in ship-building, designed to prevent the effects caused by Hogging, and the transverse bending of the Hull; and as we consider every improvement in naval architecture as of vital importance to the prosperity of this country, we shall always be glad to assign them a place in our REGISTER.

The mechanical principle upon which this improvement is founded is, that of forming a complete and integral truss or support from the centre of gravity (whence the strength of the whole structure should, as much as possible, be derived,) and so connecting the parts together, by embracing the entire fabric, that any tendency to a change of figure may be powerfully counteracted, and as much strength be given as the

nature of the materials will permit.

We cannot, however, explain this improved construction without a figure; and therefore shall merely insert the advantages which Mr. Walters says would result from its adoption. These are; first, That the durability of vessels will be increased; thus precluding the early and frequent repairs rendered necessary by the radical weakness of the present mode of construction.—

Secondly, That by means of the powerful support effected by the truss, the filling timbers between each rib may be omitted, thereby making a very considerable saving in the first cost, after allowing for the expense of the truss.

Thirdly, The great benefits eventually to accrue to the mercantile world are, first, a reduction in the charges of freight,

proportioned to the diminution of the expense of building, the less frequency of repairs, and the comparative greater durability of the vessel; secondly, a more perfect security of the cargo from damage; and, thirdly, a lower rate of insurance.

Fourthly, The saving annually to their relatives, and to the community, a great number of valuable lives.

JOHN WHATELY, Esq. of Cork, has invented a machine for manufacturing Farina, or flour, from potatoes; for which he has obtained a gold medal from the Society of Arts.

This machine is of a very simple construction, its moving part consisting of a cylinder covered with tin plates, pierced with holes, so as to leave a rough surface, in the same manner as graters used for nutmegs, &c.; but the holes in this are larger. This cylinder is situated beneath a hopper, into which the potatoes are thrown, and thence admitted into a kind of trough, where they are forced against the cylinder, which, as it revolves, grinds the potatoes to a pulp.

Mr. Whately observes, that a man can grind down 15 cwt. or 1700lbs. of potatoes, into soft pulp, in one day, yielding about 2 cwt. of farina, or flour, when dried.

By calculation, the power of a single horse will be equal to the grinding of 22 tons of potatoes per week; the machine is capable of being applied to any power required. The farina, or flour, has been known to keep good 17

years; and it may be afforded, so as to yield a fair profit to the farmer and the manufacturer, at three-pence per lb. The present price of wheaten flour is about five-pence halfpenny.

It is capable of the most satisfactory proof, that the same quantity of land will yield above one-half more of farina, or flour, where potatoes are cultivated, than if the same land was applied to the production of flour from wheat; as it has been proved from experiment, that 2619 lbs. of pure farina, or flour, may be produced from an acre of land planted with potatoes, and only 1660 lbs. of flour from an acre of wheat.

One of the many advantages consists in the incorruptibility of the farina; it is not like the flour of wheat, liable to decay, but it may be preserved for years sound and good, perhaps improved, but certainly uninjured by age.

Mr. Whately also observes, that the following advantages would result from a general introduction of potatoe-flour in proportion of one-fifth of that obtained from wheat.

We shall have a greater regularity, and a certain reduction of price; an immense increase of consumable food; its more equal distribution through years of scarcity and years of plenty; a consequent diminution of the poor's rates; an increase of comforts to the poor, and to all classes of society; and a great accession to our resources in every branch of national wealth.

COLONEL BEAUFOY has very assiduously observed the varia-

tion of the magnetic needle, for two years, at Hackney Wick, in lat. $51^{\circ} 32' 40.3''$ north, and long. in time, $6.82''$ west. The number of observations he made in the first twelve months was, in the morning 294, at noon 265, and in evening 141. These numbers are the means of observations made with two needles, and each was read off fourteen times on the arc of the instrument. Therefore, if the sum of these numbers be multiplied by 28, it will give 19,600 for the total number of observations during the first year. The number in the second year was 22,764. Colonel Beaufoy, therefore, considers the variation as accurately determined; and for the first year, including part of 1813 and 1814, he found it equal to $24^{\circ} 17' 19\frac{2}{3}''$; for the second year, up to the end of March 1815, it was $24^{\circ} 17' 50\frac{2}{3}''$. The variation has therefore not yet attained its maximum; and the annual difference is $31''$.

J. KNOX, Esq. has communicated a paper to the Royal Society, detailing a series of experiments on colored concentric rings, formed by means of lenses laid on a plain mirror, or on a table placed before a window. When a wire is held over a piece of common crown glass, laid on a table opposite a window, the shadow appears double; when two pieces of glass are used, it is seen treble, and so on. When a lens is substituted for the piece of plain glass, colored fringes appear instead of simple shadows. When one lens is used, the fringes form straight lines; when two

are employed, their forms are circular. If a third be applied, a new series of colored fringes appears. Mr. Knox thinks that reflection and refraction, by the separation and combination of rays, are sufficient to explain all the phenomena of colored concentric rings, independently of any intervening plate of air, or fits of easy transmission, as supposed by Newton. He also found that in vacuo, in air, or in water, the same appearances were produced; but that the heavy acids destroyed both the rings and the colors.

Mr. HUME has given the following new process for making *Emetic Tartar*, denominated *Antimonium Tartarisatum*.

Two parts of black *sulphuret of antimony* in fine powder, and one part of *nitrate of potash* are to be mixed and added to two parts of *sulphuric acid*, previously mixed with eight parts of water, and suffered to cool. By a due application of heat, a proper oxide of antimony will be formed, which when thoroughly washed is to be boiled, while yet moist, with two parts of *supertartrate of potash* and a proper quantity of water. The solution is then to be filtrated, evaporated, and treated after the usual manner for crystallization.

Carbonate of Ammonia was found to produce more luxuriant effects on vegetables than any other saline solution tried by Sir H. Davy; and as the liquor produced by the distillation of coal in manufacturing gas contains abundance of this carbonate, it has been recommended as an ex-

cellent manure. The sulphur which it contains is also another valuable property for this purpose; as when diluted with water, in about three parts of water to one of the liquor, it will have the effect of destroying insects and grubs, which are frequently so destructive to crops. When mixed with five or six times this quantity of water, it may be applied to all green crops with good effect.

The tar which is produced in the same operation, when mixed with mould, &c. in proportion of one gallon to a large wheelbarrow full, also forms an active manure, and may either be ploughed in or used as a top dressing.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY has communicated a paper to the Royal Society, on the combination of iodine and oxygen. After many unsuccessful attempts to effect this combination, he succeeded by causing a current of euchlorine gas, dried by passing through muriate of lime, to act directly upon iodine. The body thus formed being exposed to a moderate heat, chloriide was evaporated, and a compound of oxygen and iodine, or an oxide, remained behind. This is a solid substance, of a white color, and considerable specific gravity. It readily dissolves in water, and the solution, which Sir H. Davy calls oxiodic acid, is colorless, and first changes vegetable blues to red, and then destroys them. Sir H. Davy considers this oxide as composed of one atom of iodine, and five atoms of oxygen; and if the weight of an atom of oxygen be 1, and that of an atom of iodine

15.621, this will give for the oxide,

Iodine	75.75
Oxygen	24.25

100.00

Sir H. Davy endeavoured to obtain an oxide containing a less proportion of oxygen than the above, but his attempts were not attended with success.

There are no poisons likely to be so frequently taken as preparations of copper; either as verdigris, acetate of copper, sulphate of copper, nitrate of copper, or copper dissolved by fat when used for culinary purposes. All these preparations produce violent colics, vomiting, weakness, and death. M. ORFILA, in his recent *Treatise on Poisons*, says, that the best antidote for these is sugar, either taken by itself or dissolved in water. It should be taken in large quantities, and in both ways. The liquid occasions vomiting, and thus removes a part of the poison.

Mr. ABRAHAM STERN, of Lublin, has invented an arithmetical machine, which calculates whatever is required in the first four rules of Arithmetic, either in whole numbers or fractions, without any assistance. The operations are performed with greater expedition than can be done on paper, and require no other knowledge in the operator than the value of the figures. The result is announced by the sound of a bell. This Machine has been submitted to the Lublin Society, and the Committee who examin-

ed it conclude their report by observing that, whatever has been conceived by Pascal, Grillet, Scott, Polemio, and Leibnitz, of this nature, has been realized by Abraham Stern, with a simplicity and ingenuity that command admiration.

There are some buds of trees which are not developed with the rest, and are therefore called *dead eyes*; but which should rather be called *sleeping eyes*; as they may be revived from their state of lethargy, even when it has lasted several years. The cause of this is, the sap being drawn off to the upper buds; and the common method of remedying which has been, to insert buds or grafts in the places of the dead eyes; but M. MARIEN de la MARTINIÈRE has practised another method, which is to make an incision into the core in the form of an inverted V, above the dead eye. The sap is thus checked in its progress upwards, and confined to the dead eyes, which causes them to flourish.

Many of the finest apples have either degenerated, or wholly disappeared from the gardens and orchards of this country; and as a remedy for this, it has been asserted that every perfectly ripe apple contains one, and sometimes two round seeds; while the others are flat on the sides. That the round seeds produce the improved fruit from which they were taken, and the flat ones the fruit of the crab upon which the tree was grafted. Also, that

if the round and flat seeds be sown separately, the difference of quality in the plants produced will be discovered in two or three years; the round seeds producing the leaves of the improved tree, and the flat ones those of the stock upon which it was grafted; and the fruit of each will finally put the matter beyond all doubt.

Mr. DONOVAN, Secretary to the Kirwanian Society in Dublin, has lately read a paper, in which he shows that Galvanism is more closely connected with chemical affinity than electricity.

Mr. BRANDE, in his present course of interesting lectures on the history of Chemistry, states, that a chaldron of Wall's-End coals will yield ten thousand cubic feet of gas, proper for illumination; and that every lamp, similar to an Argand's lamp, consumes between three and four cubic feet per hour: hence, allowing four feet per hour, and four hours per day, the gas produced from one chaldron of coals would be sufficient to supply such a lamp for 620 days, or almost one year and three quarters.

Mr. LESTER, Engineer, has discovered a new method of converting a parallel into a rotative motion. This invention is said to be so simple as to admit the application of the power of steam to the purpose of propelling carriages on any kind of road, and vessels of any size against wind and tide.

II.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Archdeacon Coxe is employed in writing *Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough*, from private correspondence and documents preserved at Blenheim, as well as from other private sources.

Samuel Brookes, Esq. F. L. S. has nearly ready for publication, in a quarto volume, *An Introduction to the Study of Conchology*, illustrated by colored Plates: containing an Explanation of the Terms; a Comparison of the Systems of Linæus, Lamarck, and others, with a Description of all the Genera of those Authors; and some Account of the Animal Inhabitants, accompanied with Observations calculated to facilitate an accurate Acquaintance with this interesting Branch of Natural History.

Mr. William Wordsworth will soon publish the *White Doe of Rylstone*, or the fate of the Nortons, a Poem.

Miss Charlotte Nooth has in the press, *Original Poems*, with Translations from the French, Italian, and Spanish, and a Play in five acts.

Mr. Philippart has in the press, *Dispositions, Military and Political, of Bonaparte*, which will contain a correct narrative of all the late important events.

Dr. Aikin has in considerable forwardness, *Annals of the Reign of George the Third*.

Mr. Donovan is preparing for the press two periodical works on *British Fossils*; one on the *English Antediluvian Zoology*, the other on the *Vegetable Remains* under the title of the *English Antediluvian Botany*.

Mr. G. Dyer has in the press, in a large octavo volume, the *Privileges of the University of Cambridge*; to which will be subjoined copious additions and some emendations to his *History of the University*.

The *Speeches of the Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox*, in the House of Commons, with *Memoirs, &c.* will soon appear in six octavo volumes.

The Rev. John Jebb has a volume of *Sermons* nearly ready for publication.

Mr. M. Gregson, of Liverpool, has prepared a few choice MSS. for the press, under the title of *Fragments of the History of Lancashire*.

A Series of Illustrations for the *Lord of the Isles*, a Poem, By Walter Scott, Esq. From the Designs of Richard Westall, Esq. R. A. are preparing for publication, and will be executed in the first style of elegance by the best Engravers.

Shortly will be published, *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica*, or a Descriptive Catalogue of a singularly rare and rich collection of Old English Poetry; illustrated by occasional Extracts, with Notes Critical and Biographical. It will be elegantly printed in royal octavo, and ornamented with Capitals and about twenty Portraits, finely engraved on Wood, for this express purpose.

S. Lyon, Hebrew teacher, has the pleasure to inform his subscribers and the public, that his *Hebrew Grammar and Lexicon* are now in the press, at Mr. A. J. Valpy's, Tooke's Court, Chancery Lane. They will be comprised in four volumes; the Grammar will complete the first, and will be published in the ensuing summer.

Copies to be printed not to exceed the number of subscribers to the new and improved edition of *STEPHENS' GREEK THESAURUS*. To be edited by A. J. VALPY, late Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Mr. E. H. BARKER, of Trinity College, Cam-

bridge. To be printed at Mr. A. J. Valpy's Press, London. This work will be published in Parts, at £1. 1s. each—large paper, £2. 2s. each. To be completed in three or four years. Present Subscription, 832 small paper, and 73 large. As the subscription will soon be closed, persons, desirous of obtaining Copies, are respectfully requested to send their names to Mr. A. J. Valpy, and to give a reference in London where the Numbers may be sent, and the money paid. A correct List will be recorded in the Work. A List of the present Subscribers, with the **MATERIALS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE NEW EDITION**, are inserted in Nos. XIX. and XX. of the **CLASSICAL JOURNAL**, and may be had gratis at all the Classical Booksellers in London; and at Mr. A. J. Valpy's, Tooke's Court, Chancery Lane.

• It is expected that the whole will be completed in 24 Parts. No. I. will be published in the ensuing Summer.

Miss King will soon publish a volume of poems and reflections, chiefly on serious subjects.

Dr. Whitaker, vicar of Whalley, is preparing for the press, an edition of Thoresby's *Ducatus Leodiensis*, with considerable alterations and additions, in two folio volumes, illustrated by about forty plates. The original text, reprinted verbatim, will be given at the end of the second volume.

The author of the *Celtic Researches* is preparing for publication, a small volume on the subject of the Conversion of the Jews.

Capt. Algernon Langton's translation from the Spanish, of the Life and Adventures of the Squire Marcon de Obregon, is in great forwardness for publication.

Mr. Reynolds, cook to the duke of Portland, has nearly ready an

entire new work of Receipts in Cookery.

The Literary and Scientific Pursuits which are encouraged and enforced in the University of Cambridge, briefly described and vindicated, With various notes; By the Rev. Latham Wainewright, A. M. F.A.S. of Emmanuel College, in that University, and Rector of Great Brickhill, Bucks; are in the press.

John Clarke, M.D. will shortly publish Commentaries on some of the most important Diseases of Children. Part the first. Containing observations on the Mortality of Children—on diet—dentition—convulsive affections—inflammation of the brain—hydrocephalus internus—and Epilepsy.

Letters from a Medical Officer attached to the army under the duke of Wellington, during the campaigns of 1812-13-14, addressed to a friend in England, are printing in an octavo volume.

The Rev. J. Whiteley, head master of the free grammar school in Leeds, is preparing for the press, Sermons and Essays in two octavo volumes; including a few Sermons by the Rev. J. Leadley, late fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, which he left in the author's hands for publication.

Mr. Thomas Howell is preparing an account of Shrewsbury and its environs, illustrated by views of the principal public, religious, and charitable buildings, engraved on wood.

Mr. Ford proposes to publish, on the plan of Mr. Britton's *Architectural Antiquities*, a Series of Engravings from drawings by Mr. Palmer, of Cheetham's College in Manchester; to be followed by a similar series of Christ's, or the Collegiate Church, one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture now remaining.

III.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

Practical Observations on the Improvement and Management of Mountain Sheep, and Sheep Farms. By John Little, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

BIOGRAPHY.

Some Account of the Life, Ministry, Character, and Writings of the late Rev. Thomas Robinson, M.A. late Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, and sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. With a Selection of Original Letters. By the Rev. Edward Thomas Vaughan, M.A. 8vo. 12s. boards.

EDUCATION.

Hints addressed to the Patrons and Directors of Schools; principally intended to show, that the Benefits derived from the new Modes of Teaching may be increased by a partial Adoption of the Plan of Pestalozzi. To which are subjoined, Examples of Questions, calculated to excite and exercise the Infant Mind. By Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education, &c. &c. 12mo. 7s. boards.

Systematic Education, or Elementary Instruction in the various Departments of Literature and Science, with Practical Rules for studying each Branch of Useful Knowledge. By the Rev. W. Shepherd, the Rev. J. Joyce, and the Rev. Lant Carpenter, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

A Short Introduction to the Greek Language, containing Part of the Eton Greek Grammar translated into English; Greek Precepts; a Speech of Clearchus, from Xenophon's Anabasis; and the Shield of Achilles, from Homer's

Iliad, are all translated literally, showing the Parts of Speech, the Mode of Grammatical Analysis, and how each Word may be sought out in a Lexicon. 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.

HISTORY.

The History of the Kings of England, and the Modern History of William of Malmesbury, translated from the Latin, by the Rev. John Sharpe, B.A. royal 4to. price 3l. 3s. boards.

Historical Memoirs of my Own Times, from 1772 to 1784. By Sir N. Wraxall, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s. boards.

The History of the Church of Scotland, from the Establishment of the Reformation to the Revolution; illustrating a most interesting period of the Political History of Britain. By George Cook, D.D. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s. boards.

A Memoir of the Conquest of Java, with the subsequent Operations of the British Forces in the Oriental Archipelago. To which is subjoined, a Statistical and Historical Sketch of Java, being the Result of Observations made in a Tour through the Country, with an Account of its Dependencies. Illustrated by 35 engravings, consisting of plans of the different positions and views taken on the spot. By Major William Thorn, late Deputy Quarter-Master-General to the Forces in Java, royal 4to. 3l. 3s. boards.

LAW.

Guide to the Duty and Authority of Overseers of the Poor. By William Toone, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

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mas Thornton, second edition, 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

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On Gun-shot Wounds, of the Extremities requiring the different Operations of Amputation, with their Treatment. By G. T. Guthrie. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Surgical Observations on Injuries of the Head, and on Miscellaneous Subjects. By John Abernethy, F.R.S. second edition, 8vo. 7s. boards.

A practical Explanation of Cancer in the Female Breast. By J. Rodman, M. D. 8vo. 8s. bds.

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Some Principles of Civilization, with detached Thoughts on the Promotion of Christianity in British India. 'Let him collect virtue by degrees.' By Richard Hey, Esq. LL.B. price 3s.

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The Book of Psalms, translated from the Hebrew. By Samuel Horsley, LL.D. F.R.S. A.S. late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 12s. boards.

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Curiosities; accurate Tables of Distances, in English Miles, from one Town to another; the best Inns pointed out; and a Description of every thing worthy the Attention of Gentlemen, Lovers of the Fine Arts, and Travellers in general. Also Tables of the Value of Money at the different Places, with Notices of the Trade and Manufactures of each Town; accompanied with general Directions to Strangers. By Charles Campbell, Esq. 12mo. 7s. boards.

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ERRATA IN No. I.

Page 42, line 4, for $W = P \left(1 - \frac{v^2}{c}\right)$ read $W = P \left(1 - \frac{v}{c}\right)^2$
— 45, — 10, for $\sqrt{r'^2 - r'^2}$ read $\sqrt{r^2 - r'^2}$.

ART. I. *The Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa, in the year 1805.* By MUNGO PARK. Together with other Documents, official and private, relating to the same Mission. To which is prefixed, an Account of the Life of Mr. Park. London, Murray, 1815. *Concluded from No II. p. 158.*

EVERY impediment to the voyage having at length been removed, he set sail in the Crescent transport on Jan. 30, 1805, accompanied by Mr. Scott, a draughtsman, and Mr. Anderson, his brother in law, who, as well as Mr. Park, for the better execution of the service, received a brevet commission in the African corps. From Goreè our adventurous hero wrote thus to his wife :

Goreè, April 4, 1805.

I HAVE just now learnt that an American ship sails from this place for England in a few days ; and I readily embrace the opportunity of sending a letter to my dearest wife. We have all of us kept our health very well ever since our departure from England. Alexander had a touch of the rheumatism at St. Iago, but is now quite recovered ; he danced several country-dances at the ball last night. George Scott is also in good health and spirits. I wrote to you from St. Iago, which letter I hope you received. We left that place on the twenty-first of March, and arrived here with the asses on the twenty-eighth. Almost every soldier in the garrison volunteered to go with me ; and with the Governor's assistance I have chosen a guard of the best men in the place. So lightly do the people here think of the danger attending the undertaking, that I have been under the necessity of refusing several military and naval officers, who volunteered to accompany me. We shall sail for Gambia on Friday or Saturday. I am happy to learn that Karfa, my old friend, is at present at Tonkakonda ; and I am in hopes we shall be able to hire him to go with us.

We have been as yet extremely fortunate, and have got our business both at St. Iago, and this place, finished with great success : and I have hopes, almost to certainty, that Providence will so dispose the tempers and passions of the inhabitants of this quarter of the world, *that we shall* be enabled to *slide through* much more smoothly than you expect. I need not tell you how often I think about you ; your own feelings will enable you to judge of that. The hopes of spending the remainder of my life with my wife and children, will make every thing easy ; and you may be sure I will not rashly risk my life, when I know that your happiness, and the welfare of my young ones, depends so much upon it. I hope my mother does not torment herself with unnecessary fears about me. I sometimes fancy how you and she will be meeting misfortune half way, and placing me in many distressing situations. I have as yet experienced nothing but success, and I hope that six months more will end the whole as I wish. P. S. We have taken a ride

~~this~~ morning about twelve miles into the country. Alexander is much pleased with it; the heat is moderate, and the country healthy at present.

At Goree Mr. Park was furnished with an escort of a Lieutenant and 35 privates, whom his sanguine disposition inclined him to believe equal to the super-human exertions, which the necessities of the case required; but, as will be seen in the journal, they dropped off, one by one, in a miserable manner, notwithstanding every attention on the part of their commander to alleviate their sufferings. We are told that

Whatever might be the opinion of Park as to the quality of his troops, of which he appears to have formed a very erroneous estimate, he must at least have been fully aware of the disadvantage arising from the near approach of the great tropical rains. But his situation was critical; and he had only a choice of difficulties. He might either attempt (what he might consider perhaps as being just *possible*) to reach the Niger, before the rainy season should be completely set in; or he might postpone his journey till the return of the proper season for travelling, which would be in November or December following. The event has shown that he would have acted more wisely in deferring the expedition. But the motives which might lead him to a contrary determination, were obvious and powerful; and will be found, on the whole, sufficient for the justification of his conduct. He must, naturally, have considered that the postponement of the expedition *for seven months*, besides being in the greatest degree irksome both to himself and the companions of his journey, would occasion a great additional expense, and disappoint the expectations of government; and he might perhaps entertain doubts, since the case was not provided for by his official instructions, whether he should altogether escape censure, if he should postpone his journey for so long a period, under any circumstances much short of a positive and undoubted necessity. In this difficult situation, he adopted that alternative which was most congenial to his character and feelings; and having once formed this resolution, he adhered to it with tranquillity and firmness; dismissing from his own mind all doubts and apprehensions, or, at least, effectually concealing them from the companions of his journey, and from his friends and correspondents in England. p. lxxv.

A brief account of some of the fatigues and miseries to which the whole party were exposed, may be found in the following letter sent by him,

To the Earl Camden, one of his Majesty's

Principal Secretaries of State, &c. &c. &c.

On board of H. M. Schooner, Joliba, at anchor off Sandansing, November 17, 1805.

MY LORD,—I have herewith sent you an account of each day's proceedings since we left Kayer. Many of the incidents related,

are in themselves extremely trifling; but are intended to recal to my recollection (if it pleases God to restore me again to my dear native land) other particulars illustrative of the manners and customs of the natives, which would have swelled this bulky communication to a most unreasonable size.

Your Lordship will recollect, that I always spoke of the rainy season with horror, as being extremely fatal to Europeans; and our journey from the Gambia to the Niger will furnish a melancholy proof of it.

We had no contest whatever with the natives, nor was any one of us killed by wild beasts, or any other accidents; and yet I am sorry to say, that of forty-four Europeans, who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive, viz. three soldiers, (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself.

From this account I am afraid that your Lordship will be apt to consider matters as in a very hopeless state; but I assure you I am far from desponding. With the assistance of one of the soldiers I have changed a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and shall set sail to the east, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the remote course of this mighty stream; but I am more and more inclined to think that it can end no where but in the sea.

My dear friend, Mr. Anderson, and likewise Mr. Scott, are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere, and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last die upon the Niger.

If I succeed in the object of my journey, I expect to be in England in the month of May or June, by way of the West Indies.

I request that your Lordship will have the goodness to permit my friend, Sir Joseph Banks, to peruse the abridged account of my proceedings, and that it may be preserved, in case I should lose my papers.

I have the honor to be, &c.

To the biographical Memoir succeeds a well-written Appendix, containing much interesting matter connected with the general scope and purpose of the work; and the "Journal of Mungo Park's last mission to Africa," written by himself, and transmitted to England with his last letters to Earl Camden and his private friends, by his guide and companion Isaaco, and bearing every mark of authenticity. It cannot be read without exciting great concern that so much zeal, patience, and ability, should have ended in destruction to the agents, and disappointment to the promoters of so laudable a project. Of the sufferings of the poor soldiers, who had volunteered the service

208 *Park's Mission to the Interior of Africa.*

without at all inquiring into the nature of it, the following extracts may give some idea :

After travelling about four miles, Sheddy Walter, the sick man before mentioned, became so exhausted, that he could not sit on the ass. He was fastened on it, and held upright ; he became more and more faint, and shortly after died. He was brought forward to the place where the front of the coffin had halted, to allow the rear to come up. Here, when the coffin had set forwards, two of the soldiers with their bayonets, and myself with my sword, dug his grave in the wild desert ; and a few branches were the only laurels which covered the tomb of the brave.

July 2d.—Set forwards. Two more of the soldiers sick of the fever. When we had travelled about three miles, one of the soldiers, (Roger M'Millan,) became so delirious, that it was found impossible to carry him forwards. Left him a village called Sanjeekotta. I regretted much being under the necessity of leaving, in the hour of sickness and distress, a man who had grown old in the service of his country. p. 85.

The lovers of the marvellous in real life, will find ample gratification from the simple, but energetic, detail of several encounters with lions, crocodiles, and wolves, and of the attack of a swarm of bees, which occasioned to the party the irreparable loss of several of their beasts of burden.

Several of the descriptions of African scenery, and of the tools and machines used by the natives of the interior of the country, are elucidated by wood-cuts ; a correct map of the route which our traveller took is illustrated in the same way ; and sketches are given of the course of the Niger. Let it be remarked, that to ascertain the course and the termination of this river, was the prime object of Mr. Park's enterprise.

Of Isaaco's Journal, we are told by the editor, that

The sole reason for publishing such a document at full length, is the circumstance of its containing the only direct evidence of Park's death. In every other point of view it is wholly destitute of interest, and cannot be read through without a strong effort ; being inconceivably tedious, and having all the dry minuteness of a log-book, without its valuable precision.

Isaaco's Journal comprises the narration of Amadi Fatouma, the guide whom he had recommended to Mr. Park. If credit be given to the relation of this man, it is evident that Mr. Park and Mr. Martyn, after displaying great fortitude and bravery, at last fell victims to the cupidity and ferocity of a barbarous tribe in the interior of the country—in short, that they perished in the waters of the ill-omened Niger, having thrown themselves from their canoe in desperation, on being overpowered by a storm of "lances, pikes, arrows, and stones !"

Amadi Fatouma goes on to say—

I was kept in irons three months; the King released me and gave me a slave, (woman). I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr. Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above. I asked him if he was sure nothing had been found in the canoe after its capture; he said that nothing remained in the canoe but himself and a sword-belt. I asked him where that sword-belt was; he said the King took it, and had made a girth for his horse with it. P. 215.

Isaac sent a "Poule" to Yaour to get the belt at any price, and at last succeeded, after a lapse of eight months. Some corroborative testimony is adduced to prove the melancholy fact of the death of Mungo Park; and the volume closes without one superfluous page, or any indication of the epidemic disease of book-making, which, from its widely spreading influence, seems likely to induce a sickly craving for anti-nutritious food, and to destroy the natural appetite for wholesome knowledge and information.

ART. II.—*Hebrew Melodies*, By LORD BYRON. London. Murray. 1815. pp. 53. Price 5s. 6d.

WE have been accustomed to see in Lord Byron, not merely an elegant writer of occasional poems—unusually successful as the productions of a man of literature, rank and fashion—and requiring no extraordinary exertion of those powers so generally cultivated in the first circles of society; but a poet of the first order, whose claims to the applause of ages, rest not upon the pointed turn of a sonnet, or the graceful simplicity of a ballad; but upon the judicious conduct of original story, intimate acquaintance with human feeling, and that range of mind which embraces every accessory to a finished performance—from the imagination which brings a succession of splendid images before the enraptured eye of the reader, to the profound moral reflection which sometimes indeed saddens the heart, but always rivets the attention and improves the understanding.

The magic of Lord Byron's verse can gain nothing from the allurements of sound: Its empire over the feelings is complete, and has hitherto been undivided. But music has every thing to gain from being united to poetry—which lends intelligence to melody, and connects moral sentiment with the fascinations of harmony.

To most of the votaries of the muse, it is essential to follow the impulse of genius at its own time, and after its own manner; and we know how to appreciate the courtesy that appears in the following advertisement:

210 Lord Byron's *Hebrew Melodies*.

The subsequent poems were written at the request of the author's friend, the Hon. D. Kinnaird, for a selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan."

If the noble author meant this advertisement as an apology for the publication of his Melodies, we say, *no such apology was wanted*; his fame, and their merits, rendered it unnecessary. But we also say, that if both his fame and their merits had been infinitely less than they are, his verses would have been read by many—by all who knew Mr. Kinnaird, and were told that they were suited to his taste, and approved of by his judgment.

The table of contents runs thus :

She walks in beauty—The harp the monarch minstrel swept—If that high world—The wild Gazelle—Oh! weep for those—On Jordan's banks—Jephtha's daughter—Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom—My soul is dark—I saw thee weep—Thy days are done—It is the hour—Song of Saul before his last battle—Saul—"All is vanity, saith the preacher"—When coldness wraps—Vision of Belshazzar—Sun of the sleepless!—Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be—Herod's lament for Mariamne—On the day of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus—By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept—The destruction of Sennacherib—From Job—Lines on Sir Peter Parker.

It is not to be expected that, though bearing the stamp of excellence, all these poems should possess excellence in the same degree. We can distinguish some in which the magnificence of Lord Byron's genius flashes forth in a far brighter flame than is poured upon the rest. Some of them are too short to display the gradual workings, and final bursts of empasioned feeling; or the minute and successive traits of individual character. A poem of sixteen or twenty lines, is likely to have closeness of thought, and elegance of expression; but it cannot force the mind into a train of deep reflection, or lay strong hold upon the heart. Excessive sorrow may sometimes be mute; but, if it speak, it is loquacious: brevity may be "the soul of wit," but redundancy is the characteristic of complaint.

We hasten to lay before our readers some specimens of this latest present to the public from the noble bard. Something, we could not forbear saying; but perhaps the reader deems "our prattle to be tedious," since it stands between him and an anticipated pleasure.

Song of Saul before his last Battle.

Warriors and Chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death which awaits us to-day!"

Saul.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom-seer!"
Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light chang'd its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,
Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
From lips that mov'd not and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, Oh King? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine, and such shall be
Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day;
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side,
To thy heart, thy hand shall guide.
Crownless, breathless, headless, fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul!

A spirit pass'd before me, I beheld
The face of Immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on ev'ry eye save mine,
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And, as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:
"Is Man more just than God? Is Man more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?"

Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust !
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
 Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
 Heedless and blind to wisdom's wasted light."

p. 49.

Our limits do not allow us to insert "Herod's lament for Mariamne" which is exceedingly beautiful. Voltaire has happily succeeded in blending pity with our abhorrence of the tyrant. We see in his verses the agonies inflicted by ungoverned passion ; we see Love maddening into Jealousy—exasperated to Revenge—corroding by Remorse, and at last darkening into total Despair and self-detestation. We cannot withhold our commiseration from the unhappy being whose vices have been stimulated by Flattery, and rendered easy and conspicuous by the possession of Power ; and when he exclaims in the bitterness of his soul, "chacun me hait, je me hais moi-même," in the penitent lover of Mariamne, we almost forget her murderer. Such is the principal effect and impression produced upon the mind by five acts of fine tragic poetry, assisted by every adventitious aid of situation and dialogue : But such also is the feeling excited in this melody by one interlocutor, who comprises the story of his love and his remorse in twenty-four lines of alternate verse.

We cannot turn from the perusal of this collection, without ardently wishing that our devotional exercises were assisted by translators better qualified to render the sublimity of the original lays of the royal Psalmist, than were the authors of the stanzas, in which we are accustomed to chaunt the praises of that Being, who makes all nature "beauty to the eye and music to the ear." Nor is the want of harmony the only fault in our version of the psalms. The aspirations of Divine Love are often expressed in language breathing the fondness of low, earthly passion ; and some professedly pious modern hymns require only the suppression of the sacred name, to sink them to the level of ordinary love-songs of the lowest description.

The last poem in this collection has already secured the favor of the public by its insertion in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It is a tribute to the memory of Sir Peter Parker, and as such, would have been read with indulgence—had it come from a hand less fitted to strew unfading flowers over the tomb of valor.

On advancing thus far in the perusal of our MSS. we found that a good-natured friend had penned, and slipt in among our papers, some ideas of his own, respecting the little volume before

us. *And as they show how differently different people may think and express themselves on the same subject, they shall be given to the public.*

We have seldom hailed the appearance of any work with pleasure more genuine than that which this little volume has excited. This does not arise from the superior excellence of the poetry—from the felicity of the diction, or the harmony of the numbers; but from the consideration of the noble author's muse being at length directed to the pure fountain of sacred song. We have long regretted that the richness of Lord Byron's fancy should have been reflected only on objects dreary and revolting; and that the force of his mind should have been spent in assailing the bulwarks of human consolation. Even on the ground of taste, it was melancholy to observe, that he was wholly a stranger to those visions of future happiness, which, distant or near, impart sublime conceptions of our destiny. Nature's softest, tenderest voice seemed only to whisper sorrow to him. He was favored with no glimpse that could render him less forlorn; no gentle breeze from heaven crept into his troubled heart; there was no angelic messenger to listen delighted to his song. But now we see him in the fields of pure inspiration. He has abandoned the streams of Acheron, for "Siloa's brook that flows fast by the oracle of God;" he has escaped from the horrors of a cold, *unpoetical* scepticism, into the regions to which Milton delighted to soar.

We cannot say that we think all the topics of these melodies very judiciously selected. The old Testament, no doubt, contains much very noble poetry, and the richest materials for a bard to work upon. The simplicity of the patriarchal ages—the "angel visits few and far between" with which the early ages were favored; the awful prodigies—and the immortal virtue that were then witnessed; together with the magnificent descriptions—and the rapturous prophecies diffused over the Bible; are well calculated to fire the soul, and fill it with heavenly inspiration. At the same time it does not strike us, that the last speech of Jephtha's daughter, the appearance of Samuel to the remorse-stricken Saul, and the fall of Belshazzar, are the fittest themes for slight musical compositions. The song of Saul too, before the battle in which he was killed, reminds us of the absurdity of modern operas, where heroes and heroines, trembling on the verge of fate, find time to modulate their distresses, or quaver them quite away. Of the oratorios, and the *sacred* music of our Sunday evenings, we now choose to say nothing. It is impossible to do justice to themes so divine, as those con-

tained in the scriptures, in two or three stanzas : and therefore, although we rejoice to see Lord Byron touching tenderly the harp of David, we estimate him more by his promise, than by his immediate performance.

There are traits of exquisite feeling and beauty in these little specimens. And we are the more delighted with them, as we lately feared that their author was capable of employing only the dark and the terrific machinery he has so successfully wielded. The following is a very acceptable effusion from a writer, who once "dared not look beyond the tomb, and could not hope for rest before."—

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears ;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres !
How sweet this very hour to die !
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light eternity !

It must be so : tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink ;
And striving to o'erleap the gulph
Yet cling to being's severing link.
O ! in the future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs.

The following is more mournful—but its melancholy is of a softer coloring than the sorrows he lately depicted. It is that mild and pensive kind of grief, which almost woos us to love it, and which mellows the heart that is impressed by it.

Oh ! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb,
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year ;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom ;
And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed fond thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the dead !
Away ! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain ?
Or make one mourner weep the less ?

And thou, who tell'st me to forget—
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

We have noticed passages which seem somewhat obscure, and others which are rather feeble and prosaic. But we forbear to adduce any of them; and only take leave to observe, that upon the whole, though the harp of Judah has been but lightly struck, it has been touched by the hand of a master; and that if Lord Byron will but keep a steady eye on the sublime objects he has been contemplating, he may elicit tones sweet and affecting as “the echo of the song of angels.”

Fragmenta Basmurico-Coptica Veteris et Novi Testamenti, quæ in Museo Borgiano Velitris asservantur, cum reliquis Versionibus Ægyptiis contulit, Latine vertit, nec non Criticis et Philologicis adnotationibus, illustravit, W. F. ENGELBRETH, Ecclesiarum Lyderslöviæ et Fröslöviæ in Siælandiâ, V. D. M. et Præpositus Honorarius. Havniæ. 1811. 4to. pp. xxvi + 200 = 226.

WE have the pleasure of introducing to the notice of our Biblico-Oriental readers, one of the most valuable publications, which has for some time appeared in their favorite department of literature; and so strongly are we impressed with a sense of its importance, that we shall make no apology for exceeding in our account of it, the space which we generally allow for the notice of a single book. But that we may not trespass unnecessarily on the time of our readers, we shall, without further Preface, proceed to consider the work.

The zeal of the early Christians prompted them to extend the knowledge of the new religion to distant countries by means of various translations. Among these versions, not the least valuable, are those which were made in the dialects of Egypt. Of these, two, as is well known to our readers, namely, the Coptic and Sahidic, have already been given to the public. The former was printed at Oxford in 1716, by the indefatigable Wilkins; and those fragments of the latter, which had escaped the ravages of time, were published at the same place in 1799, by Dr. Ford, to whom the work was committed, after the profoundly learned Woidè had been called from the scene of his useful labors. Some few detached fragments had already been printed by TUKI, in his *Rudimenta Ling. Copt.* 4to. Romæ, 1778: by MINGARELLI, in his *Ægyptiorum Codicum Reliquiæ*

Nanianæ, Bononiæ, 1785: and by MÜNTER, now Bishop of Zealand, in his *Commentatio de indole N. T. Versionis Sahidicæ*, 4to. Havniæ, 1789. Here, however, our progress in Egyptian Literature appeared to stop; we then seemed scarcely to have reason to expect more fragments even of these two versions; and still less therefore could we ever hope to find part of a version, in a dialect entirely new, and of which, even in the year 1808, it was supposed by a man profoundly learned in Egyptian antiquities,¹ that only *one word* remained to us.

“Accidit in puncto quod non speratur in anno;” for here we were agreeably disappointed. Engelbreth has discovered among the literary treasures contained in the inestimable collection of CARDINAL BORGIA, several considerable fragments of a third Egyptian version, both of the Old and New Testaments. A few verses had, indeed, been printed by MÜNTER, in his *Commentatio*, pp. 78—80., which had been discovered by GEORGI, the learned Editor of the *Fragmentum Evangelii Johannis Græco-Copto-Thebaicum*, 4to. Romæ, 1789, and by him supposed to belong to the Ammoniac dialect; but Münter seems to have regarded this new dialect only as corrupt Sahidic or Thebaidic.²

Engelbreth has, however, completely established the fact, that this version, whether it be Basmuric or Ammoniac, is written in a dialect entirely distinct from the Thebaidic. In the second section of his *Prolegomena* he has thoroughly examined the subject; and we conceive that it will not be wholly superfluous to give an abstract of his researches. Of course the reader, who is really interested in the inquiry, will have Woide's edition of Scholtz's Egyptian Grammar³ lying open before him; and it will therefore be unnecessary for us to do more than make references to Woide.

The distinguishing property of this dialect, is the almost constant use of Δ , when in the others Θ is employed; and it is also used instead of Υ : ϵ is substituted for Δ , and Λ for ρ : e. g. ΔIR , *panis*, Copt. ΥIR , Theb. $\Theta\epsilon\text{IR}$: $\Delta\text{N}\Sigma$ or $\Delta\text{N}\Delta\Sigma$, *vivere*, C. $\Theta\text{N}\text{H}$, Th. $\Theta\text{N}\Sigma$: $\Lambda\Delta\Upsilon\text{II}$, *annus*, C. $\rho\text{OU}\text{II}$, Th. $\rho\text{OU}\text{II}\epsilon$: $\Lambda\epsilon\text{N}$,

¹ *Quatremere*, recherches critiques et historiques sur la langue et la littérature de l'Égypte. Paris, 1808, p. 147.

² See Marsh's *Michaelis*, Vol. II. p. 597. Münter published merely the text of 1 Corinth. ix. 10—16.

³ This was printed at Oxford in 1778, 4to.: Woide had edited La Croze's Coptic Lexicon in 4to. 1775. at Oxford.

some, C. and Th. P Δ N. ENGELBRETH thinks it likely, that at first in the Basmuric dialect, O and P were not admitted, but were introduced afterwards by degrees, by the errors of scribes, or subsequent endeavours to increase the alphabet. To the first, however, it may be objected, that if those letters were at first unknown, they could hardly have been introduced by transcribers, of whom it is not the common fault to make new letters. The second, therefore, appears the most likely solution.—Although the use of Δ for P was not entirely unknown in the Thebais, and the permutation of Δ with O, and E with Δ , sometimes, though rarely, occurred in the other dialects of Egypt; yet our author thinks, that the frequent use of Δ for O, E for Δ , and Δ for P, has the character of a different dialect. In the same manner he conceives Φ to have been interpolated in $\Phi\mathcal{T}$: and though we find the word $\text{H}\epsilon\Phi\text{I}$, yet as it seems to be derived from the Greek *ἡνέφει*, the conjecture appears not to be subverted by this circumstance. He might have added, that $\Phi\mathcal{T}$ was probably interpolated in a later age, it being a Coptic word; and in some, indeed, in most places, we find in the Basmuric version, the word written at length, $\Pi\text{H}\text{O}\mathcal{Y}\mathcal{T}$. See 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. vii. 24. viii. 3, 4, 5, 6, 8. ix. 9. xiv. 36. xv. 9, 10, 24., and many other passages.—The letters Δ or E are also frequently inserted before consonants: e. g. $\text{C}\text{H}\epsilon\mathcal{Y}\Delta\mathcal{Z}$, *vinculum*, C. $\text{C}\text{H}\epsilon\mathcal{Y}\mathcal{Z}$: $\mathcal{Y}\mathcal{W}\Delta\epsilon\Pi$, *mane*, C. and Th. $\mathcal{Y}\mathcal{W}\Pi$.—We also find EI in the end of words instead of I, when \mathcal{Y} precedes: e. g. $\Delta\epsilon\mathcal{U}\text{I}\Delta\mathcal{Y}\epsilon\text{I}$, *lacrymae*, C. $\epsilon\mathcal{P}\mathcal{U}\mathcal{W}\text{O}\mathcal{Y}\text{I}$, Th. $\mathcal{P}\mathcal{U}\mathcal{G}\text{I}\text{O}\text{O}\mathcal{Y}\epsilon$.—When a vowel precedes, \mathcal{Y} is used instead of $\text{O}\mathcal{Y}$; e. g. $\epsilon\text{C}\Delta\mathcal{Y}$, *ens*, C. $\epsilon\text{C}\mathcal{W}\text{O}\mathcal{Y}$, Th. $\epsilon\text{C}\text{O}\text{O}\mathcal{Y}$, and though this happens sometimes in Thebaidic, it occurs more frequently in Basmuric.

We now come to the agreements between this and the other dialects. It agrees with the Thebaidic, in rejecting Δ in words originally Greek. Engelbreth, therefore, thinks $\text{O}\mathcal{Y}\Delta\epsilon$, 1 Cor. xv. 19. an error for $\text{O}\mathcal{Y}\mathcal{T}\epsilon$: but we meet with the same word twice in Isaiah i. 6., and $\Delta\epsilon$, the Greek $\delta\iota$ repeatedly occurs: neither is it true that in Thebaidic words, originally Greek, Δ is rejected: see WOLFE, p. 5. and his Appendix ad N. T. *passim*: where the reader will continually

find $\Lambda\epsilon$ and similar words: we also have $OY\Lambda\epsilon$ twice in the Sahidic version of Isaiah, i. 6. as printed by ENGELBRETH himself. Perhaps some omission was made in printing ENGELBRETH's words—"Consentiunt Basmuritæ et Thebæi in rejiciendo literam Λ , in vocibus Græcæ originis;" because in the Basmuric version of Heb. ix. 15, 16, 17, we have $\Delta I\Delta\Theta H K H$; and in verse 22. $C X\epsilon\Delta O H$; and in x. 2. $CYHH\Delta\epsilon C I C$. We would propose, therefore, to read—"NISI in vocibus," &c. It cannot be denied, however, that he is sometimes loose in his assertions; e. g. he says, that Φ occurs only in ΦT and in $H\epsilon\Phi I$; but in Heb. x. 10, 14. we find $I P O C \Phi O P \Lambda$: we have besides seen it in a few other words, but having neglected to note the passages, we cannot cite more examples.

In Basmuric, as in Sahidic, R is used instead of Υ , but more frequently; T for Θ ; Θ is also used to represent $T\delta$: K is used instead of X , except in Greek words, as $X P I \Delta$, &c.: Π instead of Φ , except in ΦT and $H\epsilon\Phi I$: δ for δ , as in Sahidic, δ is never used: (see WOIDE, p. 8.) δ , X , and Υ , are permutable, as in Sahidic: (see WOIDE, p. 8.) In the plural of the indefinite article, it frequently rejects ϵ and has $\delta\bar{N}$; in the prepositions $\delta\epsilon N$ and $\epsilon B O \Lambda \delta\epsilon N$, as also in the conjunction $U\epsilon N$, it almost always as in Thebaidic rejects the ϵ ; but not frequently in the articles, especially Π and the prefixes. The Basmuric dialect employs occasionally the Thebaidic H instead of the Memphitic ϵ : e. g. $H\Upsilon\Delta Y O Y \Delta \delta U\epsilon Y$ *expositus est* Heb. vii. 2. Coptic. $\epsilon\Upsilon\Delta Y O Y \Delta \delta U\epsilon I$. Like the Thebaidic, it employs ϵY in possessives instead of the Memphitic $O Y$; and in like manner we find U used for the Memphitic $H I$; e. g. Heb. ix. 23. we have $H \Delta U I I H O Y$, *cælestia*; Copt. $H \Delta H I \Phi H O Y$. It sometimes employs the Thebaidic plural definite

¹ It may here be noticed once for all, that we employ the term "*Memphitic*" as synonymous with "*Coptic*;" and "*Thebaidic*" as equivalent to "*Sahidic*." See Woidè's "*Dissertatio de Bibliorum Versione Egyptiaca*" p. 1. It is printed in his "Appendix ad N. T." Ed. Ford, and in the third volume of Cramer's "*Kielische Beiträge*."

article **NE**, instead of the Coptic **NI**. In the roots of verbs we perceive also a strong agreement with the Sahidic dialect.

On the other hand it agrees with Coptic in the frequent use of **I** final instead of the Thebaidic **E** : e. g. **WEUWI** *ministrare*, Theb. **WEUUE**.—Like the Coptic it sometimes retains the vowels in the articles and prefixes, as also in many words, where the Sahidic dialect rejects them : e. g. **ΛECT** *cras*, Theb. **PC†**, **ΕΛ** *esse, facere*, Th. **P̄**. For the Thebaidic **UNT**, the mark of substantives, it retains the Coptic **UET** : (see Woidè, p. 13.) It rejects the Theb. **ΠXOEIC** *Dominus* and has the Copt. **ΠOC**. It frequently uses the Coptic **Φ†** for the Sahidic **ΠHOYTE**, and the definite articles **ΠI** and **NI** for the Theb. **ΠE** and **NE**. In many roots it agrees more nearly with the Copt. than with the Sahid. dialect : e. g. **XEΛA** *comburare*, Memph. **CEPO**, Th. **WEPEPE**; **WHOF** *longus*, Memph. **WHOF**, Th. **WOI**, and in many other examples.

We now proceed to particulars in which Basmuric is peculiar. In the singular number it doubles **H**, the mark of case : e. g. **HHOYT**, *unus*. Besides this it has some words peculiar to itself ; e. g. **ATΛ**, **OYATΛ**, *multitudo*; *plures*; **BWPK**, *ira*; **ΘEUIO**, *radix*; **KEUETC**, *tenebrae*; **ΛANIC**, *aliquis*; **TWΠ**, *consuetudo*, **CHET**, *ira*. ENGELBRETH confesses that we cannot positively say that these words may not be found in the other dialects till we have more complete vocabularies of them : but that from the genius of the Egyptian languages it does not appear probable that the Coptic and Sahidic dialects are fruitful in synonyms, and we have therefore more reason to think them peculiar to the Basmuric. J. D. AKERBLAD in his most interesting *Lettre sur l'Inscription Egyptienne de Rosette*¹ addressed to one of the greatest Orientalists of the day, SILVESTRE DE SACY, gives us the following information : “ J’ai fait,—des extraits de tout ce qui regarde la géographie et l’histoire civile de l’Egypte dans les auteurs Coptes ; j’ai enrichi mon exemplaire du Dictionnaire de La Croze, d’un grand nombre de mots qui y manquoient ; j’ai formé la charpente d’un Dictionnaire Thébaïque qui renferme déjà plus de deux mille articles : malgré cela, je

¹ 8vo. Paris. An. X.=1802.

rencontre très souvent" (namely in the Egyptian inscription on the Rosetta Stone,)—"des mots Egyptiens dont la signification est déterminée par l'analogie de l'inscription Grecque, aussi bien que par la construction, et qui ne se trouvent pas dans mes collections." (p. 52.) Still, however, we must allow the force of ENGELBRETH's plea, and we think with him, that Basmuric is decidedly a new dialect.—While we are thus citing AKERBLAD's words we cannot but remark, how much progress might be made in many languages, of which we have only small vocabularies, if scholars would take the trouble to minute down the new words which they meet with in the course of their reading : this is a measure to which we have accustomed ourselves ; and in the course of a very hasty perusal of merely part of WOIDE's edition of the Sahidic Fragments of the N. T. we have been enabled to collect a very considerable list of Sahidic words not mentioned in his edition of La Croze's Coptic Lexicon. Had we not very recently commenced the practice, our collections would have been very large. The trouble is less than many would suppose.

ENGELBRETH accounts for the greater similarity of the Basmuric to the Thebaidic dialect, than to the Memphitic, upon the supposition that all these were derived from a common source, namely from the *ancient* language ; but that this language, as spoken in lower Egypt, differed in some degree from that used in Upper Egypt and the Delta ; and that when Thebes was ruined, and the seat of Royalty translated to Memphis, the Thebaidic dialect was suffered to remain in its ancient state, while that used at Memphis was gradually refined and increased : the Sahidic dialect was then of course neglected, and the Basmuric encountered the same fate. This notion is not a little corroborated by the circumstance, that while many works, as translations of the writings of the Greek Fathers, Martyrologies, and similar productions, besides a complete translation of the Bible, remain in Coptic ; we find in Sahidic, only a mutilated version of the Bible, a few fragments of liturgies, and two unintelligible works written by the Valentinian Heretics : and we have nothing more of Basmuric, than the few fragments of the Bible which ENGELBRETH has published in the volume before us. Besides, as he remarks, every one who has the slightest tincture of Egyptian literature must have perceived that Thebaidic is by much the rudest of the dialects.

Having thus established the claims of this new version to the honor of being written in a distinct dialect, the next question

which occurs is, what is its proper country? "Oases Ammonis, et spatia amplissima Lybiæ Ægyptiacæ ultra Telamonis moles, pro patria hujus dialecti habebat GEORGI,¹ eamque Ammoni-
acam appellendam censebat." (ENGELBRETH Prol. p. xi.) This opinion was called in question by ZOEGA, a learned Dane, who contended that it was used in the Delta. QUATREMERE was also of opinion that it ought to be termed the Oasitic dialect. GEORGI and QUATREMERE founded their opinion upon the etymology of the Arabic name, BASHMOUR or BASCHMOUR, which they derived from the Coptic ΠCΩUHP, translated by them "*regio trans*" sc. *fluvium, Nilum*; and they supposed that it indicated the country to the west of the Nile, between that river and Lybia. ENGELBRETH, however, has shown, after ZOEGA, that the word means "*regio cincta*," or *circumflua*, sc. *Nilo*, and which of course indicates the Delta. Stephanus Byzantinus² tells us that the Egyptian name of the Delta was πτιμυρις: his words as cited by our author are as follows: ἡλτα πολις προς τη συρια και ησος Αιγυπτου ὡς εφορος, και Αιγυπτου καλουμένη πτιμυρις. ZOEGA derives πτιμυρις from the Coptic ΠCΙUOYΡ or ΠΧΙUHP, "*regio cincta*" or *circumflua*. ENGELBRETH refers it to Τ "*dare*" and UOYΡ "*cingulum*," the definite masculine article Π being prefixed, and the termination, ις, added: it will thus signify "*cui cingulum datum*." JABLONSKI³ derives it from ΠΤUOP or ΠΤUOYΡ, which he conceives to have been the name of the Nile *qui Delta quasi cingit*, and is metonymically used, *de terra a Nilo circumdata*, sc. *Delta*. ENGELBRETH proposes to derive the Arabic *Bashmour* from ΠCΩUOYΡ *regio cincta*, rather than from ΠCΩUHP *regio trans* sc. *fluvium*: "an etiam UHP *trans*, absque substantivo, cui respondeat, usurpetur, dubito." (Proleg. p. xiii.)

But what etymology has made probable, becomes certainty, if we turn to the Arabic Geographer ABULFEDA, "qui Al Baschmour insulam esse binis Nili brachiis circumdatam, ejusque metropolin esse Osmun Tinnag vel Tanach, haud ob-

¹ Præf. ad Evang. S. Johannis. p. lxxviii. lxxxvi.

² De urbibus ed. Berkel. p. 294.

³ Opuscula. ed. Te Water. 4 vols. 8vo. Lugd. Bat. 1804. vol. i. p. 217—18.

scure indicat.”—ENGELBRETH then goes on to show from History that the Delta must necessarily be the country of this dialect: his proofs are drawn chiefly from the deeds of Almamon and the expedition of Mervanus as related by Eutychius² and Elmakin.³ In all this part of his argument, he appears to us completely successful; his manner of arguing is cool, luminous, and conclusive; and entirely destitute of the acrimony with which too many writers are accustomed to disgrace controversial works. As QUATREMERE conceived, that the only remnant of the Basmuric dialect was the word ΠΙΙΠΙΙΥ, *locus, quo alveus fluminis sese dilatat ad excipiendas aquas*, he was obliged to refer this version to some other dialect; and then misled by the great authority of GEORGI, he misinterpreted the Coptic word ΠΙCΑΥΗΡ, from which Bashmour was derived: in consequence of all these, in him unaccountable, mistakes, he fixed upon Oasis, as the part of Egypt where this dialect was used.

It is not certain at what time Christianity was introduced into the smaller Delta; but several circumstances tend to prove that it was Christianized, at least in some degree, at a very early period. The metropolis of Bashmour is by Abulfeda⁴ called Ashmun-Tinnah; which according to D’Anville⁵ and Hartmann,⁶ is the ancient Mendesus; to which Thmuis, now called Thmaie, was very near.

Now, the martyrs Phileas and Donatus, the first of whom suffered under Maximian, the latter under Licinius, are mentioned⁷ as Bishops of this city. Caius, Bishop of Ptimythis, which is supposed to have been Thmuis, was present at the Council of Nice.⁸ We also find Philip, Bishop of Panephyus, at the council of Nice:⁹ and Archebius, Bishop of Panephyus,

¹ Abulfedæ descriptio Egypti ed. Michaelis, 4to. Gött. 1775. p. 10, 31. et not. edit. 108, 260, 261. Ed. Reiske, in Büsching’s Magazin. 4ter. B. p. 202.

² Annales. ed. Pococke, 2 vols. 4to. Oxon. 1658—9.

³ Historia Saracenica. ed. Erpenii. Fol. Lugd. Bat. 1625.

⁴ Descript. Ægypt. ed. Michaelis. p. 31. No. 260. 261.

⁵ Memoires sur l’Egypte. p. 91.

⁶ Büsching’s Erdbeschreibung, Ægypten. 12 ter. B. p. 857.

⁷ Euseb. Hist. Eccles. viii. c. 9. p. 386, and viii. c. 13. p. 394. ed. Reading.—Le Quien, Oriens Christianus. ii. 537—8—9.

⁸ Tillemont. vi. 639.—Concil. nov. Coll. ed. Mansi. ii. 693.

⁹ Le Quien. ii. 547. Concil. n. coll. ii. 693. Tillemont. vi. 639.

made a journey to Thennesus, to elect a Bishop.¹ Hence ENGELBRETH argues, that since so many cities had Bishops, many inhabitants of the country must have been Christians; and since they were ignorant of Greek, they would of course require a version of the Bible, in their vernacular dialect of Egyptian. Hence he thinks it probable that the Basmuric version was made in the end of the third, or beginning of the fourth century; at which time, according to Münter,² the other Egyptian versions were made. But in what follows, there seems to be an inconsistency: he believes that Hilarion the Monk, whose life, together with a very false and ridiculous account of his miracles,³ was written by St. Jerome. We learn “eum adpellasse, ad ea loca, quæ vocantur Bucolia, eo quod nullus ibi Christianorum esset, sed barbara tantum et ferox natio.”⁴ Now, Hilarion died about the year 371: and therefore if he first Christianized the Delta, the Basmuric version could not have been made till towards the middle of the fourth century. The reference to St. Jerome in our last note, was made on the authority of ENGELBRETH, as we have not Jerome’s works at hand: but Middleton⁵ relates on his authority, quoted in our note, that he founded Monastery, in Syria and Palestine, though he does not mention him as having christianized Egypt. At all events, however, if Hilarion first preached the Gospel to the Basmurites, their version must have been made about the middle or towards the latter end of the fourth century. Woidè, in his *Dissertatio de Bibliorum versionibus Egyptiacis*, printed in the Appendix ad N. T. e Cod. MSto. Alexand. Editum,⁶ p. 135—140, has brought some very strong arguments to show that the Sahidic version was made in the second century; and WILKINS, the Editor of the Memphitic version, contends, (*Prolegom.* p. v.) that the Coptic was made in the third century. LOUIS PIQUES, or according to his Latin

¹ Le Quien. ii. 550.

² Vermischte Beiträge zur Kirchengeschichte. 1798. 8vo. p. 40.

³ See Middleton’s Inquiry into the miraculous powers of the Primitive Church. Works, vol. i. p. 200—214. ed. 8vo. London. 1755.

⁴ Hieronymi Opera. ed. Vallarsii. fol. Veronæ. ii. 38.

⁵ Works, vol. v. p. 19. Necdum enim tunc Monasteria erant in *Palæstina*, nec quisquam Monachum ante Sanctum Hilarionem in *Syria* noverat. Ille fundator et eruditor hujus conversationis et studii in hac provinciâ fuit. Hieronymi Op. T. iv. p. ii. p. 78. ed. Benedict.

⁶ It was published at Oxford in folio in 1799, under the care of the late learned Dr. Ford.

name, LUDOVICUS PICKIUS, refers it to the fifth,¹ a period much too late: WETSTEIN (Prolegom. ad N. T. p. 110.) denies it to have been written in the third century; but his arguments, according to Michaëlis,² are “totally ungrounded.” With respect to the age of the Basmuric version ENGELBRETH further remarks: “Si vera sit hypothesis cl. Hugii,³ versionem Thebaicam et Basmuricam ex κοινή εκδοσει Ægypti, quæ ante recensio- nem Hesychii in usu fuerat, haustam esse, exinde argumentum, quo probaretur versionem Basmuricam ad finem seculi tertii vel ab initio quarti esse conscriptam, adferre liceret; at hac ingeniosa hypothesi, a viris artis criticæ peritis nondum diligenter exami- nata atque ponderata, pro argumento certo et indubitato, ad meam—firmandam opinionem, uti non audeo. Objicietur for- san, versionem Basmuricam non ab ipsa κοινή εκδοσει, sed a The- baica esse haustam, igiturque de ejus antiquitate, ex hac hypo- thesi, si vera sit, nil certi esse concludendum; sed versionibus Thebaica et Basmurica inter se comparatis, illam non filiam sed potius hujus sororem esse habendam, ex ipsoque textu Græco oriundam verisimile fit. Attamen interpretem Basmuricum versionem Thebaicam et novisse et consuluisse, non est quod negem.” (Prolegom. p. xx.) In this case, however, we should have expected to have found a greater similarity between their readings.

The Egyptian versions all follow the lxx. in the O. T.; espe- cially that copy which exists in the Vatican MS.; and they rarely agree with the readings found in the Codex Alexandrinus, or the other versions, and Fathers; and sometimes have additions, supported neither by the Hebrew Text, nor the other Greek ver- sions. Till more fragments are discovered, it cannot exactly be ascertained whether the Basmuric version agrees in the O. T. chiefly with the Coptic or Sahidic, but from the few passages which have been found, it seems to agree most with the Thebaidic. In the Gospels, a very short fragment only remains, viz. Joh. iv. 28—34, 36—39, 43—46, 48,—53, and even this is much mutilated. ENGELBRETH, who had not Woidè's Appendix at hand, could not ascertain the readings of the Thebaidic version: and indeed even in Woidè we have only from verse 28 to 30, of

¹ Marsh's Michaëlis vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 587. ed. 1802, Millii Prole- gom. s. 1509.

² Introduction to N. T. vol. ii. pt. i. p. 77.

³ Hug. Einleitung in die Schriften des Neuen Testaments, Tü- bingen, 1808. i Th. 344, 349, 437, 438.

this passage : We have observed, however, the following differences :¹

Joh. iv. 28. ἀφῆκεν—Basm. *reliquit*²—Th. *deponens*.

_____ καὶ ἀπῆλθεν εἰς—B. *et abiit in*—Th. *intravit*.³

_____ καὶ λέγει—B. *dicens*—Copt. *et dixit*.—Th. *dixit*.

_____ 29. δεῦτε, ἴδετε,—B. *venite videte*—Th. *venite ut videatis*.

_____ 30. ἄνθρωπον—B. *istum hominem*—Th. *hominem*.

_____ καὶ ἤρχοντο—B. *et venerunt*—Copt. *et veniebant*,—Th. *venientes*.

The Thebaidic version has in many passages, however, been transcribed and published by our author, from MSS. in the possession of Cardinal Borgia : some few verses have been printed from Woidè's work, having been transcribed five years since by ENGELBRETH, during a residence at Dresden. We must here express our surprise that he could not obtain it in Denmark, especially as that country seems now to be the chief store-house of Egyptian literature.

We proceed to give the following specimen of the readings of this version, collated with Griesbach's text :⁴

1 Cor. ix. 1.

Οὐκ εἰμι ἐλεύθερος ; οὐκ εἰμι ἀπόστολος { Nonne ego *sum* Apostolus ?
nonne ego *sum* liber ?

οὐχὶ Ἰησοῦν Χριστὸν τὸν κύριον { Nonne vidi Jesum Dominum
ἡμῶν ἐώρακα ; meum. Basm. Jesum Dominum nostrum. Th.

δ. ἀδελφὴν γυναῖκα περιάγειν . . { —ut soror uxor sequatur nos.
B. Copt. ut soror vel uxor sequatur nos. Th.

¹ Where the reading of the Coptic and Thebaidic versions is not mentioned, it is supposed to agree with the Basm. : the object of the collation is to show the difference of reading between the Basmuric and the other Egyptian versions. The Greek text with which the Basm. fragments are collated, is that adopted by Griesbach, in the second edition of his Greek Testament.

² Engelbreth might have better translated the Basmuric word by *deposuit*, for that is one of the meanings of the corresponding word ⲭⲱ in Coptic.

³ The Sahidic might have been better translated, either *intravit in urbem*, or *venit in urbem* : Bⲱⲕ, properly means *venire*. See La Crozii Lexicon Ægyptiacum ed. Woidè. Oxon. 1775. p. 184.

⁴ When the readings of the other Egyptian versions are not mentioned, they are supposed to agree with the Greek. We have generally expressed the reading of the Egyptian versions in Latin.

6. ἐγὼ } *deest.* Basm. Woidè inaccurately translates the Sahidic $\overline{\text{P}}\text{Z}\text{W}\text{B}$ by *facere*; it means ἐργάζεσθαι.
7. τὶς στρατεύεται ἰδίῳις ὀψωνίοις ποτὲ } *Quis militat unquam stipendiis suis propriis?* Basm.
- τὶς φυτεύει } *aut quis plantat—Basm. quis plantavit—Th.*
- καὶ } *deest bis* Th.
9. ἐν γὰρ τῷ Μώσεως νόμῳ γέ- } γέγραπται γὰρ ἐν τῷ νόμῳ μωύ-
γραπται } σεως. Basm. Copt. Th.
10. πάντως } *deest.* Basm. Th.

Our limits will not allow us to proceed to a greater length in our extracts. We therefore simply notice the following facts. In the short fragment of St. John's Gospel, we mentioned above, the Basmuric version agrees with B the Vatican MS. 1209, and also with C and L, and has a close affinity with the Memphitic version. In St. Paul's Epistles, the Egyptian versions in general agree with the MSS. ABCDEFG, 17, 46, 47; the Memphitic version most frequently agrees with ABC, 17, 46, 47, seldomer with DEFG, although it does not entirely neglect them: the Basmuric and Thebaidic often follow ABCDEFG, 17, 46, 47, or DEFG, or some of them: they sometimes agree together, but sometimes the Basmuric agrees with the Coptic; and not unfrequently has *lectiones singulares*.

The passages discovered and published by ENGELBRETH, are the following: Isaiah i. 1—16. v. 8—25. John iv. 28—34, 36—39, 43—46, 48—53. 1 Corinth. vi. 19. ix. 16. xiv. 33. xv. 35. Eph. vi. 18. Philip. ii. 2. 1 Thess. i. 1. iii. 5. Heb. v. 5. x. 22.

We have at the bottom of the page, the Greek text, taken from the Roman edition of the LXX. and from GRIESBACH's second edition of his invaluable Greek Testament. The Coptic version has been added from a Roman MS. of Isaiah, and from Wilkins's edition of the Memphitic version of the N. T.—The Sahidic has been taken from MSS. belonging to Cardinal Borgia, with the exception of a few extracts from Woidè's Appendix ad N. T. e Cod. Alexand.

The MSS. of the Basmuric version, from which this work has been printed, appear to be of the eighth century; they cannot well be of later date than the year 838. A neat copper-plate, with fac-similes of some of them, has been prefixed to the work; and a very good description of them may be found in the 5th Section of the Prolegomena.

ENGELBRETH has very properly printed the MSS. with all their faults ; and he offers his corrections in the notes, which occupy forty-two pages. When, however, he suffers ΘOPACIC in the Thebaidic version of Isaiah i. 1. to pass unnoticed, he does wrong : Θ *never* occurs as the feminine definite article in Sahidic, (see Woidè's Grammar, p. 16.) or rather, it *never ought* to occur ; errors of this kind we have, though seldom, noticed in Woidè's edit. of the Theb. version ; perhaps they arise from errors of the press ; the true reading would be ΓOPACIC.

The following passage may serve as a specimen of the dialect, which the reader will compare with the Coptic and Thebaidic versions of the same words.

1 Cor. xv. 16, 17, 18.

16. ΕΨΧΕ ΝΕΤΥΔΟΥΤ ΗΔΤΩΟΥΗ
ΕΗ ΙΕ ΟΠΕ ΠΕ Χ̄C ΤΩΟΥΗ. 17. ΙΕΨΧΕ
ΟΠΕ ΠΕ Χ̄C ΤΩΟΥΗ CΨΟΥΕΙΤ ΗΒΙ
ΤΕΗΠΙCΤΙC ΔΥΩ ΕΤΙ ΔΗ ΤΕΤΕ-
ΝΨΟΟΗ ΖΗ ΝΕΤΕΗΝΟΒΙ. 18. ΙΕ ΗΙ-
ΚΕΚΔΥΗΙ ΗΤΔΥΕΗΚΑΤ ΖΟ ΠΕ Χ̄C
ΗΔΖΗΗΙ ΕΒΟΛ.

To conclude ; we have announced no production with more real pleasure than we feel on this occasion. We are sensible that books more generally interesting daily appear ; but few of them are of such real importance. By the discovery of such fragments, the chance of finally discovering some portion of the ancient dialect of Egypt becomes continually greater. A considerable acquisition of knowledge has recently been made by M. Kinker : (see Classical Journal, No. XXI. p. 197.) ; and as formerly no one was admitted to the title of a Greek critic, who had not restored several passages in Hesychius, so we do not doubt but that fifty years hence, the test of an Orientalist will be the facility with which he decyphers the verses written on the swathings of the mummies.

With regard to our author, his exertions in this branch of literature are highly praise-worthy, and we think very successful. *Humanum est errare* ; nor can it be denied that he has occasionally fallen into slight mistakes. But when we consider the small progress which has been made in even the old Egyptian dialects, we are surprised that he has been able to advance so far ; especially when we recollect the want of books by which he seems to have been perplexed.

ART. IV. *Guy Mannering ; or the Astrologer.* By the Author of "*Waverly.*" In Three Volumes. Second Edition. Edinburgh, Constable. 1815.

WE think the writer of this work is intitled, as well for this as for his former production, to take an elevated station among the Novelists of the present age. His claim, indeed, is not founded on the portion of delight he affords—on the strong interest he excites ; or on that unbroken charm with which some authors encircle us, and transport us from the painful realities of this world into regions of a purer mould. The spell which he employs is perpetually broken by the *variety of talent* which he displays. At one moment he enraptures us with associations quite romantic, or almost suspends our breath with images of horror : and next moment he elaborates with prodigious skill, pictures of disgusting coarseness and vulgarity. This incongruous combination destroys the interest we feel in the story, while it forces us to acknowledge the talents of the writer. It is like an attempt to combine in the same picture, the humor of Hogarth—with the wild and savage energy of Salvator Rosa.

The chief merit of the present romance consists in its novel situations—its enchanting descriptions of natural scenery—and the strength and power of the terrific objects which it exhibits. The last is, upon the whole, the most striking of its qualities, and is wielded the most evidently with the hand of a master. There is a wild uncertainty about his mysterious incidents, and a darkness of coloring in the delineation of his barbarous characters, which sometimes remind us of Caleb Williams, though without nearly approaching the excellence of that wonderful production. Mr. Godwin's triumph is great in the *quality*, this writer in the *quantity* of his fearful instruments. The latter can "on horror's head horrors accumulate ;" but the former has shaken deeper strings of the soul, and has maintained an elevation and a magnificence in his machinery which we altogether miss in *Guy Mannering*. The affrightments of the work before us have all the power, but not the dignity of imagination—the strength without the majesty—the fearfulness and rapidity of lightning without the grandeur which its aerial course exhibits. But it is time to present the reader with an outline of the fable, and with a sketch of the principal characters.

Guy Mannering, an Oxford student of considerable expectations, is benighted while travelling in the most lonely parts of the County of Dumfries, and compelled to seek for shelter. He finds a hospitable welcome at the house of Mr. Bertram,

which was built in the midst of the ruins of a castle that belonged to his wealthier ancestors. The moment of his arrival is critical, for the birth of an heir to the remaining lands of Ellangowan is expected, and actually occurs in the course of the evening. In the morning our hero rises to cast the nativity of the child, from an astrological scheme taught him by his early preceptor, and now employed merely by way of jest to amuse the credulity of his hosts. From the result he is somewhat astounded to discover that the periods, when peril should await the infant, were precisely the same which portended evil to the lady to whom he was attached. A little reflection, however, convinces him that the coincidence is merely accidental. He delivered the paper, however, to the father sealed, with an injunction that it should not be opened until the boy had attained the age of five years, at which time the first season of danger would have passed and shown the fallacy of his speculations. He takes a courteous leave of the hospitable family, and disappears, for a long time, from the view of the reader.

In the mean while young Harry Bertram advances from infancy, and his mother becomes impatient to open the paper which is hung like an amulet round his neck. The injunction of the "astrologer" is however obeyed, and the fifth birthday anticipated with no small curiosity. The Laird now appears in a new character to which he had long aspired—a justice of the peace—and in order to act up to the duties of his high office, opposes the smugglers whom he had before protected; and begins to prosecute, with all the rigor of the law, a crew of gipseys who had long found an asylum in a valley near his castle. At last, moved by the remonstrances of his brothers of the quorum, he resolves altogether to expel this horde from the habitations they had so long occupied; which he effects by the assistance of an excise officer named Kennedy, who was still more vigilant in attacking the vessels of a desperate smuggler called Dirk Haiteraick, which had long furnished the inhabitants of the coast, with the luxuries of tea and spirits. On the fifth birth-day of little Harry, this obnoxious man takes the child to ride with him in the woods—and is found in the evening murdered on the sea shore; while no traces can be found of his youthful charge. At the news of this terrible loss, Mrs. Bertram is seized with premature travail, and expires after presenting a daughter to her disconsolate husband. Every means towards a discovery is employed, but in vain. Meg Merrilies, the chief of the female gypsies, a woman of uncommon height, energy and feeling, is taken up on suspicion, but nothing proved against her. Indeed she displays the utmost

indignation at the idea of doing any thing to hurt the child whom she had always regarded with peculiar tenderness.

A chasm of seventeen years now occurs in the history. After this period, Mannering revisits the scene of his astrological predictions, and finds that in his absence the laird of Ellangowan had lost his wife and son; was reduced to extreme poverty; and, having no male issue to prevent the sale, was compelled to dispose of the castle of his ancestors. His only support is an affectionate and beautiful daughter, in whose arms he expires. Our hero, in the meantime, had performed and undergone much. He had been a colonel in India, where he had acquired fortune and military renown; had been married to the woman of his heart, been roused to jealousy of his wife by the attentions paid by a young lieutenant named Brown to his daughter, with whom he fought, and whom he believed he had slain. He now returned to England with Miss Julia Mannering, mourning his own impetuosity and the death of his wife, whom he had too easily suspected. In truth, however, Mr. Brown is actually alive, follows his mistress to England, and performs music under her windows, according to immemorial custom. Her father, who understands that some serenade has been given, though ignorant of its author, is happy to indulge his charity and to provide her with a discreet companion, by inviting Miss Bertram, and her instructor Dominie Sampson, an uncouth mass of learning and awkwardness, to reside in his family. With these inmates he settles at Woodbourne near Ellangowan; that place having been unfortunately purchased for a mere trifle, by a villainous attorney named Glossin. The tale then turns to the adventures of Brown, who still resolves to pursue Miss Mannering; and, for that purpose, commences a pedestrian tour from Westmorland towards her residence. In the course of his journey he meets with Meg Merrilies, who exhibits great emotion at the sight of him; and recognizes him as Henry Bertram, whom she had saved from partaking in the fate of Kennedy, to which she had been an accidental witness. He had gone to Holland, and with Dirk Haiteraick the murderer and his crew, had thence found his way to India, where he obtained a commission, fell in love, and fought with the prophet of his infancy as already related. Firm in her old attachment to the house of Ellangowan, which the misfortunes and death of the laird revived in all its original vigor, Meg Merrilies resolves to protect his child, and to restore him to the seat of his fathers. He meets with her again in circumstances of peculiar horror; at midnight, in a ruin to which he had fled for shelter,

where she not only preserves his life from the robbers by whom it is haunted, but gives him a purse containing a large sum of money, which she had long been collecting. The machinations of Glossin, by whom his return is discovered, and who had been privy to his banishment, as well as accessory to the murder of Kennedy, are soon exerted to destroy him. He is imprisoned with a view to his being carried away again by Dirk Haiteraick; delivered by the activity of the gypsey, and acknowledged as the heir of Bertram by Mannering. Meg Merrilies then appears again before him, commands him and a friend to follow her, and leads them to the cavern of the murderer whom they secure, but not till his pistol had mortally wounded their conductress. After the burial of Meg Merrilies, the smuggler is conveyed to prison with Glossin, whom he strangles, and then terminates his own wretched existence. Bertram is restored to the domains of his father and married to Miss Mannering, and his sister finds a husband in a generous youth of noble family, who had long, though in silence, been possessed of her affections.

Such is the brief outline of the story of the work before us; which is in no respect commendable, except as it affords scope for the display of the author's genius. Its improbabilities are glaring; and its moral might, in the time of lord Hale, have subjected the printer to an indictment for supporting astrology and witchcraft. It is conducted too with very little skill; for at the very beginning of the second volume, the reader knows very nearly as much as he is acquainted with at the conclusion of the last. Not that we ever desire to be startled at the ending, by some strange event contrary to all the expectations excited—which generally occurs when the author has changed his design, or very imperfectly conceived it. We have no objection to approach the catastrophe, as we do in the novels of Richardson—by regular gradations, like the avenue to a venerable building which we discern from afar, and the towers of which we distinguish one by one, till the whole edifice appears in the full majesty of its proportions: but, we do not like to see the whole machinery at once, and to be carried to the end by the mere genius of the writer, even where, as in the work before us, it alone is capable of delighting us.

Most of the persons introduced are, we fear, also rather insipid. Guy Mannering is a mere *chorus* to unite the parts of the narrative. The young ladies “have no character at all.” Bertram and Hazlewood are only handsome young men in love with the young ladies. Mr. Pleydell is a humorous old barrister

fond of good eating, and Glossin a knavish attorney. On the other hand Dominie Sampson, the awkward instructor of Miss Bertram, is admirably delineated—his amiable simplicity of heart would almost assimilate him to Parson Adams; were he not as taciturn as that worthy Clergyman was loquacious. Dirk Haiteraick, too, is a very striking though disgusting portrait of hard-featured villainy combined with invincible selfishness. Meg Merrilies is, however, the great agent—the genius of the author shines forth in every line she utters and every scene in which she appears. There is a wild sublimity about her, a magnanimity in her revenge, a devotedness in her attachment to the family who have injured her tribe, and a heroism in her death, which form an object at once original and exalted. The speech she makes to the old Laird of Ellangowan immediately after the expulsion of the gypsies from their dwellings, is filled with wild pathos, while the image of the heart-struck sybil is highly picturesque :

She was standing upon one of those high banks which overhang the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural height. We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some additional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf locks from the folds of this singular headgear. Her attitude was that of a sybil in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

“ Ride your ways,” said the gypsey, “ ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan; ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths; see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blither for that. - Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses; look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Dern cleugh; see that the hare does not couch on the hearth stane at Ellangowan. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram; what do ye glowr after our folk for? There’s thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes, there’s thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o’ their bits o’ bields to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan. Our Bairns are hinging

at our weary backs ; look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up ; not that I am wishing ill to little Harry or to the babe that's yet to be born ; God forbid ; and make them kind to the poor and better folk than their father. And now ride e'en your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand into his pocket to find half a crown ; the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.—p. 122—125. Vol. 1.

We had intended to transcribe a part of the terrible scene where Bertram is concealed among the banditti, as well as the descriptions of his faint recollections, and strange emotions on revisiting the castle of his fathers. But we have exceeded our limits, and we console ourselves with the belief that our readers will peruse the novel for themselves, which we advise them to do. Upon the whole we regard it as superior to *Waverly*, both in its description and the force of its characters. The enthusiasm is wilder and more moving, because it is the fire of imagination not of faction, with which the loftiest personage is endowed. The genius of poetry must be more uniformly lofty than that of politics—when the greatness of the latter is displayed in rebellion. As to the name of the author, we are not particularly anxious to ascertain it : we only say that, if Guy Mannering be the production of Mr. Scott, it is of a higher order than any metrical romance to which he has given the sanction of his distinguished name.

ART. V. *Henri le Grand*, par Madame la Comtesse de Genlis. pp. 687. Paris : et Londres, chez Colburn, 1815.

THIS work may possibly disappoint the expectations of persons who, bearing in mind those delightful romances—the memoirs of Madame de la Valliere, of Madame de Maintenon, and of Le Duc de Lauzun—expect, in the present instance, to find the vivid and detailed portraiture of sentiment glowing in warm tints upon the canvas of history. The elegant writer, however, whose book is now before us, has confined herself strictly to authentic and well-known details ; and has rarely allowed

scope to her fancy or indulgence to her feelings. The principle contained in her motto seems to have been her guide ; and conscious that the character of her hero could not be exalted by fiction, and that it stood in no need of adventitious matter to excite the interest of judicious readers, she has presented to the world neither an *éloge* nor a *Mémoire pour servir à l'histoire*—but a clear, well-written narrative of the causes and consequences of the principal events which agitated France from the death of Francis the first, to the close of the virtuous reign of the monarch who has been emphatically styled by his subjects “the good king.” The work is divided into six books, each headed by a table of contents ; and is introduced to the reader by an advertisement—stating her reasons for publishing at this period, and intimating that she owes the permission to do so, to the liberty granted to the French press by Louis XVIII.

The contents of the first book present “*Reflexions préliminaires.—Etat de l'Europe depuis François Ier jusqu'à la naissance de Henri.—Portraits de Catherine de Médicis, de Claude duc de Guise, de l'amiral de Coligné, du prince de Condé, du connétable de Montmorency.—Naissance de Henri.—Son éducation.—Ses premiers exploits.—Son mariage.—Massacre de la Saint-Barthélemy.—Intrigues à la cour.—Mort de Charles IX.*”

We do not imagine that the interests of the Catholics will be much promoted by the light in which one of the most eminent living writers of that persuasion has chosen to place the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Her readers cannot but be aware that, had the Hugonots been the perpetrators, instead of the victims of the proscription, far deeper would have been the reprobation and abhorrence expressed against the crime. Every thing which could possibly be advanced in extenuation of the complicated murders advised by Catherine and permitted by Charles, is brought forward ; and many instances of that quality which enemies term *insolence* and friends *independence of mind*, on the part of the chiefs of the Calvinist party, are adduced—not certainly to justify, but to account for their persecution. We are told that

La vengeance, beaucoup plus que le fanatisme, fut le motif de presque toutes les barbaries qui se commirent alors. Les catholiques étoient profondément indignés depuis long-temps des profanations, des sacrilèges dont à tant de reprises les calvinistes se rendoient coupables, de la dévastation de toutes les provinces, des cruautés atroces exercées par leurs soldats et par les troupes étrangères appelées en France par eux : ils crurent par ces horribles représailles, venger l'humanité qu'ils couvrirent de honte et de déshonneur.” Vol. 1. p. 73.

In the preceding page we meet with the following anecdote, illustrative of the heroic though barbarous temper of the times at the epoch where the history begins.

Vezins, gentilhomme de Quercy, étoit depuis long-temps brouillé d'une manière irréconciliable avec un de ses voisins calvinistes, nommé Régnier : tout deux se trouvaient à Paris. Au commencement du massacre, Vezins, annonçant hautement qu'il se charge d'immoler son ennemi mortel, se rend chez lui escorté de deux soldats ; il enfonce la porte, et, l'épée à la main, force Régnier de le suivre ; Vezins le fait monter à cheval, le fait sortir à la hâte de la ville, toujours suivi de ses deux satellites, persuadés qu'il prépare une vengeance particulière et terrible. Vezins conduit son prisonnier avec une extrême diligence : sans s'arrêter et sans proférer une seule parole, il le mène en Quercy, dans son château, et là s'enfermant tête à tête avec lui : "Je ne sais point me venger par un assassinat," lui dit-il ; "je n'ai voulu que te sauver ; te voilà en sûreté, adieu." Régnier tombe à ses pieds et lui jure une éternelle amitié ; "Non," lui dit le farouche Vezins ; "je te donne la vie, je te rends la liberté ; mais je garde toute ma haine." A ces mots, il s'éloigne précipitamment et disparaît. p. 72.

Such were the enmities of the fifteenth century ! In these days of superficial refinement, when the heart moves the quickest at the impulse of interest, the propensity to revenge is far from being extinct. Dr. Johnson, indeed, professed to love "a good hater ;" and that close observer of human nature knew, that where there is no detestation of falsehood and deceit, there can be no reverence for truth and fidelity. A very slight condemnation of a crime seems almost to border upon the commission of it. Madame de Genlis tells us that,

Aussitôt que la nouvelle de la mort de l'amiral et du massacre de la Saint Barthélemy fut reçue à Rome, le souverain pontife (Grégoire XIII.) parut accablé de douleur ; il versa des larmes sur le sort de tant d'infortunés. '*Hélas,*' dit il, 'je pleure la façon dont le roi a usé par trop illicite et défendue de Dieu. Je crains qu'il en tombe une punition sur lui—Possible qu' à plusieurs de ces morts, Dieu eût fait la grâce de se repentir et de retourner au bon chemin !' Tel sera toujours le langage de la véritable piété. Vol. I. p. 85.

It is pretty clear that the Holy Father rather lamented the imprudence, than execrated the crime of his son, Charles the Ninth ; nor can we give to his candor (in admitting that some of the martyrs to the reformed church *might possibly be saved* by virtue of a sudden conversion while the blade of the assassin glittered before their eyes) all the admiration which our eloquent historian seems to exact from us.

The Second Book details the “*Régence de Catherine : Mort de Montgomery : Retour du roi de Pologne, Henri III. : Portrait de ce prince : Sacre et mariage du roi : Insolence des révoltés : Portrait de Henri, duc de Guise : Belle conduite du roi de Navarre : Henri III. se déclare chef de la Ligue : Mort du duc d’Alençon : Seconds états de Blois : Mort du second duc de Guise.*”

One of the most interesting traits in the character of Henry the Fourth, is the constancy of his friendship for the Baron de Bosny, better known by his subsequent title of Sully. The sentiment which united those great men, did not, however, lift them above the condition of humanity. It was sometimes interrupted by those defects and incidents to which all mankind are liable.

La guerre continua encore quelque temps entre le roi de Navarre et les troupes du roi commandées par le maréchal de Biron ; mais il n’y eut point d’affaire importante. Dans ce temps, un juste sujet de mécontentement du roi de Navarre contre Rosny fut au moment de rompre pour jamais l’amitié la plus fidèle et la plus parfaite dont l’histoire nous ait transmis l’exemple. Le roi méprisoit les duels, et venoit de renouveler dans son armée les defenses qu’il avoit faites mille fois sur ce sujet. Rosny eut l’imprudence de servir de témoin à Beauvais, fils de la gouvernante du roi de Navarre, qui se battit contre un officier nommé Upeau, et qui reçut une dangereuse blessure : le roi, qui aimoit beaucoup Beauvais, fut doublement irrité contre Rosny, non-seulement de ne l’avoir pas averti, ce qui eût empêché ce duel, mais d’avoir conduit les deux adversaires sur le pré. Dans son indignation, il dit à Rosny que, s’il lui rendoit justice, il lui feroit trancher la tête : Rosny, mortellement blessé de cette menace, répondit au roi qu’il n’étoit ni son sujet ni son vassal, et il ajouta qu’il quitteroit son service ; il alloit s’éloigner et sans doute pour toujours, mais les princesses (la reine Marguerite et Catherine sœur du roi) le retinrent, et entreprirent de faire sa paix. Le roi, qui avoit gardé un dédaigneux silence pendant cet emportement, écouta, reçut les excuses ; il traita Rosny pendant quelque temps avec beaucoup de froideur, ensuite lorsqu’il fut bien convaincu qu’il se repentoit vivement de sa faute, il reprit pour lui ses premiers sentimens : *ce trait de bonté me faisant connoître, dit Sully, combien ce prince si doux méritoit qu’ on le servît avec dévouement, je résolus de cet instant de n’avoir jamais d’autre maître.* V. 1. p. 151.

The intricate details of the wars of the League, which, by the diversity of fortune, and various difficult and dangerous positions, tried the constancy and prudence, as well as the courage, of Henry the Fourth, (then King of Navarre,) form the subject of the third book, of which the contents are arranged in this

order: "*Mort de la reine mère.—Révolte ouverte contre Henri III.—Le parlement emprisonné.—Réunion de Henri III. et du roi de Navarre.—Assassinat de Henri III., et sa mort.—Le cardinal de Bourbon proclamé roi sous le titre de Charles X.—Journée d'Arques.—Portrait du duc de Mayenne.—Diverses expéditions du roi—Bataille d'Irry.—Mort du cardinal de Bourbon.—Blocus de Paris—Admirable bonté du roi.—L'arrivée du prince de Parme force Henri à lever le siège—Retraite du prince de Parme—Le roi sauve la vie au baron de Biron.—Evasion du jeune duc de Guise—Combat d'Aumele, où le roi est blessé—Belle combinaison militaire de Henri.—Retraite du prince de Parme—Prise de la ville d'Epernay.—Mort du premier maréchal de Biron.—Courage du parlement de Paris.—Conférences de Surène—Abjuration du roi.*"

The account of the blockade of Paris (of which we shall transcribe only a small part) is given with all that force of description, which Madame de Genlis can so well display. The chiefs of the League, with a preposterous obstinacy, closed their gates against the king of Navarre, their legitimate sovereign; and this humane prince, fearing to provoke his misguided subjects to horrors similar to those of Saint Bartholomew, would not avail himself of the power of taking the city by storm; but, with the hope of reducing them to recognize his rights, preferred the slow operation of a blockade.

Bientôt le pain devint rare; enfin il manqua tout-à-fait. Le peuple commença à murmurer, on l'apaisa par des harangues et de l'argent qu'on lui distribua: mais les greniers étant épuisés, le peuple, rejetant un métal inutile, s'écrioit, en gémissant: *Point d'argent, mais du pain.*

* * * * *

La disette augmentant toujours à Paris, on fut réduit à manger les chevaux, les ânes, les chats, les rats, tous les animaux qu'on put trouver et l'herbe qui croissoit dans les rues devenues désertes. Cette capitale d'un grand royaume, qui naguères étoit le séjour magnifique et brillant des arts et des plaisirs, n'offroit plus que l'effrayant tableau de la misère, de l'horrible famine et du désespoir.

* * * * *

Ce spectacle affreux ne put vaincre la criminelle obstination des chefs de la Ligue, mais déchira le cœur paternel de Henri, et ce prince magnanime renonce à une victoire certaine pour sauver ce peuple rebelle. Ne pouvant plus supporter la détresse de ses ennemis, il permit que ses officiers envoyassent des rafraichissemens à leurs parens, et aux dames; il laissa même passer des charrettes chargées de vivres, et reçut dans son camp de malheureux affamés qui vinrent s'y réfugier. En les voyant son émotion fut extrême; il versa des larmes: *O Seigneur, dit il, tu sais qui en est*

la cause, mais donne moi le moyen de sauver ceux que la malice de mes ennemis s'opiniâtre si fort à faire périr. vol. II. p. 71.

While we admire this beautiful instance of clemency and forbearance, let us not forget the amiable and unfortunate prince of our own nation, who, under circumstances of the greatest provocation from the attempts of a fratricide and traitor, exclaimed, "What, shall we let our brother die of thirst!"

The Fourth Book contains *Generosité de Henri*.—*Attentat de Barrière*.—*Action singulière et intrepidité de Bois-Rosé*; il livre Fécamp au roi.—*Soumission des villes de Meaux et de Lyon*.—*Sacre du roi*.—*Traité avec Villars*.—*Réduction de Paris*.—*Clémence du roi*.—*Siège de Laon*.—*Péril où se trouve le roi*; sa présence d'esprit et son activité.—*Prise de Laon*.—*Fidélité de la province de Bourgogne*.—*Accommodement du duc de Guise*.—*Grandeur d'âme du roi*.—*Attentat de Jean Châtel*.—*Expulsion des Jésuites*.—*Declaration de guerre à l'Espagne*.—*Combat de Fontaine-Françoise*.—*Le roi prend pitié du duc de Mayenne*.—*Absolution du roi*.—*Soumission de Joyeuse*. This book is full of incident and business, but our limits do not allow us to make from it any extracts sufficiently copious to do justice to the passages presented as specimens of the work. The Fifth Book relates to us the *Mort du maréchal d'Aumont*.—*Défaite des François*.—*Prise de Dourlens et de Cambrai par les Espagnols*.—*Accommodement du duc de Mayenne*.—*Marseilles est rendue au roi par le duc de Guise*.—*Le roi prend La Fère*.—*Desordre des Finances sous la surintendance d'O*.—*Portrait du duc de Sully*.—*Assemblée des Notables à Rouen, le 16 Octobre, 1596*.—*Prise d'Amiens par les Espagnols*.—*Le roi reprend la Ville*.—*Préliminaires de la Paix de Vervins 1598*.—*Soumission de la Bretagne*.—*Conclusion de la Paix avec l'Espagne*.—*Soins et Travaux de Henri pour le bien public*.—*Intrigues de la duchesse de Beaufort*.—*Fermeté du roi, et son amitié pour Rosny*.—*Confidence du roi à Rosny*.—*Beau discours du roi aux députés du Clergé*.—*Mort de Philippe II. roi d'Espagne*. Among several interesting *morceaux* contained in this division of the work, there is a masterly portrait of Sully.

Rosny, digne élève de Henri le Grand, profita d'autant mieux des leçons de son auguste maître, que les passions ne combattirent jamais ses principes. Instruit par ce grand prince dans l'art de la guerre, dans celui des négociations, il le fut encore par lui dans l'administration des finances. Il est peut-être le seul homme d'état dont on puisse dire avec vérité qu'il eut constamment, dans le cours de sa vie, toutes les qualités désirables dans ses relations sociales, dans tous les emplois dont il fut revêtu, dans toutes les situations

diverses dans lesquelles il se trouva. Brillant, et par conséquent téméraire dans les combats; prudent et froid dans les affaires; passionné dans son amitié; calme et réfléchi dans sa conduite; rempli d'aménité et même de gaieté dans l'intérieur de sa famille, et en public d'une imposante gravité; ministre d'une probité sévère, inflexible, d'une inébranlable fermeté; ami toujours scrupuleusement vrai, mais plein d'indulgence; excellent mari, bon père; citoyen incomparable, il joignit à tant de vertus une réunion de talens aussi étonnante, la finesse et la solidité, une raison profonde et une admirable présence d'esprit: il sembloit né pour seconder un héros; il fut digne de conseiller et de servir le régénérateur d'une grande monarchie; homme véritablement rare, dont le nom, pour être révérend des François, n'auroit pas besoin de retracer le souvenir de tant d'honneurs, de dignités, et d'une si haute origine, puisqu'il est impossible de le prononcer sans se rappeler celui de Henri IV., et l'amitié sublime du meilleur de nos rois et du sujet le plus reconnoissant et le plus vertueux. Enfin, Rosny eut pour son souverain et pour sa patrie un amour si pur et si désintéressé, qu'il ne désira jamais pour lui-même une éclatante réputation. Lorsqu'il vit la France florissante, et son roi universellement adoré, toute son ambition de gloire fut pleinement satisfaite. Vol. III. p. 28.

The sixth and last book treats of the *Mort de la duchesse de Beaufort*.—*Portrait de la marquise de Verneuil*.—*Complot pour empoisonner le roi*.—*Mariage du roi, et guerre avec la Savoie*.—*Traité de paix avec la Savoie*.—*Entretien du roi avec le maréchal de Biron*.—*Conjuration du maréchal de Biron, du duc de Bouillon et du comte d'Auvergne*.—*Mort du maréchal de Biron*.—*Mort d'Elisabeth, reine d'Angleterre*.—*Son portrait*.—*Rétablissement des jésuites*.—*Travaux de Henri pour le bien public*.—*Maladie du roi*.—*Conjuration du comte d'Auvergne, de d'Entragues et de la marquise de Verneuil*.—*Conspiration du baron de Meyrangués*.—*Attentat de Jean de Lille*.—*Travaux pour le bien public*.—*Présages; pressentimens; mort du roi*.

At the close of the year 1599, Henry the Fourth succeeded in obtaining the annulment of his marriage with Margaret of Valois, sister to Charles the Ninth. This union which had never been happy, and had been disgraced by the gross misconduct of the Queen, had been forced upon both parties by the artifices of the queen-mother, and the menaces of Charles. Henry, passionately attached to Gabrielle d'Entragues, was, for a moment, lost to the interests of his people, and gave to that lady a solemn promise of marriage.

Ne pouvant rien cacher à Rosny, il la lui montra: l'étonnement rendit Rosny muet et immobile. Là, là, en dit le roi souriant, parlez librement, ne faites point tant le discret. Henri ajouta qu'il

pouvoit dire et faire tout ce qu'il avoit dans l'esprit, qu'il ne s'en fâcheroit pas. Rosny lui fit répéter cette assurance avec une espèce de serment ; ensuite il prit le papier des mains du roi, et le mit en pièces. 'Comment,' s'écria le roi, 'êtes-vous devenu fou ?' 'Il est vrai, sire,' répondit-il, 'je suis un fou, et plutôt à Dieu que je le fusse tout seul en France !' Vol. III. p. 81.

The remonstrances of the intrepid and zealous Sully, to which Henry, though a King and a lover, did not refuse to listen, together with the failure of some expectations by which the promise was coupled, determined the Father of his people to resign a project in which his heart was deeply interested ; and he soon after espoused Mary of Medicis, who unhappily possessed none of those qualities which conciliate affection or command esteem. By persisting, with all the obstinacy of a little mind, to carry a point to which she attached an absurd degree of importance, she embittered her exemplary husband's last days ; and caused the accomplishment of the melancholy forebodings which darkened the close of his life. Before his departure from the capital, to undertake a war which the circumstances of the times rendered expedient, Henry decided that during his absence the Queen should have the regency of the kingdom, with the assistance of a council of which he named all the members.

Les favoris de Marie de Médicis persuadèrent à cette princesse qu'àfin d'avoir plus de dignité aux yeux du peuple, elle devoit se faire sacrer et couronner avant le depart de Henri. Cette proposition causa beaucoup de chagrin au roi : ce prince représenta à la reine que cette cérémonie retarderoit son départ de quinze jours au moins, que d'ailleurs elle causeroit une dépense qu'il étoit bon d'épargner au moment de commencer la guerre. La reine persista. Henri éprouvoit la plus vive impatience de sortir de Paris, un instinct secret le pressoit de s'en éloigner sans délai ! Cependant sa constante bonté ne lui permit pas de résister aux pressantes instances de la reine, qui fit faire aussitôt tous les préparatifs nécessaires à cette cérémonie, dont le jour fut fixé au 13 de Mai. Plus Henri voyoit approcher ce moment, dit Sully, *plus il sentoit la frayeur et l'horreur redoubler dans son âme.....* Un jour, Sully le voyant plus accablé que de coutume, lui proposa de rompre le sacre et de partir tout de suite. " Je ne veux vous rien celer," lui dit le roi, "il faut que je vous avoue que l'on m'a prédit jadis que je serois tué à une grande magnificence que je ferois, et que je mourrois dans un carrosse, et c'est ce qui fait que j'y suis si peureux." " Vous ne m'aviez jamais dit cela, sire ?" répondit Sully, "et en effet je me suis plusieurs fois étonné en vous entendant crier dans un carrosse et en vous voyant si sensible à un si petit danger, après vous avoir toujours vu si intrépide au milieu des coups de

canon et de mousquet, et parmi les piques et les épées !” Vol. III. p. 212.

The influence of superstition on a mind usually accounted powerful, and the struggles made against it by Reason and Courage, are finely depicted in the account of the feelings of Henry during the preparations for this fatal coronation, which, though he looked forward to it with a dread which shook his soul, Sully in vain urged him to postpone: so unwilling was he to counteract the wishes of others, or give way to what he considered his own weakness. The prediction of the manner and circumstances of his death remains among those mysteries which baffle the enquiries of reason, while the fulfilment of it ought to lower the pride of human grandeur. The coronation at last takes place. The Ides of March are come, but not passed. The Father of his people, on returning from the Louvre, is stabbed by a miscreant, and expires before the eyes of his adoring subjects !

This pattern of the virtues of royalty, and the graces of private life, perished in the fifty-seventh year of his age and twenty-first of his reign, of which only the last twelve were passed in that peace and security which could afford the means of repairing the disastrous waste caused by his predecessors during forty years of civil war, anarchy, revolt and disorder of every kind. Henry was the patron of Letters and of Arts. He found his kingdom impoverished and wretched ; he left it rich and happy.

Madame de Genlis concludes her very interesting work in these words :

En se rappelant le caractère et la vie de Henri le Grand, tout François graverait sur le piédestal de sa statue, ces paroles : Héros pacifique ; Roi religieux, clément et paternel ; Administrateur éclairé, vigilant ; Politique profond et loyal.

ART. VI. *The Observant Pedestrian mounted ; or a Donkey Tour to Brighton, a Comic Sentimental Novel, in Three Volumes*, by the Author of the *Mystic Cottager*—*Observant Pedestrian*—*Montrose*—*Splendid Follies*, &c. London : W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, 1815. pp. 909.

MR. LAWRENCE STERNE has a great deal to answer for. It is to the success of his *Sentimental Journey*—that compound of wit, sentimentalism, (we will not call it sentiment) oddity, and plagiarism—that we owe the inundation of tours, walks, rambles,

&c. which has long since risen far above the land-marks of good sense and good taste, and which threatens to wash away all the seeds of legitimate curiosity, leaving only a sterile waste incapable of bearing any tolerable crop of useful information.

There cannot be a more profitless species of reading than the details of an egotist, who wanders about from the mere love of loco-motion, among scenes too familiar for enquiry and too trivial for incident. The triflers of Margate differ but little from the loungers of Weymouth; and whether a vapid conversation pass on the Pantiles or the Steyne, is a matter not worth any consideration. The class of fashionable flutterers is characterized by a strong family likeness, and the same quantity of vanity, conceit and folly, may be found in the same number of specimens selected from any two of its orders. But we are informed that the present work is the production of an *observant* tourist—doubtless of one who looks not upon “the outside of affairs,” but has skill to penetrate both the veil of refinement and the husk of vulgarity, and to detect under ordinary appearances, uncommon qualities. It may be so; our opinion is not *all in all*. He is before the tribunal of the public. If he be to be judged by his peers, the jury-box will soon be thronged with ingenious gentlemen armed with note-books, and sketch-books—who spend the summer vacation in hunting for adventures, during picturesque rambles—sometimes *on foot* in the manner of Jean Jaques Rousseau, but occasionally aided by a *lift* from that mass of clumsy mechanism which swings portentous along the high road under the name of *the long-coach*. We do not wish to prejudice the court, and will by all means admit the appellant to the privilege of pleading his own cause.

The first chapter, section, or division of the book, is entitled “The Ass decision.” Extreme brevity often produces obscurity; and we plodding, matter-of-fact, cold blooded reviewers, confess ourselves rather puzzled to know whether we are to understand the meaning of this title to be, A decision respecting an ass; or an ass’s decision respecting some of his fellow-creatures. Be that as it may, we will proceed to the chapter in which the author may possibly explain himself.

THE ASS DECISION.

Long and dreary had been the winter, to me a winter of pain and perplexity, fraught with rheumatic agonies, successive colds, and other concomitant evils, which ended in a confirmed fit of the gout.

Now, though I am not one of the *Murmur* family, nor any relation to the *jamous Sir Fretful*, yet I looked very grave upon the

occasion, made more wry faces than becoming ones, felt myself occasionally very snappish and petulant to every body, and more than once was guilty of inhumanity to poor Trudge, by giving him an unmerited kick, when his proffered kindness had instigated him to fawn on the exact seat of pain, after poor old Susan had swathed and cradled it with all possible tenderness.

The glowing beauties of summer had now dispelled the gloomy storms of winter; and as the fairy vision of the enchanting prospect presented itself, my pains had vanished, and I forgot past troubles, while hope and ease pointed out a fairer scene, and inclined me once more to make another tour before the attendant infirmities of age precluded that enjoyment; but how to effect it was the point.

The tendon Achilles had suffered much from gouty contraction, and made me tremble at taking too great liberties in the pedestrian line; and as all carriages are to me temporary prisons, merely constructed for the purpose of convenient and inconvenient transportation, this plan did not digest.

I had been dreaming of Brighton, and its visitors, and I longed to add one more to the many *sea-gulls* who take wing, and sport their plumes thither. Twice as I sat ruminating, I had twisted my wig upon my thumb, looked at it—put it on—pulled it off again—deuce take it! it was empty of suggestion as the brain it covered.

A horse galloped across my imagination, but he was as soon out of mind as out of sight—for the best reason in the world. I had no strength to manage such an animal, nor any inclination to put myself to the expence of his purchase; so that would not do, and the wig was re-placed again, hind part before.

I had opened a closet, half determined to preambulate my Sussex tour, when my formidable crutches, like a couple of spectres, stared me in the face; and, as I crossed the looking-glass, I saw the flush of folly upon my right cheek—yes, it was the *right*, for it occasioned an instant dismissal of such an idle idea.

Pshaw! said I, bumping myself into my elbow chair, as Susan entered the room with an old book in her hand, which she had found in the lumber-garret, where she had been rummaging an old trunk.

Pray sir, cried she, may I have this old book? for I've taken a mighty liking to it; it's the famous story of *Sanker Panker*, the funny man that travelled upon an ass, and fought all the wind-mills, you know.

Hold! replied I, a thought has struck me. What mayn't I have the book? asked Susan doubtfully, twirling it; it's very old and ragged, it a'n't worth much, I'm sure.

Much or little, child, you're welcome to it, replied I, for it has settled in one moment what I have been half an hour studying without my wig.

244 *The Observant Pedestrian mounted.*

Mercy on me, exclaimed Susan, observing I had got it on the hind part before, why sir, what has betided you? have you been trying to get a fresh fit of the *rheumatiz* in your *juglers*: I declare you frets me to the bone to see you so *unprudent*.

Never fear, replied I, I shall be wiser when I come back, for I will have a Donkey Tour to Brighton.

There's a great many *asses* *there* e'ent there, Sir? asked Susan. More than are requisite, replied I; but, for all that, I'll add one more to the number, for an ass I'll have, and that immediately; 'tis gentle wholesome exercise, and 'tis the *fashion*; come get me my hat, I'll be off to Smithfield, and make my market. Susan stood thunderstruck, What, you ride *a-top* of an ass, sir, lack-a-daisy, why, how the people will *laugh* at you, exclaimed she.

So I mean they shall, Susan; it won't be the *first* or *second* time they have laughed at me; 'tis an honor I am very ambitious of.

I'm sure you'll look very queer, continued Susan, pouting her under lip.

I'm a queer man, said I, rather sharply, and therefore I like to act queer.

I'm sorry for't sir, answered Susan, for I'm sure I sha'n't like to be *axed* about it a hundred times over.

Nobody ever *axed* you yet, said I.

What, do you think, sir, that people wont *ax* me about the ass, cried Susan, conscious of the truth of her assertion.

No, I'm sure they wont, replied I; for if any man living was to lift an axe against you, I'd knock him down: I'd chopper him, he should not axe you twice. I tell you what Susan, I sincerely wish, while I am gone to Brighton, that you would study *meanings* out of the old spelling-book in my closet, for you make me very angry to hear you talk nonsense.

La! sir, what odds! cried Susan, you're so particular about folks speaking *extinctly*, nobody won't *eradicate* by me, if I talked ever so fine.

So, finding I had affronted the old girl, I bolted off to Smithfield.

Our facetious friend, who is so kindly anxious about the propriety of his waiting-woman's enunciation, and sets her so fine an example of grammatical discipline, *never exchanging duty* between *was* and *were* - or putting *adjectives* upon *adverb* *service*; goes to Smithfield, sees a great many asses, does not give any of them *macaroons*, or *break their halters*; but purchases one, upon which he sets forth to make, not the *best*, but the *most* of his way to Brighton. Like other sentimental gentlemen, who ride about the country on purpose to look about them, and tell what they see, our tourist meets with all sorts of adventures, which ordinary travellers would be apt to pass by as

no adventures at all. He sees "Faggot Girls—Itinerant Tinkers—Pig-drivers—Tandems," &c. and moralises mightily about them all. Sometimes he is dissolved to tenderness, sometimes inflamed to enthusiasm, sometimes excited to waggy and jest. But we must do him the justice to say, that he is always good-tempered, disposed to please, and to be pleased; very humane, and distributes his eighteen-penny and three-shilling pieces with all the munificence of an electioneering candidate, and all the patient investigation of a Member of the Mendicant Society. It would be a fine thing for the cripples and orphans on the route between "town" and Brighton, if so kind-hearted a gentleman could be found travelling "up or down the road," every sun-shiny day throughout the season. We have heard it said of many sporting characters, that it would be a better thing to be their horses than their companions; and we are almost tempted to say that we had rather be the observant pedestrian's beggars than his readers. His imagery does not "beggar all description," but his descriptions are almost all of *beggars*; and his *forte* is most decidedly the profession of an almoner.

There is a passage in the true style of the licensed pedlars in the small wares of literature, which the author calls *The Mushroom Picker*. It begins thus:

She was scrambling upon her knees, and gathering the largest mushrooms I ever saw. A ragged basket stood by her side (amidst innumerable lumps of chalk, that had been scattered over the land,) but the basket was not half so ragged as the girl; for she had only a chemise, and about *half* a flannel petticoat, that displayed the calf of a ruddy leg, adorned by neither shoe or stocking, and her matted hair hung dishevelled round her face, unshaded by cap or bonnet.

"Poor wretched imp of misery," thought I, "is it thus thou earn'st thy daily crumb?" I stopped my donkey, &c.—Vol. I. p. 193.

May we never be so callous as to eat ketchup without a "glistening tear," in sympathy to this sensitive being, who was agonised at seeing a child whom he supposed to exist upon *a crumb a day*; who felt a *double vibration on the drum of his ear*, on being told of a poor woman's lying in; and *sat petrified* in the dog-days, on hearing of a family of eleven children,—whose very pocket-pieces had a benevolent physiognomy.

The air of Worthing seems to be highly impregnated with poetical inspiration. Our traveller no sooner scents it, than he

breaks out into a rhapsody, which wants only to be thrown into the present tense, and to have the sentences divided by dashes—in the manner of his great prototype, to be as sublime as such a thing ought to be.—Vol. I. p. 233.

The joke of the axe, with which this traveller started, is by him thought so happy a one, that he brings it forward again at the beginning of the second volume, thrown into dialogue, accompanied with a clumsy explanation.

We lay aside this anomalous compound, bearing our testimony to its innoxious properties. It may be taken with safety, in as frequent doses, and as large quantities as the patient can bear; and, in cases of confirmed idleness, may form an useful article in the mental diet.

ART. VII. *A Tale for Gentle and Simple.* London, Hunter, 1815. pp. 456. 1 vol.

WE are told that this volume is “inscribed without permission to Miss Edgeworth, by a very sincere admirer.” A departure from established forms in matters of ceremony, has never appeared to us indicative of sound discretion; and it is to the minutiae of life that the precept to “think with the wise, and speak with the vulgar,” is peculiarly adapted. Pretence and Folly may be shewn in the slope of a bow, or the sink of a courtesy; but neither Wit nor Genius can be displayed in these ordinary marks of civility, and the eye of a person of taste will turn with disgust from the *oddity* which excites the stare of fools. From the obvious inferiority of the preface to every other part of the work, we are inclined to suppose it the production of another pen; and must warn our readers not to prejudge the story from displeasure at the flippancy of the first address of the narrator. To us, an attempt to be jocular on one’s first appearance before the tribunal of the public, appears as absurd, as it would be for a stranger on first entering an assembly, in which he was to be subjected to the test of a ballot for continuance in it, to begin with “How d’ye do my fine fellows? I’m vastly glad to see you!” Such familiarities grow out of intimacy, and rather as excrescences than fruit; and the attempt to engraft them upon the slender stem of young acquaintance, will generally cause it to wither and decay.

We pass by the first part of the preface, and give only that which refers to the author's general object.

I have been impelled to take up the pen by a wish—a view—and a hope.

A *wish*, to make my experience of children in some degree useful in this educating age.

A *view*, to furnish an example in my foundling, of the good to be expected from giving a suitable education to a low-born child, taken into a gentleman's family.

And a *hope* that by throwing in some out-of-the-way, though not unnatural characters, the amusing may give effect to the useful.

If my children are deemed natural, my heroine interesting, and my moral instructive, I shall have reached the height of my ambition.

And if, by making my preface short, I obtain for it the rare advantage of being read, my satisfaction will be complete.

This book does what very few books or persons do; it realises the promise made at the outset, and may truly be called "A tale for Gentle and Simple;" since by both classes it will be read with both pleasure and advantage. It inculcates just notions of piety and dependence on the will of the Supreme Being. By its morality and good sense it influences to virtuous exertion; and it displays considerable acuteness of observation on men and manners, in language, if not always elegant, yet constantly forcible and appropriate. It is wholly free from the most prevalent vices of style—pedantry, verbosity, and affectation; and it cannot be read without one's taking a deep interest in the serious passages, and paying the tribute of involuntary laughter to the scenes of humour.

In the second page we were rather startled by a metaphysical distinction between *naughtiness* and *folly* proceeding from the lips of a little boy of *three years and a half old*; and we could not help reverting to the verses gravely recorded by some of the biographers of Dr. Samuel Johnson, as having been made by him at that age; but which the sage of Litchfield fixed upon their real author—his father, who was, as he says, "a foolish old man, that is to say, foolish in talking of his children." This, we are happy to say, is however a solitary instance of precocity of reason among the children of the piece, who form a very natural and interesting groupe; and Mrs. Haywood, the *pattern-mother*, is not an instance of insipid, unattainable perfection, sermonizing *à propos* to every thing; but an affectionate rational parent, moving with steady perseverance towards a well-chosen aim; and rewarded by that success which seldom disappoints meritorious exertion.

Fame and Fortune, coy and capricious deities, fly the advances of their most ardent suitors; and sometimes lavish their favors on the negligent and unconscious; while Virtue repels not a steady and honorable courtship, at the same time that she exacts many sacrifices, and will not "unsought be won." In one part of the work, the long-pending question of the preference due to public or private education for boys, is amicably contested between Mr. and Mrs. Haywood. Of course, the tender mother adopts those views of the subject which Cowper has depicted in his *Tirocinium*, and we must confess that she seems to have the best of the argument; nevertheless, her husband remains in possession of the strong hold of experience, which is often found to weigh against the most promising theories. Few young persons ever read of the form of a republican government without admiration; or consider a monarchical form without reprobation of the system, and something like pity for the subjects. And yet the experience of ages has proved, that human nature is incapable of that degree of public virtue which the one supposes; and that the other, when accompanied with some checks, produces the greatest portion of good, while it exposes to the smallest risk of evil.

We cannot help wishing that the scene of this story had not been laid in Yorkshire. The barbarous dialect of the West riding would mar the effect of the most pathetic tale that ever was invented: and unless the author could engage *his* or *her* readers to take lessons of Mr. Emery, we despair of the pages exhibiting "one made vocal for the amusement of the rest."

The ejaculations of Callum Begaresmooth reading compared to the *beloike's*—*noa*—*noa's*—*and soa's*—*coorne's* and *meanwhoile's* of the plebeians of the piece. But whatever trivial dissatisfaction may be excited by these local peculiarities, it will be compensated by the drollery and *naturalness* of the inimitable Sir Thomas Upland. From among several whimsical scenes created by the well-meaning baronet's bustling activity, in doing and saying the right thing at the wrong time, and to the wrong person, we select the account of part of a visit paid to him by the patrons of the little heroine of the story.

Sir Thomas, upon alighting from the barouche-box, was informed of the arrival of a regiment of dragoons in quarters at New Matton. He knew that the band belonging to it was remarkably fine. "Gadso! this is good news, indeed!" cried he, "now we can have music from morning till night."

So he forthwith dispatched a messenger, with an invitation to the

commanding officer, (who was an old acquaintance,) and his band ; stipulating that the band, at least, should come over, before dinner-time, that very day.

The Lieutenant-Colonel knew his man too well to accept the invitation for himself, but sent the band, and deputed Captain Jardine with it in his stead ; a good-humored young man, very fond of music, not aware it was possible to have too much of it, and anxious to hear the famous violin-player, Bravinski, who he found was, with his wife, to be at Moor-Hall, and was expected to pass through New Matton, on his way thither, that very day.

Sir Thomas had written to a friend in town, a fortnight or three weeks before, to engage these foreigners to visit Moor-Hall ; as he found they were to be in the neighbourhood ; and with a view to securing a concert for Miss Haywood, every evening during her stay : but the whole business had escaped his memory, in the various plans he had laid for the amusement of his guests, so that his surprise almost equalled their's, when Monsieur and Madame Bravinski were announced ; but the most agreeable expectations were raised in the Haywoods, who had heard much of the professional skill of both husband and wife.

Sir Thomas gave them a most hearty reception ; and taking a hand of each, led them straight up to Mrs. and Miss Haywood. "Signor and Signora Brasinks, ladies !" said he, "the first performers in Europe !—this is Mrs. Haywood, Signor Brasinks, one of the best-bred ladies in England—and this is Miss Haywood, whose voice and taste leave all professional ability far behind !"

Mrs. Haywood was too well acquainted with the "pride and circumstance" of Sir Thomas's introductions, to be as much disconcerted as poor Mary, who was ready to sink with confusion, till somewhat relieved by Lady Upland's observing to Sir Thomas, "that Monsieur and Madame Brasinski (endeavouring by her stress upon the last syllable of their name, to set him right in pronouncing it,) didn't speak English." "Gadso !—very true indeed !—I had quite forgot that—I beg ten thousand pardons, Signor and Signora Brasinks, for not addressing you in your own language ! by the bye, my dear, what is their language ?"

"Polish, I should imagine ; which you may find a little difficult—but French will probably answer the purpose."

"Ah ! well ! as you say—I must rub up my French a little, then ;"—and he blundered through some attempt at speechifying in French, but not being able to get on, he bid Lady Upland interpret for him ; "she knows my meaning by my mumping," said he, referring them with a motion of his hand to her, who did not renew the distress of Mrs. and Miss Haywood, by the exact repetition of his encomiums.

Sir Thomas hugged himself in the happy coincidence of having got this military band to treat the foreigners with, in return for what was expected from them.

The company were no sooner well seated at table, than such a peal burst forth from behind the screen, (which had purposely been placed for the pleasure of surprise,) as literally made them start; it was one of Handel's loudest chorusses, from the whole band, kettle-drums and all!

"*Ah, bon dieu!*" exclaimed the poor foreigners, stopping their ears, and thrown by their surprise out of the recollection of their good manners.

"Aye! I knew I should surprise you all!" vociferated their host, exultingly.—"There's a band, Miss Haywood!—sound enough to fill Westminster Abbey! we'll let these foreign professors know what English music is!"

Miss Haywood sat next him, or he would have spoken in vain; the loudness of the chorus overpowered all chance of hearing. Fortunately, dumb show may answer the more important purposes of the table; for no sooner was one chorus ended, than he sent directions what to play next—exclaiming, "Vastly well, gentlemen! that went off vastly well indeed! lose no time!"—and the only respite to the ears of the company was during the moment in which the musicians tossed off the bumpers of port he regularly ordered them, between each piece of music.

The consequence of which soon betrayed itself in the confusion of their performance; so that by the time the desert was ended, Sir Thomas himself was obliged to confess, "enough was as good as a feast," and agreed to their dismissal for the evening; "unless," he added, "they should be sufficiently sobered by supper-time to resume their station;" for music at meals, he declared, he considered a luxury for a king."

The butler, however, took care to leave him no chance of farther indulgence that night, by plying them with ale the remainder of the evening, in honor of his master's hospitality.

After supper, Sir Thomas reverted to the catches and glees, and insisted upon the Signora taking a part in them; equally unacquainted with the style of music, and with the language, she entreated to be excused, and offered to sing Venetian ballads—French songs—Polonoise—any thing she *could* do was at their service.

"No! catches and glees were the thing after supper! and Miss Haywood's voice and hers would suit, he was sure, to perfection."

So the catch books were produced, and the poor woman hummed the notes in the best way she could, without attempting the words, and her husband took his violin to assist her, in what she found ten times more difficult than to have sung at sight, the finest Italian *cantabile*.

"Ah! bravo! bravo! Signor Brasinks!" cried Sir Thomas, in an extacy, "that's very good-humoured of you, indeed, to take your fiddle—now—could you play a country-dance or two, d'ye

think!—*joué petit contre-danse?*—hey!” producing Gow's book of country-dances.

The company, quite shocked at the request, wished to interpose; but in vain. Sir Thomas had set his heart upon the young ones having a hop after supper, towards which the band were to have contributed their part, but they being disabled, it occurred to his well-judging head, that the first violin player in Europe must be up to a country-dance—and so he would have it.

In this production nothing is improbable, nothing forced, nothing brought in for mere stage-effect, or to show fine writing. The events arise naturally out of each other, influenced by the peculiar character of the personages introduced; and all tend to enforce the practice of virtue and respect for wisdom. We cannot forbear translating into ordinary English, for the benefit of our readers, the last words of a sincere penitent, who having returned from transportation as a convict, and lived for some years in humble seclusion with his wife and daughter, was in his last moments soothed by their affection.

“Now—do but hear reason, both of you,” replied the poor sufferer; “don't you wish me happy?”

“Sure, and sure we have done all we can for it,” said Susan.

“Well, then—never, to my thinking, was there a better wife and daughter—and yet you could not make me feel happy.”

“Oh, George! Oh, Father!” they both uttered in a breath.

“And for this reason,” continued he, “that I could never hold up my head to the world, and say I was deserving of ye:—there was the canker at my heart. You know, wife, you know, Ann, I couldn't face the world. The world knew my bad deeds; and couldn't see my heart. Now I am going where the heart is all—where every tear of penitence is noted—so the good parson tells me—so he will tell you, when I am gone, and happy in the forgiveness my Redeemer will obtain for those that put their trust in him. And in him I do put my trust; and do you both do the same!” conscious of the truths he uttered, they both joined in prayer with him, for resignation and fortitude to bear their misfortune like Christians. p. 427.

ART. VIII. *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London at the Primary Visitation of that Diocese, in the year 1814.* BY WILLIAM, LORD BISHOP OF LONDON. Rivington, 1815.

We have seen no charge so much to the purpose as the one before us, since the publication of some of the addresses of the late

Bishop of St. Asaph. It discovers not only a deep anxiety for the welfare of the Clergy before whom it was delivered, but a considerable degree of very useful research into the general concerns and interests of the diocese. The best qualities it possesses are, however, the lofty, firm tone in which it supports the dignity of our establishments; and the charity with which it points out the errors of those who dissent from it. It affords a noble contrast to that culpable weakness which has usurped the name of candour, and would tolerate almost any encroachment on those venerable institutions by which the purity of our holy religion has been preserved for ages.

His Lordship alludes, in a becoming manner, to the late prosecutions against numbers of the clergy on the statute prohibiting non-residence—to prevent the ruinous effects of which, the legislature saw it necessary to interpose. We perfectly agree with him, that the duties prescribed by ecclesiastical laws are not likely to be best enforced, through the agency of common informers. The policy, indeed, of penal statutes, in such cases is somewhat questionable. For it may be urged against such statutes, that they encourage the breach of some of the more amiable social charities; and that, by offering a premium to treachery, they tend to degrade the national character. They are loaded with a portion of the odium which should fall on the informer solely; and, in the result, a stab is given to the establishment which they were intended to protect. Besides, those who have learned mean and unworthy arts in endeavouring to enforce the legislative provisions, will employ the same arts on other occasions. At all events there can be no doubt but that the church is in no need of the protection of spies and mercenary attorneys; and that the diocesan is the person most fit to be invested with the power both of permitting non-residence, and of calling for the penalties where there are no circumstances sufficient to excuse it. In penal actions of this sort, there can be no equitable apportionment of the fine; nor can suitable regard be paid to the degree of the offence. But Parliament seems by its seasonable interposition, to have been aware of the nature of the evil of which the clergy had so much reason to complain; and to have paved the way for the complete repeal of the existing Act.

The important subject of *national education* claims also the serious attention of the Bishop. No one who is at all acquainted with the history of mankind, can doubt of this being one of the most powerful engines that can be employed either to strengthen or to subvert our constitution in church and state. It is one

which the designing are very likely to misapply ; and which the good should, therefore, zealously seek to improve and direct to salutary ends. They know, and must constantly bear in mind, that a counteracting engine of many powers, is already at work. This however is a subject to which we shall soon have to recur—and shall therefore content ourselves for the present, with extracting the conclusion of the Charge before us, in which the Clergy are exhorted to attend with vigilance to the instruction of the poor within their respective districts.

But the zeal, the ability, the discretion of the Clergy, will be exhausted in vain endeavours to direct the current of popular opinion and practice, without due care to provide for the religious education of the infant poor, to emancipate their understandings from the yoke of ignorance, and to secure their morals from the taint of vice. The minds of all orders of men have been deeply impressed with conviction of this truth : and the public sense of its importance to the general weal has been nobly expressed in the establishment, almost simultaneous, of National schools, from the centre to the extremities of the empire. In promoting this measure of enlarged and enlightened beneficence, the liberality of the metropolis has borne a proportion to her preponderance in wealth and population ; and under the sanction of your late Prelate, the call of the National Society has been generally, if not universally, answered by corresponding exertions through the whole extent of the diocese. This great work is still in progress : and I cherish the hope that the splendid examples of zeal and munificence already exhibited will kindle extensively the flame of emulation, will stimulate the indolent to activity, and animate the movements of the dilatory and slow. But let those who hesitate remember, that irreparable mischief may result from procrastination ; that the season of action passes rapidly away ; and that opportunity once slighted may possibly never be retrieved. The facilities of communicating instruction supplied by the admirable invention, on which we build our hopes, are common to all parties. This engine, so powerful in operation as the ally of religion and virtue, may become an irresistible instrument of delusion in the hands of infidelity or fanaticism.

Our security from danger will, in a great measure, depend on the promptness of our exertions. In the mean while every populous village, unprovided with a national school, must be regarded as a strong hold abandoned to the occupation of the enemy.

It would, however, be a fatal mistake to imagine that even complete success in the establishment of schools would supersede all farther necessity of vigilance and labor. The conduct of these institutions, so intimately connected with national welfare and the stability of our establishments, political, civil, and religious, requires the unremitted inspection of the wisdom which presided at their original formation. In abandoning the direction of a system, which,

if neglected, will cease to be useful ; if perverted, will be injurious to the community ; but, maintained in vigorous action on its true principles, is pregnant with incalculable blessings, we should incur the just imputation of treachery to that sacred cause, which the Clergy, beyond any other description of men, by all the obligations of duty, by all the inducements of charity, are engaged to promote and cherish. To you, indeed, the public naturally looks, and never, I trust, will it look in vain, for the faithful discharge of a service appendant to your several professional relations, as the Spiritual Fathers of the poor, the guardians of the church, and the ministers of our holy religion. In proportion to the success of your attention to this important point, the course of your ministry will become smooth and easy. Your parishioners, from their infancy initiated in the principles, and inured to the practice, of pure Christianity, will crowd with pious affection to the altars of their Mother Church ; and will learn to regard the pretences and artifices of corrupt or illiterate instructors with indifference or disdain. Your instructions and exhortations received with humble docility, as the oracles of God, by congregations who revere in your persons the dispensers of divine truth, will no longer be wasted on a barren soil : and you will find unspeakable consolation, in contemplating the efficacy of your labors in the advancement and maintenance of those high interests, which have been confided by your Redeemer, as a precious deposit, to your especial protection and care. pp. 29—32.

We lay down this production with all due respect for the talents and exalted station of its author. In such an address, style is an object of minor—indeed of hardly any, consequence. Yet we cannot help observing, that the Bishop's is rich, vigorous, and elevated without any measure of inflation. The allusion to the late Bishop, who was so suddenly called away from his earthly labors, is beautiful and touching. Our regret is however diminished by knowing, that his station is occupied by one well qualified to do honor to it.

ART. IX. A PRACTICAL TREATISE *on finding the* LATITUDE and LONGITUDE at Sea ; with Tables designed to facilitate the Calculations. Translated from the French of M. de ROSSEL, by THOMAS MYERS, A. M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. To which are subjoined an extensive Series of Practical Examples, an Introduction to the Tables, and some additional Tables, by the Translator. London, Robinson 1815, 8vo. Price 16s. pp. 420.

COMPARING the present with the ancient state of Great Britain, and contrasting her weight in the scale of nations, with h

limited extent, we are sometimes led to inquire into the cause of the improvement of her condition, and of her increased importance. The inquiry is not difficult, when we call to mind her insulated situation, and the effect this has had in directing the attention of her inhabitants to naval affairs and commercial pursuits. When we do so, we are prepared to participate with Mr. Myers in the sentiment with which his Preface commences.

In a country whose political and commercial interests are so inseparably connected with her naval prosperity, as in Britain, an attempt to render a correct knowledge of Navigation more easy and accessible to her mariners, merits encouragement rather than demands apology. P. v.

Mr. Myers also observes, that numbers of young men, after having spent several years at sea, are but very imperfectly acquainted with the scientific principles of their profession; and that it was “with a desire to supply this defect as far as possible, that the present work was undertaken.” The truth of this lack of knowledge in our younger mariners, experience enables us to corroborate; having known instances of young men who could indeed work *a day's work* by means of a traverse table, but who were wholly unable to give any satisfactory reason for what they did; and who were totally unacquainted with the method of ascertaining the situation of the vessel from the more certain principles derived from the relative position of the heavenly bodies, and applied through the medium of astronomical calculations.

To account for this want of knowledge, various causes have been assigned; and much blame sometimes attached to the individuals by whom it should have been possessed, for having neglected to qualify themselves for an important part of their duty, the due discharge of which alone could render them worthy of being either entrusted with the lives and property of their fellow-subjects, or honored with a more distinguished rank in the service of their country. Though we conceive that this responsible class of men cannot be wholly exonerated from such a serious charge, yet there are modifying circumstances attending it which should not be overlooked. Among these a deficiency of proper instructions and suitable books is often observable; and it is perhaps only those who have experienced the inconvenience, who can duly appreciate the impediments to their progress which young men meet with from such causes: for where instruction is deficient either in quality or quantity, (from the want of competent instructors,) every written precept should

not only be elucidated by clear and simple reasoning, but firmly fixed in the mind by reiterated examples of the most practical kind. But in most of the elementary books designed for the use of the young navigator, the examples have become so antiquated as to be almost entirely useless ; as it is frequently impossible to obtain proper data for their solution. Thus the time of the student is wasted, and he is not only repelled by what ought to have attracted him ; but, incapable of perceiving the true cause of his failure, his mind often invests the subject with a difficulty which is merely the creature of his own disappointment. To remove the real difficulties, and lessen those that are only apparent, but which have hitherto obstructed the progress of the nautical student, is therefore one of the most important objects of an elementary work on this subject ; and on this head this writer has labored with laudable anxiety and considerable success.

With respect to the first part of the work before us, which is translated from the French of M. de Rossel, a member of the French board of longitude, and a man of great practical experience as well as scientific acquirements, M. Biot, to the second edition of whose "*D'Astronomie Physique*," it forms a valuable addition, observes that

It will be found to contain all the methods of calculation requisite at sea, and, what is not less valuable, they are given under the most simple and commodious forms that can be employed in their application. p. vi.

As to the additional part of the work, we must allow the author to explain his own objects, which he has briefly and perspicuously done in the following terms.

To render the work more complete, and better adapted for perfecting the young mariner in the most difficult branches of his art, the Translator has added an extensive series of practical examples, and an Introduction to the Tables, explanatory of their construction and use ; with a Table of the Right Ascensions and Declination of the principal fixed stars, used in finding the longitude at sea, and another of the logarithms of numbers and their complements, to an extent sufficient for the work. To these he has likewise subjoined a Table, the logarithmic sines and cosines with their complements, and differences for every 10 seconds of a degree, and also the logarithmic tangents and cotangents, with their differences corresponding to every 10 seconds. These, he trusts, will be found more convenient than the logarithmic tables in common use. A new and easy method of clearing the distance, lately published by the Rev. Dr. Brinkley, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, has likewise been added to the present work, and ac-

accompanied by a Table of Natural Versed Sines, by means of which the solution of this troublesome problem is greatly facilitated.

From this brief explanation, it will readily be perceived that the object of this Treatise is two-fold. First; to furnish mariners with an accurate work, containing the most simple and commodious methods of calculating their position on the globe at any given instant, with the assistance of the Nautical Almanac ONLY. The second is that of supplying the young navigator with an extensive series of *new* and practical examples, the solutions of which will gradually unfold the scientific principles of his profession, and familiarize him with their application. With this view, the work of one of the examples corresponding to each rule, has been inserted at full length, as a specimen of the method of working those to which the answers only are given. These examples have also been principally adapted to the years 1814 and 1815: by which means, a Nautical Almanac of a proper date will, for a considerable time, be constantly at hand.—Pref. p. vii. viii.

One of the principal benefits resulting from the advancement of science is the simplification of its more abstract parts, and their consequent application to the practical purposes of life; and when we observe men of competent acquirements duly attentive to the means by which those purposes are to be attained, discovering their defects, and endeavouring to remove them, we naturally look for the happiest results. As there is no object more intimately connected with the prosperity of this country than the power of her vast marine, naval and commercial; so there is none more worthy of the experienced mathematician than those improvements in art, and those simplifications in science, by which that power can best be increased.

The following analysis will furnish a sufficient abstract of the work, and afford the reader some idea of the manner in which it is executed. The preceptive part is divided into seven Chapters, under the following titles; viz. Chap. I. Preliminary Observations, and Methods of finding the given Quantities of the Calculations in the Nautical Almanac, or the *Connaissance des Temps*.—Chap. II. Corrections which ought to be made in all the observed Altitudes of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.—Chap. III. On the Latitude.—Chap. IV. Calculation of the Horary Angle, and of the Altitudes of any of the Heavenly Bodies.—Chap. V. On regulating Marine Chronometers, and employing them in the Determination of Longitude.—Chap. VI. On finding the Longitude by the Distances of the Moon from the Sun and the Stars.—Chap. VII. On finding the Declination of the Magnetic Needle, by Observations of the Sun's Azimuth or Amplitude, and by the Astronomical Bearing of a terrestrial Object.

This part is succeeded by demonstrations of the principal rules employed in the preceding part, and the principles of the construction of the tables calculated by M. de Rossel, for facilitating the method of finding the latitude from two observations of the sun taken out of the meridian.

The tables, which accompanied the French work, and have been reprinted, with the proper reductions, in this, are 15 in number. Tables XII. and XIII., which were calculated by the French author, are both ingenious and useful.

The following observations, relative to extraordinary refractions, deserve the attention of mariners.

The causes which give rise to the variations in the extraordinary refractions of the visual horizon are the same that produce those phenomena which the French mariners call *Mirage*, and the English, *Looming*; thus, whenever the phenomena of *looming* are manifest, the depression of the horizon will be very uncertain during their whole continuance.

The direction in which the errors in the depression of the horizon, and consequently, those of the observed altitudes, take place, depend upon the temperature of the sea being greater or less than that of the incumbent atmosphere.

1st. If the sea be warmer than the air, the altitude corrected by the depression taken in the table will be too great.

2nd. If the sea be colder than the air, the corrected altitude will be too little.

3rd. When the temperature of the sea is from 7° to 10° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, different from that of the air at the height of one or two yards above the surface, the error in the altitudes may be from $3'$ to $4'$; a difference of from 4° to 6° of temperature may occasion an error of $1'$ or $2'$.

4th. The water of the sea is heated much more slowly by the presence of the sun than the atmosphere, it will therefore be colder than the air for some time after the rising of that luminary; then the altitudes corrected by the depressions in the table will be too little, and will continue to be so, all other things remaining the same, until the heat of the day is considerably augmented. In the evening, the contrary takes place; the altitudes corrected for depression will begin to be too great as the heat of the day diminishes, and their errors will continue to increase until the sun has set. The depressions in the Table are corrected for the effects of common refraction; thus, whenever extraordinary refractions depress the horizon, instead of elevating it, the altitudes will be too great and this is the reason why they should be a little more at night than in the morning.

Those accidental and extraordinary refractions may serve explain, why certain latitudes observed at sea by navigators, equal

careful and experienced, sometimes differ several minutes from each other, while in general, their observations are found to agree. pp. 24. 25.

The *new* and practical examples amount to 163; and in their formation, Mr. Myers has employed much care in enunciating them as they would actually occur at sea; in adapting the language to the occasion; and in embracing all the circumstances by which the truth of the result would be affected. These expedients are of considerable importance. By the first, the young navigator sees the theoretical part of his profession daily exemplified by the practical; the second renders the problems more easy to be understood; the third not only contributes to the accuracy of the results, in which the safety of both ship and crew is concerned, but it insensibly leads the mind to a habit of observation and thinking, which must ever be of great moment in those entrusted with command.

We shall confirm these remarks by an example or two, which may be taken from any part, except a few of the first, which did not admit the exercise of the qualities we have specified. The following is Ex. 103.

Suppose, that on the 21st of October, 1815, on board a vessel in North latitude $20^{\circ} 34'$, and East longitude $115^{\circ} 42'$, by account, the altitude of the sun's lower limb to be $17^{\circ} 35'$, at $8^h 10'$ A.M. by a watch that had been ascertained to be $38' 15''$ before true time, on the preceding evening, in East longitude $115^{\circ} 17'$. At $12^h 30'$ by the same watch, suppose the observed altitude of the sun's lower limb was again taken and found to be $58^{\circ} 48'$: the height of the eye in both these observations being 18 feet above the level of the sea, and the ship sailing at the rate of 6 knots an hour, on a North-East course; the height of the mercury in the barometer at the time of the last observation being 29.3 inches, and the thermometer at $76^{\circ} 46'$. Required the corrected latitude of the place of the last observation. Ans. $20^{\circ} 42' 18''$ N.

The following example is one of those which Mr. Myers has worked as specimens, and affords a good idea of the accuracy of the precepts, and of his manner of elucidating them.

On the 22nd of March, 1814, at 3^h P.M. from observations of the sun's altitude, the chronometer on board a vessel was found to be $37^{\circ} 15' 4''$ too fast, in longitude $57^{\circ} 24'$ west; and to have a daily rate of increase equal to $2''.1$. On the 2nd of May following, at ten minutes past five in the afternoon, the same chronometer was found to be too slow with respect to mean time at the place of observation, by $1^h 18' 22''.5$; and the daily rate of increase was then $3''$. Required the correction to be applied to the longitude of this last place of observation, as found from the first daily variation of

960 Myers on finding the Latitude, &c.

the chronometer, and also the corrections of the longitude found by the same means on the 30th of March, and the 12th and 21st of April.

Daily variation of the chronometer at the 1st obser. 2'.1
 Ditto at the second observation 3.6

Sum 5.7

Mean variation $\frac{1}{2}$ Sum + 2.85

Chronometer too fast at the first observation 37 15" 4

Accumulated gain from March 22nd to May 2nd } + 1 26.3
 41 days 2^h 10' at 2'.1 per day

Chronometer too slow at the 2nd observation + 1^h 18 22.5

Diff. of longitude in time, between the two places of } 1^h 57' 4".2
 obser. according to the first variation, 2".1

Difference of longitude in degrees 29° 16' 3"

Difference of longitude calculated in the same } 29 23 45
 manner with the mean variation, 2".85

Since, by the nature of the question, the vessel was }
 evidently sailing eastward, the correction of the } diff. 7 42
 difference of long. on the 2nd of May, calculated }
 with the first daily variation, 2'.1, is

The place arrived at is therefore east of that which is found by means of the first diurnal variation.

Correction of longitude 7 42", or 462" log. 2.6646420

Multiple, from Table XI, answering }
 to 41 days 2 10', between March } 865, comp. log. 7.0629839
 22nd, and May 2nd

Constant logarithm Sum — 1.7276259

From the 22nd to 30th March, 8 days, } 36 log. 1.5563025
 Multiple from Table XI.

Sum 1.2839284

Correction for the longitude found March 30th 19'.23

By adding the logarithm of the multiple answering to }
 21 days, from March 22nd to April 12th, Table } = 2 5.4
 XI. the correction

Also for the 21st of April the correction is found = 4' 8".4
 in the same manner, and is

These examples are followed by an easy method of clearing the distance, illustrated by examples, and accompanied by the tables requisite for its application. These last are succeeded by an introduction to the tables which conclude the work,

showing the method of calculating those that were inserted in the French work, as well as those added by the author, as specified in the preface. Two of these last differ considerably from those in common use : and that difference is an improvement. In the table of Logarithms of Numbers, the author has inserted the complements of the logarithms in the same line with the logarithms themselves ; which renders the working of a proportion more easy and expeditious than by the common method ; for, by taking the complement instead of the logarithm of the first term, the whole operation is reduced to that of adding three numbers together, and omitting 10 in the index. The complements of the sines and cosines in the next table are also attended with the same advantage. The differences inserted for every 10 seconds of a degree, likewise obviate the necessity of making a proportion for the proportional part of a minute ; and reduce the whole operation to that of multiplying by a figure less than 10, and adding or subtracting the result.

On a careful examination of this work, we feel fully justified in warmly recommending it to public notice. There is much perspicuity and some novelty in the conception, and not a little judgment every where apparent in the execution of it. And we are persuaded, that naval officers of all descriptions will have sufficient reason to think themselves much indebted to Mr. My for so easy and useful an introduction to the astronomical principles so essential to the knowledge of their profession.

ART. X. *Remains of the late John Tweddell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge ;* being a Selection of his Letters, written from various Parts of the Continent ; together with a republication of his *Prolusiones Juveniles*. To which is added an Appendix, containing some Account of the Author's Journals, MSS., Collections, Drawings, &c., and of their Extraordinary Disappearance. Prefixed, is a brief Biographical Memoir, by the Editor, The Rev. ROBERT TWEDDELL, A.M. Illustrated with Portraits, Picturesque Views, and Maps. London : Mawman, 1815. 4to. Price 3l. 3s. pp. 660.

JOHN TWEDDELL, the amiable and accomplished youth, whom this volume commemorates, was born on the 1st of June, 1769, at Threepwood, near Hexham, in Northumberland. He was the eldest son of Francis Tweddell, Esq. an able and intelligent magistrate ; and his earliest years were much indebted to the

care of a pious and affectionate mother. At the age of nine, he was sent to school at Hartforth, near Richmond, in the North Riding in Yorkshire, under the Rev. Dr. Raine, who discovered and encouraged the talents of his pupil. Before his commencing residence at the University of Cambridge, he was under the immediate tuition of Dr. S. Parr, and his ensuing academical career was distinguished by great success in his studies. His *Prolusiones Juveniles* were published in 1793; and were ardently commended by a number of eminent characters, who knew the value of the praise they bestowed. In the year 1792, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College; and soon afterwards, entered himself as Student of the Middle Temple. He manifested a strong partiality for the pursuits connected with diplomacy, in which it was part of his ambition to be employed. Partly with this view, although perhaps much more from the desire of extending his sphere of knowledge, he formed the design of travelling; and, on the 24th September, 1795, embarked for Hamburg, and proceeded through Germany, Switzerland, the North of Europe, and various parts of the East, till he arrived in Greece. He continued here some time “exploring with restless ardor, and faithfully delineating, the remains of art and science.” A premature death closed all his mortal prospects on the 25th of July, 1799. He was buried in the Theseum; but, owing to various obstacles, his grave was not honored either with stone or inscription, until some years after; when, by “the exertions of Lord Byron, and another most enterprising traveller, Mr. John Fiott, of St. John’s College, Cambridge, a stone was laid, and inscribed with an epitaph, composed by Mr. Walpole, in 1805.”

ΤΥΕΔΔΕΛΛΑ

ΕΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΝ ΦΘΙΜΕΝΟΙΣΙ ΜΑΘΗΝ ΣΟΦΙΗΣ ΠΟΤ ΕΛΡΕΨΑΣ
 ΑΝΘΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΣΕ ΝΕΟΝ ΜΟΥΣ ΕΦΙΛΗΣΕ ΜΑΘΗΝ
 ΑΛΛΑ ΜΟΝΟΝ ΤΟΙ ΣΩΜΑ ΤΟ ΓΗΙΝΟΝ ΑΜΦΙΚΑΛΥΠΤΕΙ
 ΤΥΜΒΟΣ ΤΗΝ ΨΥΧΗΝ ΟΥΡΑΝΟΣ ΑΙΠΥΣ ΕΧΕΙ
 ΗΜΙΝ Δ ΟΙ ΣΕ ΦΙΛΟΙ ΦΙΛΟΝ ΩΣ ΚΑΤΑ ΔΑΚΡΥ ΧΕΟΝΤΕΣ
 ΜΗΗΜΑ ΦΙΛΟ ΦΡΟΣΥΝΗΣ ΧΛΩΡΟΝ ΟΔΥΡΟΜΕΘΑ
 ΗΛΥ Γ ΟΜΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΕΡΙΝΟΝ ΕΧΕΙΝ ΤΟΥΤ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΣ
 ΩΣ ΣΥ ΒΡΕΤΑΝΝΟΣ ΕΩΝ ΚΕΙΣΕΑΙ ΕΝ ΣΠΙΟΔΗ

The personal character of Mr. Tweddell is illustrated in the subsequent passages.

Of the principles and feelings which influenced his private conduct he thus speaks in a letter written about this period to his mother in the fullest spirit of confidence; “your fears on my account I know to be the result of great affection for me, but I

think you will one day find that there was not very great occasion for them. I may do many inconsiderate things ; indeed I feel that I often do—I know it well—and I may chance to be betrayed into errors, of which it is very possible I may at some future time repent. For true it is what you observe, that my passions are very strong ; and that I feel on most subjects that can interest me, most zealously and warmly. You have often desired me to check and tame them ; and sometimes to a certain degree I do. But it is not in the power of Man, however plausibly the philosopher may maintain it in his closet, for any one essentially to alter his constitution. The moral complexions of Man are as different as the personal ones ; and though a person may be enabled to improve the bent, he cannot change the tone, of his constitution. I feel myself a zeal and earnestness in almost every thing ; and these properties, though they may be at times productive of inconvenience, have also their beneficial tendencies ; for they will never allow me to engage in any thing which I do not feel to be right : and *that* will at all times be sufficient for my own conscience. Depend upon it, my life shall never be stained with one dishonorable act. I am as guilty of frailties and indiscretions as any one ; but thus far I know myself thoroughly, that I abhor every thing that is bad and degrading, as well in private sentiment as in public conduct ; I believe you know me also well enough to be convinced that this is true. I can say from the bottom of my breast, that I never do persist, and never will, in any thing deliberately, which I do not approve ; and that at the same time what I do approve, I will always endeavour to act up to. In this therefore I agree perfectly with you, that rather than be guilty of any outrage against probity, I hope in God that I may be removed from the power of committing it. Time is the great prover of all things ; and time may one day chance to show what I am, much better than my own professions.” pp. 7, 8.

Mr. TWEDDELL in his person was of the middle stature, of a handsome and well-proportioned figure. His eye was remarkably soft and intelligent. The profile or frontispiece to the volume gives a correct and lively representation of the original ; though it is not in the power of any outline to shadow out the fine expression of his animated and interesting countenance. His address was polished, affable, and prepossessing in a high degree ; and there was in his whole appearance an air of dignified benevolence, which portrayed at once the suavity of his nature and the independence of his mind. In conversation he had a talent so peculiarly his own, as to form a very distinguishing feature of his character. A chastised and ingenious wit which could seize on an incident in the happiest manner—a lively fancy which could clothe the choicest ideas in the best language—these, supported by large acquaintance with men and books, together with the farther advantages of a melodious voice and a playfulness of manner singularly sweet and engaging, rendered him the delight of every company : his power

of attracting friendships was indeed remarkable; and in securing them he was equally happy. Accomplished and admired as he was, his modesty was conspicuous, and his whole deportment devoid of affectation or pretension. Qualified eminently to shine in society and actually sharing its applause, he found his chief enjoyment in the retired circle of select friends; in whose literary leisure, and in the amenities of female converse, which for him had the highest charms, he sought the purest and the most refined recreation. Of the purity of Mr. TWEDDELL's principles, and the honorable independence of his character—of his elevated integrity, his love of truth, his generous, noble and affectionate spirit, the Editor might with justice say much; but the traces and proofs of these, dispersed throughout the annexed Correspondence, he cheerfully leaves to the notice and sympathy of the intelligent reader. p. 21.

The Memoir is followed by the Correspondence; after which, succeeds the Appendix. The greater part of it is occupied by the papers and documents relative to the truly singular appropriation, the secret assignment, and the eventual loss, of Mr. Tweddell's valuable, and in many instances expensive, collections in literature and art. It is entitled to the reader's particular attention. Those who "*set a value on the riches of Greece,*" (vide p. 355.) will understand the importance and sterling worth of Mr. T.'s MSS., drawings, and other effects, by the many passages of his Correspondence in which he distinctly refers to them; and to which the Editor has very properly called the reader's notice by the Italic character. We sincerely lament, that neither a regard for mankind, nor the fear of retribution and public infamy, could scare the foul and skulking "*robber from his prey.*"

The work terminates with the Prolusiones: Though not without marks of juvenility, both in judgment and imagination, they are altogether such as to have warranted the highest hopes of his future eminence.

The following reflexions from his speech on the character of William III. are much to his credit.

It is said, that we are never duly sensible of the full value of our blessings, till after we have lost them. If this be true, as experience evinces, it will, also, by consequence happen, that our joy for the preservation of those blessings will always be proportionate to the once apparent danger of losing them. Our sense of obligation, therefore, for the glorious Revolution must continually increase, as we more closely consider the improbability of its having then been effected. We gazed with apathy upon the menacing meteor which enveloped in a portentous blaze the whole face of our political horizon, waiting till it should suddenly

burst upon us, and pour its vengeance on our devoted heads. We surveyed, without attempting to repair, the breach that had long been made, and was increasing daily, in our constitution, like a soldier who sees his parent slaughtered by his side, and from the stagnation of his feelings is unable either to avert the blow, or to revenge it. We continued repeatedly to traverse with a dull monotonous uniformity the same tedious circle of temporary expedient and timid remonstrance. Our senses were apoplexed; and the only melancholy consolation for our abject estate was, that the acuteness of our injuries seemed to be blunted by the accumulated weight of their pressure, and their number to be lost in their magnitude.

Yet it might be observed, in palliation of that long acquiescence under oppression which our ancestors exhibited, that Charles the Second had the art to clothe his domination in a specious garb, and to give a sort of recommendation to slavery by the trappings and garniture in which he arrayed it. He did not dare to insult the feelings of the nation by requiring their acceptance of an undisguised and unequivocal servitude, presented to their sight in all the nakedness of its genuine deformity. He warily compromised with the understandings of his people, and made a show and display of conferring with them on their own concerns. And so long, indeed, our ancestors, living under the delusion of freedom, and cajoled by the arts of government into the belief of a rational power over their own actions, were at no pains to investigate the fact, how far they were blessed with the real substance of liberty, and how far they were mocked with the pageant and the name. They still retained the disposition to be free, but they submitted to the continual accumulations of their burdens, as being not fully sensible of their increasing enormity. Their spirit was alive, but their senses were benumbed. They were still in their hearts a liberal and a generous people, and if they had not thought they were freemen, they would not have endured to be slaves. Acting under the influence of prejudice, and the dominion of habit, and naturally reluctant to search into the truth of doctrines which they had long imbibed, they did not care to inquire about their original rights, and the various modes by which the exercise of those rights was incessantly abridged.

But, when James the Second succeeded to the throne, he resolved to advance with rampant and gigantic strides to the utmost verge of arbitrary power, and scorned to use any stage or resting place in the progress of his accelerated despotism. Then at last, when the side of the nation was openly pierced with the deadliest arrow of destruction, the shriek of agonizing liberty resounded through the plains and the cities of this affrighted isle. It was then that we indignantly refused to "let our beards be shook with danger, and to think it pastime." Then it was, that we began to

appear not dead, but sleeping, that we "roused ourselves, like strong men after slumber, and shook our invincible locks." ¹

To Providence it must be attributed, that the nation at that time cast their eyes on William, as the person most able to refit their crazy constitution, the last remaining hope of civil and religious freedom. Yet, let it not be thought, that I would insult the sense of this or of any other nation so far, as to suppose the possibility of a case, where, but for the existence of some particular man, they may not of themselves be free. This would be to confound the reason of things, to invert the just order of natural authority, and to reduce the energies of the puissant people to an abject reliance upon individual power. No: I am only desirous to show, that such was the lamentable dearth of public spirit and of public virtue in that critical juncture, such, too, let me add, the gross prejudices and unworthy animosities of contending factions, that England seemed to have no other resource to replace the last miserable object that had defiled her throne, than in raising an alien prince to her abdicated sovereignty. But I must ever contend, that if our forlorn condition appeared to require a foreign king, we were fortunate to find that king in William. To him we are, indeed, indebted for the source of our best enjoyments and our dearest privileges. Not that we derived a right to those privileges from the revolution: not that liberty can be the boon of human bounty. Those privileges and that liberty are the proper right of every man—they are the vigorous growth of the better part of our nature—they are inherent and inalienable—and to the exercise of them man is born no less than to the exercise of all his intellectual and his moral powers. A right, I say, to those privileges was always ours: It was our own, had the revolution never taken place. But the revolution both recognized the existence, and established the security of that right. p. 98—100.

Great, however, and conspicuous as is William's glory in having secured to us our mental and actual independence; greater still and still more conspicuous must be our disgrace and profligacy, if we lose it. After the enumeration, therefore, of the blessings which we derived from the Glorious Revolution, we are naturally led to inquire, what progress they have made amidst the increasing light of succeeding generations, whether they have kept pace with elder experience, or whether they have been found to be so perfect, that more matured reason would seek in vain to improve them. If these be, as they are, the natural objects of inquiry, the inquirer would probably manifest some tokens of surprise, were he told, that those beneficial laws had not only not been progressive, but had been suffered unheeded and neglected to be considerably impaired. This might excite his wonder. But what then will he say, when he learns, that the three wisest and most important provisions in

¹ Milton's *Areopagitica*.

favor of the people at the time of the Revolution, have not only been impaired, but are at this moment as though they had never been, that one of them is absolutely erased from the Constitution, and the others effectively null. What is become of that grand bulwark of our liberties, the Triennial Act? What of the Bill for excluding Placemen and Pensioners from the Commons' House of Parliament? And what of that Bill, which compelled every minister, who advised any measure, to enter an acknowledgment of it on the books of the Privy Council? What has become of these? It is my unwelcome task to reply, that the first was daringly repealed, not by the people themselves, who alone possessed the right of repealing it, but by those Representatives whom they had delegated for three years, but who delegated themselves for four years more, the leave of their constituents being neither given nor solicited. It may possibly be urged in alleviation of this heinous usurpation of the Commons, that they displayed, at least, their moderation, in limiting their own extension of their own power to the period of seven years. The excuse is good, and ought to be admitted. They had, doubtless, an equal right to have made themselves perpetual or even hereditary. But the reason of their *moderation* it might not, perhaps, be difficult to assign. There is an ultimate point of human sufferance, from which the potentates of the earth are known to shrink back with instinctive horror, and beyond which despotism itself dares not to proceed. When this point is once past, the complexion of mankind is observed to undergo a sudden change, and

¹ By the Act of Settlement it was decreed,

"That from and after the time that the further limitation by this Act shall take effect, all matters and things relating to the well-governing of this kingdom, which are properly cognizable in the Privy Council by the laws and customs of this realm, *shall be transacted there*, and all resolutions taken thereupon *shall be signed by* such of the Privy Council as shall advise and consent to the same."

By the same act it was farther decreed,

"That no person who has an office or place of profit under the king, or receives a pension from the crown, shall be capable of serving as a member of the House of Commons."

These two provisions of the Act of Settlement were unblushingly repealed by a complaisant Parliament of Queen Anne.

In the year 1742, Mr. Cornwall made a motion for the better securing the freedom of Parliaments by excluding Placemen and Pensioners from the House of Commons, according to the principles of the Revolution. The whole speech of Lord Strange upon this most important question is so fraught with wise and just observations, and is, indeed, in many respects so very remarkable, that I shall hope to be excused, if I refer my readers to it in "*The History and Proceedings of the House of Commons*."

by an instantaneous transformation the extreme of happiness to rise out of the extreme of misery. The Commons were not ignorant of this truth, and they were unwilling to hazard the practical illustration of it. Of the two other Bills, the one is fallen into total disuse, and the other is most shamefully evaded by a stratagem, which is at once an outrage on our feelings, and a mockery of our understandings. Yes, true it is, that the three most important of those popular advantages, which alone make the Revolution a just object of reverence to Englishmen, are already departed, though we still allow ourselves to be deluded by names, and are still willing to persuade ourselves, that we are in full possession of those benefits, which we have long ago tamely surrendered, as of light and trivial estimation, though our ancestors were content to purchase them with their blood. p. 100—103.

The Correspondence is of a very miscellaneous nature. As he advances in life, it assumes a tinge of melancholy disenchantment from sanguine enthusiasm. The Editor cautions us not to interpret these passages too strictly; but we cannot refrain from thinking, that they reflect the state of his mind with accuracy. Whether these occasional despondings might have been prevented by active engagements in his own country, or on her behalf, Providence has rendered it useless for us to inquire.

He writes to his father :

Just before I left Petersburg I received two letters of considerable length from ———, written in the most friendly style, and, in part, of such interest as would have inclined me to mention one of them to you, had I then had more time—but no time is lost. I will make an extract from it in his own words; after speaking upon public affairs with much detail, he concludes thus—"Should any change of administration take place, and an arrangement be made, including me and my friends, I shall be eagerly disposed to look to you for assistance; I beg you to be assured that my first endeavour shall be to find a post of honor for you, in which your country may derive advantage from your services, and in which I, from your personal honor and friendship, may gain assistance and support."

I have given you, my dear father, the substance of this letter of ———, in the sole view that you may give me your opinion; and when I ask for your opinion, though it is always possible that mine may not be exactly the same, yet it is with the view of suffering my own to be decisively influenced by yours. I owe you this deference: I have declined a profession to which you were particularly attached, for reasons, which, at the same time they appeared good to me, were felt by me to be such as would not carry the same conviction to you. Human minds are so variously constructed, that the same source, from which to one man flows hap-

piness or fortune, produces, to another, melancholy and continued discomfort. The pleasures or the disquietudes of life, depend so much upon private sentiment and feeling, and upon a peculiar moral taste, that no reason is capable of representing them in the same force to another human being, whose sentiment, and feeling, and moral taste, are differently formed. It is true, before a certain time of life, and before the character is formed, it may be said that such determination is the result either of caprice, or of an understanding yet incomplete; or that, provided even that the feeling be just, there is yet time enough to surmount or to change it. But, after a certain time, after the moral taste has taken a decisive bent, and the person in question is capable of comprehending the good and the evil of the different conditions of life, and the nature of those ingredients which are requisite for the composition of his particular happiness, all attempts to change the figure of his feelings must be ineffectual. The profession of the law was to me the object of singular aversion; both the study, the application, the habits which it forms, and the effects which it produces, more or less, in every department of its exercise. I felt this so sensibly and so strongly, that I assure you, it gave me peculiar pain when I reflected how differently you saw the same subject, and the disappointment which you could not fail to prove, if you had grounded your hopes upon my distinction or my advancement in that line. This idea often clouded the moments which I passed alone, and not unfrequently affected my temper when in company. I neglected other studies, because I knew that you expected me to pursue that alone; and I was unwilling to strengthen my habitual dislike by the diversion of more favorite pursuits. And certainly, had I continued in England, I should have complied with what I knew to be your wish; though, with my feelings upon the subject, I am sure it would never have answered either to you or me. I should not have made even a moderate fortune; and my temper would infallibly have suffered from the disquiet which my mind constantly experienced. Those who are accustomed to consider the important effects which result from seemingly insignificant causes, especially in their influence upon the mind and the manners of men, will easily comprehend this. You recollect the event which decided this point, and my departure from England. The consequences of that event are, I apprehend, of a mixed nature. If I have lost on the side of happiness, perhaps, in other ways I have gained. The ambition which I once possessed is, nearly, if not quite, extinct; it was propagated first by successes at the university, rather extraordinary—and, though I believe that its outward effects were not declared by either vanity or presumption, yet it continued to grow inwardly for some time longer, and to receive nourishment from the applauses which I received in the world from persons, whose favorable opinion has been seen to intoxicate men both graver and older than myself. This is now

passed by. I think much the same as I ever did upon most of the subjects which I have at all considered attentively—but I am much less anxious about the influence of events upon myself, much more penetrated with the sense of those vanities of the great and little world, which I once thought deserving of attention. My wishes are more bounded, and my head and my heart are more calm. My enthusiasm is burnt out in a great degree; I find that there are few things in life worthy to be coveted with ardor; that it is, for the most part, a choice of evil, and that the villainy and folly of the greater part of mankind furnish slender hope, to a cool calculator, of the good producible by the effects of the virtuous few. I believe that if there is any happiness to be found, it is in retreat; and the great and chief good which I feel to result from my daily observations upon every thing which has struck me for a long time past, is the idea that, at some future time, if ever I should enjoy tranquillity and repose (for happiness is too much to count upon), I shall reap, from reflection upon what I have seen and felt, the solid conviction, that all which passes beyond the sphere of a contracted station is unworthy to excite a wish or a regret. pp. 195—197.

The letter subjoined is in one of his lighter moods.

TO MRS. WARD.

MY DEAR MRS. W.

Stockholm, 29th of Aug. 1797.

I received your letter of the 15th of June, just before I left Petersburg, about the beginning of July; and much pleasure it gave me, my dear friend, to see your hand-writing once more, for I began to think it a terrible long time since I had heard of you. — I return to Petersburg in a few days, across the Baltic, which I am afraid is not very good-humored at this season. But I cannot resolve upon going back, as I came, through Finland; which is a long and tedious journey, though some parts of it are very romantic.

Mad. DE STAEL is now at Paris, I understand, and, perhaps, Mad. DE FLAHAUT. I will give you letters to both of those ladies—they are both clever women: the former, indeed, is a superior person; I have seen very few men by any means equal to her in conversation; she is not handsome—that, I suppose, makes no difference to you; besides, I recollect an article of your creed, or, rather, of your profession, by which ugliness was erected into a cardinal virtue. Mad. DE STAEL, however, has, I understand, entirely eclipsed Mad. TALLIEN, who is the *belle* of Paris, and whose beauty has retired in grand disarray before the prevailing wit of the daughter of NECKER. I am sure she will be glad to see you, on your own account first, and next on mine, as I have the good fortune to stand well in her good graces. In short, she is, perhaps, at this moment, the person to whom a stranger would

most wish to be addressed, who was anxious to see the state of parties at Paris, and to mix with the leaders of them. I will also give you the letter which you desire to LAVATER, in case you should visit Switzerland. — God knows when and where I shall next hear of you : for, as soon as I return to Russia, I shall set off for the Crimea and Constantinople, after spending a few weeks *en passant* with the Duke of POLIGNAC¹ in the Ukraine ; write to me, however, under cover of *Monsieur le Comte O'Donnel, à Vienne en Autriche*. — I understand that — is terribly annoyed about the Shakspearian² forgery. There is the misery of being a proud critic ; I am also among the number of the wise-ones duped upon that occasion ; and I should be well content to have no other cares than those which that circumstance has occasioned to me : it was, to be sure, a very factious humbug. — Remember me to Mr. WARD ; and

Believe me, &c.

J. T.

Our limits warn us to desist ; but there is much of interest in the remainder of the publication, which will repay the time of its reader. The names of many celebrated characters occur incidentally in the Correspondence ; and the attraction they occasion is increased by the Editor's biographic notices.

ART. XL. *An Historical, Political, and Moral Essay on Revolutions Ancient and Modern.* By F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND. London, Colburn, 1815. 8vo. pp. 400.

THIS work is manifestly the product of much ingenuity ; and is marked with the same elegance of imagination, and liveliness

¹ POLIGNAC. — Some allusion has already been made to the history of this family, whose intimate connexion with the unfortunate LOUIS XVI. proved so fatal to their fortunes and their repose. The parting scene between that monarch and the most confidential and interesting of all his friends, is recorded by the author of "*Mémoires concernant Marie Antoinette*," in very affecting terms — "*Le roi s'approchant du Duc et de la Duchesse DE POLIGNAC, il ajoute ces mots. ' Mon cruel destin me force d'éloigner de moi tous ceux que j'estime et que j'aime : je viens d'ordonner au Comte D'ARTOIS de partir ; je vous donne le même ordre. Plaignez moi ; mais ne perdez pas un seul moment.'*" [*Mémoires, &c. par JOSEPH WILNA, à Londres, 1806.*] (ED.)

² Shakspearian MSS. — Of Samuel Ireland, Esq. and his concern in that extraordinary transaction, see a circumstantial account in *Gen. Mag.* vol. 70. part ii. p. 901.

of style, which have recommended the former productions of the author to public favor. We are, however, by no means ready to vouch for the solidity of all his principles. We apprehend that a considerable portion of his work is sophistical rather than argumentative. He seems himself to regard it as something fraught with *materials for thinking*, not as giving the results of matured reflexion : but even with this qualified eulogium, his claim to attention will be found of no inferior kind.

On first taking a view of this inquiry, the reader has to make his way through a mass of matter raked together from ancient history ; and after floundering through the palpable obscure of this new chaos, and buoying himself up with the hope of future discoveries, he at length obtains a glimpse of those fundamental assumptions, which might as well have been stated at the outset. At page 297, we are told,

The attempt to bestow republican liberty on a people devoid of virtue, is an absurdity. You lead them from misfortune to misfortune, and tyranny to tyranny, without procuring them independence. It appears to me that there exists a peculiar government, which is natural, as it were, to each age of a nation ; perfect liberty for savages, a royal republic for the pastoral times, democracy in the age of social virtues, aristocracy when morals are relaxed, monarchy in the age of luxury, and despotism in that of corruption. Hence it follows, that when you attempt to give a nation the constitution which is not proper for it, you throw it into agitation without effecting your object, and sooner or later it returns to the *régime* which suits it, by the mere force of circumstances. This is the reason why so many pretended republics are so suddenly transformed into monarchies without our well knowing why. From certain principles ensue certain consequences ; from certain morals correspondent governments. If wicked men overthrow a state, whatever may be their pretext, despotism will be the result. Tyrants are the punishment of guilty revolutions.

Besides this, the author appears to have entangled himself in a kind of moral fatalism, by which not only is every action and event closely linked with some other, but every minute adjunct and modification considered as having been destined to exist and take place precisely when it did and as it did.

It is with bodies politic as with celestial bodies. They act and re-act one upon another, in proportion to their distance and gravity. If the least accident deranges the smallest of the satellites, the harmony of the whole is destroyed ; the bodies clash together, and a state of chaos succeeds to universal order ; till all these masses, after a thousand destructive shocks, begin again to describe their regular motions in a new system.

Does any one wish to convince himself of this fatality by which every thing is regulated, so that if you tread upon an insect crawl-

leg in the dust, you overturn a world? Suppose, for a moment, that the most frivolous occurrence had happened otherwise at Athens than it really did happen, that there had existed one man less, or that this man had not occupied the same station; for instance, the counsel of Epycides prevailing against that of Themistocles, Xerxes would have reduced Greece to slavery. This would have been destruction to the doctrines of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; the crafty Philip would have grown old beneath the lash of his ruler; Alexander would have died in the buskin, or perhaps upon the Tyrian cross as a brigand; other chances would have ensued; other states would have become conspicuous; the Romans would have had to contend with other obstacles, and the universe would have been changed.

We conceive that a partisan of the doctrine of moral necessity might refuse to admit this assertion in its full extent. It resembles the argument, by which Themistocles referred the government of the world to his young sons, whose desires perhaps extended no farther than the means of momentary enjoyment. We are best disposed towards that system which views every man as being, in a great measure, formed by the manners of the age in which he lives, and as proving, in the exertion of his energies and talents, the existence of the same qualities in the literary, political, and social community in which his mind and character had been fostered; rather than as an insulated individual, born and ordained for peculiar purposes, to which no other human being was competent.

Μετὰ γὰρ μεγάλων βαιὸς ἄριστ' ἂν
καὶ μέγας ὀρθοῖθ' ὑπὸ μικρῶν.¹

"Suppose, for a moment," that Xerxes has really subjugated Greece: would this decidedly establish his yoke on each succeeding generation? Must we of necessity conclude, that none of the heroes

"——— On whom late Time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read,"²

would have plotted and accomplished the despot's overthrow? Would not Themistocles have found a different subject of grief and ambition from the trophies of Miltiades? Might not the genius of the Man of Macedon have been directed to a noble and praiseworthy end? Would not the son of Olympias have been as formidable to impotent and corrupted luxury in Greece, as he proved himself in Asia? But, in truth, we are combating a shadow. To a certain degree, we allow the doctrine of necessity. We know the value of philosophic investigation; but the passage in question is the delirium of unauthorized theory.

¹ Soph. Aj. Flag.

² Thompson.

Among the variety of parallels contained in this work, we find Carthage compared with England; the commotions of Sparta with those occasioned by the Jacobins; the character of the Athenians with that of the French; Persia with Germany; Agis King of Sparta with the Bourbons; and the influence of the philosophers of the age of Alexander, with that of the modern Philosophistes. These parts of the work appear to us very worthy of consideration; but chiefly so, as being accompanied with anecdotes of the domestic convulsions of France; and of the characters who took part in them. The analogies between Greek and French literature can be accounted for in a considerable degree from the influence of taste, and not solely from the operation of morals and politics. The comparison of Heraclitus and Rousseau is striking.

The author brings forward a charge against England, in which many people will concur with him.

Enthusiasm in victory and discouragement in defeat form a *trait* of character which the sovereigns of the seas in ancient times have possessed, in common with the rulers of the ocean in our days. How many times, during the course of hostilities, would England have thrown herself at the feet of her rival, but for the manly firmness of her ministers!

It is unnecessary to quote any opinion as to the fact—as it is notorious that the majority of the nation always agreed with Mr. Pitt and his party, as to the justice and expediency of the war.

The *Encyclopédistes* were, in our author's opinion, the most pernicious of the French philosophers. Their connection with the King of Prussia, and the celebrated conspiracy to crush L'Infame,—(i. e. the Christian religion) are well known to the readers of Barruel. Of those writers whose works tended to promote the French revolution by their freedom of inquiry, all did not go so far as the Encyclopedistes. M. de C. though he does not severely censure Montesquieu, Rousseau, Mably, and Raynal, thinks that they wrote at an unlucky time—that the French nation grew “dark with excessive light” and could not make “a good use of the truth.”

Rousseau and Montesquieu refused to join the Encyclopedists who were consequently their enemies. M. de C. shows that Rousseau predicted the Revolution; and he concludes that both Rousseau and Voltaire, had they lived to witness it, would have been determined *Aristocrats*.

We have a series of observations on the state of morals which preceded and introduced the French revolution.

While the follies and imbecility of government exasperated the minds of the people, immorality had attained its highest pitch and

began to attack social order in a frightful manner. The number of unmarried men had increased in an immense proportion, and celibacy was become common, even among the lower classes of society. These isolated men, who were in consequence egotists, tried to fill up the chasm in their own lives by disturbing the families of others. Woe to the state in which the citizens seek their happiness beyond the bounds of morality, and the sweetest feelings of our nature ! If, on the one hand, the single people increased, those who were married had, on the other, adopted ideas at least as destructive to society. The principle of having only a small number of children was almost generally received in the cities and towns of France ; among some from distress, but among the greater number from bad morals. A father and mother were unwilling to sacrifice the comforts of life, in order to educate a numerous family ; and this self love was clothed with the garb of philosophy. “ Why create unfortunate beings ? ” said some. “ Why beget beggars ? ” exclaimed others. I throw a veil over some secret motives of this depravity. I will say nothing of the women, except that they are better than we are, and follow a natural weakness in being what we wish them to be. The fault is ours.

If these morals affected society in general, they had a still greater influence on each individual member. The man, who no longer found his happiness in the union of a family, and revolted at the tender name of father, accustomed himself to form a felicity independent of others. Cast out of the lap of nature by the manners of his age, he wrapped himself in hardened egotism, which destroyed virtue to its very root. To complete his evils, after losing happiness in this world, the philosophic executioners deprived him of the hope of a better life. In this situation, finding himself alone amidst the universe, being devoured by an empty and solitary heart, which had never felt another heart beat against it, can we be astonished that the Frenchman was ready to embrace the first phantom which a new universe opened to him ?

It will be said that it is absurd to represent the people of France as isolated and unhappy, that the population was numerous and flourishing, &c. The latter remark, which appears to destroy my statement, is in fact a proof of it ; for in the country morality still existed, and there population received no check ; but it did elsewhere, and every one knows that the peasants were not instrumental towards the revolution. As to the second objection, the question is not what the nation appeared to be, but what it really was. Those who see nothing in a state but carriages, large towns, troops, noise and bustle, have reason to think that France was happy ; but those who think that the great question of happiness is as near to nature as possible, that the more a man recedes from her the more he falls into misfortune, that he then wears a smile upon his face before the world, while his heart, in spite of fictitious pleasures, is agitated, sad and secretly consuming away—in this case, I say, it cannot be

denied that the general dissatisfaction with himself, which increases the secret uneasiness I have mentioned, and the disordered feeling, which every one carries with him, are not in any country the most proper state for a revolution among its inhabitants.

It was, nevertheless, at this moment that the body politic, stained all over as it was with the blotches of corruption, fell into general dissolution through a race of men, who at once arose, and in a sort of vertigo sounded the resurrection of Sparta and Athens. At the same moment the cry of liberty was heard. Old Jupiter, suddenly awaking from a slumber of fifteen centuries in the dust of Olympus, was astonished to find himself at St. Genevieve. The head of the Parisian Clown was covered with the cap of the Lacedæmonian citizen. All corrupted, all vicious as he was, the grand virtues of the Lacedæmonian were forced upon the little Frenchman, and he was constrained to play the character of Pantaloon in the eyes of Europe, attired in this masquerade dress of Harlequin.

In this essay, the author has confined himself to the ancient history of Greece. The revolutions of Rome, he reserves for another volume. The present comprehends a number of details relative to the enormities of the Jacobin party. From many, we select the following, as being the shortest :

At the most violent period of Robespierre's persecution, when the wives and sisters of the emigrants were thrown into dungeons, and in constant expectation of death, brigands were sent to them, or soldiers of the interior army, who said, "Female citizens, we are sorry to inform you that your fate is decided, and that you are to be guillotined to-morrow. But there is one way of saving yourselves,—marry us, &c." They then assailed their prisoners with the grossest proposals, and when it is considered that these execrable monsters were perhaps the men who had assassinated the husbands and brothers of these unfortunate women, the immorality and atrocity of insulting them, when now lying on the earth without food and clothing, and in the deepest distress both of body and mind, makes us shudder at the idea of the crimes which the human race is capable of perpetrating.

Two circumstances, which I had from an eye-witness, deserve to be recorded, and will excite the horror of mankind. This citizen was passing along the streets of Paris on the 2nd and 3rd of September ; he saw a little girl crying near a waggon full of dead bodies, among which that of her murdered father had been thrown. A monster in the national uniform, who was escorting this funeral procession, immediately thrust his bayonet into the body of the child, and (to use the energetic expression of the narrator) placed it, as quietly as if it had been a bottle of straw, on the pile of dead near its father.

The second occurrence, which is perhaps still more horrible, develops the character of that nation, over which it was attempted to

establish a republican government. The same citizen met other funeral waggons, (I believe near St. Martin's gate) and saw a group of females mounted among the dead bodies, trying, with hideous laughter, to gratify the most monstrous propensities. It is of no use to make reflections on such an occasion. I will only say that the witness of this execrable depravity of human nature, is an old officer, distinguished for his knowledge, his courage, and integrity.

It is hardly possible to close this volume, under the impression of the horrible scenes it describes, and to reflect on the history of the author's countrymen for the last quarter of a century, without repeating a remark of Voltaire's.

"On ne peut guères [en] lire l'Histoire, sans concevoir de l'horreur pour le genre humain." *Dictionnaire Philosophique*.

ART. XII.—*An Inquiry into the Present State of the Medical Profession, in England*; containing an Abstract of all the Acts and Charters granted to Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, and a comparative view of the Profession in Scotland, Ireland, and on the Continent of Europe. Also, a compendious account of its State amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans; tending to illustrate the urgent necessity of Legislative Interference, and the merits of the Bill about to be presented to Parliament by the Apothecaries and Surgeon-Apothecaries of England and Wales. By Robert Masters Kerrison. London. Longman. 1814. Pp. 96. Pr. 5s.

THIS Work has been written with a view to ameliorate the condition of the inferior classes of medical practitioners, who now act as Surgeon-Apothecaries, or Prescribing Apothecaries.

In the two first Chapters, the author traces the Medical Profession from its origin to the present time. The Surgeons were first recognized as a separate body, by an act in 1745; and in 1800, they were established by the name of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

At the end of the second Chapter, the author states that those who have taken the degree of *Doctor in Medicine*, at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, are admitted as Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians in London, without further examination. This we are enabled to contradict from personal knowledge. Of the state of the Profession in the reign of Henry VIII. the author says:

The Physicians at the period alluded to, were not numerous; they held a rank in society next below the younger branches of

noble families (still maintained in the annals of precedence at court); were highly esteemed and duly rewarded; for their practice was amongst the nobility and rich citizens. The poor and general community, not possessing the means of obtaining the advice of the learned, by giving an adequate remuneration, usually committed themselves to the management of those illiterate persons, who, in every country, and at all times, have had their traditionary nostrums of herbs and compounds, and they must have frequently perished from the want of judicious aid, or have been destroyed by the temerity of mountebanks, and other dangerous pretenders; for the principal hospitals now in London, and other cities of England, were not then in existence.

In succeeding reigns, particularly during the pacific government of Queen Elizabeth, the progression of commercial prosperity, and the increasing population of England, were conspicuous, causing a rapid augmentation of the middle classes of community, and an improved condition of the lower orders of people; and, in subsequent reigns, the influence of these causes upon the physical power and moral faculties of man, had evidently produced the effect of rendering it no longer possible for the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians and their Licentiates *to prescribe for all who required assistance*. During this increase of general prosperity, the Physicians found a proportionate and sufficient practice amongst the opulent, *without reducing their fee, or expectations of remuneration, to the ability of the common people*, who were obliged to resort to unqualified, or unauthorised persons for medical aid, and the Apothecaries were principally applied to, as those persons, who were likely to have obtained some knowledge of diseases, and a suitable application of remedies, because the preparation of medicines from the prescriptions of Physicians, and the occasional administration of them in the sick chamber, under their direction, constituted the duties of their occupation: from this period may be fairly dated the commencing practice of the Apothecary, as a *prescriber for those persons, who were unable to see a physician*.

Another distinction afterwards arose, from the union of Surgery with Pharmacy: and at length Surgeon-Apothecaries constitute the most numerous class of general Practitioners in England and Wales. The Profession consists of Physicians, Surgeon-Apothecaries, and prescribing Apothecaries. The author observes—

The knowledge of Medicine and Surgery, then, has become widely diffused. Individual excellence will always exist in these, as in other sciences; superiority will be obtained by quickness of perception, by steady and patient attention to the subjects of observation and the objects of research; but it is obvious, it must be conceded by impartial and unprejudiced persons, that every young man of moderate capacity, who had received a literary education,

served an apprenticeship to a respectable Apothecary, then dissected under a teacher of Anatomy, attended the various lectures in London upon the practice of Physic, Surgery, Chemistry, and sciences connected with medicine, frequented the wards of an Hospital during at least twelve months, and afterwards passed an approved examination before a board consisting of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, (*a tribunal not now in existence, and which it is the principal object of the present association of Surgeon-Apothecaries to institute, under the sanction of Parliament,*) would be competent to discharge the manifold duties of a Surgeon-Apothecary, or general practitioner, with honor to himself and advantage to the public; and that he would be, in reality, a man of the same class as those who obtained the first charter of incorporation as Physicians under Henry VIII. designated as persons learned in the science of physic and the knowledge of surgery, "as a special member and part of the same."

On the Continent, the Surgeon is generally a Barber; and the established ratio of payment is half the fee of the Physician. In this country, however, the remuneration of the Surgeon, the Apothecary, and the Prescribing-Apothecary, is by them considered (not entirely without cause) as inadequate to their services. A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons, but has been lost in consequence of the hostility, both secret and avowed, of the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries.

The inferior classes of Medical Practitioners are, moreover, frequently injured by the preference given to Chemists and Druggists in making up prescriptions. Mr. K. points out the mischiefs which frequently result from the ignorance, or neglect of that body of traders. It is also remarked—

It has been supposed and intimated by some Apothecaries, that the Physicians and Hospital-Surgeons wish entirely to supersede the necessity of their occupation, by sending their prescriptions to the Chemist's shop, and reserving to themselves the *total* management, instead of the superintendence, of their patients; and, it is true, that a few of them are more than suspected of endeavouring to multiply the frequency of their expensive visits, to make a trade of their profession, and, under cover of a false plea of the medicines being better, or more accurately compounded, or prepared in a peculiar manner, at some particular shop, that they do, occasionally, succeed in keeping away the Apothecary: but, these are, generally, men whose talents are so little, if at all, superior, to those of the educated Surgeon-Apothecary, that the real motives of such conduct may be found to be more *personally* interested, and, by substituting craft for wisdom, often, to arise from a fear that the patient may, perchance, exercise his own judgment, and

make a comparison, not to their advantage. The Author can safely assert, that he has never known Physicians and Surgeons of the first-rate talent resort to this practice, (although some have done so, who are in considerable estimation :) These gentlemen retain the confidence of their patients, by a more secure and honorable tenure; their eminent and conspicuous ability: they are deservedly paid at a high rate, and are, moreover, usually the most ready to lessen the weight of *requisite* attendance, by a liberal consideration of the situation of their patients, when not in affluent circumstances.

Mr. Kerrison, to whom the Profession are under great obligations, wishes attention to be paid to the inconvenience attendant on the present mode of remuneration for Surgeon-Apothecaries and Apothecaries; who, in most cases, receive only the amount of the articles of medicine included in their bill. The new legislative enactment which they contemplate, runs thus:

1st. That it shall not, in future, be lawful for any person, except those already in practice, to act as an Apothecary, Surgeon-Apothecary, or as a Practitioner in Midwifery, in any part of England or Wales, unless such person shall have been first examined, and received a certificate of his being duly qualified for such practice. Provided always, that no person shall be entitled to such examination until he has attained the age of twenty-one years.

2d. That no person, excepting such as are actually indented, or have commenced a Course of Medical Studies, at the time of passing this Act, be admitted to an examination for a certificate to practise as an Apothecary, or Surgeon-Apothecary, unless he has served an apprenticeship of not less than five years to an Apothecary, or Surgeon-Apothecary, and shall produce other testimonials of a sufficient Medical Education.

3d. That no person be permitted to practise as an Apothecary, either alone or conjointly as a Surgeon-Apothecary, unless he has been examined as to his knowledge of Medicine and Pharmacy, by a Board of Medical Practitioners, properly qualified, and legally authorized for that purpose, and likewise for the purposes of Examinations in Midwifery.

4th. That no person acting, or having acted as full Surgeon or Apothecary in the Army or Navy, shall be liable to an examination, except as to his qualification in Midwifery.

5th. That no person, in future, shall be allowed to practise Surgery alone, or conjointly with Pharmacy and Midwifery, until he shall have obtained a Diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons.

6th. That no person, in future, act as an Assistant to an Apothecary or Surgeon-Apothecary, to compound and dispense Medicine, without passing an Examination in Pharmacy, unless he shall have served an Apprenticeship of five years to an Apothecary, or Surgeon-Apothecary.

7th. That no Female, in future, be allowed to practise Midwifery, without passing an Examination.

8th. That every Apprentice's Indenture shall bear a stamp of twenty-five pounds.

9th. That nothing herein contained be considered as preventing Members of the Royal College of Physicians, or of the Royal College of Surgeons, or of the Society of Apothecaries of London, enjoying the same privileges and immunities in their several branches of the Profession, to which they are at present entitled.

ART. XIII. *The Physiognomical System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim*; founded on an Anatomical and Physiological Examination of the Nervous System in general, and of the Brain in particular; and indicating the Dispositions and Manifestations of the Mind. By J. G. SPURZHEIM, M. D. Illustrated with 19 Copper-plates. London: Baldwin, 1815. pp. 572.

Sketch of the New Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain and Nervous System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim; considered as comprehending a complete System of Zoonomy. With Observations on its tendency to the Improvement of Education, of Punishment, and of the Treatment of Insanity. By T. FORSTER, F.L.S. London: Law, 1815.

A FEW years ago the discoveries of Dr. GALL, an Austrian physician, relative to the physiognomical expressions of the characters of individuals indicated by the forms of their heads, attracted the attention of the physiologists of England. The facts related in the imperfect accounts which were brought over from Germany, were of a very interesting nature; and the report of the success of Dr. Gall in pronouncing on characters, seemed to promise a great addition to our physiognomical knowledge: but these were then only in their infancy. The science of *craniology*, for so it came to be denominated, was in a few particulars very erroneous, and in many very imperfect. By the continued labors, however, of its author, in conjunction with his colleague Dr. SPURZHEIM, it has since been brought nearer to perfection. Many erroneous views have, on a more minute investigation of nature, been abandoned; and many real discoveries made relative to the Brain, and to the special faculties of the mind which depend on its different parts.

Like every novel system, the craniology of Dr. Gall was ridiculed by many persons when the first scattered and imper-

fect accounts of it reached England. But what then appeared very fanciful from the imperfect state of our knowledge of the functions of the brain, as well as from the bad nomenclature for the organs of the mind, first used by Dr. Gall, appears now to have acquired the character of scientific truth—from the judicious labors of Dr. Spurzheim, who has since lectured on the subject in different parts of the world. Mr. FORSTER has taken up this subject, and given it considerable attention; and though, like many other anatomists, he was very sceptical at first, seems at length to have been convinced of the truth of the science—by a laborious investigation of the facts on which it is founded.

We shall, perhaps, convey to the reader a better idea of the nature and object of the system by the following extracts, than by any account we could give from our own personal acquaintance with the works before us.

The first principle of this doctrine is, that all the faculties of the mind are innate, or in other words, that there are material conditions of all the different manifestations of the mind.

Two objections have been made to this assertion, namely, 1st. that it leads to Fatalism, and 2dly, that it is favorable to Materialism. To which it must be replied, 1st. That although we have material organs of the different faculties of the mind, yet this circumstance does not make the proper actions of each organ necessary and irresistible. On the contrary, we admit an arrangement of certain organs, which gives Will, and that we can thereby control our propensities and sentiments, for the attainment of a moral character, and can direct our intellectual faculties in the acquirement of knowledge. The objection therefore falls to the ground, which accuses our doctrine of supporting that of Fatalism. 2d. It may be replied, that though the organs of the mind are material, we do not identify them with the mind; they are only the material conditions of the particular manifestations of the mind. Futile, therefore, are the objections which impute to our doctrine the charge of inculcating Materialism.

The organs are active during the manifestation of the faculties; but they must have a moving principle, which, I think, we may rationally call the mind. I regard the mind as always acting by means of organs. It is therefore conscious by material conditions, but this is not making the mind material. Nature has adapted organs fitted for the performance of all the functions of the mind, and these organs vary in every animal, according to its particular nature; and in every individual, according to its peculiarities of character.

The above will convey to our readers some idea of the nature of the system. The History of the Discoveries made by Gall,

forms also another very entertaining and curious part of the subject.

The Author proceeds at p. 24, (Section III.) to describe the anatomical structure of the brain, according to the new discoveries. It appears that, previous to Gall and Spurzheim, the true and minute structure of the brain and nerves was quite unknown; and that this circumstance arose from the clumsy manner in which former anatomists dissected the brain. This part of the subject being only of interest to professional readers, we shall pass it over. The new method of dissection has been exhibited, and has obtained the approbation of the most respectable anatomists of the British metropolis.

As far as regards the physiology of the brain, this system differs apparently from the opinion of the ancient physiologists only, in regarding the brain as a complication of the organs of the faculties of the mind, instead of being one simple organ.

The Author then proceeds to describe the particular organs of the brain which are, as it were, the material instruments of the different faculties of the mind.

Of the Propensities.—I. Organ of Amativeness.—II. Organ of Philoprogenitiveness.—III. Organ of Inhabitiveness.—IV. Organ of Adhesiveness.—V. Organ of Combaticiveness.—VI. Organ of Destructiveness.—VII. Organ of Constructiveness.—VIII. Organ of Covetiveness.—IX. Organ of Secretiveness. Of the Sentiments.—X. Organ of Haughtiness.—XI. Organ of Philapprobateness.—XII. Organ of Cautiousness.—XIII. Organ of Benevolence.—XIV. Organ of Veneration.—XV. Organ of Believingness.—XVI. Organ of Ideality. Organ of Mysteringness.—XVII. Organ of Righteousness.—XVIII. Organ of Determinativeness. Intellectual Faculties, or Gheist, or L'Esprit. Knowing Faculties.—XIX. Organ of Individuality.—XX. Organ of Form.—XXI. Organ of Size.—XXII. Organ of Weight.—XXIII. Organ of Colour.—XXIV. Organ of Space.—XXV. Organ of Order.—XXVI. Organ of Time.—XXVII. Organ of Number.—XXVIII. Organ of Tune.—XXIX. Organ of Language. The Reflecting Faculties.—XXX. Organ of Comparison.—XXXI. Organ of Causality.—XXXII. Organ of Wit.—XXXIII. Organ of Imitativeness.

It should be clearly understood that in speaking of the material organs of the faculties of the mind, the Authors by no means intend to consider the mind itself as material; they are merely the instruments the mind uses; just as the muscles are the instruments of motion, or the heart of circulation.

To convey to the reader an idea of the philosophical opinions respecting mind, we select the following from the account of the organ of individuality.

I must, however, advert to the falsehood of a popular opinion concerning the functions of the five external senses. Many persons contend that by these alone we acquire our knowledge of the existence of external bodies. Various facts and observations have, however, established it as certain that this is not the real case. Some persons have contended that belief in external existence is a simple act of the mind, by which we refer the impression on our organs of sense to bodies existing in the external world. The celebrated metaphysician Bishop Berkeley has, as it is well known, written a very ingenious treatise on this subject, by which he endeavours to show that we have no proof of the existence of matter, by the sensation of its primary, any more than we have by the sensation of its secondary qualities. Mr. Fearn has of late, in a pamphlet in the *Pamphleteer*, No. IX. given his opinion that it is by intellect and not by sensation that we have the external perception of bodies.

We admit that the five senses do not produce belief in the existence of the external world. They are only instruments adapted to receive the impressions of the qualities of external bodies, but our conception of their individual existence is certainly another sort of function of the mind. But it is a function which depends likewise on material conditions. And we admit the organ of Individuality to be the organic apparatus which performs this function. This organ desires to know, and excites the activity of the organs of sense, receives their impressions, and individualises the object which communicates its qualities by means of the five senses and the other intellectual organs. I was formerly inclined to regard the compatibility of single consciousness with the duplicity of the organs as depending on the organ of Individuality. There are some reasons for regarding the commissures of the brain to be the cause of single consciousness. It seems also possible that it may arise from the active state of the two hemispheres of the brain not taking place at once. I do not, however, believe this to be the case. I think that single consciousness is an effect either of the commissures, or that it is produced by some other cause not yet known. Of late I have been rather inclined to the latter opinion. The reason which once induced me to regard Individuality as the cause of the single consciousness we had of objects was, that it appeared to me that though the commissures might cause us to conceive as single, qualities of any object conceived by two corresponding organs, one in either hemisphere, that nevertheless Individuality and not the commissures must be the cause of our attributing to single and individual objects, qualities impressed on different senses, and known by different organs. In short, there appeared to me to be some similarity in the function by which we individualised objects acting on double organs, and that by which we attributed to individual objects impressions made not only on double but on different organs.

In Section VI. Mr. F. speaks of education as likely to be highly benefited by the new discoveries. We quote his words :

One of the most important consequences of the establishment of these physiognomical rules will be its influence on the education of youth. Education may be divided into physical, or that which regards the bodily fabric ; and moral, or that which appertains to the cultivation of the character. With regard to physical education, I must observe, that it is much neglected in general. The organs of the mind, like all other parts of the animal fabric, are nourished by the digestive processes, and often fall sick or strengthen with the rest of the body. Though there may be a few exceptions in certain specific diseases, yet in general the *mens sana* must ever be in *corpore sano*. The greatest care should therefore be taken that young persons be temperate, and in the constant habits of exercise in the open air. I believe that one reason why geniuses who spring up from the common people, and make their way into the literary and scientific world, so often exceed others in mental attainments, to be, because from their early habit of bodily activity the organs acquire a strong and active constitutional character.

Moral education may be considered in a twofold capacity :—
1. That of exercising the intellectual faculties ; and, 2. That of regulating the moral character. They both proceed on the supposition that man has a will to control his propensities and other faculties ; and that his will is influenced by motives. We admit a will regulated by motives ; and deny that the propensities are necessary and incontrollable. As all the faculties of the mind have organs, it may be asked, what are the organs of the will ? The organ of Individuality, which knows things, and regards them in their individual capacity ; the organ of Comparison, which compares them, and gives, therefore, a choice ; and the organ of Causality, which perceives the relation of cause and effect, produce a will, observe, compare, and control the other faculties, and influence the instruments of voluntary motion.* I have called these three organs the Board of Control. When the organ of Righteousness is the dictator, and its dictates acquire supremacy in counselling the will, a moral conscience is established.

The Author then proceeds to speak of the passions by their common names, and in Sect. VIII. considers insanity as connected with peculiar organization. After a few observations on punishment, and on the influence of the atmosphere, &c. he concludes with a memoir on physical education.

Mr. F.'s Sketch is adorned with an engraving, illustrative of the situation of the organs. It is copied, with some slight alterations, from the one prefixed to Dr. Spurzheim's larger work.

* These organs know and compare, and therefore give the choice for the volition.

ART. XIV. *An Enquiry into the General Principles of Scripture Interpretation*, in eight Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1814, at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. John Bampton, M.D. Canon of Salisbury. By WILLIAM VAN MILDERT, D.D. Regius Professor of Divinity, Canon of Christchurch, and Preacher to the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Oxford, 1815.

MANKIND may be divided, with a view to their religious conduct and opinions, into three classes—those who are in opposition to the truths of Christianity; those who are more or less indifferent about those truths; and those who are subject to a kind of religious phrenzy, which betrays them into errors dangerous to themselves and to society, and involves them in absurdities which the ignorant attribute to the pure religion which they profess. Our chief concern is about the two last of these classes.

It is matter of regret that, at a time when the love of investigation is so general, and the powers of the mind so well understood, and so frequently brought into action on subjects the most difficult, some of the principles on which we ought to build our faith should be ill ascertained, and the true spirit of Christianity but partially felt, that *infidelity, indifference and enthusiasm* should maintain so extensive a sway as they obviously do. To diminish the influence of these vices, no means can be devised more efficacious, than those that serve to make the Word, of Truth more generally known and *better understood* among mankind, and to render it clear to them that, in that Word no countenance is any where given to a lukewarm conduct, no foundation laid for fanaticism; but on the contrary, that Christians are everywhere exhorted to a diligent practice of the duties it enjoins, and that the grounds which enthusiasts pretend to have discovered in scripture for their absurd reveries exist not there, but only in their own imaginations.

The dissemination of the Scriptures has become the laudable occupation of thousands in this island, who nobly devote their time and labor to the advancement of the spiritual improvement of the poor and ignorant throughout the world. We applaud their motives, and wish success to their exertions. So well, indeed, do we think of their motives *in general*, that we can hardly bring ourselves to object (as some excellent men have done) to the busy and rather ostentatious character of their public proceedings: “their light shines before men” on some

occasions more than is expedient. As for our good wishes, they will be wanting in no case where we can discover, that *their zeal is accompanied with knowledge*.

If it be important that the Scriptures be universally *read*, it is of equal importance that they be universally *understood*. If we promote the *dissemination* of the Bible, without increasing the *knowledge* of the Bible, without doing any thing effectual towards the understanding of those things which it is acknowledged are "hard to be understood," while they are capable of being wrested to very pernicious purposes; it is *possible* that we may increase the prevalence of the evils we seek to extirpate, that we may propagate error as well as truth, and that a senseless fanaticism may, through our misapplied zeal, still further usurp the place of practical and rational devotion.

We do not call upon our pious countrymen to desist from their labors. We only desire that they would not confine their views to the mere dissemination of the Scriptures; but, at the same time, direct their attention to the advancement of substantial, general knowledge, moral as well as religious. Now neither of these species of knowledge can be imparted solely by putting the Bible into the hands of the ignorant. The object can be insured only by a good education on the one hand, and by a judicious choice of religious instructors on the other. Early knowledge is the best; but improvement is always seasonable. And it is evident, that the Scriptures cannot be cordially admired and uniformly obeyed, unless they be understood; and that they cannot be sufficiently understood unless they be interpreted by men intimately acquainted with ancient languages, or well elucidated and recommended, except by those whose eloquence is aided by a sense (in their hearers) of the superior opportunities of intellectual improvement which they have enjoyed, as well as by the consideration in which they are held in society.

Entertaining these sentiments, we feel particular pleasure in having our attention called, by the work before us, to the exemplary conduct of the late Rev. John Bampton, Canon of Salisbury, who left by will all his lands and estates to the University of Oxford for the purpose of founding a yearly lecture on certain specified subjects in divinity. The preachers upon this foundation are wisely limited to certain subjects in which, as Christians, we are all deeply interested. And that which the present preacher has selected, though not affording much scope for novelty, cannot fail of being very useful and interesting to all who seriously consider its importance. The volume is upon

the subject of Scripture interpretation; and in it the Author proposes to determine the proper principles and rules by which such interpretation ought to be regulated and conducted, and afterwards to enquire in what manner the Church to which he belongs, has acted in that particular.

From the high rank he occupies in one of our Universities, we had a right to expect something which should at least not derogate from the reputation of that learned body, at the same time that it tended to promote the great interests of religion: and after a careful perusal of the work, we cannot say that we have been disappointed. And here it may be permitted us to express the gratification it affords to behold the high and dignified character which, through the exertions of her members, our Church is enabled to sustain, notwithstanding the great and apparently increasing defection from her communion. We are proud to see her champions, though conscious of their strength, and always eager to vindicate her tenets from the aspersions of her adversaries; yet everywhere preserving that moderation which it has ever been her delight to inculcate, and her pride to practise. Against the many and violent attacks which have been made upon her doctrines and authority, what measures do they take? Do we see them, like the advocates of the Church of Rome, shrinking from the attack, sheltering themselves behind a set of subtle and sophistical reasonings, and endeavouring to prove that she *has not* erred by openly declaring that she *cannot* err? Or do we see them like some fanatics justifying themselves on the ground of an infallibility of a different kind—pretending, in short, to a divine illumination which renders superfluous the exercise of reason, and places their opinions beyond the reach of argument? Far otherwise: our divines, treading in the footsteps of their predecessors at the Reformation, constantly and steadily pursue a course equally remote from both of these. “To the law and the testimony” they appeal. They call upon mankind to determine whether the claims and pretensions which their Church advances, and the tenets which she holds, have not their foundation in Holy Writ: and to enable them the better to decide the question, they themselves lead the way—calling upon her adversaries to follow them in a course of candid and critical investigation. Such conduct is worthy of them—worthy the great society to which they belong. None of our readers need to be informed what the University of Cambridge has done, and is still doing, to facilitate the study of the Bible; and if any proof were wanting of the ex-

ventions of the sister University, the present work from the pen of its Regius Professor of Divinity, would furnish one.

As members of the Church of England, we receive with satisfaction the present work, and all of a similar nature, convinced that the Church can lose nothing by the keenest inquiry ; on the contrary, that her tenets will always receive additional confirmation from being compared with the authority from which they profess to be derived. Nor can moderate and well-meaning *dissenters* be justly displeased at the use of such means for adding strength to our cause. We grant that they are entitled to the most perfect toleration, and to receive, at our hands, the utmost regard for their opinions that a man can possibly feel for opinions which he conscientiously believes to be erroneous. But it is our duty to speak and write in favor of that which we deem worthy of all praise ; and no dissenter can be offended at our claiming and exercising that right which he himself claims and exercises.

The learned Professor begins with a few remarks upon the dissensions and divisions which have agitated the Church, from its earliest institution to the present time, notwithstanding the strong and urgent recommendations to unanimity and concord, with which the Sacred Writings abound. Though sensible of the evils with which the abuse of controversy, rather than controversy itself, is attended, he maintains, that a large portion of good has resulted from the investigations to which these dissensions and divisions have given rise ; and that the faith itself has received support and confirmation from the polemical treatises which these contests have provoked from her pious supporters. On this subject there is a passage containing some very excellent advice to controversialists, recommending a line of conduct, which, it is to be lamented, has not been uniformly pursued by writers of this description. He reprobates that "spurious kind of liberality, which would teach us to regard with equal complacency every diversity of religious opinion ;" and proves from the admonition in the text, "to exhort and to convince the gainsayers," that controversy is often necessary. He then shows the necessity which exists, of adhering to some general principles of Scripture-Interpretation, as a means of making it effectual to the preservation of Christian truth and unity.

To agree in the interpretation of scripture, there must be a concurrence in the general principles of interpretation. Some variety of opinion may indeed be expected, notwithstanding such a general concurrence : but a variation so circumstanced can hardly involve an error, on either side, dangerous or incapable of adjustment. On

the other hand, a radical disagreement concerning these first principles of the subject to be discussed, precludes the hope of bringing men to be "perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment."

He makes the proper distinction between Scripture-Criticism, and Scripture-Interpretation; and announces his intention to confine himself to the latter. He unfolds the plan of his work, and proposes to consider in the second Sermon, "the moral qualifications requisite for a right apprehension of the sacred word." In the discussion of this subject he institutes an inquiry into the cause of religious error, which, he shows, may be "ascribed partly to human perverseness, and partly to the influence of a spiritual adversary operating upon fallen man's predisposition to evil." That "the will of man is deeply concerned in every departure from the truth," is a proposition which he proves to be contained in the text—"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God;" an observation, which, though immediately applied to the Jews, he shows to be generally applicable. To demonstrate "the connection of a right or wrong interpretation of Scripture with a good or evil disposition," he very properly observes,

That in the pursuit of every kind of knowledge, an earnest desire to obtain correct views of it, greatly facilitates the labor, and is necessary to ensure its success. And if this be true of other studies, still more evidently is it so in that of revealed religion. It is a circumstance which distinguishes this from every other study, that the knowledge it obtains is derived from the authority of an Instructor, whose wisdom is infallible, and whose will is above control. It is essential to the sincere enquirer, that he should enter upon the research with this consideration deeply engraven upon his mind. Such moral dispositions as are requisite in other pursuits, and especially that love of truth, which is the powerful stimulus to improvement of every kind, are doubtless indispensable also in the character of the sacred interpreter. But to complete that character, something more is also required. The Bible has pretensions exclusively its own. In his interpretation of it, the critic must ever bear in mind, that it is the work of sacred penmen, not of unassisted human powers; therefore, not only an ordinary solicitude to avoid error, but also a readiness to submit, where the subject requires it, the understanding and the affections to what is propounded on such authority, become the duty of the theological student; a duty, never to be unconditionally exacted, where the composition is merely human, never to be on any pretence dispensed with, where it is confessedly Divine.

In the justice of the sentiment expressed in this extract, the reader, we are persuaded, will acquiesce.—We are then cautioned against supposing, that those frequent declarations of

Scripture respecting the efficacy of moral qualifications, include any kind of promise of such supernatural aid as shall enable the enquirer to dispense with the exercise of his natural faculties. We are assured, however, that, though those qualifications will not be found an infallible guide to truth, they are a powerful preservative from error; and that to the want of them are to be attributed the infidelity of some, and the heresies of others. As an additional inducement to the cultivation of sound moral habits, we are told—

That the enquirer after religious truth, cultivating this genuine disposition to know and to do the will of God, may well confide in that communication of heavenly aid, which, if duly sought for, will not fail to be bestowed, as a blessing upon his endeavours, by him, who “giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.” — In whatever point of view we consider the subject, we shall find this position incontrovertibly established, that the willing and ingenuous mind, the free and unrestrained surrender of every thought and purpose, of every imagination and affection, to the all-perfect will of God, is the first principle of religious duty, the germ of every thing which is afterwards to expand and ripen into action. It is that, which can alone produce the fruits of sound Christian knowledge; and to which, when duly planted and watered by human industry, the Divine Benefactor will assuredly give the increase.

The Sermon concludes with recommending caution in not being too hasty in imputing a want of moral qualifications on ordinary occasions to others, or too slow in suspecting a want of them in ourselves.

In the third and fourth Sermons we are called to a consideration of this text of Scripture—“If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God”—the meaning of which, according to the Professor's explanation, is,

Let him, both as to the Doctrine and the Interpretation, be careful to advance nothing contrary to those sacred oracles, nothing that may bring into competition with them authority of a different kind.

The question then, which it is in the first place necessary to determine, is this:

Whether there be any authority paramount, or even equivalent to the Sacred Word, which, either as jointly connected with it, or as its judicial superior, may claim our unreserved obedience? If there be any such, the sincere inquirer after truth must submit to its pretensions. If there be not, to admit such pretensions is not only superfluous but dangerous; as derogation from the authority which possesses the rightful claim.

And here, he observes, it will be found,

That we have three distinct parties to contend with, all widely differing from each other, yet all asserting principles injurious to the just pre-eminence of scriptural authority. The first of these, the Papist, insists upon the necessity of an infallible Judge or Interpreter

of doctrine, in the person of some visible Head of the Church, from whom there shall be no appeal. The second, comprising various sects, contends, that every doctrine of Holy Writ must bend to the decision of human reason as the supreme judge in matters of Faith. The third, a multifarious order of Interpreters, gives supreme sway to a supposed inward light, or immediate communication from the Holy Spirit, supplementary to Scripture, and infallible as well as irresistible in its operations.

Our limits will not permit us to follow the author through the very powerful arguments which he brings to disprove the pretensions of the Church of Rome to infallibility; and the authority of unwritten traditions. The far greater part of our readers need not to be convinced that those pretensions have no foundation whatever, either in the Bible or in reason. All that was requisite to put at rest a question of this nature, was accomplished long ago; and were it not that certain recent events have communicated to this subject an interest and importance which it had long ceased to possess, it might now have been passed by in silence. Neither will it be necessary on the second topic, to say more than that we completely agree with the author in his condemnation of those, who “look upon it as a noble and glorious task, to bring the doctrines of celestial wisdom into a certain subjection to the precepts of their philosophy, and to make deep and profound researches into the intimate and hidden nature of those truths, which the Divine Saviour had delivered to his disciples.” It is surely the height of absurdity to make reason the judge of things placed so completely beyond the reach of reason, that, as our author justly remarks, “they can be received only upon the credit of the Sacred Oracles, being to our apprehensions incapable of any thing resembling a scientific demonstration:” nor are we more inclined to admit the assertions of those, who maintain that reason is of no avail in the interpretation of divine truth, and assert the necessity of a miraculous heavenly illumination. The first of these errors would lead us into Socinianism and infidelity; the second into religious absurdity and fanaticism. The proper province of reason, with respect to Scripture-Interpretation, is easily ascertained; and let us not endeavour to extend it further than it can or ought to be extended; nor, on the other hand, let us deny it that influence to which it has a just claim. We shall make a short extract from this very excellent discourse, conveying a caution which deserves to be had in remembrance.

With reference to the errors we have now been considering, let us remember that there are lights which dazzle and mislead; which blind the judgment instead of showing objects in their true shades

and colors. "Take heed," therefore,—it is the emphatical warning of the Redeemer himself; "Take heed that the light which is in thee be not darkness!"

After having exposed the erroneous opinions of others upon these subjects, the author, in his fourth sermon, proceeds to enquire what is the true opinion; that is to say, "what deference is justly due to Church authority, to human reason, and to the ordinary assistance of the Holy Spirit." He settles with precision the degree of obedience, with respect to articles of Faith, which the Church may lawfully exact from her members.

The Papist looks to one visible Head of the whole Christian Church, the universal arbiter of religious controversies, infallible in his decisions, and from whom there is no appeal. The Protestant acknowledges no such universal Head, nor deems the Church itself, acting even by its legitimate rulers, to be either gifted with infallibility, or vested with such authority as may annul the right of its individual members to appeal to Scripture itself. The Church, he contends, has no lawful power to enjoin any doctrine or observance militating against the written Word. And the reason is this: that the authority of the Church being derived from Scripture, as the charter by virtue of which it governs, it cannot with impunity violate the charter itself. It is the constituted Guardian of the truth, and may do whatever the Scripture enjoins or permits, for the government and edification of the body at large; though it cannot originate, as of its own right, doctrines or duties really necessary to salvation.

He then goes on to determine the deference due to the writings of the primitive Fathers of the Church, and the use and value of ecclesiastical antiquity; and in the conclusion to which he comes, he appears to have avoided alike the error of those who ascribe too much weight to the decision of those ancient worthies, and of those who ascribe to them too little.

We do not claim for them any infallibility, any commission to make further revelations of the divine will, or any absolute authority as Scripture-interpreters. The appeal still lies from them, as from all other religious instructors, to that Word itself, which was no less their rule of faith than it is ours: and the highest degree of deference that can be due to them, may be paid without any infringement of that inviolable maxim, "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracle of God."

We cannot dwell upon the other two heads of this discourse. Our space permits us only to say that the limits imposed to the excursions of our natural reason, appear to us very correctly defined; and that the extent of the assistance of the Holy Spirit, upon which, in furtherance of our own efforts, we may rely, is marked out so as to agree with the declarations of

Scripture, and the expositions of our most approved Divines. In the following passage a very proper distinction seems to be made between "the Fanatic and the sober-minded Christian," in regard to spiritual assistance.

The former presumes upon the aid of the Spirit, to the neglect of human acquirements : the latter avails himself of both. The former despises the natural gifts of which he is in possession ; expecting preternatural gifts of which he has no reasonable assurance : the latter diligently cultivates every talent bestowed upon him, relying, at the same time, for help from above to perfect his endeavours. For this blessing on his labors, he confidently trusts in God ; knowing that "whosoever thus believeth in Him shall not be ashamed."

In the fifth Sermon we are directed to employ "a judicious distribution or arrangement of the subject matter of Holy Writ, such an analysis of its component parts, as may enable the reader to judge of their respective purposes, and their connexion with the general design." Of this branch of his subject, the Professor makes four divisions, by the examination of which he proposes to illustrate its importance.

First, The general distinction between what is properly *fundamental* in Scripture truth, and what is not so ; Secondly, the specific distinctions to be observed in the several *dispensations* of revealed religion, by which, at different periods, the Almighty saw fit to communicate his will to mankind ; Thirdly, the variety of *subject-matter* contained in the Sacred Writings, and connected with these particular *dispensations* ; Fourthly, the immediate *occasions* and *purposes*, whether general or special, for which certain books or portions of Holy Writ appear to have been composed.

The enquiry into what is properly fundamental in Scripture truth, and what is not so, is one of great importance, though from the very nature of it, the writer can hardly expect the general concurrence of his readers. He who on such a question desires universal approbation, must contemplate nothing that has ever been the subject of controversy. In considering the second division, he supposes two great covenants, one before the fall, the other after it. To these he refers all those divine transactions with mankind, which he arranges, as they occur in Holy Writ, under the Paradisaical, the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian dispensations.

Hence, [he says,] we shall readily perceive both the specific and the general characters of these dispensations. We shall perceive that the Paradisaical stands alone, comprehending the first general covenant with Man, and applicable only to that state of innocence and perfection in which he was at first created. We shall perceive also, that the Gospel, the second general covenant made with Man,

did not commence at the time of our Lord's actual appearance upon earth, but was, in effect, coeval with the fall; having its beginning in the promise made to our first parents, that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." The Patriarchal religion therefore was that of the Gospel, in promise or expectation. The Mosaic was that of the Gospel, in type and prophecy. The Christian was the completion of both.

In the consideration of the third point, he takes a view of the ancient and well known division of the Scriptures, and then briefly lays down the method to be observed in the interpretation of the different books, with reference to the particular subject and character of each, and mentions the knowledge and attainments required in the interpreter.—In the fourth division he brings many strong arguments to prove the necessity of attending to the particular circumstances, under which different books appear to have been written, in order to obtain a right understanding of them; and also to prove that the necessity of attending to these particulars does not detract from their universally beneficial tendency. He extends the rule to the moral precepts and prohibitions in the Bible, as well as to the doctrinal points; and exposes the errors and absurdities into which devout men have often been led by neglecting to attend to it. The discourse concludes with another recommendation of those qualities of the heart, which, when united with the requisite mental abilities, he represents as the best—indeed the only effectual preservative from error in the interpretation of Scripture.

We have now followed the learned author through the arguments which he adduces to shew the necessity of a careful analysis of Scripture; and are come to that part of the work where he considers the counterpart of the subject, 'that of combining its respective portions into a systematic form.' In reducing the truths contained in the sacred writings into a system of Divinity, it is recommended to us to interpret Scripture by Scripture—by faithfully comparing together whatever the word of God has made known to us, concerning things above the reach of our natural faculties; or, as it is expressed in the text, by "comparing spiritual things with spiritual." This he represents to be the meaning of that principle of Scripture-Interpretation, of which the works of our theological writers are so full, and which is called the *Analogy of Faith*. In order to make this rule applicable to every particular case, he makes three divisions of it, all of which he supposes to be comprehended in the Apostle's admonition.

First, the verbal analogy of Scripture, or the collation of parallel texts illustrative of its characteristic diction and phraseology. Se-

condly, the Historical analogy, or the collation of parallel events and circumstances, for the elucidation of facts. Thirdly, the Doctrinal analogy, or collation of parallel instructions relative to matters of Faith and practice.

The first two of these analogies are necessary to be attended to, if we would get a right understanding of any author. And when we consider that the inspired writings abound in precepts and prohibitions, promises and threatenings, to which we are bound to attend, as we value our lasting happiness; no one, who believes in their divine original, will deny that it is of the first importance to obtain a clear conception of that part at least of their contents. But, from the imperfection of language, the nature of the subject, and other reasons easily assigned, there are many things in Scripture, not only "hard to be understood," but apparent contradictions; although, if the Scriptures be indeed the work of inspiration, it is impossible that these contradictions should be real. It is therefore the business of the theologian, to endeavour so to explain the words of Holy Writ, that these difficulties and contradictions may be made to disappear; and to take care that there be nothing in his exposition of the sense of any one passage, which shall not agree with the sense of every other. This is, or evidently should be, the object of that rule of interpretation, called the analogy of the Faith. But as the abuse of this rule has given rise to some errors, and confirmation to others, even in such a degree as to induce an eminent Scripture critic to discard it entirely from among the rules by which he proposed to be governed in the work of interpretation, it may be worth while to examine it a little. Before we can decide upon the merits of the rule, we ought to understand the meaning of it. If it enjoin us only to be careful not to interrupt and disturb by our exposition the harmony and agreement which we cannot but suppose to subsist between the parts of an inspired book; it is no more than his own reason would suggest to any candid interpreter—nay, it is expressly contained in the 20th article of our church, where it is said—"It is not lawful to expound one place of scripture, so that it be repugnant to another."

But if it be allowed to include an injunction or a permission to every interpreter, so to explain every passage of Scripture, that it may not be contrary to his own particular creed, or, in other words, if, by *the Faith*, we mean, the opinions of that church or sect to which each interpreter belongs, that would be to set up another rule of Faith besides the Bible, and would lead to endless contradictions and absurdities.

There is no doubt but that the abuse of this rule has been the cause of much mischief, both among Papists and Protestants.

Writers of each denomination have given us ample cause to suspect them of adhering to the latter definition of the phrase : indeed the Papists openly avow it.

This, however, by no means weakens the force of those arguments which are brought in favor of the genuine *Analogy of the Faith*, by the application of which so much good has been effected. In order, then, to guard against the errors into which the abuse of the rule will infallibly lead us, it is necessary only that it be properly defined, and that the interpreter conscientiously and steadily employ it according to the definition.

This the author, with whom we are now concerned, seems to have done. We have seen how he defines the rule, and he makes a fair application of it to a few examples designed to illustrate its utility and importance. The cautions, with respect to the mode of applying this rule, with which he concludes this discourse, are worthy of attention ; for no rule can be more liable to abuse than this, and none has been more abused.

The Seventh Sermon relates to the Figurative and Mystical Interpretation of Scripture, and this branch of the subject is treated in a very able and perspicuous manner. It is of great importance to the prevention of error to determine how far this species of Interpretation may properly be extended. The rules Dr. Mildert lays down seem to allow a greater licence than usual to the mystical interpreter. He says " if with respect to the general intent and meaning of the whole passage, what is literally applicable to one event in Sacred History be so clearly applicable, in its figurative sense, to some other event of subsequent date, that the coincidence cannot be overlooked, the Spiritual or Mystical interpretation may be adopted."

In the lectures of the Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, much less liberty is allowed. In answer to the question

By what means shall we determine, in any given instance, that what is *alleged* as a type was really *designed* for a type ?

This eminent Theologian observes that,

The only possible means of knowing, that two distant, though similar historic facts, were so connected in the general scheme of Divine Providence, that the one was *designed* to prefigure the other, is the authority of that work in which the scheme of Divine Providence is unfolded. Destitute of *that* authority, we may confound a resemblance, *subsequently observed*, with a resemblance pre-ordained, we may mistake a comparison founded on a mere *accidental* parity of circumstances, for a comparison, founded on a *necessary and inherent connexion*. There is no other rule, therefore, by which we can distinguish a *real* from a *pretended* type, than that of Scripture itself. There are no other *possible means*, by which we can *know* that a previous design, and a pre-ordained connexion existed.

In the remaining part of this discourse, the author has exposed the errors occasioned by the misapplication, or abuse, of this kind of interpretation; and also those which arise from carrying it to excess; with all those strong and convincing arguments, which a complete knowledge of the subject, and a deep sense of its importance could suggest.

We are arrived at that discourse which concludes the series, and in which he undertakes to prove that the church, emphatically so called, the English church, episcopally constituted, has, from the beginning, proved itself to be 'that "church of the living God" which the Apostle calls "the pillar and ground of the truth."' We are prevented by the limits to which we are confined, from entering into the arguments he adduces to demonstrate, that, to the church we are indebted for the preservation of Christianity—perhaps even of the name of Christianity, among us; and that, though errors and abuses have found their way into it, none of the leading—the essential doctrines of our religion, have been openly opposed or renounced by the Church, even in the worst of times. He maintains that, in their creeds and confessions of faith, the members of it have always opposed those aberrations from the truth which had a tendency to shake the foundations of Christianity, and striven to check the growth of heresy and infidelity, whatever forms they assumed. The subject is then brought to a conclusion by an enquiry into the "obligations we owe to our Church, more especially with reference to the principles which it has been the object of this series of discourses to elucidate." This inquiry is conducted with the same ability, and moderation, which distinguish the rest of the work, and which, though they may not serve to convince of their error those whose opinions are at variance with the writer's, will at least give them a more exalted idea of that establishment which he supports and defends.

Upon the whole, we do not hesitate to pronounce that the work we have been examining, does great honor to the talents and erudition of its author; and that it will fix him among theologicians of the highest order. For 'Masters in Israel,' he modestly says, it was not intended; but it is well calculated for masters in any place, or of any denomination. His readers will consider the nature of the audience to whom these Sermons were addressed—that they were principally the younger members of an University. It was not, neither ought it to have been his object, to produce any thing surprising from its novelty.—We do not propose to institute a comparison of the merits of this work, with those of other works of a similar kind. And should any one feel disposed to compare it with the admirable Divinity

Lectures of Dr. Marsh, he must bear in mind, that the plans of the two works are dissimilar; and that certain bounds have been set to the excursions of the Bampton Lecturer, which were not prescribed to his distinguished fellow-laborer.

The work is accompanied with copious notes, containing selections from the writings of the most eminent authors on the subjects discussed.

Miscellanea.

ON EPITAPHS.

THAT it was customary from the beginning to bury the dead, is evident from the sacred accounts of the Patriarchs, and both decency and respect for the defunct authorise the usage. But it is a matter of doubt, whether Epitaphs or Inscriptions were introduced in the days of those pious characters. Fields were then purchased for sepulchres; Abraham bought the field of Machpelah, where he and his wife Sarah were buried; and afterwards Isaac and his wife Rebekah, and Jacob with his wife Leah. In Egypt the bodies were embalmed, and forty days allotted for the purpose. There is, indeed, much reason to think, from the different accounts we have of sons and husbands occasionally visiting the graves of their fathers and wives, (which of course must have been identified by some particular mark,) that monuments were adopted at a very early period. We read that Jacob set a *pillar* on the grave of Rachel, the wife whom he loved best.

As the word *Epitaph* is derived from the Greek, (signifying *upon a tomb*) and Inscription from the Latin, the Greeks and Romans were probably the inventors of Epitaphs. The latter frequently exercised their wit upon those occasions, which was sometimes blended with obscurity—" *Est, Est—quod nimium Est, Dominus mortuus est.*" No scholar could possibly translate this sentence without he knew the following story:—When the wine was deemed fit for the master's use, the servant marked it with the verb "*Est,*" (it is good).—On tasting the wine, and finding that it was admirable, the enraptured servant made a

repetition of the word—*Est! Est!* (It is! It is!) The master equally delighted, drank too freely of the wine, which occasioned his death. The translation of course is—EST, EST—because there was an EST too much, the gentleman died.

; In the churches and church-yards of this United Kingdom, we find many of the Epitaphs in the Latin language. Some of these might probably be exact copies of what the Romans, when they were converted to Christianity, had composed. Modern Epitaphs generally consist of *fine*-written verses, not *well*-written, as it is necessary thus to distinguish the bombastic and the melodious. How many amiable characters, philanthropists and patriots, may we meet with in a country church-yard, who, though recently deceased, would never have been known to the reader, had not the tomb-stones declared them as such! What ostentation and absurdity in those posthumous encomiums representing the present times as the Golden Age! The general cant of monumental praise is—*an affectionate father—a tender husband—and a sincere friend*. Are these virtues then so rare, so extraordinary, as to render it absolutely necessary to record them over the mouldering remains of the father or husband? The works of a man alone immortalize his memory.—No Epitaph, though written by a Pope, can confer on the Philanthropist so lasting an eulogy as the asylums for the unfortunate, which his benevolence provides; the former, notwithstanding its melody, is, as *Hamlet* says, “Words—words—words!” but the latter is, “Demonstration strong as proof from Holy Writ.”

It cannot be supposed that an Epitaph writer adheres to truth—he takes pains to enumerate all the virtues of the deceased, but thinks it proper that his vices should be *buried with him!* Now, if his *real* vices, instead of his *pretended* virtues, were candidly and impartially recorded, then the admonitory tomb-stone, which could not possibly affect the dust it covered, might be of essential service to the living. The mention of a faithless husband or wife—or base seducer—an unnatural father or child—or a false friend, would be an excellent *memento mori* to readers of similar characters. These secrets are not to be found in modern Epitaphs; they are left to be revealed by the RECORDING ANGEL. The tomb-stones of the present day abound with conjugal fidelity, parental affection, filial piety, and universal benevolence! Such instances of human vanity are not to be met with in ancient Epitaphs: before the Reformation, the tomb-stones acknowledged, that underneath were deposited the remains of wretched sinners, and solicited the prayers

of the reader—*Orate pro animâ miserrimi peccatoris.*” Humility, and not ostentation, was the characteristic of that day, as appears from the following Latin-English old Epitaph, which probably suggested to O’Keeffe the *amo amas* of LINGO :

“ Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,
Sine cap, sine sheets, sine riches ;
Qui vixit sine gown,
Sine cloak, sine shirt, sine breeches.”

Effusions of a similar tendency may be still seen in our church-yards. The writer’s curiosity was once attracted by four lines, scarcely legible, which were rudely cut upon a piece of timber, that seemed bowing to the dust whereof it was treating. After much labor, not ill bestowed, as it was effectual, the following couplets were made out :

“ I’ve been a Pauper upon Earth—
Been always begging since my birth ;
So *mend-I-cant*, but hope t’ inherit
The joys made for the *Poor in Spirit* !”

It was evident why an humble piece of wood, instead of marble, bore this mendicant’s inscription—but what of that ? This poor *Lazarus* may rise from his modest bed of clay to a glorious inheritance, sooner than all the *Diveses* in the same place, whose monuments were piles of Pride and Ostentation !

We may still in our church-yards discover the *remains* of common sense. The following expressive line, probably invented by the Romans, must strike every reader of sensibility—“ *Hodie mihi, cras tibi* ”—“ To-day for me, to-morrow for thee.” The writer candidly acknowledges he was more affected by this line, than by the elegiac verses of a neighbouring tombstone—burlesque in truth, for he was desired to join the marble in weeping. The sympathetic stone was indeed wet, but the tears were dew-drops from Heaven. These productions frequently set criticism at defiance—grammar is often violated. Near the communion-table of Christ’s Church, by the excellent institution of which so many eminent scholars have been produced, is the following barbarous expression—“ Here *lies* the remains,” &c.

Monumental praise is indeed due to departed genius and virtue. The hero who, like NELSON, falls in his country’s service, demands this last tribute from a grateful nation. The best Epitaphs for authors are quotations from their own works : who could have produced a better for Shakespeare, than the happily chosen one from his own play of the *Tempest* ? The late John Palmer was highly deserving of the last words he

uttered on the stage, in the *Stranger*—"There is another and a better world." And the late Irish poet-laureat might have had an Epitaph from his own Tragedy of the *Count of Narbonne* :

" Nature's common frailties set aside,
I'll meet my audit boldly."

A tax upon all Epitaphs written by partial friends, would doubtless have been more satisfactory to the public than the additional tax upon newspapers. It has been argued in favor of the latter measure, that the proprietors of diurnal prints, have gained considerable emolument in consequence of the interesting events of the last twenty years ; and as the future events are likely to be equally interesting, the additional tax can be no object to the public, and therefore the proprietors can be no losers. It is to be hoped, that war and slaughter may not continue another twenty years ; but if continued, we cannot see why the public should pay dearer for their future information, than they have paid for their past. The reader will pardon this digression, when he finds the introduction of newspapers, in some degree, allusive to the subject in question. Characters are frequently misrepresented by Epitaphs—so they are by newspapers. The dead are falsely panegyrised by the former ; the living are sometimes represented as dead by the latter—How often has Bonaparte been *killed* by the editors of newspapers ? His gallant antagonist, Wellington, has been *assassinated* in the same sources of information. A Sunday paper gave us a recent instance of premature death—Mr. Kemble, it was said, died precisely at half past six o'clock in the evening. This gentleman, however, lives, and it is to be hoped, that we may yet see him *die on the stage*, in the character of *Coriolanus*, at *half past nine o'clock*.

The tax which the writer has proposed on Epitaphs, should be so much on every letter, cut on a tomb-stone, and double the money on every revival. A couplet would then often supply the place of an elegy, and perhaps a common *hic jacet*, with name, age, &c. serve instead of a tedious panegyric. Let Man, while living, endeavour to erect his own monument by his works, that when dead, he may have a claim to those expressive words, which so eloquently declare the merits of that great architect, Sir Christopher Wren—

" *Si monumentum requiris,*

" *Circumspice.*"——

If that a monument you seek—

Look round—my edifices speak.

AMBULATOR.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN SKULL.

Dr. Gall, and Dr. Spurzheim as his continuator, have given to the world a fund of entertainment in their book on *Craniology*. We have been tempted to peruse that celebrated work, not however as physiologists, or as anatomists; but as admirers of the science of Physiognomy, for their profound skill in which, both the one and the other have long been greatly and justly renowned.

Most people admit that a human being consists of body and mind. About the manner of existence and residence of the one, except in the case of downright vagrants, mankind do not now dispute—the police magistrates and the writers on the history of civil society having settled that point. But about the essence and position of the other, we all have doubts and sometimes make anxious inquiries; none of the metaphysicians, from Locke down to Stewart, having been able to satisfy us. In one or two particulars, however, we all agree; that there is a mind, and that its operations are much affected by the state of the brain. Now another fact, as to which mankind are rarely sceptical, is this, that the brain is deposited in the skull; and, we may add, that in proportion as it is more or less commodiously lodged, its agency contributes more or less to strength and vigor of intellect. In short, a well-formed cranium is to the brain, what a well-built house is to its inhabitant. Now for the purpose of satisfying themselves and others, anatomists and physiologists have turned their attention to the position as well as the capacity of the cranium; and hence we cannot enter the apartment of almost any virtuoso, without being charmed with a long row—sometimes a magnificent vista, of well-scraped skulls, rising in regular gradation from that of the ape or jack-ass—up to that of the Lord of the creation himself. Ovid has described very happily, the grovelling position of the one; and the upright, sublime attitude of the other. But it is the size of the cranium that now principally concerns us; and on this we are to observe, that Dr. Spurzheim does not merely require, as all his predecessors have done, that the head be large, and that it be more remarkable for its extension fore and aft, than for its *depth*; but that it be formed so as to exhibit certain defined protuberances—on certain fixed places. For the sake of making the matter intelligible, one might state that the physiologists of the German school, do not, like the German sovereigns, desire to have their dominions nicely rounded; but rather, for the sake of a freer traffic with neighbours, strongly marked by a variety of capes and headlands. Dr. Spurzheim's *mental diagnosis* is neither more nor less than

those eminences on the cranium to which we have alluded. The knowledge of them, as signs of intellectual powers of a distinctive kind, is easily acquired; nor is a student of much discernment likely, at any time, to mistake an ordinary bump for one of them—with such exactness is their locality fixed by the professor,

Our remarks shall be few and brief.—It is obvious that, according to the new system, the signs of a superior understanding are all external; and that the criterions by which pneumatologists and craniognomists judge, are very different. The task of the former was abstruse and difficult: that of the latter is apparent at first sight—except in the two cases of those who wear wigs, and those who appear in cavendishes. The number of persons of both these descriptions have increased wonderfully within the last twelve months—an irrefragable proof, in our opinion, of the prevailing power of Dr. Spurzheim's ingenious theory. The crania of the crops of latter times, have been found, in many instances, to discover so much absolute *flatness*, that the close crop has been almost universally abandoned for the umbrageous cavendish: and should this charitable covering of so many defects by and by fall into disuse, we venture to predict, that the wig, which has from time immemorial been the accompaniment of distinguished greatness in every department of knowledge, will again be in high vogue among persons of all ages and sexes. We really cannot conceive a surer test of conscious superiority in any man, who can afford to purchase an artificial covering for his head, than his now venturing to appear in any learned society with a *bald pate*.

But even to the wisest of men, if they have not patiently studied craniology—we earnestly recommend a careful perusal of Dr. Spurzheim's thirty-three categories, which will lead to a thorough knowledge of the signs, the causes and the consequences of *Amativeness*, *Philoprogenitiveness*, *Inhabitiveness*, *Combativeness* and *Destructiveness* (O for a peep at Napoleon's cranium,) *Covetiveness*, *Secretiveness*, *Philapprobateness*, *Mysterizingness* and so forth.

Public Affairs.

WHEN the allies recollect, that *the bad faith of the enemy* has been the cause of the war; that the happiness of Europe depends on their being successful; and that there is no human

power capable of preventing their success ; they can look back to the commencement of the struggle with self-approbation, and forward to its issue with anticipations of joyful congratulation. At no time for the last three months, have we thought it requisite to ask why surrounding nations should take up arms against France : Napoleon was there, and that was enough. And now that suitable preparations have been made, much expense incurred, and an extraordinary measure of glory acquired ; we should lament seeing the sword sheathed on any conditions but those of the disturbers being effectually deprived of every means of doing mischief, and of the French throne's being filled by a prince in whom mankind can confide. No concession he could make, will reconcile us to any treaty with him ; not even the actual surrender of all his barrier towns, and all his colonies. We should be less rigorous, were there a civilized nation on the globe which he has not sought to injure, or a government which he has not set himself to deceive ; not to mention his late enormous offence against all Europe at once.

"Whatever is, is right."—Even Bonaparte's having broke loose from Elba : for we ought to reckon upon the result, not the steps that lead to it. By any pacification which it is reasonable to expect to follow such a war as military men contemplate, the treaty of Fontainebleau, which was at first deemed so safe and so moderate, will be got rid of, and the treaty of Paris be explained, perhaps improved. The thrones of Europe will be placed on solid foundations ; and the inhabitants of its various countries delivered from the constant apprehension of the return of unprovoked hostilities. Such of Napoleon's guards as may unfortunately escape the sword, will be disarmed, disbanded, and vigilantly watched ; while his perjured marshals and vulgar nobles, will be stripped of their rank and titles, and driven back with scorn into their native obscurity. How devoutly to be wished must such a consummation be, by every Frenchman of ancient family, liberal education, and gentlemanly habits ! The prevailing sentiment of honor, and the respect due to public decorum, demand of Louis XVIII., to submit no more to the presence, much less to the guidance of the vilest of his subjects. One would indeed think, that such men would not again aspire to power of any kind ; content to have been permitted to live, if indeed such permission can, through any excess of clemency, be granted to them. When last among his people, Louis had no

choice; every thing necessarily partook of the nature of compromise. He will presently feel himself more agreeably circumstanced, and will have around him no French marshals and princes but those of his own family, or of his own creation.

When Mr. Grattan called the government of Napoleon a *stratocracy*, he did not say whether it ought to be classed with the pure, or with the mixed forms. It seems to belong to the latter—having in it, through means of the terrorists and jacobins by whom Napoleon is preposterously supported, a very considerable portion of *demonocracy*. If pure, its principle is courage, which, in modern Gaul, is apt to degenerate into *brutality*; if mixed, there will be an accession of the principle of demonocracy, i. e. of *malice prepense*. But in either case it is to be abominated, as being inconsistent with the security of either liberty, property, or life.

That the present French government, that sorry amalgamation of despotism and jacobinism, ought to be destroyed, is evident to all who are acquainted with modern history—with the exception of the little band of patriots, who occasionally insist upon it that, nine years out of ten, the British government is an enemy to the British people; that the House of Commons is always corrupt; and that the English constitution is often not worth preserving. But of these matters on a future occasion. We would have Bonaparte's government uprooted, and its elements given to the winds—not, however, because we dislike it, and know some folks who would support it if they durst; but because, far from being likely to contribute to the prosperity and happiness of mankind, it cannot subsist without wofully subtracting from both. It is *possible*, though *barely possible*, that it may endure: but while it does, confederacies must be preserved, nations must rest upon their arms. We would proceed against it as individuals do on occasions less important. They protect themselves from the attempts of housebreakers and highwaymen, by hanging up one or two as a warning to others; though chiefly by enacting wise preventive laws. Just so would we act by the French military banditti, and their leader. The allied sovereigns, when again at Paris, will take care that nothing of a conventional nature be omitted: and, in the meantime, full scope should be given—and will be given, to the operation of the laws of war. An awful example ought to be made of every class of

the traitors. It will be found the only effectual means either of averting future instances of perfidy and treason, or "of reclaiming their military spirit." Mercy towards them will be cruelty to the rest of the world—particularly to their own countrymen: it will be not only respiting merited punishment, but affording them opportunities of devising farther mischief. They are culprits notoriously possessed of a disposition to agitate and afflict mankind, without being able to furnish any tolerable pledge for their keeping the peace a single year; and, therefore, they must forthwith be put under powerful restraint. The satellites of the despot must be trodden under foot, dead or alive; and himself, if suffered to exist, fixed for life in Cayenne or Siberia. Add to this, *the whole of their property must be confiscated, and made to pass into the hands of honest men.* Unless this be done, there will be no stability for the throne of the Bourbons.

But are the subversion of Napoleon's power, and the substitution of one less dangerous, practicable? If the former be practicable, the latter is. Lord George Cavendish has, however, thought it worth his while to repeat a *dictum* of Mr. Fox's: "Nothing can produce a change in the French government, but the efforts of the people themselves; the change must come from within." Mr. Fox often judged hastily, and, in regard to the French revolution, is known to have judged erroneously. His idea was that "if let alone, they would destroy themselves." But while thus employed, their foolish admirers in other countries, whom governments were also requested to let alone, would have propagated their opinions, so that not the French only, but all their neighbours would, in a short time, have been seen destroying themselves. This extensive scene of self-destruction was then obviated by the interference of the allied sovereigns; and a vigorous interference now, will prevent similar enormities. There must be no hesitation; the French are again jacobins; and the measures of their government are to be dreaded a thousand times more, than the movements of their armies. Very seldom have they, since the first of their revolutions, aimed at doing any thing unquestionably just towards their neighbours, or ultimately beneficial to themselves. Many a pernicious change in the condition of the world have they produced; but never have they effected any thing that could render themselves

more virtuous, or less the object of just suspicion to other nations. 'The memorable revolution of last year, did not "come from within;" and Louis, and peace, are on the eve of being again restored to guilty France, solely through the interposition of magnanimous strangers. — The subversion of Napoleon's power, and consequently the substitution of one more desirable, are, we affirm, very practicable. Witness the glorious conflict of the 18th instant—a conflict, which when viewed in conjunction with the powerful motives that led to it—the distinguished fame of the combatants—its heroic feats, its mingled horrors, and its splendid result, excites in the soul more of the true sublime, than any achievement ever depicted by poet or historian.

What favored bard shall now record the immortal deeds of Waterloo? Who shall sing in strains to which Britannia's self may lend a willing ear, the soldier's courage, and the general's skill? But above all, those rare talents which, a year ago, could view "the images of uncreated things," and, on the day of trial, give them such striking reality, such tremendous effect—the chief's high contempt of personal danger, his deep concern for the glory of his country—and those matchless combinations which have happily preserved the one, and exalted the other. The nation of shopkeepers—the country which, till the other day, the subjects of the great military powers of the continent considered as having *no army*, now stands the first on the roll of military fame!—Who too shall describe the oppressive grief of Napoleon, who, roughly treated by uncourteous Blucher, and unmercifully beaten and bruised by Wellington, found himself in no condition to follow up his plan of hastening to meet Schwartzberg's isolated force—who could neither animate to one more effort, nor invent a specious tale to soothe the minds of the wavering citizens of Paris! By one dreadful blow all his projects are frustrated, all his hopes blasted. And instead of the proud invader feasting freely on the means of neighbouring states; we shall forthwith see him flying from village to village, and devouring the scanty subsistence of the people whom he has again betrayed and abused. At present he is, it seems, in the capital; trying to palliate his disgrace, and prevent, for a few weeks longer, the defection of his unstable adherents.

It might have occurred to any man, however, little accustomed to think for himself, that Bonaparte, conscious of the

criminality of his enterprize, justly apprehensive of its failure, and at the head of a divided, disheartened, impoverished people, could not be a match for all the sovereigns in Christendom, who were to take the field with minds strengthened by the rectitude of their intentions, animated by rational hopes of success, cheered by the unanimity and ardor of the nations whom they led, while they were furnished with resources adequate to every possible emergency. The power of the French was far more formidable last year than it is at present : and yet they were beaten, and their ruler dethroned and exiled. But whatever they have lost in position, or in resources, the allies have gained. We therefore conclude with the enlightened representatives of the allied sovereigns, and a vast majority of the population of their respective countries, that the task of laying Napoleon low in the dust, will not be found difficult—especially if the French people call to mind the benefits which the presence of their king would obviously insure to them.

Were Mr. Whitbread compelled to look Lord Ellenborough in the face with the gospels in his hand, would he declare that he thought all right that has lately been done at Paris, and every thing wrong that has been done at Vienna? Would Sir Francis Burdett, in a similar predicament, allege that Napoleon would be a more beneficent ruler of the French, than Louis? Will any man of common sense say, that the population, the finances, and the general disposition of the French are such, that all the rest of Europe cannot overpower them? Nowhere but here, are Bonaparte's principles justified, his crimes palliated: none but British subjects ever task their ingenuity for arguments in support of his cupidity and usurpations. He alone, of all the declared enemies of Old England, now in existence, has presumed to threaten to invade these islands, and to subject their inhabitants to pillage and slavery; yet, to talk of invading France for the purpose of averting almost any kind or degree of danger, is held by our fastidious morality—our benevolent policy—sufficient to fix an indelible stain on the national character! When but vaguely reported, that some of the conditions of the treaty of Fontainebleau, that were favorable to Napoleon, had not been duly fulfilled, ministers were closely questioned, and both houses of parliament harassed with notices and motions day after day: but an ample refuta-

tion of our government's having in any way contributed to Napoleon's chagrin—indeed sufficient evidence of no cause of serious complaint having been furnished by any of the allies, soon reached the country; and though it was known that all the more valuable conditions of the treaty of Paris—all those on which the safety and the repose of Europe hinged, had been openly violated by Napoleon, all was profound silence!—We should like to have a change of administration for a short time, were it only to see whether it would not convert the curiosity and loquacity of opposition, into reserve and comparative taciturnity; and whether they would not, in the course of something less than one lunation, allow Napoleon to be, what they know he is, a systematic deceiver with whom they could not treat—an incorrigible tyrant, against whom every friend to national independence is bound to lift up his hand. But a wish for any such change is at present vain. Ministers were very firm in their seats when Napoleon reached Paris: and their able management of the war which his mad adventure has occasioned, will render them immoveable.—There seems, by the way, to be somewhat less reason now than there was a week ago, for desiring to see such an experiment made—the party seem to be softening into moderation of their own accord. On voting thanks the other day to the Duke of Wellington, not one of them called the war both *unjust and unnecessary*. Sir F. Burdett went out of his way only to say, that it was unjust: and Mr. Whitbread contented himself with saying, he did not think it was necessary: so that each was one half more rational than on former occasions—and we congratulate the public on their reformation, however temporary. The story that goes about of Mr. Whitbread's having expressed a wish to have Bonaparte styled *a first-rate commander* in the very same vote that recorded his signal defeat and disgrace, is perhaps, only a fiction. We have read of the boaster's deeds at Borodino, Leipsic, and Laon, as well as at Waterloo; and really we do not think him the *first captain of the age*—nor yet the second, or third, or fourth.

This glance at the conduct of parties, has made us lose sight of the question proposed, which was something about a change, not of the administration here, but of the government at Paris. Of the reasons assigned for our being unsuccessful in the pro-

ent contest, the extraordinary jealousy of the French of all foreign interference is one. Now we are persuaded that this virtue is, in a great measure, an imputed one. They are not the French, but our orators, who feel so strongly, and express so earnestly, the indignation of the enemy at other nations trying to keep them at home, when they are disposed to make inroads into adjacent countries. On looking back to the events of the last twenty-five years, we see ample reason for concluding, that there is no modern people that can more easily reconcile itself to a hostile visitation, than that of which we speak. *La fortune de guerre—même la plus malheureuse*, furnishes them only with an opportunity of evincing their proverbial unconcern about the evils of life. At no time when their country has been invaded, have they given signs of a mortification nearly equal to that which our countrymen would have experienced on our soil being polluted by foreign contact; and for this reason, the military ostentation and national vanity of the French, constitute no such powerful and permanent principle of action, as that which is produced by the union of our military pride with the independent feeling which we owe to the uninterrupted possession of valuable civil rights. The only dread now in the minds of the French military seems to be—that of the fair chance there is of their being again heartily drubbed at their own doors in the presence of their wives and sweethearts; and the giddy Parisians are known never to fear any thing seriously, except being excluded from the theatres, or overtaken by rain on a holiday.

But not only are the French said to be the only power that can bring about a revolution in their own country; not only will they be prodigiously out of temper, if their territory be invaded, and their capital entered; we must not, we are told, interfere with them in any thing—least of all, in the choice of their form of government, and of their supreme ruler. All this, we conscientiously deny. The allies cannot recede—not solely because their honor is pledged, but because their safety is in danger. Napoleon, whom the immoral Lucien first gave to France, and who has latterly been presented to them by the guilty hands of the perjured Ney, must not continue to be a reproach to the name of royalty. And it would be a species of madness in the allies to leave to the French multitude, the

choice of their own ruler. They might, for aught we know, look at home, and choose the infant Napoleon, or the arch-jacobin Carnot; or they might cast their eyes abroad, and fix on the President Madison, or on some of our radical reformers—any one of whom would be as much to be dreaded, by this country at least, as even Napoleon himself. Nothing that has at any time passed, can justify a deference to the undirected choice of the French. On the contrary, their judgment of what would contribute the most even to their own interests, has uniformly been erroneous—the offspring of passion, not of reason. And as for their number, the consideration of that furnishes no good reason for abstaining from interference with them in the choice of a sovereign. It is great, to be sure; but the sum of the numbers of the inhabitants of other countries who are in danger from their machinations, is far greater, and therefore more deserving of consideration.

On the principle of self-preservation, the allies are justified in all they have proposed to do, either to the tyrant or his tools—all of whom must abide by the decision of the high tribunal of congregated Europe, whether they like it or not.

The world is too wise to be guided, in a case of this nature, by the abstract reasonings of mere publicists. We must not bind ourselves to act literally and solely upon any principle yet established; for never till now did all Europe, and all its high interests, come at once to be weighed and settled. We must proceed on maxims suited to all imaginable future exigencies; and, regardless of all that can be said or done, try by a strenuous use of the means Providence has put in our power, to promote, substantially, the general welfare—considering well, as we advance, both what the condition of affairs is now, and what it would be best that it should be hereafter. The most desirable condition will obviously be that of *secure peace*. But this never can be enjoyed, while a mighty monarchy situated almost at the centre of Europe, is under the control of one man, or of a set of men, whose principles are known to be dangerous and their professions hollow. Hence the necessity of having a person of integrity at the head of affairs in France; and of that distribution of general influence, which the allied sove-

reigns have proposed as the great and final object of the present struggle.²

Parliament, now on the eve of being prorogued, has been far less occupied in debate since Napoleon's extraordinary usurpation, than most people had expected. Nay, the opposition have contrived much less business for ministers—they have introduced fewer extraneous discussions into either house—not merely than at the commencement of any former war, but during any ordinary session. The reason is obvious. One half of them openly and unreservedly approve of the conduct which the allies are pursuing; while the other, unable any longer “to make the worse appear the better reason,” hold themselves bound only *not to be quite silent*.—Never did this country enter upon any war, with an assent so general and so cordial, on the part of either the people, or the parliament. The London and Westminster reformers have been able to excite no outcry—no murmur—even in the most obscure corner: and the majorities in both houses, on the discussion of the Prince Regent's message, respecting the treaties he had entered into with his Majesty's allies, are great beyond all precedent. But if the war was popular some weeks ago, when there was some chance of Napoleon's first effort being successful; what must it be now, when he has been completely beaten, and compelled to sink back among an astonished incensed people? *Mala res, spes multò asperior*.

The Catholic claims have been very injudiciously brought under consideration: and, of course, rejected. They ought to be so, since they are palpably extravagant; and since the claimants do not choose to speak of the legislature of the country, on all occasions, in becoming language. But the claims urged by the Catholics will always be extravagant, and they themselves will never employ respectful language towards Parliament,

² In the prompt and powerful co-operation of Prussia, we already see the beneficial effects of some of the arrangements made at Vienna. But to whom will the great dispensators of States allot Elba? Their gratitude, their just discrimination, would be emphatically marked, by offering it above all places on earth, with a title which the Prince Regent cannot give, to the Duke of Wellington—at length the terror of the abandoned Corsican, as well as of his baffled marshals and generals.

mention in a cursory way, the late budget, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer opened in a well detailed, clear, satisfactory manner. Every body of course, considered—and still considers, the sum to be borrowed as enormous—enough to reduce any other government to downright bankruptcy, though just sufficient to make us talk a little, and affect to be serious. The exigency of the moment demanded this ample supply; the indescribable importance of the object to which the national efforts are directed, fully justifies the intended application of it. So nearly unanimous are the representatives of the people, as to the expediency of effectually crushing the arch enemy of the general repose, that if Mr. Vansittart could have convinced the house, that the enemy would be deposed at any given point of time not very remote; or even that he would experience such a reverse as that which now fills us all with joy; *twice* the sum required would have been promptly and cheerfully granted. Mr. Tierney assumed quite a new tone on the occasion. He had often, as we all know, blamed Mr. Pitt for borrowing on disadvantageous terms; but on the 14th instant, he called Mr. Vansittart to account, for having taken the loan on terms too favorable for the public. Some gentlemen have indeed hinted, that Mr. Vansittart ought to have insisted upon an explanation; having been charged with doing something little short of absolutely *cheating* the poor bankers and brokers; who, on most other occasions, have been supposed to understand common arithmetic and their own interests, just as well as other people. We indulge in making only one remark more. In abstaining from an attempt to raise the sum wanted within the year, Mr. Vansittart acted from a double motive—a conviction of the extreme difficulty of accomplishing the thing; and the reasonable expectation that existed of the contest in which we are engaged, not being a protracted one. Since the opening of the budget, Napoleon has been overthrown. We are sincerely grateful to the Duke of Wellington, and his most gallant army, for what they have done; and while the aspect of affairs admits of our felicitating the public on the probability of the speedy restoration of peace, it is not unsatisfactory to us to find the only prediction we have ventured to utter, likely to be fulfilled. Those who have looked into our former numbers must know, that we have always considered *one campaign* as sufficient to put a period to the present contest.

June 24th.

MONTHLY REGISTER

OF

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

* * *The Conductors of the AUGUSTAN REVIEW request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publisher (post paid) before the 20th of the month.*

I.

INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LEONARD HORNER, F.R.S.M. G.S. has, in the second volume of the Transactions of the GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, given an account of the *Brine Springs*, at Droitwich, in Worcestershire, where salt has been made more than a thousand years. There are four pits now used, and the quantity of brine that flows from them is much greater than can be consumed for the purpose to which it is applied. The salt annually made from these four springs amounts to about 16,000 tons. This is principally consumed in England, and sells at present for about 31£ per ton, 30£ of which is duty. The specific gravity of the brine obtained from these pits, the last of which is not now in use, is as follows:

Walker's pit	1·20611
Walwyn's pit	1·20383
Romney's pit	1·20015
Stuckley's pit	1·18467
Farley's pit	1·17471

The quantities of salt which Mr. Horner obtained by evaporating four cubic inches of brine from each pit, were the following:

Walker's pit	317·14
Walwyn's pit	313·40
Romney's pit	311·00
Stuckley's pit	283·50
Farley's pit	266·34

The salt being dried in the temperature of 180°, and analysed, Mr. Horner found its constituent parts to be as follow, viz.

Common salt	96·48
Sulphate of lime	1·68
Sulphate of soda	1·82
Muriate of magnesia	0·07
	<u>100·00</u>

MRS. AGNES IBBETSON having examined and dissected the leaves of numerous plants, with a view of ascertaining the manner in which they derive their nourishment, has now turned her attention to the roots for the same purpose. In the letter which she has published on this latter subject, she points out the various ways in which the juices are received by the root, and the use of each separate part of it; and then shows the kind of root that adapts the plant to each different soil. Her investigations lead her

to conclude that it is of much greater consequence than has generally been supposed to appropriate the different plants to the kind of the soil to which they are best adapted by the nature of their roots.

Her observations have also induced her to adopt the following theory of the phenomena of vegetation, which we shall give in her own words.

“The idea, therefore, of plants perspiring is a mistake; and those figures taken for *bubbles of water* given out by the plant, are on the contrary instruments beautifully adapted to the *receiving* and *inhaling* all the various juices the atmosphere has to bestow, and convert them into *volatile oils*, *resins*, and all the liquids the plant is afterwards found to yield. But another argument appears to me still more to show the fallacy of the former opinions. It was believed that the water *taken in* from the dews and rains was *decomposed*, and the oxygen given out; and the only remaining juices, the sap, (after mounting and attaining the highest part of the tree), *descended again* through the bark into the root. Thus every sort of nutriment belonging to the plant is disposed of. And what then is left to nourish the plant? what is to form all the new shoots of the tree, and new wood which requires the sap to stagnate on the parts while forming? But, instead of this false system, if we suppose *that part only just* which dissection *authorises* and enforces, the dispersion of oxygen arising from decomposed water, and the very pockets from which it flows, is discoverable in the leaves; that from other sorts of hairs are taken *into* the plant all that can *form* the scents and sweet-smelli-

ing oils, and are thus made to pass into the second cuticle, where they are defended by a double skin from the too great evaporation, while the various bark juices, after uniting, compose the pabulum of the leaf; then pouring down through the leaf-stem, pass under the rind, and fill the large vessels of the inner bark, the green part detaching itself and forming separate as in the leaves; while the upper cuticle of the leaf gives nutriment to many plants, and with the assistance of the hairs and instruments gives scents or juices to all; that through the root and from the earth is taken up the sap, which is always analogous in quantity to the measure of the new shoots it is to form, and the new wood it is to create: that the tap-root also supplies the centre shoot and the powder of the pollen. Thus every part is provided for; and the whole formation is justified, and indeed was at first suggested by the dissection of plants, and can in its whole process be followed up by the eye, with the help of little more than a single microscope, though the discoveries of course were made with *much more powerful means*. It is also certain that the roots mark by their *shape* and their *accompaniments*, the soil in which they are to grow; it cannot therefore be wondered at, that the cuticle of the leaves of each plant should concur with them to display the same.” *Phil. Mag.* No. 205.

M. BRUGNATELLI has discovered a new chemical substance which he regards as a kind of vegetable metal, and calls *indigogene*. It was obtained by throwing indigo on a heated iron plate and

condensing the superb violet-colored vapor which the heat causes to ascend; this forms brilliant violet-colored crystals, which are square prisms. M. Brugnatelli observes that if bodies are named according to their color, this substance should be called *ioda*.

Though the crystalline forms of arragonite and calcareous spar are essentially distinct from each other, chemists have long been unable to detect any difference in their composition; and it consequently furnished a strong objection against the classification of minerals according to crystallization. This objection has now been removed by M. STROMAYER, Professor of Chemistry at Gottingen, who has discovered three per cent of strontian in arragonite, while none exists in calcareous spar. His experiments have also been repeated by M. Laugier, and the result confirmed.

M. VAUQUELIN has discovered a fourth metal in crude platinum, to which he has given the name of *Iridium*, on account of the various and lively colors of its solution. This metal, which has only been separated from its alloy by a long and complicated process, contains some remarkable properties. Its color and lustre resemble those of platinum, but it is less fusible. It is insoluble in the simple acids, difficultly soluble in nitro-muriatic acid. Potash and nitre oxidize it, and combine with it into a black powder, which gives a blue-colored solution; but it forms a red solution with boiling nitro-muriatic acid. Its blue solutions also become red when boiled; but both the red and the blue are

discolored by sulphate of iron, sulphureted hydrogen, iron, zinc, and tin. It is iridium that imparts a red color to the last precipitates of the triple salt of platinum, while the first precipitates into which it does not enter are yellow.

Mr. PORRETT, jun. has presented a paper to the Royal Society, containing an account of his experiments to determine the composition of prussiate of mercury and of prussic acid, with the application of the atomic theory to both, as well as to the constitution of ferrureted and sulphureted chiazic acids. Prussiate of mercury, according to his analysis, is composed of

Prussic acid	13·2
Red oxide of mercury	86·8
	<hr/>
	100·0

From his experiments, Mr. Porrett also concludes that Prussic acid consists of

Azote	40·7
Carbon	24·8
Hydrogen	34·5
	<hr/>
	100·0

Or of Azote	1 atoms.
Carbon	2
Hydrogen	8
	<hr/>
	11

Prussiate of mercury he found to consist of one integrant particle each of prussic acid and red oxide of mercury. Sulphureted chiazic acid, of one particle of sulphur and four of chiazic acid; and ferrureted chiazic acid, of four atoms of black oxide of iron, and one of prussic acid.

A paper of Dr. PARRY has been read to the Royal Society on the nature and cause of the

Pulse. Dr. P.'s researches lead him to conclude that the pulse is nothing more than the re-action or impetus of the blood to maintain its regular motion. He considers the blood as flowing through the arteries with an uniform and continuous current; and a pulse takes place wherever the diameters of these canals are either naturally or artificially diminished; and this circumstance he considers as fully adequate to account for all the modifications of the pulse.

Dr. PROUT has analysed the coloring matter, or Ink, ejected by the Cuttle Fish, and obtained the following results: viz.

Peculiar black coloring matter	78.00
Carbonate of lime	10.40
Carbonate of magnesia ..	7.00
Muriate of soda	} 2.16
Sulphate of soda	
Animal matter analogous to mucus	84
Loss	1.60
<hr/>	
100.00	

M. THEODORE DE SAUSSURE has ascertained that alcohol and ether contain each an identical portion of carbon and hydrogen, and that these are in the same ratio in which they enter into olefiant gas, but combined with different proportions of water reduced to its elements. The elements of water form a third part of alcohol and a fifth of ether;

hence it appears that the action of sulphuric acid upon alcohol produces ether by depriving it of a portion of its water, and olefiant gas, by depriving it of the whole.

The coloring matters from sandal wood and *alcanette* (*anchusa tinctoria*) have always been considered as mere resins. M. PELLETIER, however, has ascertained from the experiments he has made on these substances, that besides most of the properties of resins, they contain others which, in his opinion, entitle them to be considered as peculiar vegetable principles.

Mr. LOESCHMAN has completed a new and improved Piano-forte, under the direction of *Earl Stanhope*. This instrument is made, according to his lordship's invention, with single steel strings, the lower being about one-tenth of an inch in diameter. It is said to combine loudness and sweetness of tone, with an improved swell.

M. SAGE has obtained products analogous to those of animals, from the distillation of Kelp; and when these were macerated in weak nitric acid, they afforded a cartilaginous net, similar to that which is left by bones and madrepores, when deprived of their earthy parts. M. Sage concludes, from these two facts, that the fuci are polypi.

II.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Ecclesiastical, Historical, and Civil, Memorials, relating chiefly to Religion and the Reformation of it, and the Emergencies of the Church of England under King Henry VIII.

King Edward VI. and Queen Mary I.; also to the Embassies and Correspondence of their respective Governments with Foreign Potentates, on Ecclesiastical and other

weighty Affairs. In which, many things which had escaped previous writers and historians are brought to light, in regard to the Causes of the Reformation; and the tempers, practices, successes, and reverses, of the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Pole, and other prelates and great men of both parties, under the three reigns. With the cruelties and severities which accompanied the restoration of the Pope's Authority and the Papal Religion in this Kingdom, and the sufferings of the Reformed, during the five years of Mary's Government. In seven vols. With a large Appendix containing original Papers, Records, &c. &c. By John Strype, M. A.

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This work will be soon after followed by

Annals of the Reformation and Establishment of Religion, and other various Occurrences in the Church of England, during the first Twelve Years of Queen Elizabeth's happy Reign. Wherein Account is given of the Restoring of Religion from its Corruptions introduced under Queen Mary; of filling the Sees with Protestant Bishops; of the famous Synod assembled in the year 1562; of the Workings and Endeavours of the Papists; and of the first Appearances of the Dissensions from the Established Church. Compiled faithfully out of papers of state, authentic records, public registers, private letters, and other original manuscripts. Together with an Appendix or Repository, containing the most important of them. By John Strype, M. A.

Dr. Campbell's Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, in two vols. are reprinting uniform with the new edition of his Translation of the Gospels, and will soon appear.

Mr. Blaine is preparing for press, the Outlines of the Veterinary Art, or the Principles of Medicine as applied to a Knowledge

of the Structure, Functions, and Economy, of the Horse, also a more scientific manner of treating his various diseases. The whole illustrated by anatomical and other plates. This second edition will be entirely remodelled with numerous alterations and additions. To be comprised in one thick volume, 8vo.

An Introduction to Entomology; or Elements of the Natural History of Insects. By the Rev. William Kirby, B.A. F.L.S. author of "*Monographia Apum Angliæ*," and William Spence, Esq. F.L.S.

Fragments of several Orations of Cicero, with a Commentary of Asconius Vedianus, from original Mss. lately discovered in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, will speedily be published under the direction of Mr. James G. Jackson.

M. Schlegel's Course of Dramatic Lectures is translating from the German by Mr. Black, and printing in two octavo volumes.

The Life and Correspondence of Lady Arabella Stuart, cousin to James I. of England, compiled from original letters (never before published) are preparing for publication.

Mr. Mackenzie has in considerable forwardness, Speculations on Various Subjects; consisting of a series of literary, moral, and religious essays.

The Paris Spectator; or, l'Hermitte de la Chaussée-d'Antin. Containing observations upon Parisian Manners and Customs at the commencement of the Nineteenth Century. Translated from the French by William Jerdan. In two volumes, duodecimo.

Dr. Reade, of Cork, will soon publish, Optical Outlines of a New Theory of Vision, Light, and Color, with Experiments on Radiant Caloric.

Mr. Charles Smith, the artist, who was some time a prisoner in France, has in the press, the Mosiad, or the Deliverance of Israel from Egyptian Bondage, a sacred epic poem.

Dr. Miller, editor of the fourth edition of the *Encyclopædia Bri-*

tannica, intends to publish a new Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature, to be called the Encyclopædia Edinensis.

Mr. Thomas Noble, of Liverpool, is printing in an octavo volume, *Hampton, or the Concentric*, a poem.

Wm. Pitt, Esq. late of Pendeford, is preparing for the press, a Topographical History of Staffordshire, compiled from the most authentic sources, and to form a large volume in octavo.

A Collection of Critical Tracts on English Poetry, by Gascoigne, Webbe, Harington, Campion, and others, edited by Mr. Haselwood, will soon be published.

Mr. Wadd is engaged on a work on Diseases of the Urinary Organs and Genitals, illustrated by engravings from his own drawings; and the first part, on the Prostate Gland and Bladder, is now in the press.

Miss Weeks has in the press, the *Philanthropist*, a novel, in three volumes.

The *Royal Wanderer, or the Exile of England*, a novel, in three volumes, is in the press.

Dr. Spurzheim is printing, for the use of general readers, *Outlines of his Physiognomical System*; also a new edition of his larger work.

Mr. Astley Cooper is preparing for republication, his work on the *Anatomy and Surgical Treatment of Hernia*.

The *Annual Register for 1814*, will be ready for publication in a few days.

The *Virgin Bride*, a romance, is in a state of great forwardness.

A *Treatise on Domestic Poultry, Pigeons, and Rabbits*, from the memorandums made during nearly forty years practice of Banington Mowbray, Esq. will soon appear.

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WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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An Essay on the Doctrine of the Trinity; attempting to prove it by Reason and Demonstration: founded upon Duration and Space, and upon some of the Divine Perfections, some of the Powers of the Human Soul, the Language of Scripture, and Tradition among all Nations. By the Rev. James Kidd, A. M. 8vo. 12s. boards.

ART. I. *The Rape of Proserpine*: with other Poems from Claudian; translated into English Verse. With a Prefatory Discourse, and occasional Notes. By JACOB GEORGE STRUTT. Longman, 1814. pp. 208. 8s. 6d. 8vo.

WE are glad to see that the poems of Claudian have found a translator not unworthy of their excellence. Intermingled with instances of bad taste, they contain beauties of a high order, which mere English readers are unable to enjoy. With a good deal of tenderness they display luxuriance of style, redundancy of epithet, and a considerable portion of extravagance. They partake of the character of the age in which their author flourished; yet they frequently call to mind the better days of Roman poetry, and the classic graces of the reign of Augustus.

The shortness of the period, during which the literature of Rome retained its purity, appears remarkable, when we contemplate the monuments it has left for the admiration of succeeding ages. The space which produced those specimens of genius, which mankind have often taken as their models, was singularly narrow. During the whole period of Roman History—from the foundation of the city to the establishment of the imperial government, we discern but transient ~~and~~ slight indications of that rich vein of poetry which afterwards shone with such lustre. The proud succession of consular triumphs, and the terrible struggles with which the republic was distracted, occupied the whole of the national mind, and prevented it from seeking the more still and unobtrusive kinds of glory. The eye was too much dazzled by the glare of victory, to be able to turn with satisfaction to the creations of fancy and imagination. But when once the summit of ambition was attained, and the contending factions had begun to repose beneath the shade of the imperial authorities, the poetical genius burst forth without almost any appearance of youth—uniting the wildness and sublimity of original talent, with the chasteness and purity of cultivated taste. But the splendour was too great to be durable. The vice and heartlessness of despotism became more injurious to public taste, than the most tumultuous of democratic contentions. The powers of the muse were wasted in abject flattery; and luxurious slavery deprived the mind at once of elasticity and elegance. Yet, even in this declension of vigour, something like the ancient beauty occasionally shone forth. In the later writers we find much that is calculated to repay us for their extravagances; and in few do we discover more of this redeeming quality, than in the poet before us.

We approve of the selection which Mr. Strutt has presented to the world. The Rape of Proserpine is unquestionably the finest poem of Claudian. There is a brilliancy in its description, a stateliness in its machinery, and a general air of majesty cast over the whole, which leave us nothing to desire but a little softening of the stronger shades, and a somewhat more delicate finishing. It is no small recommendation of this production, that Milton seems to have imagined some of his loveliest scenes after perusing it; and although his Paradise is far more delicious than the plain of Enna, the latter exhibits something of the ravishment and bloom with which the former enchants us. There is some resemblance too in the darker scenes: the solemn pomp of Tartarus faintly shadows forth the dreadful magnificence of Hell; and both are alike removed from the common ideas respecting the infernal regions. The poem of Rufinus, though inferior, bears traces of a masterly genius: and the minor poems that close the volume, though not very worthy of the author, were at least worth translating.

We are somewhat inclined to regret that Mr. Strutt should have thought blank verse the best English dress for the poems of Claudian. The difficulty of producing a good yet faithful translation in rhyme is great; but it often conduces to elegance of finishing. How many felicities of expression occur to the mind of a poet, whilst searching for a mere similitude of sounds! Hence we find, that those writers who have composed in rhyme, have abounded in the lighter and gentler graces; and, like Pope, have excelled in prettiness of fancy, and brilliancy of point and diction. But this is precisely the excellence we require in a translator. We do not desire to see him carried away, by a wing of fire, from his author and his subject; and, therefore, think that the freedom of blank verse is not necessary, or even proper. He will walk the most gracefully in the steps of his original, when encircled by the golden fetters of rhyme.

Mr. Strutt has, however, in general, given the sense of his original with fidelity, and clothed it in well modulated verse. The following description of Zephyr is elegant, and will remind the reader of the beautiful picture of Raphael in Milton:

——— “ Obedient Zephyr shook

More heav’nly fragrance from his dewy wings,
And fertilized the earth; where’er he flies
The blushing spring attends, and on the mould
Scatters fresh flow’rs and scents the genial air;
He tinges ev’ry rose with softer hues,

And the blue violet paints with od'rous bloom,
What cinctured waist of oriental king
Can boast such gems? what choice Assyrian die
So brightly can distain the virgin fleece,
And emulate these purple flowers? less gay
The bird of Juno waves his splendid train,
And Iris with inferior colors weaves
Th' etherial woof, when the green fields and woods
Shine through the painted air." P. 37.

The idea of Tartarus relaxing into joy at the wedding of its monarch is very poetical; and the passage which is one of the finest in Claudian is thus rendered by Mr. Strutt:

"The realms of death rejoice, and buried forms
Are moved to gladness; pallid spectres taste
The genial banquet, and the sullen shades
Quaff the inspiring bowl with garlands crown'd.
Unwonted melody steals through the gloom;
And songs are heard where dreadful silence dwelt.
Hush'd is each lamentable sound of woe;
Stern Erebus relents his fiercer mood,
And glimm'ring twilight cheers eternal night.
No longer Minos from the uncertain urn
Deals various fate; no longer punishments
Are known, nor shrieks, nor doleful cries; the wheel
Torments no more Ixion's gory shape,
Nor flies the cool wave from the burning lip
Of Tantalus: released Ixion rests,
And Tantalus the grateful liquor drinks.

————— The furies dance
Forgetful of the scourge the guilty need,
Draining the goblet; and their snaky brood,
Moisten'd with wine play o'er the flowing cups,
With mitigated rage. Ætherial fire
Supplies the nuptial torch. Now o'er the stream
Of slow Avernus birds rejoicing rise,
And sacred powers appease each stormy blast;
Whirlpools grow calm: the floods of Acheron
Are changed to milky tides, and with the juice
Of gay Lyæus flows Cocytus' stream.
The Fates then broke no thread of life; no voice
Of death resounded; no sad parents wept
Upon their children's bier: Death walk'd no more
Abroad. The seaman perish'd not by wreck
Nor warriors by the sword; cities were free
From fun'ral rites; and Hell's grim ferryman
With woven reeds adorn'd his rugged locks,

And, leaning on his idle oar, beguiled
His leisure with a song." P. 52—54.

This is spirited. But some of the lines run too much in the measure of couplets, without relief; and we never before saw *relents* used in an active sense. Nothing surely but the tempting facility of blank verse, could ever have led Mr. S. to send to the press such lines as the following:

"From her shrine leaps Cybele rejoicing." P. 17.

"Warn'd by the voice of Jove, Pluto arose." P. 21.

"Terrible in discord; nor did my hand," &c. P. 48.

We are fully recompensed for the few unharmonious lines that occur, by some very happy verses in the smaller poems, which Mr. S. has condescended to translate in heroic rhyme. The beautiful fancy of the death and revival of the Phoenix is neatly versified; and contains many such lines as "Whose being finds renewal in decay." But we have no room for further specimens. The preface and notes, though containing nothing very new or unusually profound, are tasteful, and afford proofs of elegant attainments. We thank Mr. S. for his work; and hope, when he translates again, to find that he is not above submitting to the trammels which Pope and Dryden thought proper to put on.

ART. II. *The Book of Psalms; translated from the Hebrew: with Notes, explanatory and critical.* By SAM. HORSLEY, LL. D. F. R. S. F. S. A. late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 657. Rivingtons. 1l. 12s. 1815.

IN whatever point of view we consider the late Bishop Horsley, we perceive something calculated to excite admiration. If we regard him as a literary character, we find combined in the same man, a deep acquaintance with the abstruser sciences, and a fine taste for polite literature; we find him, though well skilled in classic lore, and accustomed to study the minutiae of Roman and Greek phraseology, a great proficient in sacred criticism, and master of several oriental dialects. If we contemplate him in his moral qualities, we see him ardently attached to the system of Theology taught by our Apostolic Church, and ever eager to defend it from the attacks of heresy, and the inroads of schism: and if, following him more into

the recesses of private life, we occasionally remark in his manners a degree of stiffness and reserve, we must regard it as affording a type of his mind, of which the chief characteristics were firmness and decision. If we observe him in the Senate, we discover the integrity of his principles, from his endeavours to suppress every species of immorality and profaneness; while we are pleased with his eloquence, at once simple and convincing. Such was the character of Horsley, as far, at least, as it can be given in a few lines. And surely the reader, who has a just regard for talents, acquirements, and worth, will join with us in the eulogium pronounced by an ancient and valuable, though much neglected writer, on a character not very dissimilar :

Στράψε μέγ' ἄνθρωποις,—————

Στράψεν ὁμοῦ σοφίῃ τε—————καὶ πραπίδεσσι,
Τὰ πρὶν—————ἦν κλέα, νῦν δὲ γόος.

Since the decease of the Bishop, his son, the Rev. Heneage Horsley, has favoured the world with the publication of several of his father's works; and in this catalogue the work before us is to be found.

Such of our readers as have paid attention to what is termed Biblical Criticism, are of course aware, that the translation of the Bible in common use is far from perfect. Indeed, so little could be expected from the time when it was made, that it is a matter of astonishment, that it does not fail in more instances. The fact is, that it is rather a compilation made from the old translations, than an entirely new version of the original texts; and though it was compared with the Hebrew and the Greek, still those languages, especially the former, were at that time by no means so accurately understood as they are at present; neither were either the Hebrew or the Greek texts then in a state of absolute integrity; nor were any materials for their emendation accessible to the persons who made our translation. The Oriental learning of that day was almost entirely confined to the Professors and the Students in the Roman College *de Propaganda Fide*; from which source our translators were prevented from borrowing, partly from principle, but chiefly from want of opportunity. To explain the book of Job, as well as some other parts of the O. T. a considerable knowledge of Arabic is requisite, which was then particularly rare; and in some passages, where the original is ambiguous, an acquaintance with Oriental manners and history may lead to a right interpretation; but this was possessed only by a few.

These were the principal reasons which rendered it impossible for a perfect version to be made in the time of King James the First. But let it not be supposed that these errors have extended to any points of doctrine with regard to faith or practice. Had we no other means of instruction than what is afforded by our common translation, or even by the worst of those which are more ancient, our duty would be as plain, and our right path to glory as clear, as it can be made by any new version. Still it becomes us to endeavour at a translation as perfect as human acquirements and learning can make; nor is it sufficient that the common version is *tolerable*, while it is in our power to improve it in a considerable degree.

The translation of the Psalms lying before us, appears to lay a high claim to public notice; for it is certainly one of the best which has yet been published. Bishop Horsley has improved the Hebrew text with great success, by the assistance of the invaluable collation of MSS. made by Kennicott and De Rossi, partly from the testimony of ancient versions, and occasionally by critical conjecture. In the use of the last, he is perhaps sometimes too free, though he has rejected very frequently the suppositions of Houbigant, who certainly went too far in conjectural criticism—on which subject, by the way, some very excellent remarks have been made by Professor Marsh. (*Lectures in Divinity*, Part II. p. 103—4. 8vo. 1811.)

Independently of the value of the emendations of the text, and the superiority of the translation, a very considerable accession to our stock of information with regard to the Psalms, has been made by the Bishop's notes, which, besides an excellent display of sound criticism, contain most valuable explanatory and doctrinal matter. A great part of the obscurity which has attended the Psalms, has arisen from their nature not being rightly understood. It has not been generally supposed, and certainly not by the translators of the common version, that they approach in some measure to the choral odes in the Greek tragedies, *si parvis componere magna liceret*. Bishop Horsley has, however, in his version, divided them into their several departments, by which means he has thrown considerable light on many parts of them. Solomon's Song would, we are convinced, be more intelligible to the generality of readers, were it divided in the same manner; and we hope that, whenever our translation shall be revised by authority, this will be done; as also, that either Bishop Horsley's, or some similar division of the Psalms, will be adopted.

From a work like this, one knows not how to give extracts. It is to be expected, that the learned reader will study the work itself; and for those who are not interested in such studies, citations are useless, while from a book, all parts of which are deserving of praise, it is difficult to determine to what the preference should be given. In the hundredth Psalm, however, so many improvements have been made, that we shall have the pleasure of presenting it to our readers.

PSALM 100.

Full Chorus.

1. Raise the loud peal to Jehovah, all the earth,
2. Serve the Jehovah with gladness,
And come into his presence with signs of joy.

Single Voice.

3. Know ye that Jehovah he is God, [A]
He made us and his are we; [B]
His people and the flock of his pasture.
4. Enter his gates with confession, [C]
His courts with praise.
Confess him, bless his name.

Full Chorus.

5. For good is Jehovah,
To Eternity is his tender kindness,
And from generation to generation is his tender love. [D]

We now proceed to transcribe the Bishop's notes, to which we shall take the liberty of adding a few remarks: the former are distinguished by the letter H.

In the first verse, the word *וְהַלְלוּ* is much more properly translated, "*Raise the loud peal*," than "*O be joyful*." Compare Num. x. 9. Josh. vi. 10. Judg. xv. 14. The allusion is to the feast of the Jubilee, at which trumpets were to be used, see Lev. xxv. 9.

The expression, "*serve the Jehovah*," in v. 2. may, at the first sound, appear harsh and uncouth; but when the etymology is considered, we shall perceive it to be far preferable to the common translation. *וְהַלְלוּ* is derived from the root *וָהָל*, and is formed, "*ex triplici tempore: ex Futuro, cujus nota in verbis Jod est; ex Participia Præsenti, cujus vocalis characteristica י; et præterito, quod in verbis quiescentibus tertia radicali ו in (ו) terminatur.*" (J. Simonis Lex. Heb. Chald. Edit. Eichhorn. Halæ. 1793. vol. i. p. 423.)—"The Jehovah," therefore, is equivalent to, "*The Eternal Being*."

A.] The Syriac Vers. (Ed. Dathe, 8vo. Halæ. 1768), has

"our God," אֱלֹהֵינוּ; this reading is better than the common one; and אֱלֹהֵינוּ might easily have given rise to אֱלֹהֵי, the pronominal affix ו much resembling א in many MSS.

B.] "For אֱלֹהֵינוּ, I read אֱלֹהֵינוּ, upon the authority of St. Jerome." H. vol. ii. p. 239.—The permutation of אֱלֹהֵינוּ *non*, and אֱלֹהֵינוּ *ei*, is very frequent, as may be seen on consulting Kennicott's Heb. Bible; and in Lev. v. 1. and 34 other places we have both readings joined, the received text reading אֱלֹהֵינוּ. (Kennicott on the Heb. Text. vol. i. p. 409. 8vo. 1753.)

C.] "The original word is very ill rendered here, and in many other places in the public translation, by *thanksgiving*. It denotes generally those public acts of homage and devotion, whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving, by which God is honored and confessed." H. vol. ii. p. 100.—See Ezra x. 11. Dathe has rendered the Syriac word אֲדָרְגָא, by which the Hebrew אֲדָרְגָא is translated *confessio*; and we learn from Michaëlis, in his edit. of Castell's Syriac Lexicon, (Tom. i. p. 369. 4to. Göttingæ, 1788), that the continuator of Bar Hebræus, apud Asseman. Biblioth. Oriental. Tom. iii. Pt. ii. p. 120. (Rom. 1719, Fol.) has used אֲדָרְגָא אֲדָרְגָא, to express the primitive professors of any faith. Ἐξομολόγησις, the word employed by the LXX. will also admit the same meaning. In the same manner, in the last hemistich of this verse, Bishop Horsley has translated אֲדָרְגָא אֲדָרְגָא, "*confess him*," with the Syriac אֲדָרְגָא אֲדָרְגָא, "*confitemini ei*." Dathe. This is a better sense of אֲדָרְגָא, than what our version has given.

D.] "His stedfast love," literally 'truth;' but I think the thing particularly intended is, the constancy and steadfastness of God's attachment to the objects of his free love." H. vol. ii. p. 101.—From so great an authority as that of our author, it may be presumption in us to differ; but we would submit to the reader, that אֲדָרְגָא signifies, *firmitas, veritas, fides, fidelitas, fiducia, securitas*. The meanings, *fides, fidelitas*, Simonis derives from the signification of the cognate word אֲדָרְגָא in Syriac; and the two last from the Arabic, أمانة, أمان, أمن,

securitas, derived from أمن in the 4th conjugation, *securum reddidit, protexit*. Would it not then be better to adopt some one of these meanings, than to make a new one; particularly when we already have been told in the last hemistich, that "to eternity is his tender kindness?" "Stedfastness" would have equally well expressed the meaning, denoting the immutability of God, and his inviolable observance of his promises. The

Syriac has ܠܬܘܕܐ, the LXX. render the word by ἀληθεία : but Luther in his German translation, renders the whole verse rather strangely—"Denn der Herr ist freundlich, und seine Gnade währet ewig, und seine Wahrheit für und für." This must be wrong ; for טוב cannot be translated by "friendly," while *Gnade*, "grace," is a very incorrect word to express רחם, which means "mercy."

The true reading of the original of this Psalm appears to be as follows :

מזמור לתודה	Title.
: הרעו ליהוה כל-הארץ :	Full Chorus.
עבדו את-יהוה בשמחה	
באו לפניו ברננה :	
דעו כי-יהוה הוא אלהינו	3. Single Voice.
הוא עשנו ולו אנחנו	
עמו וצאן מרעיתו :	
באו שעריו בתודה	4.
חצרתיו בתהלה	
הודו לו ברכו שמו :	
כי-טוב יהוה	5. Full Chorus.
לעולם חסדו	
ועד דר ודר אמתו :	

The grounds for the emendations we have introduced, are given in our notes above ; and the poem naturally divides itself into hemistichs.

The space to which our notices are necessarily confined, do not permit us to give any further extracts, which otherwise we should gladly do. We conclude, however, by earnestly recommending to the notice of our readers this work : we can assure them that it holds the first rank among the publications of its kind ; that it is among the best and the most important of its learned author's works ; and that the more it is studied the more pleasure it will give, the more information it will convey. To those who are engaged in light reading, and whose thoughts are occupied by the follies of the world, it may indeed be uninteresting as well as unamusing ; but the case will be far otherwise with those who are capable of judging of literary subjects, and who can either feel the beauties, or perceive the importance, of a masterly translation of the "words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel."

ART. III. *Travels in Southern Africa, in the Years 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806.* By HENRY LICHTENSTEIN, M. D. Translated from the original German by ANN PLÜMPRE, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 410. and 368. £1. 16s. and £2. 2s. Colburn, London, 1812 and 1815.

VARIOUS circumstances conspire to invest the African continent with a degree of importance, and diffuse over whatever it contains an interest superior to that which is felt for most other parts of the globe. This interest is coeval with the first dawnings of our knowledge respecting it, and all that has transpired in recent times, has rather increased than diminished the first impression. Passing by all events, however, relative to the northern regions, we shall briefly glance at a few which have a more immediate connection with the subject of the present work.

The situation of this southern part of Africa commands attention as the connecting link between this country and her eastern dominions ; or rather as the key-stone of that maritime arch, which Britain has raised for uniting the most distant points of her empire. The manner in which this southern extremity of the old world was first discovered, the name (*Cabo Tormento*, or Cape of Tempests) which was originally given to it by Bartholomew Diaz, and its present appellation afterwards conferred by John II. King of Portugal, were all calculated to excite rather than to gratify curiosity. And as objects are so magnified by the mediums through which they are obscurely or imperfectly seen as to leave no distinct impression upon the mind, this curiosity has been carried to a still higher pitch by the difficulties of penetrating into the interior ; and by the complete contrast of nature, in all her variety of appearances, with whatever we have been accustomed to see and contemplate in the land which gave us birth.

That inhuman traffic by which many have amassed enormous wealth—those long, eloquent, reiterated, and persevering exertions for its abolition, which took place in the British senate—and the final triumph of charity, benevolence and freedom, over avarice, oppression and cruelty, have called the attention of all classes to a scene which furnished the victims and enflamed the passions of the one party, but roused the exertions and crowned the magnanimous perseverance of the other,

The enterprising spirit and dauntless intrepidity of Mungo Park demand our admiration, at the very moment we are called upon to lament their premature extinction. The account of his first mission into the interior of this continent appeared under

such circumstances as created sensations in the minds of many which were without a precedent ; but the most lasting effect of his communications was an increased desire to know more. Vaillant furnished some glimpses into the interior of this southern promontory ; but these only resembled sparks from the smitten steel, which diffuse a feeble and momentary ray over the spot on which we stand, but render all around darker than before. Relative to several people and districts of the same regions, Barrow furnished us with interesting intelligence, compared with the length of his visit and the circumstances under which it was made. These however permitted so small a portion to pass in review before him, and that so rapidly, that he was compelled to paint the surface when it would have been desirable to analyse the substance. Campbell has recently returned from traversing the same promontory, and his journal affords authentic information relative to several regions which had never been visited by Europeans.* But his object was specific ; and under a due impression of its importance and his own responsibility, he earnestly pressed forward in its accomplishment ; and consequently did not bestow that attention on many of the surrounding objects which their nature and importance deserved ; and which they would have received from a philosophic traveller whose business was to ascertain facts, trace their mutual relations to each other, and as far as possible, to investigate causes.

The work before us constitutes an intermediate link in point of time, between the travels of Mr. Barrow and Mr. Campbell. The residence of its author in the regions he describes exceeded that of either of the above travellers, his opportunities for observation were more numerous, and the circumstances under which he travelled were in some respects more favorable for obtaining a close acquaintance with the objects he examined. Whether he was free from national partialities we shall not enquire, but he has furnished sufficient evidence that he was *not* free from unworthy prejudices—as almost every thing *English* appears to excite his spleen, which frequently betrays him into observations that have much more acrimony than justice in their composition. Among other epithets by which the English are designated is that of “ Bosjesmans of the ocean,” which every one, acquainted with the character of that aboriginal tribe, will readily understand to mean, in plain English, robbers on the ocean.

A comparison of the accounts given by these three authors will give rise to the pleasing reflection, that the animosities which subsisted between the colonists and the native tribes, especially

* See our No. II. page 110.

the Bosjesmen, at the time of Mr. Barrow's visit, has greatly subsided. At that period, the aborigines could seldom be approached except when hunted down like wild beasts; but when Mr. Lichtenstein visited the distant parts of the colony, they held conferences and entered into engagements with the boors who resided in their vicinity; and when Mr. Campbell traversed these regions in 1813, some of this tribe had not only become herdsmen to their neighbours, but had that year engaged to assist in cultivating the ground, and were to partake of the produce as a reward for their labour. The dispositions, the habits, the manners and the circumstances, under which the Bosjesmen exist, necessarily class them among the most irreclaimable of mankind; and these facts ought not only to be accepted as proofs that the condition and even the character of these people are susceptible of amelioration, but also to excite a hope that what has commenced, though in a small degree, will be increased and perpetuated by repetition, until a radical change is affected—and that this change must be for the better admits of no question.

General Janssens, who was the Governor of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, at the date of Mr. Lichtenstein's travels, labored with laudable zeal in suppressing the animosities that existed, and in preventing the outrages which frequently occurred not only between the aborigines and the colonists of the remoter districts, but among the latter themselves. For this purpose he visited the distant parts of the colony personally, and afterwards appointed missions to inquire into the causes, and establish such regulations as were calculated to check the progress of those malignant dispositions, which assimilated the inhabitants to the wild beasts with whom they have so frequently to contend for the sovereignty of these trackless deserts. Our author accompanied these missions and was also permitted to make use of the governor's journal in compassing his work; and the following delineation of the colonial character, especially as applied to those who inhabit the north-east regions, fully proves the necessity that then existed for the exercise of government influence and authority.

“The total seclusion of the colonists from general intercourse with the world, their confinement to the little circle of their own families, the easy manner in which the first necessities of our nature are satisfied, are very disadvantageous to them under many points of view; and notwithstanding their simplicity of manners, their general purity of morals, and their ignorance of many of the great crimes to which the European nations are subject, they appear,

taken in the aggregate, even to impartial observers, much more under an unfavorable than a favorable point of view. Selfishness, lawlessness, hardness, intolerance, and a thirst for revenge, are the reigning vices in their character, which will perhaps hardly be thought atoned for by a disposition to be easily satisfied; by a spirit of economy, yet united with unbounded hospitality, a firm adherence to truth, and a great respect for religion. But what is most to be deprecated in the character of some among them, is the harshness with which they treat their slaves and Hottentots, and in others the bitterness and irreconcilable animosity with which they carry on their differences among each other."

It would be difficult to conceive any thing more calculated to cherish animosity, to change resentment into settled hatred, and to foster every disposition inimical to the best interests of society, than the following.

"An unfortunate practice among them is that every personal calumny, every derogatory expression, every reputed encroachment, is taken down in writing, and established by witnesses, that the offender may perhaps, years after, be judicially pursued for it. Every colonist has by him a large packet of such papers ready at any moment to be produced and brought forward against an enemy. Such private differences become the concern of the whole society, since every one who can write, subscribes these papers, *Verklaarings*, as they are called, on one side or the other."

Whatever pretensions Dr. Lichtenstein may have to acuteness of observation or accuracy of reasoning, we cannot see how "a disposition to be easily satisfied" can be reconciled with "a thirst for revenge;" nor general purity of morals, a firm adherence to truth and a great respect for religion, with those vices he has ascribed to them in the same paragraph. We are happy to find that Dr. L. met with many illuminated spots in this deep and general shade, and we gladly record the following instance as a contrast to the wide-spread gloom. This farm is situated on the Snow Mountains, and belonged to an old man of the name of Burger; and affords one of the finest examples of the ancient patriarchal life now to be found.

"The mild and pleasing manners of the inhabitants of this place, the family harmony that reigns among them, and the healthy cheerful appearance of the slaves, all prove what a beneficial influence some refinement in the enjoyments of life has upon the whole moral conduct of mankind; indeed, every thing here reminded us strongly of the patriarchal mode of life. It was not without the sincerest regret that the next day we exchanged this truly agreeable abode for the accustomed fatigues and uniformity of African travelling.

"After performing the remainder of this day's journey, constantly descending, we came, towards evening to the last place within the circuit of the Snow Mountains, which was inhabited by a son-in-law of Burger's. The old man had accompanied us to this place, and when we took leave of him, we remarked that he must find it a very great pleasure to have all his children so near him. His answer was, that it had indeed cost him a great deal of money to purchase so many places, but that it was amply repaid by the invaluable pleasure of having all his children and grandchildren collected round him on a Sunday, and uniting with him in the solemn worship of the Supreme Being. The remainder of the Sunday, he said, was passed in walking about, or in cheerful conversation, and on the Monday morning they all dispersed, and returned to their respective homes and occupations."

Dr. Lichtenstein is a German physician, and the present Professor of Natural History in the university of Berlin. He accompanied the Dutch Commissary-General de Mist from Europe to Africa in 1802. They sailed from Holland in August and arrived at Table Bay on the 23d of December. In the following February General Janssens undertook the journey already referred to; and on the 9th of October in the same year, Commissary de Mist, and our author in his suite, left Cape Town for the purpose of completing what the Governor had begun. This suite is more adapted to excite the reader's interest than any other with which we recollect to have previously become acquainted, from the circumstance of two young Ladies, Augusta de Mist, the daughter of the Commissary, and her friend Mademoiselle Versweld, with a female servant for each, having resolved to participate in the privations, hardships and dangers necessarily attendant on a long journey in the sun-parched regions of Southern Africa. Should our fair countrywomen be inclined to blame their want of prudence, they must at least allow them to have been actuated by an ardent spirit of enterprise, supported by heroic courage and unshaken perseverance.

On leaving Cape Town, the party directed their route towards the east; keeping near the coast till they reached Algoa Bay, where they changed their direction to north-east and crossed the little Fish river about 20 miles above its junction with the great river of the same name. Bending their course north-west, they recrossed the river a few miles higher up, and proceeded to Graaff Reynett. They then travelled northward to the Snow Mountains, and thence west to the source of the Great Lion's river, descended along its banks towards the south till they came to the northern skirts of the Black Mountains. Their track next took a western direction to the Hex river, which they

reached about 33° of latitude; and then followed the course of this stream almost to its confluence with the Breed river. The Commissary and his party then traversed the valley which is watered by this last river, till they arrived again near the parallel of 33°, where they crossed the chain of Mountains running from the east side of False Bay, nearly parallel to the western coast. After reaching the plain on the west of this range, their route assumed its final direction, and they arrived at Cape Town on the 23d of March, 1804, after completing a journey of nearly 2000 English miles, and having been absent 167 days.

News had now reached the Cape of hostilities having recommenced between the English and the Dutch, and fearing a visit from those masters of the seas, General Janssens was anxious to make all possible resistance with the small army under his command, should these fears be realized. For this purpose he was desirous of fixing upon some situation where a few men might maintain themselves against a much greater force, and cut off the communication between Cape Town and the Colony. The chain of mountains about Hottentot's Holland were selected as best adapted to answer these important ends; and the pass through these mountains, denominated Hottentot's Holland Kloof, was "the point which should be kept open for defying the enemy's might." Magazines and storehouses were therefore to be formed beyond these mountains; and Dr. Lichtenstein was permitted to accompany the officers to whom this duty was intrusted, for the purpose of examining into the Natural History of the adjacent districts. He therefore left Cape Town on the 2nd of September, 1804; and after an excursion of 18 days at the time of the year when the shrubs and plants on the east side of this chain are ornamented with beautiful flowers, and are in the highest perfection, he returned on the 20th of the same month.

About the middle of 1804, that part of the district of Stellenbosch, which stretched along the northern borders of the colony, was formed into the new district of *Tulbagh*, and M. Henry Van de Graaff, with whom our author had long enjoyed a very pleasant collegiate connection, was appointed the new Landdrost.

"The great object of the new Institution was to restrain and correct these evils (disobedience to government, harshness to dependants, and quarrels among themselves); but it was at the same time authorized to superintend the relations between the colonists on the northern boundary, and the wandering Bosjesmans of that neighbourhood, and to watch particularly over the behaviour of each

party towards the other. It was the earnest wish of the government to put an end to the robberies and plundering of these savages by mild and kind treatment, and by this means gradually to remove the ancient hatred borne them by the colonists of the Roggeveld, and the lower Bokkeveld.

“The new Landdrost of Tulbagh, therefore, very soon after his entrance upon office, had orders to visit the most remote part of his district, and to enter into negotiations with the Bosjesmans of the neighbourhood. In December, 1804, he succeeded in collecting a considerable number of these savages together upon the Sack river, and engaged them to adopt more peaceable views.—At parting they were promised that within six months, the Landdrost would return, that the negotiations might be regularly and solemnly concluded.

“The governor, who felt all the importance of this matter, was anxious to bring the negotiations to a conclusion as soon as possible, and establish a firm and lasting peace. The Landdrost of Tulbagh was therefore appointed, in March following, to undertake the same journey, not merely for the purpose of concluding his negotiations with the Bosjesmans, but to proceed afterwards further to the north, beyond the boundaries of the colony, where several objects had attracted the attention of the government, and appeared to require from them a more accurate investigation. The principal of these objects were; first, to gain information respecting the conduct and disposition of the Hottentots of the Great river; secondly, to inquire into the relations established by the missionaries among these equivocal and dangerous people; and thirdly, to examine the situation of the great nation hitherto imperfectly known under the name of the Briquas, but since the English expedition, which was undertaken in 1801, to trade with them in cattle, called Butschuanas.” Vol. II. p. 250.

While preparations for this excursion were making, the governor invited our author to accompany the Landdrost, and to examine the nature of the country, on the other side of the Great Orange river, and the situation of the inhabitants. Respecting this invitation, Dr. L. observes: “Long as I had wished to become more acquainted with these more remote countries, nothing could be more accordant with my wishes than such a proposal.”

Our author therefore set off from Cape Town, for Tubbagh on the 24th of April, 1805, and from thence on the 7th of May; and after crossing the Karroo, arrived at Sack river, which is the present boundary of the colony in that part. The party left this river on the 30th, and travelling north-east, they crossed the great Orange river, and arrived at Mr. Anderson's missionary station, which was recently denominated Klaar

Water, but is now called Griqua Town, (see No. 2.) The account which the Doctor gives of this English missionary and his establishment, is not less honorable to Mr. Anderson and his cause, than satisfactory to the friends of the institution; and this testimony must be allowed greater weight, as his work contains abundant proofs that the proceedings of the missionaries in general are far from giving him satisfaction. After stating the results of their inquiries at this station, Dr. L. adds the following observations, which we would earnestly recommend to the attention of all who attempt to ameliorate the condition of the savage part of mankind.

“All will depend in future upon a careful choice being made of the missionaries who are allowed to come hither; that, like Mr. Anderson, they may unite with an eager enthusiasm for spreading the principles of true religion, enlightened views with regard to human policy. No less important will it be that a strict attention to rectitude and good faith should be observed in the interchange to be carried on between the Hottentots and the colonists. For this purpose, it will be well that persons of tried integrity should occasionally be sent into the country to reconcile any little misunderstandings that may occur, and to punish any offences committed against the laws.” Vol. II. p. 260.

For the benefits which have resulted from the subsequent eight years of Mr. Anderson's enlightened and zealous labours, we must refer to the Journal of Mr. Campbell, who visited the same establishment in 1813.

Our travellers having finished their business at this place, took leave of Mr. Anderson on the 21st of June, and directed their course westward to the capital of the Beetjuans, which is situated about three days journey to the south-west of Lattakoo. Having visited this place, they commenced their return to the colony on the 4th of July, recrossed the Orange river on the 12th, and arrived at Tulbagh on the 7th of August; after having travelled about 1700 English miles in the space of three months.

Dr. Lichtenstein afterwards made another visit to the northern borders of the colony, for the purpose of spreading the vaccine inoculation among the colonists. Soon after he returned from this excursion, he made another to ascertain the nature and position of the range of mountains north-east of Cape-Town; and then accompanied General Janssens to Europe, after the colony had, on the 23rd of January, 1806, capitulated to the English.

We have thus endeavoured to furnish our readers with the means of judging of Dr. Lichtenstein's opportunities of becom-

ing acquainted with the regions of which he has treated in the work before us ; a careful perusal of which enables us to add, that these were embraced with a zeal and improved with a perseverance which have seldom been surpassed. If he does not always look around him with the eye of a philosopher, he is ever exercising the perceptions and discharging the duties of a natural historian ; and his work contains much valuable information relative to the country, its productions, inhabitants and natural history, which we should have been glad to have seen disincumbered of its German prolixity. Dr. L. has accompanied his volumes with a good map of the colony, some descriptive plates, and two appendixes including some interesting observations on the Languages of the wild Hottentot tribes, particularly the Corans, Bosjesmen, and Beetjuans. With respect to the country and its productions, we cannot offer any remarks in this place ; it is the author's intention to publish a supplement, in which these subjects will be more fully treated. Our limits also oblige us to refer to the work itself for further particulars relative to the inhabitants ; but Dr. L's observations on the habits of the Ostrich, convey so much curious information, that we shall close our article with an extract from this part of his work.

“ The habits of the ostrich are so remarkable, and have been so imperfectly described by travellers in general, that I cannot forbear bringing together here all the knowledge I acquired upon the subject, both in this and subsequent journeys. I have noticed on a former occasion,* a large flock of ostriches which we met in the neighbourhood of the Komberg. In that country the drought and heat sometimes compels these gigantic birds to leave the plains, and then they pursue their course together in large flocks to the heights, where they find themselves more commodiously lodged. At the time of sitting, there are seldom more than four or five seen together, of which one only is a cock, the rest are hens. These hens lay their eggs altogether in the same nest, which is nothing more than a round cavity made in the clay, of such a size that it can be covered by one of the birds when sitting upon it. A sort of wall is scraped up round with their feet, against which the eggs in the outermost circle rest. Every egg stands upon its point in the nest, that the greatest possible number may be stowed within the space. When ten or twelve eggs are laid, they begin to sit, the hens taking their turns, and relieving each other by day ; at night the cock alone sits, to guard the eggs against the jackals and wild cats, which will run almost any risk to procure them. Great numbers

* See Vol. I. page 110, English Translation.

of these smaller beasts of prey have often been found crushed to death about the nests, a proof that the ostrich does not fight with them, but knows very well how to conquer them at once by her own resistless powers; for it is certain that a stroke of her large foot trampling upon them is enough to crush any such animal.

“The hens continue to lay during the time they are sitting, and that not only till the nest is full, which happens when about thirty eggs are laid, but for some time after. The eggs laid after the nest is filled, are deposited round about it, and seem designed by nature to satisfy the cravings of the above mentioned enemies, since they very much prefer the new laid eggs to those which have been brooded. But they seem also to have a more important designation, that is to assist in the nourishment of the young birds. These, when first hatched, are as large as a common pullet, and since their tender stomachs cannot digest the hard food eaten by the old ones, the spare eggs serve as their first nourishment. The increase of the ostrich race would be incalculable had they not so many enemies, by which great numbers of the young are destroyed after they quit the nest.

“The ostrich is a very prudent wary animal, which is not very easily ensnared in the open field, since it sees to a very great distance, and takes to flight upon the least idea of danger. The ostriches are particularly careful to conceal if possible the places where their nests are made. They never go directly to them, but run round in a circle at a considerable distance before they approach the spot. On the contrary, they always run directly up to the springs where they drink, and the impressions they make in the ground in the desolate places they inhabit, are often mistaken for the footsteps of men. The females in sitting, when they are to relieve each other, either both remove awhile to a distance from the nest, or change so quickly, that both can never be seen together. In the day-time they occasionally quit the nest entirely, and leave the care of warming the eggs to the sun alone. If at any time they find that the place of their nest is discovered, that either a man or a beast of prey has been at it, and has either disturbed the arrangement of the eggs, or taken any away, they immediately destroy the nest themselves, break all the eggs to pieces, and seek out some other spot to make a fresh one.” Vol. ii. p. 25.

ART. IV. 1. *Poems* by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, including *Lyrical Ballads, and the Miscellaneous Pieces of the Author, with Additional Poems, a new Preface and a Supplementary Essay*. 2 Vols. 8vo. Longman. 1815.

2. *The Excursion, being a portion of the Recluse, a Poem*, by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 4to. pp. 447. Longman. 1814.

3. *The White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons, a Poem*, by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 4to. pp. 162. Longman. 1815.

IN these works the author employs the simple and the heroic styles; but his merit consists in the former. A portion of the first article was published some years ago under the title of "Lyrical Ballads;" and many of the other miscellaneous pieces have appeared at subsequent periods. The present edition is "enlarged and diversified," and contains,

1st. *Poems referring to the period of Childhood*: an embellishment to one of which ("Lucy Gray") is the frontispiece to the first volume.—The author's simplicity of manner and style renders him happy in some of these little pieces. We are pleased with the lines addressed "to a Butterfly"—"Alice Fell"—"The Idle Shepherd Boys," and "The Blind Highland Boy." We meet, however, with some lines, which, by the introduction of unmeaning particles, are rendered very heavy and insipid,

"His mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children, him *did* love." p. 49.

Among these pieces we find an "Address to a Child," and the "Mother's Return,"—written by a female friend of the author's, the latter of which only is entitled to any praise.

2nd. *Juvenile Pieces*. These chiefly consist of extracts from works published in 1793 and 1798. "The Female Vagrant" is interesting, but by placing a dash after the word *wept*, instead of the word *end*, in the following stanza, the effect which the author intended to produce is destroyed.

"—— She ceased and weeping turned away,
As if because her tale was at an end
She wept;—because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay." p. 90.

3rd. *Poems founded on the Affections*. These commence with a dialogue, in familiar blank verse, between a priest and a youth, in which the latter is informed that his brother is dead. We term it *familiar verse*, as it is destitute of every thing dignified: indeed we can see no difference between the following lines and *common prose*—nay, the very commonest of prose.

"Of this they took no heed, but one of them
Going by chance, at night, into the house
Which at that time was James's home, there learned
That nobody had seen him all that day:
The morning came and still he was unheard of." p. 111.

Except the "Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman," the rest of these poems might very well have been classed with the author's childish and juvenile pieces.

4th. *Poems of the Fancy*. These trifles (for trifles we must call them) serve, in the words of the author, for "a pretty baby-treat," and nothing else.

5th. *Poems of the Imagination*. Fancy and imagination are, by lexicographers, improperly considered as synonymous terms. Mr. Wordsworth tells us that the former is of a light, and the latter of a serious nature. One of these poems (which has no title, but might have been called *Lucy* or *the Darling*,) has more of the character of Shenstone's productions than any of the rest. The following are the first and last verses :

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'a lovelier flower
On earth was never seen ;
This Child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.'

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be." p. 313—5.

The Poems of Imagination are continued in Vol. 2. and succeeded by,

6th. *Poems proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection*. These are commendable chiefly for their morality ; but they might with equal propriety have been placed with those of the Imagination.

7th. *Miscellaneous Sonnets*. 8th. *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*. 9th. *A Second Part of Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*. A sonnet should be harmonious, as a compensation for its brevity. In some of these we meet with discordant sounds, and lines composed entirely of monosyllables :

"Wisdom doth live with children round her knees :
Books, leisure, perfect freedom and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk,
By which true Sway DOTH mount ; this is the stalk
True Power DOTH grow on, and her rights are these." p. 202.

The succeeding poems are—10. *On the Names of Places*.—11. *Inscriptions*—12. *Referring to the period of Old Age*.—13. *Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems*—And 14. *An Ode*. These

trifles are in general moral and inoffensive. The Elegiac Stanzas, p. 337, were "suggested by a picture of Peele castle in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont;" to which the frontispiece of the second volume refers, but of which no mention is made, either in the engraving or in the contents of the work. The ode contains "Intimations of Immortality from recollections of early childhood."

The author, in his *New preface*, tells us the powers requisite for the production of poetry, are, "1. Those of Observation and Description." "2. Sensibility." "3. Reflection." "4. Imagination and Fancy." "5. Invention,"—which most people understand by *Imagination*.—"And lastly, Judgment." Many are endowed in a greater or less degree with all these qualifications, and yet are no poets. Taste—especially a taste for what is beautiful and sublime, and truly dignified in nature and art, is requisite to a good poet.

In the essay supplementary to the preface, the author takes a retrospect of the poetical literature of this country during the greater part of the last two centuries, for the purpose of proving the small number of real judges of poetry. Shakspeare and Milton, we are told, had a paucity of readers. Pope "bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success." Thomson's "Seasons," the author acknowledges, were universally and justly admired. The number of judges consequently increased; and where is the wonder if we compare the population and mental improvement of the different periods? After mentioning the names of Dryden, Warton, Collins, Dr. Percy, &c., but omitting those of Prior, Young, Churchill, Goldsmith, &c., Mr. Wordsworth infers—"That every author, as far as he is great, and at the same time original, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed." This is hyperbolic reasoning. Civilization creates taste and discernment of worth; and literary merit will always find admirers in an enlightened nation.

In the *old* preface, which is given at the end of the second volume, Mr. Wordsworth contends that the language of a *large portion* of every good poem should be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. "The truth of this assertion," he adds, "might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself." He then quotes one of Gray's sonnets as an example, and tells us, that except in the rhyme, the language is the same as that of prose. Why not have quoted himself—since

every page of his writings abounds with apt examples of prosaic verse? But besides rhyme and metre, other qualities are necessary to good poetry—such as artificial arrangement, appropriate epithets, striking metaphors, harmonious cadence, &c.

The *Excursion* now demands consideration. It is written in blank verse, a species of English composition which is in imitation of the hexameter verse of the Romans, and which like it admits of much transposition, elision, &c. Though it is not, like the hexameter, composed of *spondees* and *dactyls*, it is, in many instances, equally majestic. Milton's grandeur is remarkable, and he frequently makes the sound an echo to the sense. This is doubtless the proper English metre for an epic or heroic poem. It may be said that Thomson's poem of the "Seasons" is disjointed; but it embraces one year, and the vicissitudes of that year are so painted, that no want of connection appears. The "Night Thoughts" of Young demanded the dignity of blank verse: and Mr. Wordsworth has judged it necessary to his *Excursion*. But notwithstanding the melancholy subjects which the *Excursion* contains, readers in general would probably have been better pleased had he contented himself with rhyme, and an humbler species of composition. The *Excursion*, though a bulky quarto, is announced in the title page as only a *portion* of a poem, and the preface states that it belongs to a *second* part of a laborious work. The *first* not having been completed to the author's satisfaction, the second division has been published (as usual), at the *earnest entreaties* of some valued friends—"its interest not depending, in any great degree, on the preceding part." The want of connection is therefore candidly acknowledged; and as a kind of *prospectus* of the *whole* poem, a passage is given in the preface, from the conclusion of the first book of the "Recluse," *not yet published*.

The "Excursion," which is dedicated in a neat sonnet to the Earl of Lonsdale, is divided into nine books; and the first person introduced to the reader's notice is the author himself! He reaches a ruined cottage on a common, during a summer forenoon, and there meets the wanderer, whom he had known from his childhood, and after whom the first book is called. While resting under the shade of the trees that surrounded the ruined cottage, the wanderer gives an account of its last inhabitants. Margaret, deserted by her husband who had joined a troop of soldiers, had told her "piteous tale" to the wanderer, "with many tears." Having left her for awhile he returns, and is informed by a stranger, "that she was used to ramble far."

She is described as "tender and deep in her excess of love," yet during her absence

———"From within
Her solitary infant cried aloud,
Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,
The voice was silent."——

She returns when the cottage clock strikes eight, and tells the wanderer

"That she had parted with her elder child
To a kind master on a distant farm,
Now happily apprenticed."

She confesses that by her occasional rambles she has done herself and helpless infant much wrong. The *neglected* babe at length dies, and the mother is left alone. A final parting takes place between her and the wanderer.—We meet with no striking beauties in this book, no energetic thoughts: on the contrary, it abounds with egotism, and unnecessary tautologies. For instance:

"From his sixth year, the boy *of whom I speak*,
In Summer, tended cattle on the hills." p. 9.

"From early childhood, even, as hath been said,
From his sixth year, he had been sent abroad
In summer, to tend herds." p. 13.

Harsh words are introduced for no reason:

———"The countenance of the man
Was hidden from my view." p. 5.

Countenance makes a very inharmonious dissyllable, and is properly used afterwards as a trisyllable. *Visage* would have been better. Many of the lines have a very flat, prosaic, puerile tendency. They really are not poetry.

———"These favored beings,
All but a scattered few, live out their time
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave unthought of. Strongest minds
Are often ~~those~~ of whom the noisy world
Hears least." p. 7.

"And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
Of the poor innocent children. 'Every smile,'
Said Margaret to me, here, beneath these trees,
'Made my heart bleed.'" p. 31.

Some parts of this book may, however, be justly admired. We select the following:

"Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
 His heart lay open, and by nature tun'd,
 And constant disposition of his thoughts,
 To sympathy with Man, he was alive
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he went ;
 And all that was endured ; for in himself
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
 He had no painful pressure from without,
 That made him turn aside from wretchedness
 With coward fears. He could afford to suffer
 With those whom he saw suffer." p. 21.

—————"Her Infant Babe
 Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,
 And sighed among its playthings." p. 43.

In the second book which is called the "*Solitary*," the author describes his travels with the wanderer. They see a multitude of people celebrating a village wake, whom the wanderer declines joining, being anxious to visit a secluded friend. This Solitary had been married ; but in the course of one year had lost "two lovely children," and afterwards his wife. On reaching his dwelling the travellers hear a solemn dirge ; and, seeing a funeral procession, the Wanderer apprehends the Solitary is dead. His fears are confirmed by accidentally finding a book (a novel of Voltaire's) in a recess in the valley. At length he sees the man "whom he had fancied dead," consoling a child who was "shedding orphan's tears" on witnessing the "mute procession." The Solitary kindly receives the Wanderer and his friend, and after some observations on the ancient and modern mode of burial, leads them to his cottage. After the Poet's description of the apartment and repast, the Solitary gives an account of his departed inmate, the summary of which is, that he had been a beggar. The housewife opened her doors and admitted the pauper, who was consequently "her vassal of all labour." This aged man having been out "when the rain fell in torrents," died, after lingering three short weeks.

The language of this book is variable—descending from grandeur, which it sometimes reaches, to absolute poverty and meanness.

The third book called "*Despondency*," contains descriptions of scenes in the valley. The travellers again meet the Solitary, who, being reproved for his despondency, relates his whole history. His dejection, produced by misfortunes, was for awhile amused by the French Revolution. Disappointed and disgusted, he resolved on a voyage to America : but not finding repose there, a thing which wanderers never found there, he returned and

still continued disconsolate. The incidents in this book are few, and not calculated either to charm or surprise the reader. The language however is more regular, and the metre more correct.

The travellers, who had still remained with the Solitary, in the fourth book which bears the appellation of "Despondency corrected," suddenly leave him, for the purpose of pondering upon what they had heard. Ejaculations from the wanderer ensue, and after ruminating on the state of Man, he and his fellow traveller (the author) visit the lonely house again, where the former administers consolation to the Solitary. During his admonitions he alludes to the book which he found, written by "the laughing Sage of France," which he restores to its owner :

" ————— 'Gentle Friend,'
Herewith he grasped the Solitary's hand,
' You have known better lights and guides than these—
Ah ! let not aught amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself,
And tempt opinion to support the wrongs
Of Passion : whatsoe'er is felt or feared,
From higher judgment seats make no appeal
To lower : can you question that the soul
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
By each new upstart notion ? In the ports
Of levity no refuge can be found,
No shelter for a spirit in distress."—p. 186—7.

The wanderer's "eloquent harangue" begins to have effect upon the Solitary, and on the approach of evening the travellers return to the cottage where they are hospitably entertained. Here we give another specimen of Mr. W.'s characteristic simplification.

" Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
Those revolutions of disturbances
Still roll, where all the aspects of misery
Predominate, whose strong effects are such
As he must bear," &c.—p. 156.

In his *Errata*, he desires us to read *Aspects*.

In the fifth book called the "*Pastor*" the travellers bid farewell to the valley. The Solitary is persuaded to accompany them part of their way. After descriptions of the vale—of the Pastor's dwelling—of the Pastor himself—of the church-yard—and of the church and monuments, the Solitary muses and communicates his thoughts to the travellers :

" ————— Did you note the mien
Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,

Death's hireling, who scoops out his neighbour's grave,
Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,
As unconcerned as when he plants a tree."—p. 211—2.

His subsequent meditations are well written. These occasional reflections on Baptism which produce an argument, the decision of which is left to the Pastor who is seen approaching. The travellers agree with the Pastor's observations, but the Recluse still harbours his gloomy thoughts. The Pastor being requested to give some portraits of the living or dead, from his observations of life among the mountains, describes the mountain cottage and its inhabitants. His account of persons interred in the churchyard commences with desultory reflections on the graves of unbaptized infants, and on those set apart for the remains of the "thoughtless school-boy," the "bold youth," the "bashful maid," "those of middle age" and the aged.

The sixth book denominated "the churchyard among the mountains," opens with a loyal, moral effusion—the Poet's address to the State and Church of England. The Pastor having resumed his discourse, a tale is introduced

" ——— Of faithful love

Conquered and in tranquillity retained."

This tale is followed by another, the lonely Miner, an instance of perseverance, which leads by contrast to an example of abused talents. In compliance with the Solitary's request, the Pastor gives an account of the harmonizing influence of Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life. The fate of these two men leads to precepts for insuring mental tranquillity. The Solitary hints at an overpowering fatality, which draws from the Pastor some religious observations. He gives the history of an unrelenting avaricious female, who discarded her only child. With this unamiable, and indeed unnatural character, is contrasted another, Ellen, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and betrayed love, interred near the grave of her illegitimate infant. The Pastor then gives an instance of heavier guilt, and delineates the feelings of a married seducer. Another tale succeeds, of a widower, who evinces his real affection for the memory of his departed wife, by having made a second prudent choice, and thus providing a mother for his helpless family.

This book is uncommonly interesting; but contains a great many very unmetrical lines.

The seventh Book, which is a continuation of the subject, might have been dispensed with, by blending some parts of it with the preceding. The interest of a poem should gradually

rise. The sixth Book is certainly better than the fifth; but the subject becomes tedious in the seventh, and this poet is seldom very lively. The Pastor is invited to give an account of certain graves that lie apart, and accordingly portrays the characters of two clergymen and their families. He shows the fallacy of human joy, which is changed to mourning by the sudden death of a female infant: then follows the history of a noble-minded peasant.

In the eighth Book, called the "Parsonage," the Vicar gives his auditors an invitation to his house. The Solitary appears unwilling to comply, and rallies the Wanderer, drawing a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of a Knight-errant, which induces the latter to give a history of the changes in this country, arising from its manufacturing spirit. He asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur, if unsupported by moral worth; and grieves that there should be an excess of labour among the humble classes of society. A description of a child employed in a cotton-mill, leads to some remarks on the ignorance and wretchedness of the children thus employed. The Pastor renews his invitation, which is accepted. The parsonage is then described, and the happy appearance of the family, by whom the travellers are heartily welcomed.

The ninth Book, called "Discourse of the Wanderer, and an Evening Visit to the Lake," exhibits the Wanderer as a preacher. He declares, that an active principle pervades the universe, and expresses an earnest wish for a system of National Education established universally by Government. In the visit to the Lake the scenery and amusements are described. The priest addresses the Supreme Being, and contrasting the present appearance of the world with ancient barbarism, ascribes the happy change to Christianity. After the Vesper service, the travellers return to the parsonage; and the author promises (if his present book sell well) to record his further intercourse with his fellow travellers and companions.

The defects of this publication are numerous; and may be ascribed to Mr. Wordsworth's want of classic taste, and his ignorance, real or affected, of what constitutes the true dignity and charm of poetry. We frequently, however, meet with passages which are reputable to his head; and the moral and religious tendency of the whole work does infinite credit to his heart.

The production which remains to be noticed is, "*The White Doe of Rylstone; or the Fate of the Nortons*." We are informed by an advertisement, "that during the summer of 1807, the

author visited, for the first time, the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and that the poem of the *White Doe*, founded upon a tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year." In his Notes, the author quotes the tradition from Dr. Whitaker's History of the Deanery of Craven, viz. "About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a white doe, say the aged people of the neighbourhood, long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey church-yard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation." With this incident the author has connected the great Northern insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569; Rylstone having been the property and residence of the Nortons, who had joined the ill-advised and unfortunate insurgents.

The subject of this poem, which is in seven Cantos, is admirably adapted to Mr. Wordsworth's simplicity of style; for *Calliope* is not that gentleman's happiest muse. In the first Canto we are introduced to the church-yard:

"From Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun is bright, the fields are gay
With people in their best array,
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of the crystal wharf,
Through the vale, retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy." p. 3.

He varies his measure, we think, too suddenly:

"Fast the church-yard fills—anon,
Look again—they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk,
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's oak." p. 5.

We like the introduction of the Doe:

"——When soft, the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch, with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard ground;
And right across the verdant sod,
Towards the very house of God;
——Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,

Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe." p. 5, 6.

The harmony of these lines is greatly assisted by the well introduced alliteration. The author pursues his theme in a happy manner, adding to the vivacity of his subject by an occasional increase of rhyme. We meet, however, as usual, with discordant lines, sufficient to counterbalance almost any degree of harmony :

" Now doth a delicate shadow fall—
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath." p. 8.

By means of an old man's tales, and a vault where the Claphams and Mauliverers are interred, the author occasionally alludes to the Northern insurrection, varying his metre, as the pathos of the poem increases. The "Rising in the North," and the consequent traditions, become the general subjects of the five succeeding Cantos, the materials of which are taken from an ancient ballad. The poem is supposed to have been composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. When the banner, on which Emily's hand had embroidered the Sacred Cross, is called for by her discontented father—

" It came—and Francis Norton said,
O Father, rise not in this fray—
The hairs are white upon your head ;
Dear Father, hear me when I say—
It is for you too late a day !
Bethink you of your own good name ;
A just and generous Queen have we,
A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn—
I am your son, your eldest born ;
But not for lordship or for land,
My Father, do I clasp your knees—
The banner touch not, stay your hand—
This multitude of men disband,
And live at home in blissful ease ;
For these my brethren's sake, for me ;
And most of all, for Emily !" p. 27—8.

The Father commits the banner to the care of his son Richard, (who bears his sire's name,) and followed by his other sons, eight in number, he joins his "warlike tenantry."—Francis sees his sister sitting beneath a yew tree, and dallies that he may

console her. The white doe occasionally makes her appearance : and the fourth Canto commences with a tranquil evening :

“ But where at this still hour is she,
The consecrated Emily ?
Even while I speak, behold the maid
Emerging from the cedar shade,
To open moonshine, where the doe
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;
Like a patch of April snow,
Upon a bed of herbage green,
Lingering in a woody glade,
Or behind a rocky screen ;
Lonely relic ! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye—
Nor more regard doth she bestow
Upon the uncomplaining doe.” p. 68—9.

The anxiety of Emily, when told that her father and brothers, save one, were doomed to die, renders the fifth Canto exceedingly interesting. In the sixth we read of the escape of Francis, and his sudden death :

“ His weaker hand the banner held ;
And strait by savage zeal impelled,
Forth rushed a pikeman, as if he,
Not without harsh indignity,
Would seize the same—instinctively—
To smite the offender—with his lance,
Did Francis from the brake advance ;
But from behind, a treacherous wound,
Unfeeling, brought him to the ground—
A mortal stroke :—oh, grief to tell,
Thus, thus the noble Francis fell :
There did he lie, of breath forsaken ;
The banner from his grasp was taken,
And borne exultingly away ;
And the body was left on the ground where it lay.” p. 104.

We object to this needless Alexandrine ; and would rather have said,

While on the ground the mangled body lay.

The last Canto treats of the desolation of Rylstone, and of the griefs of Emily resting beneath a mouldered oak :

“ When with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of deer came sweeping by ;
And suddenly behold a wonder !
For of that band of rushing deer

A single doe in mid career,
 Hath stopped and fixed its large blue eye
 Upon the Lady Emily,
 A doe, most beautiful, clear white,
 A radiant creature, silver bright !

* * *

The very doe of other years !
 The pleading look the lady viewed,
 And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
 She melted into tears." p. 116—7.

The doe follows the lady to her dwelling.. In the morning she is again seen by Emily, and afterwards by a sudden glimpse she sees her browsing on the mountain. "Accompanied by the soft-paced doe," Emily finds a comforter. The lady at length dies, and is buried by her mother's side in Rylstone church. The doe still haunts the spots which her mistress had frequented, and every Sunday visits the church-yard, and halts at Emily's vault.

This poem will be read not without pleasure; and we trust that the author will never choose a loftier subject for the exercise of his muse. If he would but consent to abandon slovenly metre, and addict himself to good plain prose, his unceasing benevolence, and his turn of thought always so moral and religious, might render him a highly respectable Essayist.



ART. V. *A French Dictionary*, on a Plan entirely new; wherein all the Words are so arranged and divided, as to render their Pronunciation both easy and accurate. By WILLIAM SMITH, A. M. London: Lackington and Co. 1814. pp. 214. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

To write a book for the purpose of leading to the accurate pronunciation of a language, which is not the vernacular dialect of the author, appears an adventurous undertaking. Mr. Smith has, however, accomplished it in this instance, and in a manner both creditable to himself and worthy the confidence of his countrymen, who will be safe in taking him for a guide through that department of their studies. Frenchmen too, whom Envy may not blind, will offer him marks of their esteem—as the present writer (who is a Frenchman) will always be ready to do. Every thing Mr. S. advances, leaves us convinced that he has taken the necessary pains to qualify himself for his undertaking; and should

good judge feel disposed to find fault with him, it will be rather for *over-nicety*, than for *remissness*, in the investigation of his subject. In such an attempt, great delicacy of ear is an essential requisite, which Mr. S. seems to possess, and to have employed conformably to the Italian expression, *con Amore*. Nor do we doubt but that, by adhering to his principles, most of the apparent difficulties of French pronunciation will be effectually overcome. Far from meeting with self-conceit, we have noticed a laudable candor in his avowal of doubts, where the bungling utterance of some Frenchmen seemed to have betrayed him into errors.

When Mr. S. speaks of *ill* liquid or *mouillé* in *baille*, from *bailler*, to yawn, and other similar words, and declares it to have nothing of the sound of the consonant, he must surely have been misled by the provincial, or even the Parisian careless utterance of it, in cases where *i* is substituted for *ill*. To satisfy him with the accuracy of this remark, we ask if in the sound of the English word *batallion* he can question the existence of the consonant *l*? If not, let him suppose *on*, at the end of that word, to have the nasal sound of the French, and *Bataillon* shall give the same result in his ear as the corresponding English *Batallion*. There can be no diphthong in words of that sort, but when uttered *Baïe*, *Bataïon*, (*ill*) or the *l mouillé* being a true consonant, common to the French, Italian, Spanish, and even Portuguese, although differently represented by them, as may be seen in the present word *bataillon*, *seraglio*, *caballo*, and *fillo*, pronounced *batallion*, *seralio*, *cavalio*, and *flio*. We should have abstained from these observations, had it not been for the advantage of the future editions of Mr. S.'s book, which will prove a much safer guide to the French tongue, than the productions of many of our native grammaticasters. We dismiss the subject, with advising the author to place more confidence in his own taste and industry; and when in want of authorities, to prefer that of the French academy to all the *Tardies* and other Doctors in *prononciation Bretonne ou Normande*.

ART. VI. *The Geographical and Historical Dictionary of America and the West Indies*; containing an entire Translation of the Spanish Work of Colonel Don Antonio de Alcedo, Captain of the Royal Spanish Guards, and Member of the Royal Academy of History; with large Additions and
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Compilations from Modern Voyages and Travels, and from original and authentic Information. By G. A. THOMPSON, Esq. In Five Volumes. 4to. London: Carpenter, 1812-5.

THE subscribers to this work are numerous and respectable. The idea of publishing by subscription is not of very ancient date, and it is only of late years that it has been frequently adopted. Its advantages, where a work of great expense is projected, are of an essential kind. It qualifies an author to write better, by setting his mind at ease; it enables a publisher to sell cheaper, by freeing him from risk; and, may we add, it records, as patrons of literature, the names of men who might otherwise have bid adieu to the world, without leaving behind them any proof of their having ever thought or acted but with the vulgar.

The Work before us is one of no common interest or importance. It contains an immense mass of information—skilfully selected and arranged—respecting a hemisphere, with a great part of which we are but little acquainted. It was originally published at Madrid, in five small quarto volumes, and patronised by the most elevated characters in Spain. But it was soon found to contain too much information relative to the Western colonies, of which Alcedo is a native, to be agreeable to the enlightened court of Madrid. Its popularity was so great that the supreme powers could not endure the publication of it: its descriptions were so true, that they began to be apprehensive for their possessions. They paid it, therefore, the compliment of suppressing it, which, however disagreeable to its author, was an unequivocal proof of its excellence. Not more than five or six copies were supposed to be in England; and it was very difficult to procure one from the Continent, when Mr. Thompson began the translation which he has now so successfully completed.

As to the continent of North America, with which we are best acquainted, a very slight observation must convince us of the importance to us of its relations with this country. Its inhabitants, however degenerate many of them are known to be, are descended from our ancestors—speak our language—and imitate our dress and manners: that they ever sympathise with us in either our good, or our ill success, we do not assert. The United States, according to the calculations of their own economists, double their population in less than twenty-five years, in consequence of the abundance of the means of subsistence, and the immense regions which industry may make its

own at pleasure. From the extent of their soil, they are devoted to agriculture and the production of raw materials for trade; and from the infancy of the arts among them, and the high price of mechanical labor, they are obliged to come to us for the supply of many of their artificial wants and luxuries. All this is fortunate, and we thank Providence.

South America excites a more romantic interest, and rises upon the sight in grander proportions. Her immense and fertile territories seem to present to the imagination an unexplored paradise. Tribes of savages are thinly scattered over territories, capable of affording to millions of the human race a luxurious subsistence. The vast capabilities of those regions, from the richness of their soil, and the size of their navigable rivers, render them objects of political importance; while the magnificence of their scenery furnishes choice matter for the song of the bard. If it should become expedient "for the Queen of Ocean to send forth her swarms, where can she look for more favorable fields for their pasture?" South America has, as yet, known Europeans only to curse them. They have to wipe away from their religion and their species, the stain which inhuman avarice has cast upon them; and to bestow on the unoffending inhabitants of those countries, as a debt of justice, the light of truth and civilization. In every point of view, those distant regions excite attention and claim regard. Among their varied scenes, the heart might repose from the treacheries and contests of our side of the globe; and in the stillness of the woods, wonder that it had remained so long in a world of sorrow like this. These, and more sublime hopes than these, will doubtless fill the reader's mind who shall glance over those interesting volumes—volumes which do the highest credit both to the author and to the translator, and exhibit a remarkable instance of great and successful exertion.

ART. VII. *The Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman.*
4 Vols. 12mo. 24s. Murray, London; and Blackwood,
Edinburgh. 1815.

THE title of this work will remind most of our readers of their old acquaintance *Robinson Crusoe*, from which many of them have derived so much pleasure. The extensive circulation which that little work has so long had, is one of the strongest proofs of the interest it has excited; but this interest is chiefly con-

finer to that period of life when the inexperience of youth invests almost every thing with the attractions of novelty ; or to that class of society whose limited knowledge produces the same effect.—The work before us, however, is of a higher *caste*, and while it is capable of affording gratification to the young reader, it may be perused with advantage by many who have attained the meridian of life, and is not altogether destitute of suitable lessons for such as can boast the hoary honors of age.

The history of Penrose, according to his Journal, is this. He was born near Caerphilly, in Glamorganshire, in the month of May, 1725. His father belonged to the sea, and was lost in the Union Frigate, off the Texel, in the great January storm. His mother afterwards married again ; and Penrose was placed out with a lawyer. But to this profession he was particularly averse, and expressed a decided preference for the sea. In hopes of weaning him from all further desires of this kind, he was suffered to make a short voyage or two ; and then all possible means were tried by his friends to bring him to their way of thinking, as to his future pursuits in life ; but this only increased his former bias. He therefore resolved to quit the parental roof and seek his fortune in his own way, without the knowledge of any, except a companion, whose similarity of disposition had united them in the strictest friendship. This they did early one morning in September, 1744, and made the best of their way to Bristol ; where Penrose's companion entered on board a privateer, and himself on a vessel going to Ireland. From Ireland he worked his passage to London, and not having a shilling to procure necessaries, he entered on board a privateer. This life he continued for some time with various success, squandering away his prize-money when on shore, until he was pressed into the King's service. After this he found means to make his escape ; and shipped himself, in 1746, on board the Harrington, Captain Hunter, bound to Jamaica. About the end of November in that year, they set sail again for London, but were taken on Christmas-day, by the El Fuerto, a Spanish fifty-gun ship, and carried into the Havannah. Here they were some time prisoners in the Moro Castle, and employed in carrying stones, &c. to repair the fortifications. They were put on board a leaky old vessel and sent off to Jamaica, but were obliged to put into New Providence. Being almost naked and entirely friendless, he entered again on board a schooner privateer, named the Recovery. This was in 1747. In this small vessel they sailed on a cruise ; but their principal employment appears to

have been fishing and drinking rum, in which they frequently indulged to excess. On the very evening they had finished the last drop of their rum, Penrose was left intoxicated in the boat at the stem of the vessel. Some time afterwards, he was awaked by the great motion of the boat, and as he was rubbing his eyes, to his great astonishment, he missed the schooner. The wind blew stronger and stronger, and he continued to drive and bale the boat till day-light, when he found himself close in shore and saw the privateer at such a distance that it was impossible for him to regain her. He thus describes his feelings, and his possessions in his new situation.

“While I was thus standing and eagerly gazing about, I saw a large brig stretching out, as in quest of our vessel; she was near enough for me to see she was a cruiser. I now walked about in a state of distraction I know not how to describe, and sometimes sat on the gun-wale of the canoe. It is impossible to give a just idea of the state of my mind; I remained thus absorbed as it were, till I lost sight of both vessels; I now began to look around me, and could see nothing but a wild country of palmetto trees and shrubs, but whether inhabited or not by human beings I was perfectly ignorant. As I sat musing what was next to be done, having no more than a sailor’s frock over my shirt, a pair of petticoat trousers, my knife in one pocket, and my fishing tackle, with a few hooks in the other, and my bonnet on my head, (these, with the canoe, paddles, and grainge, were all my store,) the first thing I determined upon, in this my state of desolation, was to procure a large stone for a killock to my boat; this made me naturally cast an eye on the painter, which I found had slipped the belaying.”

Having satisfied his hunger with shell-fish he found on the shore, and his thirst with brackish water, obtained by digging in the sand, on the third day after his landing, he mounted an old dead tree, to look out, and perceived, to his great mortification, that he was on an island not more than half-a-mile over. But observing a more promising shore at the distance of about five miles, and having little hopes of seeing the schooner again, he resolved to endeavour to reach it the next day, if the weather proved moderate. This he effected, and found a bay or lagoon, on the shore of which he landed, and entered a cave among the rocks, in which he took up his residence. This place, he afterwards learnt from the crew of a Dutch vessel that was wrecked on the coast, was on the shore of Costa Rica.

After keeping a constant look out for the schooner for about a month, all hopes of ever seeing her again vanished; and his strength began daily to diminish, as his diet consisted only of

raw fish. One night a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning took place: and the next morning he was surprised at perceiving a smoke ascending at a small distance from his cave. This proceeded from an old tree that had been set on fire by the lightning; and furnished him with that invaluable element; respecting which he observes,

“ I was so much elated with this incident, that in the moment of exultation, I could not believe that I now wanted for any thing.”

Shortly after this he found a small chest which had been washed on shore, containing some shirts, trowsers, and other necessaries. Having passed his time in this solitary situation, providing food and examining the works of Nature around him, for about three years and two months, (a reckoning he kept by adding a small shell to his heap every day), he discovered a canoe on the shore, about a mile from his habitation. On approaching it he found a young Indian and his sister, with their father who was dying in the canoe. When the old man had actually expired, he made signs for them to put off the canoe and follow him to the cave, with which they silently complied. The canoe with the three Indians had been out at sea, and was driven to this place by the strength of the wind and waves. His first object was to prepare them food, and treat them with all possible kindness, and the next to dig a grave for the old man in the sand with his paddle. After they had performed the last duties to the deceased, on examining the canoe, they found it contained three or four yams, which Penrose planted; but what he considered as of the greatest value was a small hatchet. As he treated the young man and woman with all possible kindness, they soon became more familiar; and he began to teach them to speak a few words of English. Time increased their reciprocal attachment, and the young woman, at the desire of her brother, soon became his wife. This event took place, according to his reckoning, just three years and seven months after his landing, and respecting which he remarks,

“ Never did a young couple come together on more equal terms; but love, our interest, our fortune, our desires, and our intentions, were all one—that of becoming helpmates to each other; and I felt grateful to Providence for the blessing it had bestowed on me, in this faithful creature as my partner for life. Our vows were exchanged before Heaven, in a temple not made with hands; and I trust, though they were offered in the wilderness, they were accepted by that Being who delights in the happiness of his creatures.”

After he had been on shore about four years and a quarter, three Indians arrived in a canoe. They proved to be acquainted with his wife, whom he had named *Luta*, and with her brother whom he called *Harry*. They had been at the wreck of a Spanish vessel, and furnished them with several necessities; amongst which was a small kettle, an axe and a piece of old sail cloth, of which Penrose made his wife a short petticoat.

After he had commenced the sixth year of his residence on this coast, the Indians returned in two canoes, bringing with them several others of their tribe; and among them a wife for his friend Harry. This young woman, Penrose named *Patty*. Soon after this *Luta* was delivered of a son, whom Penrose called *Owen*, after his father. The family was now increased to five in number. During his eighth year a Dutch ship was wrecked off the coast, the crew of which continued with them some time and afterwards put to sea in their long boat, except one who remained with Penrose and his family. From this ship they obtained many necessities; among which were fire-arms and gun-powder, paper, and ink-powder. He also got information of the date of the year and day of the month; which was "Monday the fifth day of August, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four." During the tenth year of his residence, Mr. Penrose and his companions found great treasure buried near their habitation, which, from the circumstances connected with it, they supposed had been hidden there by pirates. Some time afterwards they afforded great assistance to the crew of a small vessel which was commanded by an Irishman, and had been struck by lightning; and from whom they procured many things, with part of the treasure they had previously found. But what Penrose most valued was a box full of books. These consisted of "Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Pope's *Essay*, *Spectator*, Seneca's *Morals*, Chaucer's *Tales*, Don Quixote, Ovid's *Epistles*, Josephus, Anson's *Voyage*, Ramsay's *Songs*, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, a fine large old Bible with large clasps, *Spectacle de la Nature*, some of Baxter's *Works*, Virgil, Homer, and Horace, and many pamphlets unbound.

Time rolled on, and their intercourse with the Indians continued, and now and then with a vessel that was either driven in shore by stress of weather, or sailed along the coast to trade with the natives; so that in his eighteenth year, Penrose's habitation began to resemble a farm-yard; and he says,

"It was my delight in the morning to hear the crowing of the cock, and the innocent noises of the goats, geese, and ducks, calling the boys to give them their daily allowance."

Their little society increased in number both by births and incidental additions; and many interesting circumstances took place, which our limits prevent us from enumerating, until in the twenty-seventh year of his residence on the coast, Penrose died of a lingering disease occasioned by fish poison.

Having given this brief sketch of the Journal, we shall not attempt to decide whether it be a real or a supposititious narrative, further than to observe that a letter from a Mr. Paul Taylor, dated New York, May 2, 1783, states his having received this Journal from the mate of a Spanish sloop, at the Havannah in 1776, who said he had it from two Indians, one of whom said the whole was written by his father except a small part that had been added by himself; and that it was his father's dying request that his son should commit the papers, with a reward, into the hands of some person who would undertake to convey them to his native country. Mr. Taylor also states his having had the old papers copied at Charlestown "without the smallest alteration whatever," and his having sent them to England with the letter. The name and residence of the person to whom the letter was addressed, however, are wanting. An advertisement prefixed to the work, and signed John Eagles, appears to ascribe this Journal to a Mr. Williams, who had lived many years among the Indians, and from whom Mr. West imbibed his first ideas of painting at Philadelphia. This Williams said he had been at a school at Bristol, in which he acquired his taste for painting. But, whoever may have been the real author, it is an interesting work, written with much perspicuity, and in some places, with a touching simplicity every way characteristic of truth; and enlivened with descriptions of many curious subjects of natural history. We consider it, therefore, as highly worthy of the extensive circulation it has already obtained; and as one that may be safely recommended to youth, as being well adapted to afford them both amusement and instruction, without either contaminating the heart by any thing low and debasing, or exciting false ideas by too highly colored pictures of human life: on the contrary, such an air of good sense and resignation runs through the whole, and such marks of real contrition are visible whenever feelings of an opposite nature have gained the ascendancy, that an attentive perusal can scarcely fail of diffusing at least a momentary tint of the same kind over the mind of the youthful reader.

We shall now conclude our observations with a few short extracts, the first of which we beg to press upon the attention of our young friends.

"Here let me pause for a few moments, and acknowledge with sincere contrition and many tears, the anguish of mind which the recollection of this step [leaving home without the consent of his mother] has occasioned me in many subsequent periods of my life. The distress which my disobedience inflicted on a kind and tender mother, sunk deep into my heart; it has haunted me at all times, and in every situation; it has damped my joys; it has aggravated my sorrows; it has made me consider the many evils which have befallen me as the just visitations of heaven on filial ingratitude. I write this as a warning to others, to avoid the sorrows, the compunctions I have experienced; and to assure them, that even in this world the contempt of parental authority does not go without severe and exemplary punishment."—Vol. i. p. 6.

The following reflections on his seeing the first ship, after he had spent about three years in his solitary situation are so natural, and shew the workings of the human mind under extraordinary circumstances so powerfully, that we transcribe them.

"One day as I was fishing, I discovered a sail in the north-east quarter. She came away large, and in about an hour I could perceive it to be a small sloop; but she kept a great offing, and stood away to the southward; yet I kept my eyes on her as long as I could distinguish her, until she ran the horizon down. This sight, so new to me, introduced a train of melancholy reflections. I longed to be again with my fellow men; it occasioned a painful retrospect of my past life. I looked back with regret, and forward almost without hope. There is, however, a principle in the human mind which will not suffer it to yield entire possession to despair; it will always suggest some alleviation to present misery; some effort that may be made to render our condition better; to throw off the superflux of wretchedness with which it is loaded; and, with a pliancy suited to the occasion, will accommodate its powers to the trials to which we are exposed. I began to reflect, that most probably this sloop belonged to the Spaniards; and, however forlorn my situation might be, a visit from them would certainly not improve it. The possibility of being sent to work in the mines, made my present condition comparatively a happy one. Subdued by these reflections, my discontents vanished, and I became reconciled to a mode of life which at least promised me liberty and security." Vol. i. p. 107.

The following description of the family group at the entrance of their castle, raised without the assistance of human agency, may afford amusement to some of our readers, and would furnish an interesting scene if faithfully transferred to the canvas.

"As I was one day leaning against the rock, near the entrance of our dwelling, I could not help contemplating the scene before

me, with a degree of complacency that soothed and exhilarated my spirits. I beheld it with a painter's eye, and would willingly have transformed to canvas the picture before me, but the materials were wanting. The reader will therefore accept of my description, and such a rude sketch as my poor ability can furnish him with. First, was to be seen the mouth of a large cavern, somewhat resembling the lofty doorway to an old Gothic cathedral, except that the arch was much wider. On the right was my wife Betty, with Patty sitting behind her, braiding her long black hair. A little without the entrance was young Owen taking aim at his uncle Harry, who stood on the other side of the entrance, with his back against the rock as a kind of butt for him, and catching the arrows as they came in his hand. Somer sitting against the side of the rock within, with his red pipe in his mouth, tailoring, with an old red Dutch cap faced with fur on his head. Eva was receiving a bowl of stewed fish from Jessy before the entrance. About the centre within was my writing table covered with a piece of sail-cloth, at which I considered myself placed, with my pen in my hand, and surveying the scene around me. The two dogs and cat before the door-way basking; the parrot's cage on one side of the cave, with the bird on the top of it, the cage an oblong square. From a crevice in the rock projected a long stick, on which Moggy the Macaw was to be seen. Over the cavern an immense rock overhung with trees, except towards the top where stood our flag-staff; the flag was about seven feet long, and five deep, consisting of only two stripes, the upper blue and the under white.

N. B. We wore but little clothing when within doors. The women seldom more than a striped cloth about the middle, and indeed this was almost the only article of dress that distinguished my whole family." vol. ii. p. 116.

The preceding description which relates to the tenth year of his residence on this desert coast, deserves to be accompanied by the following statement, written about eight years afterwards, and with which we shall close this article.

"Thus our time passed away happily in love and friendship; it is true, that we were confined to a solitary shore, but we were unmolested in our retreat, and enjoyed a constant round of tranquillity; we had no wants but what we could well supply, and must have been the most ungrateful of mortals, if we did not thank God for his blessings, and learn to be content with our lot. I could not help frequently looking back to the forlorn situation in which I was first cast upon this shore, without fire, food, or raiment, to comfort, support or to cover me, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun by day, and to the heavy dews by night. Yet had God spread a table for me in the wilderness; he had comforted, fed, and clothed me; he had changed my solitary life to the pleasures of society; he had given

me friends, relations, children; beyond the simple necessities of life, we were surrounded with conveniences, with comforts, I might almost say with luxuries. This was the state of my outward condition, but my mind had undergone a still greater revolution. When I was thrown upon the coast, I was an idle, thoughtless, dissolute being, with passions raging in my bosom, over which I exercised no control, and which in their gratification might have led me to an early grave; the obligations of society sat loosely on me, more from want of reflection than from any radical depravity; I was not void of principle, but my irregular appetites and the bad example of others, which I had not fortitude to resist, prevailed over my best resolutions. In fact, I was hardly to be looked upon as a thinking being. That circumstance of my life which I considered as the greatest calamity that could happen to any human being, (so little do we know of the designs of Providence,) turned out to be the most fortunate; for to that accident which separated me from my disorderly companions, and left me naked, as it were, on this shore, I owe not only all the happiness I at present enjoy, but the assurance of a still greater portion hereafter. My solitary situation restored me to myself; my almost miraculous preservation taught me to reflect; reflection brought to my view the errors of my past life, my ingratitude to God, and my disobedience to my earthly parent. I became another creature; my very soul seemed to be purified; God gave me strength and fortitude to bear my sufferings with an equal, with a contented mind. I trusted in him and he delivered me." p. 189.

ART. VIII. *De Rancé. A Poem.* By J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A. M. Vicar of Harrow. London; Cadell and Davies. 1815. pp. 142.

MR. Cunningham shews no disposition to slumber on his *Velvet Cushion*. On the contrary, the popularity of that ingenious work, instead of disposing him to rest, seems to stimulate to still greater exertions. His speedy re-appearance before the public will be hailed by many with pleasure, and he himself considered as an accession to the number of those honored bards who dedicate their talents to virtue and piety. True religion is, in itself, sufficiently amiable; but the practice of it may, by efforts like these, be rendered easier than it is, and the aspect of it still more attractive.

The performance before us is preceded by a very well written preface, the object of which is to shew that religion is a legitimate subject of poetry. But that poetry had its origin amid altars and temples—and that its most striking beauties and most potent machinery are supernatural, no

judicious reader can doubt. There is scarcely a poet, however profane and sceptical, who has not, on some occasion, employed the doctrines of religion as engines either of delight or of terror. The contemplation of the worlds which are above and beneath us, fills the soul with mysterious sublimities. Even the description of external nature derives more than half its effect from associating with it the idea of the hand that made and preserves this fair creation; and the serenity which pervades the face of nature diffuses a soothing calm over the mind, because it presents an image of that uninterrupted tranquility which the good shall enjoy hereafter.

These principles are well enforced and successfully exemplified by Mr. Cunningham. And if any remain unconvinced by the arguments he uses in his preface, none, we apprehend, will withhold assent after reading his poem. In it heart-felt piety and genuine poetry shine forth together, the one consecrating the theme which the other ennobles. To smooth and elegant versification, is added a train of sentiment warm and manly—with a playfulness of fancy which wins us to instruction. The character of the hero, in his earlier days, marked by bold atheism and fitful remorse, is drawn by the hand of a master. We have of late seen fine delineations of dark and terrible beings, and of throbbing bosoms laid open to view: but no alleviating touch—no redeeming change—no quiet after the tumult of the passions—no cheering sunshine after the darkness. But here we have solemnity of coloring, and awfulness of guilt so managed, as to serve, in the end, as means of consolation and harbingers of joy. Those forbidding objects form but the back ground on which the bright and unfading effects of heavenly mercy are displayed. If we are appalled at the commencement, we are melted before the conclusion.

The story on which the poem before us is founded, may be seen in the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique* from whence it is quoted in the appendix: As there stated it is exceedingly simple. The Abbot De Rancé was born of one of the noblest families in Brittany on the 9th of January 1626;—at ten years of age unfortunately was left the eldest of his race, and more unfortunately still entered the ecclesiastical profession. Possessed of sparkling talents and a considerable fortune, he sunk into dissipation, and intrigued with a lady of high rank, at whose death he became remorse-stricken and disconsolate. He then bestowed all his fortune upon charities, gave up the richest of his preferments, and retired to the solitary Abbey of La Trappe where he revived the austerities of St. Benedict,

and passed the remainder of his days in more than monastic silence.

This tale is, however, very much altered in the poem, as well by the interweaving of several beautiful incidents, as by ultimately changing the character of the hero from that of a gloomy fanatic, into that of a benevolent minister of goodness.

The first canto opens with De Rancé in conversation with a friend, urging his atheistical principles, and denying in awful terms, the being of the Almighty. A narrative is then given of his former life, his Christian birth, his vigorous application, his brilliant wit, his rich poetical capacities, and of the melancholy perversion and misapplication of them all. The following is only part of the delineation of his character, which we wish we could exhibit without breaking it into fragments.

“ The poet’s lamp, as poets tell,
Is kindled only at the skies ;
But there’s a flame—the birth of hell,
Which sometimes lights the poet’s eyes.
Such was de Rancé’s—and the flash
Which shot along his vivid page,
Like that which wakes the pealing crash,
And strife of elemental rage.
That flash could stir the soul to war,
But could not light the pilgrim’s road ;
Oh ! it was not that eastern star,
That led the guilty to their God.
It lit unconsecrated flame,
In many a virgin’s snowy breast ;
It bleach’d the reddening cheek of shame,
It scorch’d the vestal’s modest vest ;
Unaw’d, its desolating fires
The hallowed hill of God assail ;
They strike the temple’s awful spires,
They rend its venerable veil.” p. 6, 7.

“ —Such was the bard, and such the mind—
Himself the model of his verse ;
Bad though the portrait he design’d,
The sad original was worse.
His was the lawless love, the hate,
Which time nor space can mitigate ;
The giant rage the hills which rent,
And hurl’d them to th’ Omnipotent.
Such was the bard—and oh ! his look
Bore witness to the hell within—
Study that face, you read a book,
Stamp’d with the wretchedness of sin ;

And yet, upon this haggard face,
 Would sometimes wake a sudden grace ;
 A milder beam would warm his eyes,
 A blush upon his cheek arise,
 Which seem'd to say—that, in that breast,
 By demon spirits long possess'd,
 Virtues with vices rarely link'd
 Lay pent and struggling, not extinct ;
 And promised that, in happier hours,
 This rugged soil would burst with flowers.
 But—better trust the fleeting skies,
 Than all these airy prophecies ;
 What flowers are now are such as those,
 That spring on Etna's ardent side ;
 The peasant climbs to pluck the rose,
 And at his touch the fiery tide
 Sweeps down the mountain, and he dies
 To his fool's hopes a sacrifice!" p. 10, 11.

We next find de Rancé following the chase with his gay companions. The pursuit is long, and the way intricate, so that at the close of evening he finds himself left in a very dismal situation, with only one of his associates. A violent storm arises, and he and a friend in endeavouring to find shelter are attacked by a band of robbers, to whose cruelty the latter falls a victim. De Rancé almost by a miracle escapes, swims across a rapid torrent and pursues his journey; not without some transient touch of gratitude to the unseen power who had protected him, and of sincere sorrow for the companion who had fallen by his side. All the next day he proceeds along the wilds uncertain which path to take; but the evening star, whose beams shine alike on the just and the unjust, rises at length to direct him. The moon's silvery light then discovers one of the scenes of his guilt. He finds himself near a towering chateau, where a lady resided who had broken through the vows of religion, to gratify his unhallowed passion; and whom he loved with a tenderness which would have been praiseworthy had it not been criminal. He sings beneath her window, in hopes that she will appear, but all is solitude and silence. Disappointed he enters the enclosure, traverses the scene where they had often met in secret, ascends a small staircase known only to the lovers, and enters the chamber of his mistress. It is empty. The light of a distant lamp induces him to proceed to the recess where it burns—he does so, and finds the lifeless remains of her he loved cold in death. He rushes from this scene of horror without a word.

In the third canto we have a fine description of the midnight

funeral of the unhappy Laura. Her corpse is carried down the small spiral staircase which, when living, she had often passed lightly to meet her lover. While the mourners stand around the deep cavern in which she is interred, the frantic De Rancé, "like the spirit of the storm," pale, haggard, and reckless of life, plunges into the tomb, and falls senseless on the coffin. The childless and heart-stricken father is about to take vengeance on him, but the forlorn wretchedness of his enemy excites compassion, and the mourners return leaving him breathless in the cavern. One good priest alone remains to pity and relieve him, chafes his temples, and bears him in his arms to his cottage. When he awakes, he hears the song of rustic praise and gratitude to heaven; his heart is softened, tears of penitence begin to relieve him, and he has recourse to that book where alone the guilty can find consolation. Works of charity and love at length employ him, and attest the reality of his conversion. He dies—thousands remember him for his goodness; and the place where his ashes lie is still regarded with veneration.

Such is the outline of this affecting tale; which, at once, exhibits the miseries and horrors of vice—and exemplifies the sublime truth, that none of the human race can be so sunk in sin, as to be beyond the reach of divine mercy. We cannot help wishing that it had accorded with the author's plan to describe the extension—or at least the hope of this mercy to the suffering heroine. A few words of repentance, even with her last breath, would have been pleasing to most readers, who would rather think of her "with trembling hope," than as "feeling the worm that neither sleeps nor dies." The darker and more afflicting passages of the poem are skilfully relieved by descriptions of tenderness and beauty. The following picture of the good priest by whom De Rancé is preserved, and through whose means his spiritual reformation is effected, as also of the view of his elevated cell, is well drawn:

"On the hoar mountain's rocky breast,
Where the lone eagle builds her nest,
Hung his small cell—'twas poised so high,
To hold deep converse with the sky—
To 'scape the din, the toil, the strife,
That cloud the troubled vale of life—
But not to shun the aching eye
Or wrinkled hand of misery,
Throned in that lone and airy cell,
He seem'd the wide world's centinel.
Pilgrims would climb the mountain's side,
As though to reach some healing tide.

They came, they saw, they smiled—their care
 Had mounted on his winged prayer.
 Still seem'd he to that sorrowing crowd
 An angel stooping from the cloud,
 To medicate, with sweet control,
 The troubled waters of the soul." P. 73.

The description of the scenery through which *De Rancé* stole, at midnight, to the chamber of his unhappy victim, is exceedingly well executed, and contains some very delicate touches both of taste and feeling; we can only make room for a part of it:

"Built on a rock the high chateau
 Frown'd on the wondering vale below;
 Its fragments scattered far and nigh,
 Taught this world's mutability.
 Huge masses of its antique tower,
 Beat down by the resistless power
 That slowly rears its iron mace,
 And shakes the rocky bounds of space,
 Lay, in the wildest ruin hurl'd,
 Like relics of an older world.
 On these, its gaily painted wreath,
 The flaunting Clematis had hung;
 And here and there the purple heath
 Glittering amidst the grey stones sprung—
 Like youth and age, in fond embrace,
 Or garland on a beldame's face.
 — And there, I ween, that no grey stone
 Was to *De Rancé's* eye unknown,
 For often had he lingered there
 Watching for *Laura's* foot of air;
 And loitered oft with that weak maid,
 Amidst this unfrequented shade." P. 43, 4.

We shall not detain our readers by presenting them with farther extracts and observations—persuaded that they will prefer selecting and judging for themselves. In the midst of many things every way worthy of praise, we think we see something that calls for slight censure. We therefore suggest to Mr. Cunningham that the passages in which an imitation of the manner of a noble author, now enjoying a high literary reputation, is discernible, are the least meritorious in his work. One of these descends, we know not why, to parody the passage in the *Giaour*, "I'd rather be the wretch that crawls," &c. in a way that leaves it somewhat doubtful whether it is intended for ridicule or imitation. It is in the lighter touches—

in the delicacy of his coloring, the airiness of his fancy, and the richness and justness and piety of his sentiments, that Mr. C. excels: and we trust that he will soon favor the public with another performance, partaking, in an equal degree, of these valuable qualities. Were Hannah More to be withdrawn from us by fate or by choice, we know of none more capable than Mr. C. of occupying her distinguished post in the republic of letters.

ART. IX. *The Poetical Works of CHARLES, EARL OF CRAWFORD AND LINDSAY, VISCOUNT GARNOCK.* London. pp. 210.

IN spite of all that Lavater and Gall have advanced, the best index of a man's mental qualities are his deeds: and to convey a favorable opinion of either Lord Crawford's benevolence, or his beneficence, it would be necessary only to refer to the little volume before us. But a very favorable opinion of both is already justly and generally entertained, the work having been so much sought for as to have passed through several editions, and there being hardly a society in the metropolis having for its object the cultivation of humanity, the extension of civil liberty, or the propagation of Christianity, of which the author is not an active useful member. It is right that we should state to our readers, that all the profits that have arisen from this publication have constantly been devoted to purposes purely charitable.

The noble author has long been known as a zealous advocate for the abolition of the slave trade. Some of the tribes of American Indians now have him for one of their Christian friends; and the public will in due time find that something important has been done for the improvement of both their minds and their external condition. Of all the pious characters who, relying on the fulfilment of ancient prophecies, have striven for the conversion of the Jews, he stands among the foremost, and appears the most confident of success. And it must be superfluous, in London at least, to represent him as the uniform warm supporter of most of the best associations for diffusing the knowledge of true religion—whether by missions, or by the judicious distribution of the sacred writings.

The aim of these poems is as laudable as it is momentous, being the promotion at once of temporal comfort and of eternal happiness—by substituting benevolence for selfishness, freedom for slavery, the light of Christianity for the darkness of

superstition. We are anxious that such an aim should experience no failure ; nor can it indeed do so, if there be safety in relying upon the effects of rectitude of intention coupled with the zealous application of the best means.

The first poem in the volume is called *the Christian*. It is in eight books. It points out methodically and fully the benefits arising from Christianity—in particular, the superiority of its efficacy over that of the ancient systems of philosophy, in subduing the passions and humanizing mankind : it gives likewise what may be esteemed a Life of our SAVIOUR, and of his disciples and apostles. There is an article called *the dying Prostitute*, which would be highly serviceable to society—if those would read it who stand most in need of its pious precepts and sound practical admonitions. The pernicious effects of duelling are well depicted in *Augustus and Sophronia*, an affair of *honor* being considered as nothing better than a very *fine* name given to a very *foul* deed. The perusal of *the Forsaken Maid* might be useful to some of the Shuffletons of the day. And the paraphrases of scripture passages, particularly of our Saviour's sermon on the Mount, display a knowledge worthy a man of good sense, with an ardor that would have become even a disciple. The exordium to *Richmond Hill*, the place of Lord Crawford's residence, runs thus :

“ Thy hill, Parnassus, and Castalia's stream,
Of Pagan poets long have been the theme.
Yet not thy hill, Parnassus, lovelier rais'd
Its brow, than thine, O Richmond, though unprais'd
In equal song : yet not thy waters flow'd,
Though near the temple of a fancied God,
Castalia, sweeter than, O Thames, flow thine,
With no peculiar auspices divine.
Hail, honor'd mount ! inspirer of my lays !
Friend of the bard, and worthy of his praise !
Oft when to thee from London's fogs I stray,
When spleen and moping discontent would prey
Upon my falling spirits, when the blood,
Lazy, has almost in its vessels stood,
As if forgetful of its wonted course,
The mind deprived of all its active force
Of penetrating thought, and life would seem.
A cheerless subject, or insipid theme ;
No verse produc'd to soothe the sullen woe,
Spontaneous, rolling in harmonious flow :
Oft when to thee my listless steps I bent,

Thou nurse of health ! thou foe to discontent !
 Oft has my mind depress'd new vigor found,
 As if the Muse her inspiration round,
 As on a favor'd, hallow'd mount, had thrown
 Enamour'd, and had made it all her own.
 Oft as I snatch with vent'rous hands the lyre,
 My bosom throbbing with extatic fire,
 With new ideas crowding on the brain,
 A num'rous, splendid, and a lively train,
 My eyes in bright poetic phrenzy roll,
 And inspiration rushes on my soul.
 What sweet sensations ! how sublime ! how great !
 I tread in air ! above a mortal state !
 Here many a bard, along thy gentle stream,
 O Thames, has dwelt upon his winning theme.
 With all the muse's inspiration fraught,
 Here, oft illustrious Dryden rang'd and thought:
 Aloft she rais'd him from the vulgar throng,
 And bade his lines majestic roll along,
 In all the full luxuriant harmony of song. }
 Here, of inferior genius, tho' 'twas great,
 Pope woo'd retirement in his classic seat ;
 With fainter strokes he mov'd th' obedient heart,
 With less of nature—studied more of art.
 Here Thomson dwelt, with genuine fancy blest,
 The milk of human kindness in his breast ;
 Where tuneful Collins, of congenial mind,
 Oft roam'd, in sweetest amity combin'd."

The author has preferred verse to prose for the expression of his ideas. His reason for this preference is founded on the superior aid which the former lends to the memory of young people, and of uninstructed people of all ages. He seems to have been but little moved by the advice offered him by one of the society of Friends.

" Some years ago, an old and much esteemed Quaker waited on me to supply me with some books and facts relative to the slave-trade, against which I was then writing, and said: 'My friend, I love thee for thy generous indignation against the slave-trade, thou art right there; but, for thy soul's sake beware,—beware of poetry, for sometimes the *preachers* are nothing to the *poets*.'"

ART. X. *Original Poems, and a Play.* By CHARLOTTE NOOTH. London: Longman and Co., 1815. pp. 156. 10s.

THIS volume is dedicated to the Duke of Kent, and we understand that it is the first avowed production of a lady, whose recently deceased father held an appointment in the household of His Royal Highness, and had attained to considerable eminence in his profession as a surgeon. The name of Nooth has long been well known to men of science, from having been given to a pneumatic machine invented by Dr. Nooth, who was many years physician to the army in Canada and at Gibraltar, and uncle to the present claimant on the indulgence of the public.

According to our established custom we give to our readers the preface, which acknowledges in suitable terms, the obligation due to the numerous subscribers to the work, whose titles and names occupy fourteen pages of close printing; and are highly creditable to the liberality of the friends of an unfortunate branch of a respectable family.

Preface.

"The writer of the following pages could only account for their having been collected into a volume, by relating a tale of domestic sorrow, which would sadden the humane, and weary the attention of the indifferent reader. The poetical attempts now offered to the protection of the public, were, however, all written previous to the circumstances which may excuse the form of their publication, and while hope, and the frequent gratification of the social feeling, among persons of taste and vivacity, gave wings to the fancy and buoyancy to the mind.

The feelings of gratitude for the generous patronage which this little book has already received, are too deeply felt, and too intimately connected with a recent affliction, to allow of the ornaments of verse.

Should the charge of presumption be affixed to the undertaking, it may, perhaps, be admitted in mitigation of the severity of judgment, that as this is the *first*, so, should encouragement be withheld, it will certainly be the *last* trespass upon the attention of the public.

47, Gloucester Street, Queen Square,
London, June 3, 1815."

The fifty-two first pages of the book contain original poems on various subjects, most of them bearing the stamp of reality: the translations from the French, Italian, and Spanish, occupy sixteen pages, and the remainder of the volume is filled by

sixteen pages of Irish ballads and a tragic play, which we will notice hereafter.

Among the miscellaneous articles of this work, are dispersed some pieces of a satirical cast, which indicate that tone of good company, to which uncultivated genius, however brightly it may flash from the obscure walks of life, can never attain; and the lines of a more serious cast appear to be the effusions of real feeling, without being *set off* by the false glitter of Della Cruscan sentimentality. In this daring and inventive age, the merit of abstaining from innovation in language is no small praise; and a close and simple style of writing levies no unreasonable claim upon our time and attention, if it aim not at dazzling and amazing the fancy, or "taking the prisoned soul to lap it in Elysium," which is always the attempt, and sometimes the success, of those visionary and impassioned bards of later days, who soar beyond the reach of tame realities, and sometimes "greatly fall" from heights to which more humble geniuses dare not lift their unaspiring eyes.

The merits of this volume will be most fairly ascertained by specimens of each manner of verse contained in it. The limits allowed to such an article must, however, so far circumscribe our selection, as to guide us in our choice rather by the brevity than the merit of the pieces we present to our readers, whom we refer to the book itself for several poems of superior interest.

The following lines, which begin the volume, we recollect to have seen in the Morning Chronicle, March 1814.

The Melo-drame.

"What have we here! half solemn and half gay,
Not quite a pantomime, nor quite a play;
This something—nothing—full of noise and show,
Anomalous display of mirth and woe;
Full of confusion, bustle and surprises,
Escapes, encounters, blunders and disguises!
Is this a comedy? where lies the wit?
In vain I've watch'd to catch one lucky hit.
A tragedy! say where is pathos shown?
Can the spectator make the grief his own,
Hang with mute earnestness on ev'ry line,
And own the touch of sympathy divine?
Feel virtuous indignation fire his breast,
And his cheek glow for innocence oppress'd;
Does he one moment steal from self away,
And lend his whole existence to the play?

Such was the scene, "when o'er her barb'rous foes"
By "learning's triumph," first the stage arose;

Her empire o'er the polish'd world when gain'd,
 The tragic and the comic muse maintain'd ;
 Enchanting sisters! as by Reynolds' art
 Pourtray'd, so graven on each feeling heart ;
 Each with attraction all her own is fair,
 And Garrick stands suspended 'twixt the pair ;
 With doubting face, he seems to pause between,
 Yet wins them both, like Shakspeare and like Kean.
 But who is she, with pompous air and gait,
 And dwarfish stature clad in mimic state ?
 She sings—she dances—and she speaks—but hark !
 Ere you the meaning of her words can mark,
 Trumpets and neighing steeds her accents drown,
 And who is she—the favourite of the town ?
 Enquire not of her pedigree or race,
 Some likeness to her sisters you may trace ;
 But such a kindred as she dares not claim,
 Degen'rate branch—and Melo-drame her name."

Written at Sea. Off the Isle of Man.

" I see the white waves that dash over the prow,
 I hear the sails shiver, and rend from the mast ;
 Once my bosom knew fear, but I heed it not now,
 I have said " Farewell Emma," that look was the last.
 I see danger menace from each darken'd brow,
 I hear all alarm'd that the gale freshens fast,
 Once I dreaded the mariner's warning, but now—
 I have said " Farewell Emma," that look was the last.
 I feel the ship labour and rock in the sea,
 And I list to the breakers, and loud rushing blast,
 Once the voice of the tempest had terrors for me,
 I have said " Farewell Emma," that look was the last.
 Let others in plans for their safety agree,
 My time of heart-piercing solicitude's past,
 What I am, I enjoy not, nor care what to be,
 I have said " Farewell Emma," that look was the last."

STANZAS,

From the Spanish of Quevedo.

" Since I thine angel-face have seen,
 All other things have changed been ;
 The Sun no longer brings me day,
 Nor roses do I seek in May.
 Aurora need not blush for me,
 Since it has been my lot to see
 A tint that makes her colour pale,
 And beams that o'er her light prevail.

Let others through the silent night
To mark the glittering stars delight,
I gather from Orinda's eyes
The dear astronomy I prize.

Let others dig the orient mine
Where undetected metals shine ;
The gold of my Orinda's hair
Is all my treasure, all my care.

For me, the wonder-hiding deep
Its pearls eternally may keep ;
Since pearls more precious far than those,
My charmer's opening lips disclose.

Both Time and Fortune are to me
As nothing, Love has set me free ;
Since one cannot an ill impart,
Nor can the other change my heart.

E'en death is vanquish'd by thy charms,
And sighing renders up his arms ;
Thy smile can bid us ever live,
Thy frown annihilation give.

Dissentions must for ever cease,
And all the world adore in peace ;
Since even heretics agree

With one accord to worship thee." p. 55.

From the Irish ballads, which are said to have been "written during a residence of some months in the counties of Down and Antrim, in the summer of the year 1807, and in the dialect spoken by the lower classes of people in the northern parts of Ireland," we select the following.

Thady O'Connor.

"Thou wert false to thy king, oh ! my Thady O'Connor,
But ever most true and most tender to me ;
And was I not thy choice, when thy choice was an honor ?
So my heart, my fond heart must be ever with thee.

Sure 'twas folly not vice that impell'd thee to error,
By the phantom of freedom seduced to thy fate ;
Now betrayed and subdued, the pale victim of terror,
The illusion thou find'st, but thou find'st it too late.

Yet that heart whose mad pulses inflamed thee to treason,
Oft in pity has melted—oft friendship inspired ;
Ah then ! had but its feelings been govern'd by reason,
How all Erin had wept when my Thady expired.

On thy corse deck'd with flowers, then a parent's tears flowing,
Had embalm'd thee, their treasure, their glory, their pride :
At the thought of thy virtues, their hearts had been glowing,
For then loved and lamented their soldier had died.

But oh ! now—thy old father weigh'd down by distresses,
 Sits silent in shame till death comes to relieve him,
 His heart-gnawing cares to no friend he confesses,
 But bids them by signs to pass on and to leave him.

Thy mother !—how loved and how loving a mother,
 She died—and her lips left no blessing for thee—
 From a home render'd wretched away ran thy brother,
 And oh, Thady !—no friend now remains thee but me.

But I'll not forsake thee, my Thady O'Connor,
 Thou repentest—and all is forgotten with me ;
 In this world, thou could'st never find comfort nor honor,
 But the god of all mercies has pardon for thee." p. 75.

The play, which is entitled "*Clara, or the Nuns of Charity*," is introduced to the notice of the reader as being "founded on the story of the "*Siege de Rochelle*," a novel written by Madame de Genlis, but with the introduction of several original characters, and some alterations to bring the various incidents into the compass of five acts." The attempt to dramatise a narrative already in high estimation with the public, has rarely been successful on the stage ; we are not informed whether this piece has been offered for representation, but are persuaded that it would produce considerable effect, if the arduous character of the heroine were sustained by the enchanting actress who unites every suffrage in her favor, by the feminine attraction which at once veils and enhances her abilities. So highly indeed are we pleased with *Clara*, that we shall consider Miss Nooth as far more her own enemy than *even poets* usually are, if she do not soon call for the opinion of some competent judge. We cannot suppose that Mr. Kemble (for instance) would estimate the merit of *Clara* exactly as we do ; yet we venture to foretel that, if consulted, his estimate and ours would differ but little either as to that very pretty piece, or to the whole production. There can be no doubt that the sale of the work will be rapid. In the meantime we are glad to see so flattering a subscription to it—not solely because it well deserves to be read, but from the fine natural feeling which seems to have led the author to appear before the public.

ART. XI. *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Poet Laureate, and Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. In 2 Vols. 12mo. third Edition. 16s. boards. pp. 293. London, Longman. 1814.

THE name of Don Roderick is now become familiar to the ear, as having formed the subject of one of the poems of Walter Scott. It is not impossible but some of our readers may hastily conjecture that the present production,—the first that Mr. Southey has given to the public since his promotion to the honours of the Laureatship, is intended as a rival essay. This, however, is by no means the case. In one instance only do the two poems possess any points of resemblance, and this occurs in the scene of the confession of Roderick; and even in this instance, as Mr. Southey himself observes, “if the contrast had been intentional, it could not have been more complete.”

The Roderick of Walter Scott is a personage who seems solely introduced to give effect to the political feelings of the day, that they may not appear in their cold realities, but derive some borrowed interest from the medium through which they are viewed—and this medium is the hacknied and elaborate strain of long-drawn prophecy. Mr. Southey's object seems to have been to display the intensity of passion, and the action of the severest virtue. Accordingly he has described a man, who, though he might, perhaps, have pleaded some excuse in palliation of a guilty act, yet nobly scorns to lay any “flattering unction to his soul” that might cheat him into self-forgiveness. He rises superior to the frailties of his nature, flies to solitude to weep over his failings, to obtain a thorough knowledge of his own heart and to train himself to the virtue of self-controul. This accomplished, he again emerges into society with his nature sublimed and purified; and becomes a voluntary victim for the salvation of his country.

But we proceed to give an outline of the story, and shall accompany our observations with such extracts as may give the reader some idea of the manner in which the poem is executed.

In a short preface, Mr. Southey informs us that an enmity had subsisted between the royal families of Chindasuintho and Wamba, and that this was a principal cause of the destruction of the kingdom, the latter party having assisted in betraying their country to the Moors for the gratification of their own revenge. Theodofred and Favila were younger sons of King Chindasuintho; King Witiza, who was of Wamba's family, put out the eyes of Theodofred, and murdered Favila at the instigation of that Chieftain's wife, with whom he lived in adultery. Pelayo, the son of Favila and afterwards the founder of the Spanish monarchy, was driven into exile. Roderick, the son of Theodofred, recovered the throne, and retaliated upon Witiza the

cruelty inflicted upon his father, but through a mistaken clemency, he spared Orpas, the brother of the tyrant, as being a priest, and Ebba and Sisibert, the produce of the adulterous connection of Witiza with the mother of Pelayo. These, uniting with count Julian, the powerful governor of Andalusia, invited the Moors to the invasion of Spain—they obeyed the call, and after a continued battle of eight days defeated the Spaniards on the plains of Xeres. It should have been premised that the principal motive that led to this act of treason was a thirst of vengeance for the violated honour of count Julian's daughter, by Roderick.

The poem opens with a rapid detail of Roderick's crime—the invasion of the Moors, and the disastrous event of the battle on the plains of Xeres. Here we are introduced to the hero, who appears in a very interesting point of view.

“ Bravely in that eight days' fight
 The king had striven—for victory first while hope
 Remain'd, then desperately in search of death,
 The arrows past him by to right and left,
 The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
 Glanced from his helmet. Is the shield of heaven,
 Wretch that I am, extended over me?
 Cried Roderick, and he dropt Orelia's reins
 And threw his hands aloft in frantic prayer:
 Death is the only mercy that I crave!
 Death soon and short!—death and forgetfulness!
 Aloud he cried; but in his inmost heart
 There answered him a secret voice, that spake
 Of righteousness, and judgment after death.
 ———'Twas agony,
 And yet 'twas hope—a momentary light
 That flashed through utter darkness on the cross,
 To point salvation, then left all within
 Dark as before. Fear, never felt till then,
 Sudden and irresistible, as stroke
 Of lightning, smote him.”

Under this impression of mind he quits the field disguised in the dress of a peasant, whose dead body he had stripped on the plain. After seven days' flight, he reaches the Guadiana, and finds himself at the Caulian schools, a monastery famous in those days. The place was abandoned by its inhabitants, who had sought safety within the walls of Merida. One solitary monk alone remained, awaiting in the fervour of his zeal the crown of Martyrdom. In him Roderick finds a comforter, and to him he makes a confession of his sins. The poet has very

happily availed himself of this humbling act to give us a clear and powerful view of the character of his hero.

Romano (for such is the name of the monk) takes too deep an interest in the fate of his royal penitent, to leave him: the Moorish army is heard advancing, and they continue their flight till they reach a hermitage situated on a rock that overlooks the western ocean.

The 2nd canto paints Roderick in solitude. This gives the poet an opportunity to describe the struggles of his mind and the various temptations that assail him; which he has done with all the touches of a master, experienced in tracing the secret workings of the heart, and of those 'compunctious visitings,' to which a soul like Roderick's must have been the prey. At one moment self-love prompts him to palliate his crime; the next the sad consequences of his guilt both to himself and his bleeding country rush upon his mind, and tempt him to suicide. Romano dies, and exhausted by one of these mental conflicts, Roderick had stretched himself upon the grave of his departed friend, where, praying for consolation, he falls asleep. He then hears in a dream

"That voice
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which sooth'd his childish griefs;
Counsell'd with anguish and prophetic tears
His headstrong youth."

His mother stands before him in chains; then suddenly her form seems arrayed in splendour, she bears a shield, and glitters in arms. From the visionary tumult of a battle whose cry is "Spain and Victory," he awakes,

"And finds himself upon that lonely grave,
In moonlight, and in silence."

The vision works upon his mind, he interprets it into a revelation of the will of heaven. It bids him also indulge the hope that his mother Rusilla yet lives, and he resolves to leave his solitude and once more seek the redemption of Spain.

The 3rd canto represents Roderick as again returned to society. He has spent twelve months in solitude, and the poet gives a highly striking and characteristic description of the effect which the sight of objects, to which he had so long been a stranger, has upon his mind;

"The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe and scymitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts"

Of anger, shame and anguish in the Goth.
 The unaccustom'd face of human-kind
 Confus'd him now, and through the streets he went
 With hagg'd mien, and countenance like one
 Crazed and bewilder'd.

—————One stopt him short,
 Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
 In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
 To bless him. With a look of vacancy
 Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
 Fell on the money, and the fallen king,
 Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,
 Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
 That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
 In hollow groans suppress'd."

On his way to Coimbra his eyes are struck with the desolation of his country, and he is gradually prepared to meet the horrors that mark the ruined Auria; all this is painted with a force and truth which bespeak no common artist. Here he meets with a female, the only survivor of this scene of carnage, who relates her history, which makes a deep impression on his heart, and tends to confirm him in his purpose. Adosinda—so the heroine is named—struck with the effect her story has upon Roderick, joins with him in a solemn vow to devote her life to avenge the wrongs of her country. Adosinda demands his name, but he evades the disclosure, and accepts from her the surname of Maccabee. They then part—she to the mountains to arouse the vassals of her father's house, and he to bear her commands to the Abbot of St. Felix. He reaches the monastery and finds Odoar the prelate, and Urban, archbishop of Toledo, in deep consultation. He relates what he had witnessed at Auria, and according to Adosinda's instructions enquires whom among the Barons they judge most worthy of the crown. The deep interest he takes in the cause, added to the familiar manner in which he speaks of the characters of the various chieftains, excites their surprise; they demand his name, but only obtain in return the appellation he had lately received from Adosinda: the scene is thus described:

"Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake,
 As if they wondered whose the tongue might be
 Familiar thus with chief and thoughts of state.
 They scann'd his countenance, but not a trace
 Betray'd the royal Goth: sunk was that eye
 Of sovereignty; and on the emaciate cheek

Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn
Their furrows premature, forestalling time,
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
Than three-score winters in their natural course
Might else have sprinkled there."

They commission him to seek Pelayo at Cordoba, the seat of the Moorish court, and to advise him to fly to the Asturias and accept the vacant crown. At his departure, Urban, in consideration of the spiritual necessities of many of the faithful, whom he might find opportunities of relieving, invests him with the priestly character and dismisses him with his blessing.

In the 5th canto we find him on his way to Cordoba. He meets with a party of travellers at an Inn, who are mourning over their respective sorrows and calling down imprecations on the soul of Roderick as the author of their calamities. Roderick's solemn entreaty that they would not curse that sinful soul, which Jesus suffered on the cross to save, attracted the sympathy of an old man, in whom he discovers Siverian the favorite servant of his mother, and his own foster father. The sight of this man in a distant part of the country, excites Roderick's alarm for the safety of his mother; his fears represent her as dead, and he weeps to think he shall never hear her pronounce his forgiveness. He summons up resolution to enquire in the following pathetic lines ;

—————" With that he bent
Over the embers, and with head half-raised
Aslant, and shadowed by his hand, he said,
Where is king Roderick's mother ? lives she still ?
God hath upheld her, the old man replied ;
She bears this last and heaviest of her griefs,
Not as she bore her husband's wrongs, when hope
And her indignant heart supported her,
But patiently, like one who finds from heaven
A comfort, which the world can neither give
Nor take away. Roderick enquired no more :
He breathed a silent prayer in gratitude,
Then wrapt his cloak around him, and lay down
Where he might weep unseen."

In the morning Roderick and the old man depart, and on the way communicate to each other the object of their respective missions. Siverian is sent by Rusilla to acquaint Pelayo with the dangers that threaten his house, from the apostasy of his sister Guisla. They reach an edifice near the city, and entering the chapel of the building, gave way to their mutual sorrows, when

————— “ There stood
 A man before them of majestic form
 And stature, clad in sackcloth, bare of foot,
 Pale, and in tears, with ashes on his head.”

The reader anticipates that it is Pelayo himself, who is holding his annual vigils over his mother's tomb, and imploring pardon for her guilty soul. He recognizes Siverian, and an explanation takes place between all the parties. In answer to the messages delivered him, he states two reasons that prevent his immediate flight—his honor pledged to the Moors to return that evening to Cordoba, and his resolution not to leave behind him his fellow-hostage, the young and interesting Alphonso, son of Count Pedro.

In the ninth canto we find him returned to the town. He meets a woman at the gate awaiting his return, who conjures him by the souls of his mother and of Roderick not to deny her request. He demanded her name,

“ She bared her face, and looking up replied,
 Florinda !”

The passage descriptive of Pelayo's pity and astonishment is replete with beauty and tenderness ; we cannot insert the whole extract, but the simile with which the passage concludes, is at once so novel and exquisite that it would be unpardonable to withhold it.

“ The voice of pity sooth'd and melted her ;
 And when the Prince bade her be comforted,
 a feeble smile
 Past slowly over her pale countenance,
 Like moonlight on a marble statue.”

She informs him that she is solicited in marriage by Orpas the brother of Witiza, formerly Archbishop of Seville, but now a renegade, and entreats an asylum. When Julian invited the Moors into Spain, he promised Florinda's hand to Orpas as the price of his treasonable union ; and the fulfilment of this promise was now demanded. Pelayo grants her request, and accompanied by her and Alphonso departs secretly from Cordoba to join Roderick and Siverian, who await their coming (among the hills.) After a very picturesque and faithful description of a summer night in Spain, they are represented as all meeting round a fire in the woods, where all except Roderick and Florinda yield to the effects of fatigue, and sink to repose. Finding herself in the company of a priest, Florinda rejoices at the happy opportunity of easing her over-burthened conscience in confession. Here follows a scene in which Mr.

Southey's powers are called fully into action, and in which, we think, he has been beyond all example successful. Never was love with all its fervor and tenderness painted with more fidelity or more masterly delineation.

The eleventh book describes the travellers on their way to the castle of Don Pedro. The filial impatience of Alphonso is painted in lines of great tenderness. The desolation of the surrounding country, at first, alarms them; but on a nearer approach Don Pedro's banner is seen waving from the turrets, for already had Adosinda infused her martial ardor into his dispirited vassals. They reach the castle, and Alphonso springs to the embrace of his parents. This restoration of the son puts an end to the feuds that had divided these two houses, and Pelayo promises to bestow his daughter Hermisind on the youthful hero.

The twelfth canto invests the youth with the honors of knighthood. Roderick steps forward and tenders him the oath which is to bind him to the noble cause he has pledged himself to maintain, and addresses him in a strain of warm and dignified exhortation. The ceremony is scarcely completed, when a voice exclaims, "the Moors!" At that moment they were seen approaching, having learnt the escape of Pelayo and Alphonso. A desperate conflict ensues, in which the young hero performs prodigies of valour, and redeems the solemn pledge he had just given.

The thirteenth canto brings the troops, at midnight, to the castle of Pelayo. Here, to their amazement, they find all lonely and deserted; but they are quickly relieved from their apprehensions by the approach of their friends. Among them Pelayo beholds the traitress Guisla, but looks in vain for his wife.

" But who is she that at her side,
Upon a stately war-horse eminent,
Holds the loose rein with careless hand? A helm
Presses the clusters of her flaxen hair;
The shield is on her arm; her breast is mail'd;
A sword-belt is her girdle, and right well
It may be seen that sword hath done its work
To-day, for upward from the wrist her sleeve
Is stiff with blood."

The reader easily recognises the heroic Adosinda, who comes to witness the noble effects which her example has produced upon the minds of her countrymen. Here, too, Roderick beholds his mother, who brings Pelayo the cheering assurance

that his wife and children are in safety, in the mountain fastnesses of Covadonga. Roderick is impatient for an interview with his mother, but is unable to summon up resolution sufficient for the effort. In this state of uncertainty he is found by Siverian, who informs him that Rusilla requires his presence; the invitation comes

————— “like a knell,
To one expecting and prepared for death,
But feeling the dread point that hastens on.”

Rusilla appears not to recognise him at this interview. She had sent for him to entreat his prayers for the soul of Roderick, to thank him for the warmth he had shown at the inn against those who cursed her son, and for the humanity he had displayed towards the suffering Florinda. She too was present, and hears, with a grief still keener than that which wastes away her mortal frame, the apostasy of her father. But another cause excited Roderick's emotions :

————— “The dog who lay
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognised at length,
Changed as he was, and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and lick'd
His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech, and moan'd, as if at once
To court and chide the long-withheld caress.”

Roderick, fearful lest the dog should betray him, breaks off the interview as hastily as possible, and retires from the presence of his mother and Florinda

“Into the thickest grove ; there yielding way
To his o'erburthen'd nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears stream'd down ; ‘Thou, Theron, thou hast known
Thy poor lost master—Theron, none but thou !’ ”

We were pleased to find Mr. Southey make so happy a use of this incident, for we cannot but confess the task appeared to us a dangerous one after the *Argus* of Homer, and especially in the hands of one of the “Lake” school. Happily Mr. S. has not been deaf to the suggestions of criticism, but has risen superior to the prejudices of his sect, by avoiding former defects.

Nothing can be more delightful than the transition from these scenes of high and agitated feeling, to the repose and serenity that mark Pelayo's visit to the wild retreat of Gaudiosa and her children among the mountains of Covadonga. The scenery of this spot is depicted with all that vividness of coloring, and that realizing faithfulness which have before claimed our admiration.

In the eighteenth canto we find them returned in joy and confidence to Cangas, where a festival seems in preparation—it is for the coronation of Pelayo. This is the important moment that is to witness the consummation of Roderick's heroic sacrifice of his right to the sovereignty. The ceremony is performed by the primate Urban, who pronounces a blessing over the Prince, remarkable for its force and sublimity. At the conclusion of this ceremony, Roderick approaches with the shield on which Pelayo is to be elevated. This is the moment to paint the hero, when, with a mind prepared for this act of noble renunciation, he stands proud in his heroic humiliation, and confirms the deed by which he abdicates the crown in the full vigour of his age, and at the moment when ambition has generally the strongest hold upon the heart. We cannot resist making an extract from this part of the poem:

“ Roderick, in front of all the assembled troops,
Held the broad buckler.—————

————— Tall as himself,
Erect it stood beside him, and his hands
Hung resting on the rim. This was an hour
That sweeten'd life, repaid and recompensed
All losses; and although it could not heal
All griefs, yet laid them for awhile to rest
. . . . The joy which every man reflected saw
From every face of all the multitude,
And heard in every voice, and every sound,
Reach'd not the King. Aloof from sympathy,
He, from the solitude of his own soul,
Beheld the busy scene. None shared or knew
His deep and incommunicable joy:
None—but that heavenly Father, who alone
Beholds the struggles of the heart, alone
Knows and rewards the secret sacrifice.”

From this scene of joy and acclamation we pass to one of a softer and more affecting nature. Confident that the sacrifice he has made will ensure his mother's forgiveness, Roderick hastens from the court of the castle to Rusilla's chamber. The mother's eye had recognized her son the moment of the dog's fawn-

ing around him, but she had restrained her feelings in order to observe his conduct. It had now reached a perfection beyond her exalted notions of duty, and she exclaims :

“ Yea, Roderick, even on earth
There is a praise above the Monarch's fame,
A higher, holier, more enduring praise,
And this will yet be thine ! ”

She breathes her benediction upon him, and they part.

Here the scene changes to the Moorish camp. All is warlike preparation. The enemy's numbers are constantly augmented by fresh hordes of Barbarians that pour in, burning for the final subjugation of Spain. The renegades pass in review before us, Ebba and Sisebert, Orpas and Count Julian himself. The latter is represented as possessed of no inconsiderable dignity of character, but struggling against the better feelings of his nature, and the convictions of the falsehood of the creed, to which motives of ambition alone attach him. He obtains from the Moorish chief an absolution from the promise of Florinda's hand to Orpas, and the assurance of a free exercise of her faith.

The twenty-first Canto exhibits the apostate Count performing his ablutions in a fountain near his tent. As he rises he finds his daughter standing before him, and by her side,

“ A meagre man
In humble garb, who rested with raised hands
On a long staff, bending his head, like one
Who, when he hears the distant vesper bell,
Halts by the way, and all unseen of men
Offers his homage to the eye of heaven ! ”

It was Roderick, who had accompanied Florinda, doubtless with the hope of still farther atoning for his crime by attempting the conversion of the man he had so deeply injured. Thus are brought together the three persons who are the cause of each other's ruin, and a discussion takes place, in which their various characters are admirably portrayed. This conference is interrupted by a messenger, who summons Julian to a council of war. When his advice is asked respecting the conduct of the war, the opinion he gives in favor of delay is construed by the Moorish chief, Abulcacem, into a proof of treachery. Orpas had previously poisoned his mind against Julian, and he seizes this opportunity of advising the assassination of the count in battle. This base device of cowardice and murder gives a finishing stroke to the picture of the renegade, nor does the Moor hesitate to adopt it.

The twenty-third Canto brings us again to the vale of Cova-

donga. Half the Moorish army halts at the entrance of the valley, and Count Julian's forces are ranged in the front, that his exposed situation may favor the plan laid against his life. The remainder, under the command of Alcahman, enter the narrow defile veiled in a fog, which conceals the danger to which they are exposed, for Pelayo had stationed a considerable force on the heights, where they stood with the trunks of trees and loosened rocks, awaiting the preconcerted signal to precipitate them upon the devoted host. Adosinda is here introduced, and the magnanimous part she sustains is powerfully described; but we must refer to the poem itself for all but the conclusion of the passage.

“ The Moor turn'd pale,
For on the walls of Auria he had seen
That well-known figure, and had well believed
She rested with the dead. What, ho! she cried,
Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
At Auria in the massacre, this hour
I summon thee before the throne of God,
To answer for the innocent blood! this hour,
Moor, miscreant, murderer, child of hell, this hour
I summon thee to judgment! IN THE NAME
OF GOD! FOR SPAIN AND VENGEANCE!”

These last words contain the appointed signal—it is repeated from rock to rock, the implements of ruin are let loose, and a scene follows which is described with an energy of language that is quite overwhelming.

Meanwhile the impetuosity of the youthful Alphonso had drawn on an attack in the other quarter, and Julian, stationed in the van, receives the fatal blow. Before he is borne off the field, the troops, at the instigation of their dying leader, join the Spaniards, and turn their arms against the perfidious Moors. At his request he is then carried to the church, whither his daughter, attended by the priest, hastens to find him:

“ Eagerly she came,
A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,
A look of settled woe—pale, deadly pale,
Yet to no lamentations giving way,
Nor tears, nor groans—within her breaking heart
She bore the grief.” —————

The last moments of Julian are full of repentance. The priest receives his confession, administers the sacrament to both the father, the daughter, and himself, and then throws himself on the earth before the dying count and the astonished Florinda, implores forgiveness, and discovers himself to be Don Ro-

derick.' Julian pronounces his pardon, tells him his unfaithful wife is no more, and gives him the hand of Florinda. But heaven has ordained it otherwise, and she follows her father to the tomb :

“ On the Goth she gazed,
While underneath the emotions of that hour
Exhausted life gave way. O God, she said,
Lifting her hands—thou hast restored me all—
All—in one hour—and round his neck she threw
Her arms, and cried, ‘ My Roderick, mine in Heaven.’
Groaning he claspt her close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled.”

We now reach the last Canto. It describes the final and decisive battle that established Pelayo on the throne. On quitting the church, Roderick hastens to the field of action, where he beholds Orpas, who had come to solicit a parley, mounted on his favorite steed Orelia. Fired with indignation, he dismounts the renegade, and tramples him to death under the hoofs of the charger. He demands a sword—Count Julian's is brought to him, and he rushes to the fight, scattering havoc and dismay around him. This piece is marked with some touches that are truly sublime—the following lines, for instance. Roderick is still habited as a priest ; and

“ His loose robe this day
Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds
Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould
‘ Seems’ he who in that garb of peace confronts
Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns !”

Roderick has cut his way through the enemy, and approaching the spot where Pelayo and Siverian are stationed, they recognise him on his courser as their long-lost friend and sovereign. He tells them of the death of Julian and his daughter, exchanges his priestly robes for the armour of the old man, sends an affectionate message to his mother, and replunges into the hottest of the battle, setting up the ancient war-cry, ‘ Roderick the Goth ! Roderick and victory !’ The Spaniards recognise their monarch, and are roused e'en to maddening valor by that spirit-stirring word. Roderick meets Sisibert, and dispatches him at a single blow ; he then makes his way ‘ through the thickest ranks,’ in search of Ebba, who also falls beneath his avenging and resistless sword. The Moors are completely routed, and night alone terminates the conflict. The recal is then sounded, and the victors rally round their triumphant banners. But where is the kingly champion, who led the path to glory ? The poet must answer :

" Days, months, and years, and generations past,
And centuries held their course, before, far off,
Within a hermitage near Viscus' walls,
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
In ancient characters, King Roderick's name."

After the enthusiasm which is thus kindled in the reader's mind, it would be cold to stop and offer any remarks on the character of the hero, and the conduct of the poem; we confidently refer our readers to the volumes themselves.

We had marked some passages as prosaic, others as quaint and affected, in particular the tedious detail of Roderick's digging his own grave in the second Canto; but these are trifling defects, and they sink before the frequent and original beauties that abound throughout the poem. In proof of our assertion we need but refer the reader to the vivid and powerful description of the scenery around Cordoba in the fifth Canto, and of the vale of Coradonga in the sixteenth. We are conscious that we have far exceeded our usual limits, but there is one passage among many, with which we cannot refrain from treating the reader before parting. It is that in which Florinda avails herself of the scene before her, to enforce the truths which Roderick is endeavouring to impress on the mind of her infidel father:

" Methinks if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown you there!
Look yonder at that cloud which, through the sky
Sailing above, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watch'd it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams:
*But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.*"

ART. XII. *Essays on the Sources of the Pleasures received from Literary Compositions.* Second Edition. London, Longman. 8vo. pp. 390. 10s. 6d.

THESE Essays are nine in number, and on the following subjects:—On the Improvement of Taste—On the Imagination, and the Association of Ideas—On the Sublime—On Terror—On Pity—On Melancholy—On the Tender Affections—On Beauty—On the Ludicrous.

In his first essay, the author observes that a prior acquaintance with inferior productions tends to disable us from appreciating the higher. And he shows that not only our mental but our external faculties are capable of a much higher degree of improvement from use and habit, than they generally receive.

The pleasure arising from objects of taste is in a great measure influenced by the association of ideas, which is again affected by casual circumstances ; as, by the books that first awoke our imagination, and by our habitual studies and pursuits. In celebrated works, the defects are apt to become agreeable, not only from their connexion with real beauties, but from regard to the genius of the author, and the consciousness of the number and judgment of his admirers. Even our aversion to the character, the opinions, or the country of an author, may cause a disrelish for the beauties of his works.

The perfection of taste demands great sensibility in the moral feelings :

“ Upon the whole, then, our taste will be improved, according as our moral sensibility and intellectual faculties are improved ; according as our knowledge is extensive ; according as we have become acquainted with first-rate compositions ; according as we are disposed and accustomed to connect agreeable trains of thought with proper objects ; according as we have learned to counteract unfavorable associations ; and according as we have been trained to direct our full attention to the more affecting circumstances, and to apprehend them completely and distinctly, even when they are too complicated or too delicate for common observers.” p. 12.

But even taste, however correct, cannot overcome the languor of satiety ; and we are instinctively urged to improve and diversify our powers of discrimination, by the study of inferior objects, recommended by the interest of novelty. The *passive* pleasures of taste, our author remarks, will be most grateful, when they are sought as a recreation from the engrossing anxieties of business, or the severer pursuits of science.

The standard of taste has been much canvassed. This writer founds the principles of criticism on the general sentiments of mankind ; i. e. “ the cultivated and well-informed.” But the principles of criticism

“ Exhibit a standard which may at all times be readily consulted ; and this is more than we can say of nature, or of the general sentiments of any part of mankind. But the establishment of these principles is an arduous work, where many errors mingle themselves with the investigations of the ablest men, and where, as in every other department of philosophy, we must only look for an approxi-

mation to what we are never destined in our present state completely to attain." p. 16.

The imagination often represents objects more vividly in dreams, than sensation can transmit them to our waking faculties; and this results from the comparative fewness of the objects that engage our thoughts while asleep. The imagination has another source of enjoyment, in the power of combining and uniting those qualities, which may never have existed in real objects.

Association is incessantly propagating a train of ideas, from the impulse of the imaginative faculty. Their union gives rise to emotions, which are frequently more animated than those of real life; even when we discredit the existence of the objects that may be suggested by the imagination.

"The reader, probably, has no belief in ghosts and enchantments: yet he will feel some degree of horror when his imagination is awakened by the tales

————— Of the death-bed call
To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of Hell around the murd'rer's bed." p. 22.

We pass over many very sensible observations of a similar kind, which will be better understood in the original; and come to the author's precepts for the conduct of Imagination. The reader should be prepared for the intended impression; and the writer should be more solicitous to supply him with appropriate hints, than to enter into minute detail. Judgment in selecting the most efficient of a multitude of ideas is of no less importance than copiousness of invention. The crisis of time and circumstance must be well studied.

"Every one, who has witnessed the representation of Venice Preserved, may recollect a circumstance, which shows how much may be done by a proper preparation. I allude to the sudden alarm, which seizes the audience in the parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera, when the bell gives the first toll for the execution of the conspirators. The effect of the bell would have been little or nothing, if it had been heard before this affecting interview begins. It is from the trembling sensibility to which we are previously subdued, that the signal for the execution shakes us to the very heart." p. 37.

As imagination is more powerful than language or painting,

it shows both policy and talent in the author, to claim the assistance of his reader's fancy. But this confidence is not to be carried too far :

“ It may not, however, be easy to determine in particular cases, whether the reader may be supposed to be sufficiently prepared, so that the hints which are given may serve both to keep up the fire of his imagination, and to present a sufficient outline, which he will readily of himself fill up in the manner we could wish. Where this does not happen, the attempt must prove abortive, and the composition be most feeble in the very place, where the author designed it to have the strongest effect.” p. 40.

But every great or interesting object ‘ ought to be in some respects particularly and even minutely described,’ in order to assist our apprehension of those other qualities, which have been noticed but generally. Milton's Eve is cited in illustration.

Emotions that are painful in their higher degrees may be gratifying in the gentler ; as in the instances of sunshine, fragrance, and sweetness. Though self-gratulation may be a constituent of the pleasure that proceeds from narratives of terror, there are others of equal efficacy :

“ We are to remember, that the unusual and alarming situation, in which the characters are represented, must awaken our curiosity both with regard to their fate, and with regard to their conduct and appearance, in circumstances where the utmost fortitude, or fortitude more than human, would be requisite for their support. And, perhaps, it is in the gratification of this curiosity, that the pleasure of many persons chiefly consists.

“ If to all this we add, that the imagination may be elevated to the sublimest conceptions ; and that the gentler and endearing emotions of pity, with all the charms of composition, may be blended to soften the dreadful : it would appear, that we may account in a satisfactory manner for the pleasure, which may be derived from writings, whose object is to raise our terror.” p. 98.

Terror is aggravated by obscurity ; and too much specification in the portraiture of disgusting objects detracts from its impressiveness. The terrible and the sublime are advantageously united ; and a temporary guidance of the attention towards soothing objects will operate both as a relief and an auxiliary to the intensity of terror.

Pity, like terror, owes considerable part of its attraction to the self-love of its votaries ; nor should it be prolonged to weariness. An amiable character in the sufferer adds to the effect of the composition. The author observes,

“ Otway, whose powers in the pathetic are very uncommon, has miserably neglected the effect of character in the case of Jaffier and

Pierre. The former we despise ; the latter we detest : and hence we are not only the less interested in their fortunes ; but the interest, which by the talents of the poet we are forced to take, is reluctant and unpleasing. On the other hand, the virtuous and amiable Belvidera has the full command of our affections and pity." p. 128.

The perversion of innocence by sophistry, as in Voltaire's *Mahomet*, may be strongly attractive of commiseration. The author, as in a former chapter, advises that all unseemly or disagreeable adjuncts should be judiciously suppressed ; and he again tries his hand on *Otway*, and makes an animadversion upon the poet, to the justice of which we cannot subscribe. That the catastrophe of the *Orphan* involves as much horror as pity may be conceded ; but, in our judgment, to no unseemly degree. If this, together with the peculiarity of the event, from which the distress takes rise, should render the work less proper for the stage—at least in modern times—it cannot fail to command the keenest sympathy and the most enamored interest in the silent perusal.

Our other engagements are incompatible with a particular notice of the remaining Essays. From the author's frequent references to the poets and essayists of Scotland, and his occasional praises of their most indifferent productions, we suspect that he has acquired his knowledge in that country. His book is, upon the whole, written in a style rather diffusive, and evinces no power of very profound thought ; but he is a diligent observer of what lies near the surface, and expresses himself with commendable perspicuity.

ART. XIII.—*Historical Memoirs of my own Time, Part the First from 1772 to 1780 ; Part the Second, from 1781 to 1784.* By Sir N. WILLIAM WRAXALL, Bart. Second Edition, in Two Volumes, pp. 1168. London, Cadell. 1815.

SIR William Wraxall has long enjoyed the reputation of an excellent writer ; and his fame as a literary character, and an accomplished man of the world, will not suffer by this publication. It treats of subjects in themselves highly interesting, and they are narrated in a clear and forcible manner. What he has attempted, he has done well : but whether his success will contribute as much to the moral improvement of his readers, as to their amusement and the increase of his own celebrity, may, in a few instances, be questioned. If it do not, the fault will

probably be found in the matter, not in the man who handles it. We speak relatively to some part of the contents of the first volume: in the other, the scene does not lie among puppets moved upon the wires of Appetite, by the hands of Rapacity and Treason; not in the land "of singing and dancing slaves," or among Lusitanian dupes and bigots, but in England—in that happy country where Vice seldom dares shew her hideous face unmasked, and where the decencies and "charities" of life are still cherished, protected, and honored.

A great proportion of the facts related in the first volume of this work, especially concerning persons high in rank and office, are of that description which tends to degrade the general estimate of human nature, and lower the tone of moral feeling. When we read, for instance, of a King of Naples more gross in his habits and conversation than an English porter; when we are told of the inconceivable mixture of levity and stupidity, bigotry, and licentiousness, which has disgraced royalty on the thrones of Spain and Portugal (to say nothing of incestuous marriages and murders perpetrated from political motives), instead of regarding those sovereigns as superior to the generality of mortals, we can scarcely assign them a place among rational beings. Whatever may be urged by the advocates for *unqualified royal biography*, it should be remembered that the perusal of the secret *Memoirs of Courts*, however fine the mould in which they are cast, seldom leaves the mind without a stain. We are commanded to look upon the persons of kings as invested with a degree of sacredness, and entitled to a respect which familiarity has a direct tendency to destroy; and notwithstanding what the Abbé Winckleman has said relative to the *conflicting feelings* and *mixed emotions* in the countenances of pictures and statues, it is impossible for the bosom at once to entertain veneration and disgust for the same object. Hence, by dispelling the cloud of mystery that constitutes the magnifying medium through which monarchs are usually seen, and thus reducing them to the same standard and distinctness with other men, the chronicler of crowned delinquency weakens the respect which undefined perceptions had created, and undermines that allegiance which good subjects would fain pay—even to bad rulers. Some of Sir William's portraits remind us of the paintings of Dutch artists, who have wasted their time in forming *accurate* representation of gross and familiar subjects, which are but the more disgusting from being correct. They are, indeed, *true to Nature*, but such Nature as Art would be well employed in hiding; and of which the most exact delineations are the most reprehensible.

These remarks apply rather to the general system of memoir-writing and reading, than to the particular case of Sir W. Wraxall. As a man of good sense, he was aware that a writer is not obliged to send to the press the whole contents of his portfolio; that though candour, the first requisite in every historian, requires that the truth should be spoken, yet it does not call for all the truth at all times. But that same candour demanded of him not to speak partially of courts and kings merely because they were such; not to blazon their virtues, and conceal their vices, whatever either might be. Whether he has steered his course with a steady hand, his numerous readers can themselves determine—and they will determine according to their respective tastes.

Of the principles on which the work is conducted, the preface to the second edition will afford a fair criterion.

“Every man who undertakes to write history must, from the nature of human things, be unintentionally liable to commit errors, however anxiously desirous he may be of relating only facts: an observation which applies with still greater force to those who write on contemporary or recent events, where the passions or interests of men become blended with, and are affected by, the account given of almost all transactions. When Mezerai, who wrote the History of France, was informed of an error that he had committed—“I could point out a hundred,” replied he, “which I have made in the course of the work, while you only mention a single instance.” Such is the nature of all composition which regards historical facts.

“Having received from Count Woronzow, under his hand, the assurance that I have been in an error with regard to him, and that I have mis-stated the circumstances relative to the first Princess of Wirtemberg, in which he is mentioned; my respect for Count Woronzow’s public, as well as private character, and my implicit confidence in his veracity, has induced me wholly to omit in the present edition both the passages where allusion is made to him. Not doubting that, however authentic I always have considered the sources from which I formerly derived the information in question, the account given me must have been erroneous.

“I am likewise desirous of correcting an error relative to Lord Sherborne, having seen a letter from that nobleman, of recent date, in which he gives a short, but distinct account of the facts that preceded his elevation to the peerage, at Mr. Pitt’s recommendation; disclaims having either solicited, or attempted to bargain for it; and after relating the particulars of his interview with the First Minister, on the occasion of his being mentioned to the King for a peerage, adds, “There never was one word between Mr. Pitt and me, respecting a peerage, before that day.” To such testimony I

most readily yield ; but I have not been able to alter the relation given of the transaction in the present edition : that passage, in consequence of the rapidity with which the first edition of this work has sold, having been already printed before I saw Lord Sherborne's letter.

“ There are, besides these two errors, some others of inferior consequence, scattered throughout the two volumes, which I have altered or corrected in consequence of subsequent information : truth being the only object of my respect and pursuit,”

Cheltenham, 1st June, 1815.

Those, who are accustomed to reflect on the nature of memoir writing, will easily reconcile the admission in the last sentence of Sir William's Preface with the circumstance of his having admitted some unauthorised assertions into the first edition of his work. We, ourselves, have heard the transaction relative to the first Princess of Wirtemberg very frequently mentioned ; but never, till the other day, contradicted by any one. The author must have been in the same predicament ; and hence the insertion of those reputed transactions became as much a duty at that time, as the omission of them, upon the unquestionable veracity of Count Woronzow, is at this.

A correct analysis of Sir William Wraxall's book would be a lengthened detail of the political events of Europe from the year 1772 to 1784. We wish it had extended to the present day ; and although the courteous baronet does not authorize such an expectation, we cannot help indulging the hope of seeing from the same pen, and at no very distant time, an historical review of the *Melo-drame* which has lately been performed on the Theatre of Europe, with the *Serious Pantomime* of “ The Flight from Rochfort,” and the grand Finale of the “ Restoration of the Bourbons,” being disposed to look to that race, not for the *best of possible* but for the best of *probable kings*.

Our readers will form the best judgment of the matter and manner of the work to which we have called their attention, by a few detached anecdotes and portraits. After relating the conspiracy of the Duke d'Aveiro and the Marquis de Tavora, in 1758 : by which Joseph the First of Portugal narrowly escaped assassination, the author speaking of the old Marchioness of Tavora says :

“ Haughty and imperious in her character, she was restrained by no considerations of pity or of humanity, when her vengeance, her ambition, or her interest impelled her. The meetings of the conspirators were frequently held in a summer house, situate in the garden of the Marquis of Tavora's palace at Lisbon, with which it was connected by a long wooden gallery. It happened that a young

Portuguese lady, of noble extraction, but of reduced circumstances, who lived in the Marchioness's family, as her companion; surprised at observing lights, one evening, in this summer house, and altogether without suspicion of the cause; was attracted by curiosity to approach the place. As she advanced along the gallery that led to it, she heard voices in earnest conversation; and on coming nearer soon distinguished that of the Marchioness, who seemed to be animated by some cause, to a pitch of uncommon violence. She listened for a few seconds; and then, apprehensive of being discovered in such a situation, she was about to return from whence she came, when the door suddenly opening, the Marchioness herself appeared. Their surprise was mutual; and the latter demanded, with much agitation, what cause had brought her to that place? She answered, that her astonishment at observing lights in the summer house, had led her to ascertain the reason. "You have then, no doubt," said the Marchioness, "overheard our conversation?" The young lady protested that she was perfectly ignorant of it; and that as soon as she distinguished the Marchioness's voice, her respect led her to return to the palace, which she was about to do, at the moment when the door opened. But the Marchioness, who had too much at stake to be so easily satisfied or deceived, assuming a tranquil air, and affecting to repose a confidence in her, "The Marquis and I," rejoined she, "have had a serious and a violent quarrel, during the course of which, he had the rudeness to contradict me in the most insulting manner, and he even carried his audacity to such a point as to give me the lie. I burst out of the room, unable to restrain my indignation, and no longer mistress of my emotions. Did you not hear him give me the lie at the time I opened the door?" "I did, Madam," imprudently replied the unfortunate lady. Aware from that instant, that the nature of their meeting, and of the subjects agitated at it, was now in some measure discovered, she instantly determined to prevent the possibility of its being further divulged. Next morning, the body of the unhappy listener was found in one of the streets of Lisbon, wrapt in a sheet, scarcely cold, and the blood still oozing from various wounds inflicted on her with a dagger. It was not doubted at the time, that she had been put to death by secret directions, issued from the palace of Tavora: but the power of that great family, and the frequency of similar spectacles in the Portuguese capital, silenced all judicial enquiry into the causes of her tragical end." vol. i. p. 31.

Relative to the first impressions made by Louis XVI. of France, on his accession to the throne, it is said:

"To the majesty of the first European crown he added the brilliancy of youth, not having yet completed his twentieth year. But, though young, he possessed neither the graces, the activity, nor the elasticity of mind, usually characteristic of that period of life. Heavy, inert, inclined to corpulency; and destitute of all aptitude for any exercises of the body, except hunting; he seemed, like James the

First of England, unfit for appearing in the field. His manners were shy; a natural result of his neglected education, which made Madame de Barré commonly call him, during his Grandfather's life, "Le gros garçon, mal élevé." Yet never did any Prince manifest more rectitude of intention, greater probity, or a warmer desire to advance the felicity of his people. Nor was his understanding by any means inadequate to fulfilling those benevolent designs. He even endeavoured, at an early period of his reign, to repair the want of preceding instruction, by intense private application. For geography, he displayed an uncommon passion; and it is well known, that none of his ministers equalled him in that branch of knowledge. Before 1778, when the French cabinet embraced the injudicious determination of aiding the Americans, by sending out D'Etaign with a fleet to their support; the King had rendered himself so perfect a master of the topography of the Trans-atlantic continent, that from the river St. Laurence, to the southern extremity of Florida, not a head-land, a bay, a river, or almost an inlet, were unknown to him. Warmly attached to the Queen his wife and indisposed to connexions of gallantry, his nuptial fidelity could admit of no dispute; and in all the relations of domestic life he might be esteemed not only blameless, but meritorious. George the Third could hardly lay claim to higher moral esteem and approbation, in his private character." vol. i. p. 111.

From the cabals of foreign courts, our author sometimes agreeably digresses to characterise British worthies; and Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Boscawen, and the wits and literati, whom these celebrated ladies flattered, and by whom they were flattered in turn, pass over the scene which they dignify and embellish, and furnish a curious and interesting parallel with the brilliant society of our Gallic neighbours, when a D'Alembert, and a Du Deffand, mingled philosophy and gallantry; and ministers and professors listened with condolence and admiration to the love-sick ravings of a de L'Espinasse. We find a few words concerning Dr. Johnson, who, we can easily believe, was not so highly polished in his manners, so *facile à vivre* as the President Hainault or the Marquis de Condorcet: nevertheless, we had hoped to find the learned Baronet rather more of an enthusiast for the boast and pride of his own country. We must however bear in mind that Sir William Wraxall did not rise to his zenith till many years after that great luminary in the hemisphere of literature had become extinct, never having suffered an eclipse; but leaving a shining path which no living star—no constellation of geniuses, has yet equalled in brilliancy or extent. In the pages of this work there occurs a misstatement which we beg leave to point out, not doubting that in a third edition, Count Woronzow, Lord Sherborne, and our

selves shall all be satisfied. Dr. Johnson is represented as having said "he would as soon dine with Jack Ketch, as with Jack Wilkes," whereas Mr. Boswell explicitly affirms, in contradiction to the report of his "illustrious friend's" having made such a strange speech, that it was *not* said by Dr. Johnson, but merely *supposed* by himself, as an expression likely to escape from the angry lexicographer if invited purposely to meet Mr. Wilkes, as a *privilege* and a *treat*. We have been "extreme to mark what was amiss," from Sir William Wraxall's scrupulous adherence to fact. Rousseau made the same professions, but made use of deliberate falsehoods for the very purpose of deception, while the candid Memorialist of his own times acknowledges his mistakes with so much temper and good sense that he gains upon our credit from his very errors, and seems, like Antæus, to rise stronger from each fall. The passage to which we allude is in vol. I. p. 161. In page 259, we find a strange story of "a person of the name of Ogilvie, an Irishman by birth, who practised Surgery with great reputation at Rome," in the year, 1748, who was kidnapped by two masks and conveyed to an apartment where he was compelled, by *the fear of being murdered*, to take away the life of a young and beautiful woman by cutting her veins while she sate in a warm bath! Since to those who are sunk in wickedness beyond the reach of pity or remorse, there are a hundred ways of taking away life, we find it difficult to give our belief to so perilous and superfluous an expedient as compelling a foreign gentleman to perform such a deed, when native assassins were so numerous, and the stiletto was in familiar use among individuals of all ranks. As to Mr. Ogilvie—could he ever have the presumption to look man or woman in the face after such a deed!

Sir W. Wraxall does not disdain to tell us very gravely the old story of Ed. Lyttleton and the Dove, which we thought all *bonnet* *têtes* had long ago agreed to disbelieve. Many interesting particulars are related concerning the unfortunate Charles Edward, who does not appear so engaging in the authentic details of our Memorialist as in the enchanting romance of Waverley. A circumstantial detail of the riots in London, June 1780, occupies a considerable portion of this volume, which contains some curious details respecting the immediate predecessors of his present majesty. In his conjectures concerning the person of Junius, the author displays considerable depth of research and acuteness of discrimination, he seems, with Lord Orford, inclined to fix the *Letters* upon Single-speech Hamilton. Towards the close of the first volume Sir William conducts his

readers into Parliament, and the Lords North and Bute supply the subject of much instructive and entertaining biography and criticism. Of Mr. Jenkinson (who is not forgotten in the *Rolliad*) it is said :

“ The expression of his countenance, I find it difficult to describe, as without having in his face any lines strongly marked, it was not destitute of deep intelligence. Reflection and caution seemed to be stamped on every feature ; while his eyes were usually, even in conversation, directed downwards towards the earth. Something impervious and inscrutable seemed to accompany and to characterise his demeanour, which awakened curiosity, while it repressed enquiry. His enemies asserted, that he resembled a dark lanthorn ; and as much as the human figure or physiognomy can ever be supposed to offer such a strange similarity, unquestionably it existed in him. Even the twinkling motion of his eye-lids, which he half closed from time to time in speaking, made the allusion, however fanciful, more close and striking. His manners were polite, calm, and unassuming, grave, if not cold ; but not distant, without any mixture of pride or affectation. In society, though reserved, he was not silent ; and though guarded on certain topics, communicative on ordinary subjects. He always appeared as if desirous to disclaim, and to reject the consideration, which he involuntarily attracted. It was not difficult, on a short acquaintance, to discover that he had read men, more than books ; and that his education had been of an inferior, as well as limited kind. He neither manifested the elegant information acquired by visiting foreign countries, nor the classic ideas and images, derived from a familiarity with the productions of antiquity. Even his knowledge of modern history was rather financial and commercial than critical. But in recompense for these deficiencies, he possessed more useful and solid attainments, calculated to raise their possessor in life.

“ No man in official situation was supposed to understand better the principles of trade, navigation, manufactures, and revenue. He had written and published on those subjects, in a manner that sufficiently proved his profound acquaintance with them. Supple, patient, mild, laborious, persevering, attentive to improve the favourable occasions which presented themselves, and always cool, he never lost the ground which he had once gained. As a speaker in the House of Commons, he rose seldom, unless called out by particular circumstances ; nor, when on his legs, did he ever weary the patience of his auditors. No ray of wit, humour, or levity, pervaded his speeches. He neither introduced into them metaphors, digressions, nor citations. All was fact and business. His language had nothing in it animated nor elevated. Scarcely was it, indeed, always correct, or exempt from some little inelegancies of diction. But it never was defective in the essentials of perspicuity, brevity, and thorough information. He used to remind me, of a man crossing a torrent on stones ; and so carefully did he place

his foot at every step, as never once to wet his shoe. I have seen him, before a crowded house, acquit himself with wonderful dexterity, while Secretary at War, when officially addressing Parliament. Such qualifications, even independent of the supposed favor of the sovereign, necessarily rendered him an object of respect and of attention to every party." Vol. 1. p. 548.

The second volume commences with a statement of the posture of affairs in the cabinet of the year 1781, and the reader is gratified by a series of full-length miniature portraits of Fox, Pitt, and Burke, executed with great spirit and fidelity. The errors of the first of these great men are not spared, while cordial testimony is borne to the great and good qualities he so often displayed. We are reminded that

"Amid the wildest excesses of youth, even while the perpetual victim of his passion for play, his elegant mind eagerly cultivated at intervals, a taste for letters. His education has made him early acquainted with the writers of Greece and Rome, historical, as well as philosophical and poetical. The beauties of Horace, Tacitus, Juvenal, and Cicero, which were familiar to him, seemed always to present themselves to his memory, without an effort.

"When speaking in Parliament, he knew how to avail himself of their assistance, with a promptitude and facility that it is difficult to imagine. Burke himself was not his superior on this point. So well had he been grounded in classic knowledge, that he could read the Greek, no less than the Roman historians, as well as poets, in the original; and however extraordinary the fact may appear, he found resources in the perusal of their works, under the most severe depressions occasioned by ill success at the gaming table. Topham Beauclerk, whom I have already had occasion to mention, and who always maintained habits of great intimacy with Fox; quitted him one morning at six o'clock, after having passed the whole preceding night together at Faro. Fortune had been most unfavourable to Fox, whom his friend left in a frame of mind approaching to desperation. Beauclerk's anxiety respecting the consequences which might ensue from such a state of agitation, impelled him to be early at Fox's lodgings; and on arriving, he enquired, not without apprehension, whether he was risen. The servant replying that Mr. Fox was in the drawing-room, he walked up stairs, and cautiously opening the door, where he expected to behold a frantic gamester stretched on the floor, bemoaning his misfortunes, or plunged in silent despair; to his equal astonishment and satisfaction, Beauclerk discovered him intently engaged in reading a Greek Herodotus. "What would you have me do," said he, "I have lost my last shilling!"

"Such was the elasticity, suavity, and equality of disposition that characterized him; and with so little effort did he pass from profuse dissipation, to researches of taste or literature. After

staking and losing all that he could raise, at Faro ; instead of exclaiming against fortune, or manifesting the agitation natural under such circumstances, he has been known to lay his head on the table ; and retaining his place, but, extenuated by fatigue of mind and body, almost immediately to fall into a profound sleep." Vol. 2 p. 23.

Respecting the obstinate prosecution, and mortifying termination of the American war, and the various opinions entertained by different parties relative to the conduct of the sovereign at that epoch ; we have a luminous detail, with many anecdotes of which Sir William was himself a witness. A few of a lighter nature than those connected with the political disasters of the country are occasionally introduced ; but for an account of these we must refer to the work itself.

Concerning the peace of 1783, and the coalition of Lord North, and Mr. Fox, the details given in this work are highly interesting. We are informed that

" Those who heard Mr. Pitt address the House on that evening, cannot easily forget the impression made upon his audience, by a speech which might be said to unite all the powers of argument, eloquence, and impassioned declamation. He seemed to fight indeed, as Cæsar did at Munda, not merely for empire, or for power ; but for life. After defending, article by article, the treaties concluded ; he finished by deprecating the ill-omened and baneful alliance which had just taken place between Lord North and Fox, as teeming with pernicious effects of every kind to the country. Then reverting to the consequences which it might produce personally to himself, he professed his readiness to retire to a private station without regret. Alluding to so material an impending change in his own condition, he exclaimed,

" Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem : si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit."

With an admirable presence of mind, which never forsook him, he here paused ; and conscious that the words of the Roman poet immediately following, " Et mea virtute me involvo," might seem to imply a higher idea of his own merit or disinterestedness, than it would become him to avow, he cast his eyes on the floor. A moment or two of silence elapsed, while all attention was directed towards him from every quarter of the house. During this interval, he slowly drew his handkerchief from his pocket, passed it once or twice across his lips ; and then recovering as it were from his temporary embarrassment, he added with emphasis, striking his hand on the table,

“ ————— probamque

Pauperiem sine dote quæro.” Vol. 2. p. 313.

Towards the end of this interesting volume, we meet with a statement so disgraceful to that National Assembly to which every Englishman looks up, as to the palladium of his rights, that we unwillingly yield to it that belief which we know not how to withhold from the assertions of Sir William Wraxall.

The second part of this valuable work, after bearing ample testimony to Sir William's depth of research, and perspicuity of expression, concludes with the following passage.

“ The obligations which the king owed to Pitt, for liberating him from the chains of the ‘ coalition,’ at the time when they were about to have been rivetted, were certainly of the first magnitude. No other subject in his dominions would probably have attempted, but assuredly no other individual would have successfully performed, so important and arduous a service. After witnessing the formation and extinction of three administrations, within the space of little more than twenty months, George the Third beheld in prospect, domestic tranquillity, personal freedom, and national prosperity. Nor were these the only benefits that resulted to him, from the events that we have related. All the errors and misfortunes of his reign seemed to be swallowed up and forgotten, in the grave of the ‘ Coalition.’ The odium of Lord Bute's ministry, and the peace of 1763, aggravated by the prosecution of Wilkes; the humiliating negociation and compromise relative to Falkland Islands, which the pen of ‘ Junius’ had consigned to perpetual reprobation; lastly, the disasters of the American war, followed by the loss of an empire beyond the Atlantic;—the accumulated evils of three and twenty years disappeared at once, and were obliterated. Only the virtues of the sovereign seemed to survive in the memory of his people. The same prince, who, in March, 1782, labored under a load of prejudice and unpopularity; was considered in March, 1784, as the guardian of the constitution, worthy the warmest testimonies of affection, gratitude, and respect. They poured in upon him from all quarters, acknowledging the blessings of his paternal government, and approving the recent interference of his prerogative, for the destruction of an unprincipled faction. Wilkes, who had been among the most ardent opposers of the ‘ East India Bill,’ and among the foremost supporters of Pitt in Parliament, as member for Middlesex; re-appeared at St. James's, where he met with a most gracious reception. A new order of events, and a new æra, seemed to commence from this auspicious date. In fact, if we would point out the period of time, from the commencement of this long, as well as eventful reign, during which the sovereign and the country equally enjoyed most felicity; we should not hesitate to name the interval, comprising about four years and a half, that succeeded Pitt's triumph over

Fox, in the spring of 1784, down to the king's severe seizure, in the autumn of 1788. Here, therefore, as at a political land mark, I shall conclude the second part of the Historical Memoirs of my own Time."

When the author shall have obliged the public by bringing his Memoirs down to the present time, he will have no difficulty in fixing upon a period infinitely more felicitous and splendid, than that to which he refers.

Miscellanea.

ON QUACKERY.

DOCTOR Johnson observes, "That cheats can seldom stand long against ridicule;" but this excellent judge of human nature seems to have laid his maxim too generally. For that species of beings called *quacks*, are proof against not only ridicule, but conscience itself; and this, in some measure, from knowing that they are tolerated by the laws, though chiefly from the encouragement given them by an unsuspecting generous public.

It is a matter of some surprise, that persons of this description should be found in any civilized society; since, in them, death every day finds his most potent allies. It might, indeed, be a fit subject of inquiry, whether a greater portion of the human race fall by violence, including even war itself, or through the use of improper means resorted to for the removal of natural disorders.

Prosecutions have occasionally been instituted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, against persons who had exposed to view objects not half so shocking to modesty, as those obscene papers frequently handed about the streets by nostrum-mongers: and many have been brought to trial by the law-officers of the Crown, for writings and actions by no means so detrimental to the community as the use of those nostrums. That society have, however, sometimes taken effectual steps against this class of persons; and although the sale of their medicines adds to the public revenue, by the stamps vended with

them, yet we must not suppose any thing so illiberal as that such a consideration should weigh with the King's Attorney General in the discharge of the duties of his high office. With a view to good morals, certainly with a view to the increase of population, and the preservation of the present existing race of men, the pretenders we speak of ought to be narrowly watched. But their pretensions, and their isolated acts, are hardly ever cognizable in a court of law; the best course is, to avoid them.

In spite of the daily instances we have of their ignorance, and the fatal blunders they commit, we still see thousands weak enough to trust their lives in their hands. They are, however, too wise to venture upon the use of their own medicines; for, as the story has been told, one of them having by mistake, taken one of his own pills, sent for a regular practitioner, who, expressing his surprise at being called on what he considered a trivial occasion: the quack observed, "Not so trivial, Sir, as you may imagine; I have had the misfortune to swallow one of my own pills!"

The sentiments they entertain of those whom they contrive to dupe, are illustrated by the following anecdote: A very able, but not very affluent physician, being one day in company with a celebrated advertising doctor, expressed his astonishment that a man not known to the heads of the faculty, should be able to support so great an establishment, whilst he himself, with all the advantages he had from his birth enjoyed, could with difficulty keep up the appearance of a gentleman. "Look out (said the quack) of that window for one minute. How many persons have passed since you began to look out?" "About a hundred." "And how many wise men do you suppose there may be among them?" "Perhaps only one." "Well, then, (said the quack) I will now answer your question: *the ninety-nine who are fools come to me; the solitary wise man goes to you.*"

REMARKS ON THE BRITISH DRAMA.

THE decline of the British Drama from the genius of antiquity, is a constant theme of complaint with the critics of the present day. Our comedies, they say, are but the shadow of transient manners, without a knowledge of the human heart: their wit is but the dregs of farce, and often dependent on some outrageous caricature of individual or unnatural eccentricities, adapted to

the person and style of some particular actor. And as for our tragedies, they display a plentiful lack of poetic fancy, and substitute declamation for pathos. In short, it should seem that our drama is degenerating into "second childishness and mere oblivion," and that our age is in need, as Lord Clarendon says of Waller, of "a tenth muse to cherish drooping poetry."

We are therefore prompted to inquire for that period of our literature, in comparison with which this deterioration is affirmed to exist. On doing so, we shall not long hesitate in fixing the galaxy of our dramatic glory in the whole of the seventeenth century, and at the latter part of the sixteenth, including the reign of Elizabeth. We mean not to assert, that we wanted good writers, both in tragedy and comedy, after the close of the 17th century; but we conceive that, about that period, those principles of decay were beginning insensibly to operate, which, in conjunction with the change of studies, national pursuits, manners, and taste, have gradually wrought our declension from our former "high and palmy state."

But while we are praising the poetic vein of our ancestors, and asserting that the stage was formerly supplied with compositions which, in respect to the state of popular information and feeling when they were written, evince a much higher degree of genius than modern productions, it is but justice to ask, Whether these ancient plays are adaptable to our times? If they are not, we ought to set bounds to our eulogies of the genius of our ancestors. We take a middle path between those who ascribe the preponderance of attraction in our ancestors to the superiority of their powers; and those who impute it to the present advanced state of civilization—the exhaustion of materials—the dread of criticism—and the incompetence of managers. Though all these causes have undoubtedly operated, we are compelled to admit the superior interest excited by our early writers, while we think they possessed facilities which are denied to their descendants. Such of their plays, too, as are the most animating and instructive in the silent perusal, are not always susceptible of the greatest popularity on the stage, considered in respect to our times, and, occasionally, to their own. It is too rash to assert, with some critics, that every interesting conjuncture in the strife or union of human passions and interests, has been anticipated by our elder poets; but we allow that they had a much wider scope than we have for wonderful and impressive combinations of circumstance and feeling. The characteristics we shall mention are more or less common to all our ancient dramatists; but, for exemplification, we shall refer more

particularly to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, who may perhaps be regarded as the only writers of that day who superseded Shakspeare in the public favor.

In an introductory dissertation to the History of English Poetry, Warton has already pointed out the fitness of the age of chivalry for the indulgence of poetic fancy; but he has not pursued the subject to its full extent. "The age of chivalry," though past in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, had by no means lost its influence. Its setting glories had left behind them a long train of radiance; and even when time had diminished its lustre, its reflected light was sufficient to irradiate the productions of its votaries.

The effects of chivalry were visible, not only in the jousts and tourneys of the sixteenth century, but also in the popular tenets and belief. Devotedness to the sex, implicit submission to the will of the sovereign, who conferred knighthood after exacting allegiance, and an habitual recourse to the protection of guardian saints, were its characteristics. The eastern Crusades resulted from this principle; and the religion, or rather the superstition, of Rome, by which it was first guided, sanctioned the belief of supernatural agency, of witchcraft, and of the conditional government of the infernal powers by magic. These are familiar in the romances of chivalry; and even when the yoke that bound us to the Roman faith was torn asunder, they long subsisted in full vigor. Of such materials, our elder dramatists made very liberal use; and the personifications of the ancient mysteries had already prepared the way for their introduction on the stage. They took their plots from the romances of the time; which, when freed from the miracles of chivalry, were still remote from the soberness of modern fiction. There is often some wonder-working poison,¹ or radical improbability of circumstance, which would alone condemn a production of these times, though it may give rise to vigorous efforts of imagination. They in general moulded history to their own purposes, and bid defiance to probability,² when it was conceived that its absence could be more than compensated by fancy and invention. The unities of time and place were unknown, or wilfully neglected. Histories and lives were compressed into plays; anachronisms were committed without remorse; and persons, customs, and events, were

¹ Custom of the Country; Humorous Lieutenant; Valentinian; Thierry and Theodoret.

² Prophetess; Cupid's Revenge.

shuffled together by the poet with little ceremony, provided the effect of his moving pictures was calculated to excite the anxieties and raise the admiration of the spectators. But besides these, the writer had other resources from which the modern author is debarred.

The doctrine of non-resistance was another corroborant of invention. "The right divine of kings to govern wrong,"—the principle that no excesses of tyranny would justify the active resentment of the subject, was encouraged by Elizabeth,¹ in order to maintain the validity of her title against the intrigues of the Court of Rome; and it is known that her immediate successors were not averse to this doctrine. Hence, in the productions of our earlier poets, in which the interest is founded on the unparalleled injuries of princes towards their subjects, and the inward struggles of nature with imaginary duty,² the extravagance of the plot, which would appear most repulsive in our days, is willingly tolerated; while the conflict of feelings arising from circumstances not only enables the poet to obtain a keener insight into the human heart, aroused and agonized by the severity of its trials, but to transfer the conflict, in some measure, to the bosoms of his audience. His office is analogous to that of a gifted spirit, who maintains his self-command in the bosom of the storm; fires the embryo germ of the earthquake, presides over the wreck of suffering humanity, and reveals the hideous but instructive mysteries of the convulsed and yawning deep. Man's whole being is under his control: his mental eye ranges over the moral universe with despotic power to frame the creatures of his fancy, and to dispose of them at his pleasure. He heaps oppression on their heads like the boiling fury of the volcano, or parches them in the torrid climate of vindictive passion. Can it then require much argument to prove that the highest exertion of power, physical or moral, whether in acting or suffering, must depend upon circumstances? To our elder dramatists, we must look for all the vividness of the mind and the heart; for the burning agonies of suppressed revenge, ungoverned, but powerless; the dignity or impulse of resentment;

¹ Hurd's Political Dialogues.

² Maid's Tragedy; Valentinian; Wife for a Month. The interest of these plays, which have considerable poetical merit, arises from the tyranny of the monarchs, who either violate their subjects' wives, or forbid the nuptial duties on the wedding night, under pain of death. In one instance, the wife, before her marriage, has plotted with the adulterer for her husband's dishonor.

the writhings of pride ; the goading laceration of remorse ; and the calm or wildered moodiness of unrequited love. But if a modern author had the power of exercising this privilege, he is interdicted its use. His incidents may be striking, but they must not be revolting ; his characters criminal, but not atrocious : for admitting that our morality is neither more nor less than that of our ancestors, we have more fastidiousness and delicacy, more decorum of language and manners.

But without deciding whether the poetical feelings of our ancestors, which caused them to dwell with fondness on exhibitions which are now banished from the stage, could excuse that criticism, which overlooked the wildest combinations of fancy, on account of their excitement and suggestion, we may perhaps explain why our standard dramatists yet retain their fame, though plays are no longer written on the same principles. There are many performances, whose poetical merit, considered apart from the nature of their plot and manners, the reader may acknowledge with rapture, but which he could not conscientiously recommend for present exhibition, and which no modern author, how much soever he may admire their beauty and magnificence, would even be tempted to imitate. A student is naturally warm in the praise of those who have afforded him intellectual pleasure and profit ; but if it be urged that the modern drama is less energetic than the ancient, let us in justice ask, whether the same means be still accessible for the same end.

Another license which is now seldom, if at all, granted to writers for the theatre, is that of the mixed drama, and of composing alternately in blank verse and prose. By mixed drama, we would be understood as meaning that species in which the serious interest of tragedy is interchanged with urbanity or humor, naturally springing from the character and occasion, and not interfering with the more pathetic situations of the piece ; or else that kind of comedy which is dignified by serious interests and energy of sentiment, though the play end with good fortune, and its main cast of character may be that of either refined or ludicrous comedy, or even wholly serious. The two kinds may be so intermingled, that it would be difficult to designate the performance exclusively as either tragedy or comedy, but more properly as a mixed drama.' Frequently,

¹ Philaster ; King and no King ; Custom of the Country ; Prophetess ; Lover's Progress ; Wife for a Month ; Honest Man's Fortune ; Two Noble Kinsmen ; Island Princess ; Women Pleased.

one or two deaths are deemed sufficient to characterize a tragedy, although it may have a fortunate termination. In modern times, a play is generally confined to one department, and possesses but little variation; the exception taking place only in favor of comedy, the *sentimental* class of which may occasionally approach the solemnity of the buskin. Some future opportunity may perhaps be afforded us for discussing by what critical laws the licence of the mixed drama, usually known by the name of tragi-comedy, should be restrained: that the attraction of our ancient poets is much heightened by this diversity of interest, there is no doubt. The exuberance of poetic genius at the period alluded to, we apprehend, is susceptible of being traced to moral causes.

The benefits resulting from the revival of learning, which were first felt in Italy, after the capture of Constantinople, had extended to England. The recent emancipation from a corrupted form of religious worship was also calculated to excite inquiry; and a strong impetus still existed in the minds of men. As the classic literature of Greece and Rome was not extensively diffused in this country; and our progress in political economy, didactic reasoning, and general science, was still inconsiderable; the attention of authors was principally divided between the study of divinity and the cultivation of their native language, in which poetry was the most attractive pursuit. The literature of Italy, whence the day-star of knowledge first arose on the rest of Europe, was the model which our own writers followed, not with servile adherence, but with the esteem of congenial talent, and that assertion of their own dignity which enhanced the value of the tribute. Some perversions of taste however are met with in those metaphysical conceits, which seem to bind up, in a kind of fairy frost-work, the passion they affect to celebrate; but their acquaintance with the poets of Italy was, upon the whole, beneficial; as from these masters they were taught to write with richness, variety, wildness, and ingenuity of imagination, which were regulated by the passions and feelings in their own bosoms. In their portraiture of passion, we discern a freedom, and even licentiousness of language and subject,—a contempt of delicacy and humanity in the equities of personal regard, which strongly reflect the character of the age. The manners of that æra displayed a singular mixture of plainness of deportment, with high-wrought elevation of principle.

¹ Thierry and Theodoret; Custom of the Country; Queen of Corinth; Women Pleased; Woman's Prize.

Whenever the personages of our dramatists are stimulated by wrongs, or impelled by circumstances, the influence of the sexual passion, or any other natural appetite, is mentioned with a freedom unknown to modern times, though it may not always amount to a want of decency. This has been supposed to give the scene an air of truth and reality; and to arrest our attention on the same principle that we admire the symmetry of the naked statue—because we scan its fidelity to nature. But the personifications of a modern author must be enveloped in formal drapery, which impedes their movements, conceals their proportions, and checks the rising emotions of the soul; and thus renders it almost impossible to be at once decorous and poetical in the highest degree.

The comparative freedom of the stage, prior to exclusive patents, caused the theatres to be better fitted for hearing and seeing than the immense structures of the present day. Their want of scenic decoration was supplied by a correspondent indulgence, or ignorance on the part of the spectators; and their number was sufficient to meet the popular demand for entertainment.¹ The audiences of that century had probably no higher opinion of their writers, than the public is now instructed to form of contemporary genius; but the plays then acted, even with all their faults and extravagancies, were better adapted to develope and foster the activity and excursiveness of genius, than the subjects on which modern powers must be tried. With the advance of society, taste seems to have deserted our antique groves and forests, for those pursuits which adorn a mild and elegant course of domestic life, unexposed to danger, from vicissitudes or tempests. The vine and the myrtle, the willow and the cypress, may yet flourish; but we must no longer look for them in unison or in contrast with the majesty of the cedar, or the solemn and firm grandeur of the oak.

The general superiority of Shakspeare to his contemporaries is too well established to be rashly doubted. He is, on the whole, superior in moral instruction; but in the refinement of polished intercourse, the succeeding generation appears to have considered him inferior to Beaumont and Fletcher, whose circumstances of birth and connections might indeed give them some advantage. Shakspeare may fall short of Fletcher in the tenderness and delicacy of love; and those who will com-

¹ From the year 1570 to 1629, no less than seventeen theatres were erected for the performance of the drama.

pare Rollo's courtship of Edith, in the tragedy of Rollo, with Richard's address to Lady Ann, will assign the palm to the former. It may be doubted whether Shakspeare's muscular powers of language can be compared with the health and equable durability of his intellectual system. This is more apparent in his attempts at pathos, where the effect is produced by our intimate knowledge of the character, rather than by the efforts of the author.

Succeeding Shakspeare, and perhaps half despairing of equaling his power of moral intuition, Beaumont and Fletcher, either from the impulse of unconscious feeling, or a too scrupulous attention to humor and the poetry of character, distorted and overstrained Nature.* Their characters, though consistently maintained, are often unnatural and extravagant. Their interest is too frequently dependent on the passive endurance of inhuman outrage,³ on the abuse of natural infirmities, or their subjection to sordid and vulgar villainy.

The Rebellion (as it is commonly called) introduced an important change in the national manners, and suspended the progress of the Drama, which had found a munificent patron in Charles the First; and the Restoration brought a new system of manners and principles. The sudden contrast with the gloomy austerities of Puritanism, gave rise to a proportionate eagerness in the prevailing party. The King brought back with him a taste for French politics and French poetry; and the Italian models were soon exchanged for the critical principles, and the dramatic poetry of a rival nation. This change was very detrimental; and though the yoke has been gradually shaken off, the efforts for that purpose were greatly impeded by the restraints imposed on the Drama during that reign; the effects of which are still, in some measure, experienced. Loyalty, gallantry, and voluptuousness, freed from the restraints of religion; together with the doctrine of absolute power,⁴ which was known

* We trust we shall not be accused of materialism, because we make use of a material illustration.

² Coxcomb; Woman Hater; Nice Valor; Woman's Prize; Humorous Lieutenant; Mad Lover; Little French Lawyer, &c.

³ Onos, in the Queen of Corinth; Lapet, in the Nice Valor; Bessus, in King and no King.

⁴ Cibber, we think, somewhere in his Apology for his own life, relates that the Maid's Tragedy was forbidden to be acted on one occasion, lest the example of killing licentious kings should prove contagious.

to be gratifying to the King, were the order of the day. Theatrical performances were ardently renewed, and made the vehicle of adulation to the monarch. In the plays of that period, both comedies and tragedies, we frequently discover a taint not only of irreligion, but of atheism. Besides the anomaly of rhyming tragedies, we may probably date, from this and the next reign, the habitual discontinuance of blank verse in the composition of comedy; which, by divesting it of one of its *poetical* attributes, prepared the way for a further corruption of the Drama. The writing of tragedies in prose may be defended by successful examples; but some critical regulation is still wanting, both with respect to this and domestic tragedy in general; which perhaps may become the subject of our consideration on some other occasion.

In attempting to explain the cause of the alleged decline of the British Drama, we may appear to have left comedy too much apart. If the preceding reasoning be correct, the inferior interest of modern tragedies, as compared with the ancient, may be attributed to other causes than the inferiority of genius; but how shall we account for the deterioration of comedy since the time of Congreve, Cibber, Farquhar, and Vanbrugh; or at the later period of Goldsmith, Steele, and Murphy, whose works are without the adventitious stimulant of that freedom of manners and dialogue which impart a relish to the comedies written towards the close of the 17th century? To examine the numerous authors who have written comedy, and trace the gradations and final change of national habits and manners, would require much critical skill, experience, and observation. The merit of comedy, as distinct from the mixed Drama, depends principally upon its representation of the manners of its own time; but the comedies of Congreve, in addition to the splendor of wit, display a philosophic estimate of human nature in its connexion with the affairs of life. Allowing comedy to be on the decline, do the modern votaries of Thalia pay too much attention to fleeting and evanescent peculiarities, but manifest little insight into the heart? Do they consider character in its external dress, and not in its essential nature?—We leave the matter *sub judice*; and should be happy to see it undertaken by a person whose experience and reflection have eminently qualified him for the inquiry. Melpomene is more fortunate than her sister muse, in the scope and range of her exertion; for she has the command of any materials that history affords, and of which a cultivated taste may avail itself.

The perversion of genius that prevailed in the reign of Charles

II. was, however, marked by much of the vigor of other times. The tragedies of Otway, Dryden, and Lee, were deeply imbued with the spirit of our elder poets, whom they had evidently studied with attention and sedulously imitated. In the license of plot, and the mixture of the manners of chivalry with real history, their tragedies in rhyme had all the lawlessness of their masters : and are seldom surpassed in richness of imagination. The *Œdipus*, which Dryden and Lee wrote in conjunction, abounds with poetical beauties ; but no modern assembly would tolerate a catastrophe founded on incest. The *Alcibiades* and *Don Carlos* of Otway, also in rhyme, afforded but slight hopes of his future celebrity.

Dryden rather describes the passions than portrays them. He has considerable poetical eloquence, and loftiness of sentiment ; but not peculiarly appropriate to the character, though well applied to the occasion. The reader feels the powerful mind of the author, and supplies his want of technical dexterity in minting his golden ingots for common currency and recognition.

Lee's uncontrolled imagination, his ebullient impotence of feeling, his want of a simultaneous and sinewy balance of self-regulation, have degraded him below his proper rank ; since the plastic luxuriance of his creative powers might have qualified him for a place near the throne of genius. In his wild and heart-gushing effusions, we discern the elements of true poetry ; and we read him with an interest totally distinct from the unbending abstractedness of criticism, though it should be confessed that we rate him rather by his indications than his performances. Had he not (to use his words in a dedication to one of Charles II.'s courtezans) been "crushed in hopes, and blasted in growth, by a most severe if not unjust fortune ;" had he been less galled by the iron hand of necessity, which compelled him to frame his productions for the acceptance of others ; a few years of confirmed judgment might have transmitted his works to us as ornaments of the British Drama. He has no sins to answer for like those of Dryden's *Almanzor*.

Those who may be regarded as the principal standard authors of tragedy, after the Restoration, are probably included in the names of Otway, Southerne, and Rowe : most of their works, however, are now superseded on the stage. Johnson, as a writer for the stage, may be passed over in respectful silence ; and Young and Addison are more characteristic as poets than as dramatists.

There is a kind of effeminacy in the style of Rowe : though his dialogue is sometimes animated and generally correct, and

his language mellifluous and elegant, he has but little fancy; and no marking vigor in the display of passion. His beauties are feminine and unobtrusive: they must be courted, or they will not arrest our attention. His Horatio and Lothario are perhaps his only attempts at discrimination of character. His Lady Jane Grey is too self-possessed to excite commiseration; for if we feel esteem for the character, it is from our recollection of the history. *Jane Shore* will justify the qualified praise of Johnson, as to pathos; but it is not a tragedy of sustained and powerful interest: we proceed with the author very calmly as he tells his story; and, if it were interrupted, we doubt whether the relief to our feelings would not more than atone for the suspension of our curiosity. We think that Rowe's success and reputation as an author, may be ascribed to the skilful direction of moderate powers: as he is scarcely a poet of the third order. Opinions are divided on his *Calista*; but, if she be a true picture of the female sex—we are very sorry for it.

Southerne's characters are natural and vigorous; but they have few, if any, traits of individuality: he has more of nature than of poetry. Was it the feeling of his own weakness, which induced him to resort, as a source of popularity, to the mixture of comedy with tragedy? If this be endurable in *Isabella*, it is offensive in *Oroonoko*, which, we believe, is now seldom acted.

English literature has seldom sustained a greater loss than in the untimely death of Otway. Gifted as he was to kindle those emotions which dignify human nature, even when its infirmities are their subject, an acquaintance with his personal misfortunes reflects additional interest on the perusal of his works. Our knowledge of the man combines with our study of the author; and the sentiments of his characters involuntarily refer us to him who drew them. He seems to have been one whose qualities of mind were no less amiable than its powers were original; and he was equally adapted to attract friendship and to command respect. The loathsome debauchery of his comedies, and the materialized love-allusions of his tragic characters, were a tribute to the depraved appetite of the age. It is difficult, or at least, unpleasant, to believe that the mind which gave birth to those scenes whence we derive the most useful and refined pleasure, could have been radically corrupt. In depicting the sallies of an erect and magnanimous spirit—the devotedness of friendship—the generous candor of unsuspecting confidence—the palsied languor or the

feverish throes of grief—the vital glow of conjugal affection—or the yearning of mutual and strong love—Otway has few rivals and still fewer superiors. With the exception of Shakspeare and Fletcher, we could not readily name a dramatic writer, who could be considered as his competitor. Among his contemporaries, the natural powers of Lee were perhaps best calculated to contest the palm with him in tragedy.—His characters, notwithstanding, are occasionally betrayed into a familiarity of language, a sort of mental emancipation from all the regards of pride, dignity, and decorum,—which degenerates into fatuity and driveling. This remark may apply more particularly to Castalio and Jaffier.

Of Otway's tragedies, (independently of those in rhyme,) *Venice Preserved*, the *Orphan*, and *Caius Marius*, are what remain to us. In the last, the passion of love is touched with as much delicacy, if not with as much tenderness, warmth, and force, as in his maturer works. A great part of it is compiled from Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*; and his emulous imitation of our dramatic Coryphæus might have knitted and fashioned his infant genius into shapeliness and strength. It has passages that give an earnest of the master; but its scintillations are lost in the noontide brightness of his fame.

The Orphan is almost the loveliest offspring that ever teemed in the fancy of a poet. Without any other energy than that which is the principal charm of woman—the power of humbling vice, and preserving her constancy to the object of her choice—*Monimia*, affectionate and artless, is an exquisite pattern of unsophisticated female nature, in its gentler virtues; and her sorrows are resistless. The libertinism of Polydore appears like the effervescence of a youthful temperament, rather than systematic depravity; and, though the outrage on *Monimia* admits of no palliation, his conduct to Castalio seems half extenuated by the timid and unmanly dissimulation of his brother. We always found something repulsive in the character of Chamont; but whether from the circumstances in which he is placed, or the conception of the author, we are not prepared to say. Some alteration for the better might probably be contrived at the close of the play, which is embarrassed by three deaths on the stage. The unconscious though not unplanned incest has, we believe, interdicted the performance of the *Orphan* in times so decorous as the present. But it has been considered that whatever excitement there may be in the plot, it is more than countervailed by the moral tenor of the catastrophe.

[To be continued in our next.]

Public Affairs.

THE Speech of the 12th instant from the throne is a recapitulation of events big with importance to Europe, and full of triumph to ourselves. Would that we could safely rely on the wisdom of the governments engaged in the struggle now drawing to a close, being such as uniformly and for a long season, to maintain the present lofty march of affairs. The King of France, in particular, had need of an unusual degree of penetration and decision of character. A grand coalition of foreigners has put every thing into his power. But he has tolerated a criminal coalition in his own capital, nay, in his very cabinet—which may, in no great space of time, undo all that has been done for him and his family, and for Europe. Our own good king, it is true, has been known to consent to the formation of a political coalition; and such a coalition, when the influence of two parties is nearly balanced, and their principles not in direct opposition to each other, is an admissible—a desirable remedy of the ferment which the conflicts of parties occasion in a state. But at Paris, all the power was, the other day, on one side—the principles of the royalists and jacobins were as different as heaven is from hell; and hence no necessity can be pleaded for the unnatural union which has there taken place—no good, but an infinity of mischief be expected from its continuance.

On seeing Louis about to be surrounded by persons at once traitors to himself and the relentless murderers of his family, our pity was excited. But if it shall be found that they were placed around his person when they might have been kept at a distance, we shall think that our pity has been just as much misplaced as his clemency, and shall pronounce him totally unfit and unworthy to rule over any people. In this country,

we employ those to detect and seize offenders against the law, who are themselves well versed in their arts. It may be on this principle that Louis has taken Fouché and Carnot into his service—and that the Allies wink at proceedings so degrading and portentous. If so, all may yet be well—the strong arm of power may be stretched out, and *the king's evidence* be deprived of every thing save a miserable existence. They deserve nothing more. —From the continuance of such atrocious characters in high official situations in France, every thing bad is to be expected—daily mortification to the sovereign (but that will be his affair) incessant perturbation to his people, and an early war to those nations who have just bled to procure peace and tranquillity. Our Allies, it is well known, have not the means of supporting an annual contest; nor can we either furnish them with such means, or reconcile ourselves to the sacrifice for which another victory of Waterloo would call. In spite of the high opinion we entertain of the honor of Prince Schwartzberg and the Duke of Wellington, and of the wisdom of the ministers of the friendly sovereigns, we cannot help wishing that Marshal Blücher had been appointed while in France, AGENT FOR ALL EUROPE. He would have acted as a plain honest man ought to do with a race of designing knaves. Soon and effectually would he have humbled the pride of the military braggarts of that country: he would not have drawn on the Treasuries of the Allies for the subsistence of his armies; but have paid them with good hard *Louis* and *Napoleons*. He would have cut very short the infamous career of jacobinism; and would have laid the hand of justice so heavily on the whole gang of malefactors, as to have caused the recollection of their aggravated guilt to sting them to the heart to the latest hour of their existence.

We talk in England of the propriety of apportioning punishments to crimes. Why not attempt to do so in France? Is it because the thing is impossible?—because no punishment can be adequate to the criminality of those who seek to destroy every thing allowed to be sound in principle or useful in practice?—Let Britons, at least, avoid partaking of that guilt which will be incurred by all who shall weakly join in exculpating

such men. We wish to see Lord Castlereagh received by the House of Commons next session, with the same cordial applause which he experienced on his return from Paris last year.

When our last number went to press, we had just learnt that hostilities had commenced; one little month has elapsed, and the war is over! We felicitate the public on the event, which is the more gratifying, as it comes so much sooner than was expected by any human being—thereby obviating expenses which the nation cannot well bear, and preventing an incalculable quantity of human wretchedness. All the measures in which Napoleon has taken a principal share, have been remarkable for the celerity of their accomplishment; his decisive victories and vast conquests, his ascent to the various degrees of supreme power, and his degradation, at successive periods, to the level of ordinary life, in which no individual ever can be found at once so distinguished and so execrable as he.

How greatly does fortune delight in frustrating the hopes, and thwarting the projects of ambitious mortals! *Valet ima summis mutare.* He who, the other day, was Emperor of the French, King of Italy and Holland, and virtual sovereign of Germany, Spain and Portugal, is now at Plymouth—not as the formidable invader which he had often threatened to become; but, like those wretches who have been found guilty of petty larceny, waiting the orders of our government to sail. And by what chart? Happily not that on which the American continents are laid down. The Stygian lake he might have crossed without the aid of the British Admiralty; and, as religion has no hold on his mind, he would have done so the very hour in which Lord Wellington tore both the sword and the sceptre from his hand, and he not been the dastard which Augereau long since pronounced him. If he is to be permitted to live, it will be well that he should be in the custody of our government; not however in the tower of London, but in some such little sequestered spot as that which has been named, St. Helena, which can be cheaply and effectually guarded. If Louis find the money, England will furnish the men. Napoleon has a strong aim upon our justice for support, since the whole world knows that our resources and example have deprived him of every

thing—but his *honor*. How happy would he now be, were insignificant Elba to be restored to him !

In alluding to the termination of the war, we touch a string which vibrates quickly to every British heart; how sensibly to some, we wish to forget. But such has been the result of the victory obtained at Waterloo, that the havoc with which it was purchased does not, in a general point of view, lessen the joy it has excited throughout the empire. The slaughter was great, but the glory was greater. Much choice fruit was violently torn from the tree; but the tree itself and the far greater part of the fruit are preserved, while the hands of the spoiler are cut off.

“Character is strength:” and of all sorts of national character, that which is military is, in the present age, the most valuable. We add, as a necessary consequence, that of all kinds of desert, that which on the one hand may have tended the most to perfect military discipline; and, on the other, have served the best to direct its application, is the most worthy of praise and reward. Hence the evident propriety both of the highly respectful and flattering terms, in which the conduct of the commander-in-chief was lately noticed in the House of Commons; and of erecting a stately monument in honor of the Duke of Wellington and his companions in arms. In establishing their fame, the country exalts and extends its own. We would, at this moment, as soon justify the subversion of our civil constitution, as the overthrow of our military system; we would, in the present posture of Europe, give up the benefits of the habeas corpus, rather than the use of the cat-o-nine tails. And we add a truth which none would have ventured to assert a century ago, that there can be no freedom for Englishmen, without a well organised powerful standing army.

It was but a few years ago, that Great Britain had to encounter “an armed doctrine,” and she persevered till she saw it disparaged, despised, and execrated: we have since contended with an armed host, and have seen it chased from the field, and its vaunted leaders humbled in the dust. We have contrived to break the spell of Napoleon’s invincibility to *the full satisfaction of his imperial guards*, which will be a comfort to those

who resort to Paris; at the same time that the rumour of our unquestionable superiority in arms, will set some bounds to the vapouring of our puny rivals on the other side the Atlantic. They who had never ventured to meet us on equal terms, by sea or by land, without being beaten, can in reality have nothing of which to boast: and as for their vain-glory, it certainly will not now pass current in Europe. They repulsed us at New Orleans; but the French also who fell or fled at Waterloo, repulsed us at Badajos, Burgos, St. Sebastian and Bergen-Op-Zoom; nay; a body of East Indians, whose military renown is upon a par with that of the Americans, baffled us the other day and killed one of our best generals. Behind a bush or a rampart, a coward is a match for a hero.

Paris is again taken, and again spared. Will the good folks of France be suitably humble, and grateful for the moderation shewn them? They had better not tempt their neighbours to visit them in arms a third time—or with fire and sword their capital may be purged of its guilt, and their country divided into more parts than ever Cæsar's Gaul was. Their recent conduct would justify measures of extreme severity.

The consideration of the future state of France is interesting. “It will still be great and powerful:”—the allies said so fifteen months ago. But, would it not have been quite as well for adjoining nations, had it not been “great and powerful” a month or two ago? This however is no business of ours.—Napoleon is already removed, though not to his final destination. Where that is, or by what means and in what manner he may be removed, we care not, provided that his exit be unattended with honor. We hope the Sovereigns of the continent are not actuated by some lurking particles of that dread with which he once managed to inspire them. The most obnoxious of his accomplices ought forthwith to be disposed of—with one single exception, that of General Bertrand, whose fidelity to his Master in every reverse of fortune, points him out as a man deficient in no good quality of head or heart. The rest of them ought, without scruple, to be stripped of their titles, of their employments, and of their property, which ought to be conferred upon the King's trusty adherents. The rebel army too should be completely disbanded; and the King hereafter be served

only by men possessing a portion of the honor by which French officers were once distinguished. These steps promptly and boldly taken, would be sufficient for the safety of Louis and his nobles; though by no means sufficient to yield satisfaction and security to the nations around them. The Louvre must be unfurnished. The purest models of the humanising arts, ought no longer to be shut up in the most corrupt city in Christendom; but be speedily and carefully conveyed to the repositories from which they were stolen. Besides this, the barrier towns, those especially that command the entrance into Belgium, must be razed to the ground. Should this be left undone, the point the most essential to the repose of nations will be unattained. No reliance can be placed on any engagement into which the French may enter. The allies must do the work, or see it done, before they withdraw their forces. Unless they do, they can form no peace establishments. They must hold themselves in constant readiness for action; they must expect to see Louis once more in exile, and the blood of their subjects again unprofitably shed. We have mentioned *peace establishments*: it is at length in the power of sovereigns to make them what they please; as well as to render the early recurrence of war impossible.

The affairs of Europe, but especially those of this country, never exhibited so fair an aspect as they do at this day. Soon after government had carried the war into Portugal, our range on the continent was limited by the lines of Torres Vedras, and there was scarcely a nation whose friendship we could claim; but now all the continent is open to us—our enemies are subdued, and our allies attached to us by ties of gratitude and admiration. At the one period nothing remained for us but to be driven, as our enemies both foreign and domestic assured us we should be, into the ocean: at the other, nothing is wanting to our prosperity and happiness, but a steady perseverance in those principles through which the country has reached its present elevated station.—It is worthy of remark that through an adherence to those wise principles, the administration of Lord Liverpool now possesses more popularity and influence than Mr. Pitt's did—even after the period of Mr. Burke's abandonment of his early friends.

MONTHLY REGISTER

OF

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

* * The Conductors of the AUGUSTAN REVIEW request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publisher (post paid) before the 20th of the month.

I.

INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Mr. FREDERICK ACCUM has sent Dr. Thomson an interesting paper *On the Method of Illuminating the Streets by Coal Gas*; and as this is a subject of great and increasing importance, we have made the following extract, from the 31st No. of the *Annals of Philosophy*, for the information of our readers.

Mr. Accum states "that Cannel coal produces the very best gas; or at least the gas which it affords requires the least trouble of being purified and rendered fit for illumination; though Newcastle coal is employed for illumination in this metropolis. But the nature of the gas obtained from the same coal varies considerably, according to the conditions under which it is obtained. 112lbs. of common Cannel coal produces at the minimum from 350 to 360 cubic feet of carbureted hydrogen; but the same quantity of best Newcastle coal, that is to say, such as coke readily, and

send out brilliant streams of flame, which undergo a kind of semifusion when laid on the fire, produce upon an average 300 cubic feet of this gaseous fluid, besides a large portion of sulphureted hydrogen, carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide."

"Half a cubic foot of this gas, when fresh prepared, that is to say, holding in solution or suspension a portion of the essential oil which is generated during the production of the gas, is equal in illuminating power to from 170 to 180 grs. of tallow, which is the quantity of this material consumed in one hour by a well snuffed tallow candle, six to the pound. Now 1lb. avoirdupois is equal to 7000 grs. and consequently, 1lb. of candles, of six to the pound, burning one at a time in succession, would last $\frac{7000}{175}$ = 40 hours. To produce the same light, we must burn one half of a cubic foot of coal

gas per hour; therefore one half multiplied by 40 hours is equal to 20 cubic feet of gas in 40 hours, and, consequently, equal to 1lb. of candles, six to the pound, provided they were burned one after another."

"Further, 112lbs. of Cannel coal produce at a *minimum* 350 cubic feet of gas, and are equal to 350 divided by 20, which last is equivalent to 1lb. of tallow, making, therefore, 112lbs. of coal equal to $\frac{350}{20} = 17\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of

tallow; and 112lbs. of coal divided by $17\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of tallow gives six and four-tenths of coal equal to 1lb. of tallow."

"With regard to Newcastle coals, it may be stated, that one chaldron of Wall's End coal produces in this large way upwards of 11,000 cubic feet of crude gas, which when purified diminish to nearly 10,000 cubic feet. But the quantity and quality of the gas, as stated already, are much influenced by circumstances attending the formation of it. If the tar and oil produced during the evolution of the gas in its nascent state be made to come in contact with the sides of the red-hot iron retorts; or, better, if it be made to pass through an iron cylinder or other vessel heated red-hot, a large portion of it becomes decomposed into carburated hydrogen and olefiant gas; and thus a much greater quantity of gas is produced, than would be obtained without such precautions. If the coal be distilled with a very low red heat, scarcely observable by day-

light, the gas produced gives but a feeble light: if this distillatory vessel be of a dull redness, the light produced by the burning gas is more brilliant: if a bright, or cherry-red heat be employed, the gas produced burns with a brilliant white flame; and if the heat be increased so far that the retort is almost white hot, and consequently in danger of melting, the gas given out has little illuminating power, and burns with a clear bluish flame: and if this coal abound in pyrites, a large portion of sulphureted hydrogen gas is then produced, which has the capital disadvantage of affording a suffocating odour when the gas is burnt."

"I need scarcely mention that it makes no difference in what form the coal is used, and, that the very refuse of small coal, which passes through the screne at the pit's mouth, and which finds no market, nay, even the sweepings of the pit, which are thrown away, may be employed for the production of gas."

M. l'ABBE ROCHON, late Member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, made many experiments for ascertaining the warmth of colored rays; from which he draws the following conclusions. First, that the ratio of the warmth of clear red to the most lively violet, is nearly that of eight to one. Secondly, that the warmth of the yellow orange differs very little from that which the red affords. He, therefore, considers the warmest rays as between the clear red

and the yellow ; and from this point the heat of the rays diminishes much more on the side of the violet than on that of the deep red.

Dr. READE has made several experiments to prove that the prism has a calorific focus. When the orange rays were thrown on the bulb of the Thermometer, the mercury rose in five minutes from 50° to 58° . When the bulb of the thermometer was exposed in the same manner to the action of the green rays, the mercury rose from 50° to 54° . Under the same circumstances the violet rays caused the same thermometer to rise from 50° to 51° . These results, therefore, agree with those of P'ABBE ROCHON, as stated above. Dr. R. also received the spectrum on a sheet of white paper ; and when this was within an inch of the prism, the spectrum was about one fourth of an inch in breadth, bounded on one side by orange and yellow rays, and on the other by blue and violet, while light occupied the middle. The thermometer stood at 70° in the adjacent sunshine, but when it was placed in the rays of the spectrum, it rose in ten minutes to 81° . It also rose and fell alternately when moved in and out of the spectrum. In another experiment, Dr. R. placed a "highly sensible and correct thermometer on a sheet of white paper, resting horizontally on a writing table. In five minutes it rose in the full sun-beams to $82\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; and after remaining for

some time stationary, he held a large prism at about one inch distance immediately over it, and in such a manner as to convey the rays of light as much as possible to the prismatic focus, and also to immerse the entire thermometric bulb and cylinder, in a spectrum of transmitted light. In five minutes the thermometer rose to 101° ; or, in other words, the transmitted light was heated $18\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ above the full sunshine, by passing through the prism. On removing the prism, the thermometer fell in five minutes to 85° ; and on again immersing it in the spectric light, it rose to 101° ."

The Red Sand Stone Formation has been met with in the most distant parts of the globe, and frequently occupies large tracts of country. It contains many different kinds of rocks, either in beds, mountain-masses, or veins. PROFESSOR JAMESON has found the following kinds in the red sand-stone of Scotland : viz. red-colored slate-clay ; clay-stone ; clay-iron-stone ; trap-tuff ; Amygdaloid ; Basalt ; clink-stone ; green-stone ; pitch-stone ; felspar ; porphyry ; lime-stone, and lime-stone conglomerate ; and coal.

The remarkable mass of *Native Iron*, which was discovered at Aachen, in 1762, by Counsellor Löber, when he was with Maximilian, Prince of Saxony, as physician at the baths of that town, has been lately rediscovered. Löber first discovered this mass in the pavement, ob-

tained leave to dig it up, and took some specimens of it. An account was published at p. 36 of a weekly paper, at Wittenberg, in 1773; and again in the Memoirs of the Berlin Society of Natural History, vol. vii. page 323. But in both these places Aken was substituted for Aachen; by which means the mass could not be found at the place mentioned; and consequently was considered as lost.

The Academy of Berlin obtained an order from the Chancellor, Prince Hardenberg, to search for the mass at Aachen, where it was found. It is of an irregular shape approaching to oval. Its length is stated at four feet nine inches; breadth two feet eleven inches; and thickness two feet six inches. Its specific gravity, as ascertained from a fragment that was struck off, is 6.7; and the weight of the whole is about 15,000lbs. It is covered with a coating of ochre about half a line in thickness, under which is another crust about half an inch thick, which may easily be separated from the iron itself. This covering is greenish, vesicular, and exhibits the marks of fire. The native iron which lies under this covering is extremely tough. Mr. Monheim has ascertained that it does not contain any nickel, but is composed of about one-fifth arsenic, and four-fifths iron. There may also be a third metal, but the quantity of this is so small that its nature has not yet been determined.

A paper, by Mr. DONOVAN, was lately read to the Royal Society, giving an account of his discovery of a new vegetable acid in the juice of the berries of the sorbus aucuparia, which he calls *Sorbic acid*. The following are its properties. It is colorless, its taste is intensely sour, and it reddens vegetable blues. It does not crystallize, nor easily undergo spontaneous decomposition. It combines with oxide of lead in three different proportions; and by these combinations, forms 1. *Subsorbate* of lead, which is a hard white insoluble powder. 2. *Sorbate*, in either powder or crystal, and which is also insoluble. 3. *Supersorbate*, which does not crystallize. It forms soluble salts with barytes, lime and magnesia, but does not combine with alumina. Mr. Donovan's paper also contains an account of some experiments on the preparation of malic acid.

Mr. PORRETT, jun. has corrected the numerical results in his paper which we noticed at page 319 of our No. for July. They should stand as follows.

Prussiate of Mercury is composed	
of Prussic acid.....	13.8
Paroxide of mercury ..	86.2
	<hr/>
	100.0

Prussic acid of Azote..	40.7
Carbon	34.8
Hydrogen	24.5
	<hr/>
	100.0

Sulphureted chyazic is composed of 4 atoms of sulphur and 1 of Prussic acid. Ferrureted chyazic

cid is a compound of 1 atom of black oxide of iron and 4 atoms of Prussic acid.

M. THENARD has formed a composition which he calls an unchangeable Cement, which resists the filtration of water, and is so hard that it scratches iron.

This composition is extremely simple, and consists only of 93 parts of well burnt brick or clay, and 7 of litharge, reduced to a fine powder, and mixed with as much linseed oil as is sufficient to give it the consistence of thin plaster. The body to be covered with this cement is first to be wetted with a sponge; and then it is to be applied like plaster; and in a few days it becomes hard.

Colonel BEAUFORT still continues his Astronomical, Magnetical, and Meteorological observations at Hackney Wick; and the following are the results for April and May, last.

Immersion and Emersion of Jupiter's Satellites, in Mean Time, at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

April 3, Emer. 1st h.

Sat. 10 58 02.2

8, Emer. 2nd Sat. 9 24 25.2

12, Emer. 4th Sat. 11 31 45

15, Emer. 2d Sat. 12 00 33.8

26, Emer. 1st Sat. 11 8 57

May 4. Immer. 3d

Sat. 10 1 56

Do., Emer. 3d Sat. 12 41 14

12, Emer. 1st Sat. 9 26 21

Mean variation of the magnetic needle.

April { Morning.... 24 16 01
 { Noon 24 27 42
 { Evening 24 17 48

Mean for the Month 24 20 30½

May { Morning 24 16 32
 { Noon 24 27 03
 { Evening 24 19 12

Mean for the Month 24 20 55½

Increase for the Month 0 0 20½

This great increase is very singular and was attributed by the Colonel to an error of the instrument, which he sent to Mr. Dollond to repair, but the results were afterwards found to be the same.

April { Rain..... 1.735 inches.
 { Evaporation 1.90

May { Rain..... 1.131
 { Evaporation 2.70

Results of the Meteorological Journal kept by Mr. LUKÉ HOWARD at Tottenham, for April and May last.

April.

Winds variable, but generally northerly.

Barometer. Greatest

height 30.25 inches

Least..... 28.74

Mean of the period 29.783

Thermometer. Great-

est height 70°

Least..... 28

Mean of the period 48.56

Rain 2.09 inches. Evaporation 1.89 inc.

May.

Winds Westerly, with Eerly at the beginning and en the period.

Barometer. Greatest

height 30.23 in

Least..... 29.51

Mean for the period 29.819

Thermometer. Great-

est height 80°

Least 34

Mean for the period 58.1

Rain 1.10 inches. Evap 2.08 inc.

II.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

In the Press, dedicated to his Majesty the King of Prussia, and speedily will be published, in one vol. 8vo. the *Life and Campaigns of Field Marshal Prince Blucher*; interspersed with much novel and interesting matter, and enriched with authentic Anecdotes and biographical Incidents of all the leading Characters of both the Confederate and French Armies. Drawn from original and official Sources; embellished with a fine Portrait, and engraved Plans of the most signal Battles. Translated from the German of General Gueisenau, Quarter-master-general to Prince Blucher's Army, with considerable Additions, by J. E. Marston, Esq. of the Hamburg-bürger-guard.

Dr. Halliday, of Birmingham, is preparing for the press, *Observations on a Tour through certain Provinces of Eastern Russia*. And he will soon publish Translations of Professor Frank's *Illustration of the Doctrine of Excitability*; and of Professor Roeschlaub's *Exposition of the Causes of Diseases*.

Mr. J. Man has in the press, the *Ancient and Modern History of Reading*, illustrated by upwards of twenty maps and prints.

A *Tour in Istria, Carniola, &c.* in the spring of 1814, by an English Merchant, will soon appear.

An Officer of the Medical Staff, who served in the late Campaigns in Spain and Flanders, will soon publish a Poem, of which the battles of Waterloo, Orthes, and Toulouse, will form the principal part.

The Author of the *Rejected Odes*, and other Pieces, has in the press, *Waterloo*, an heroic Poem, commemorative of that most glorious victory.

E. V. Utterson, Esq. has in the press, in two small octavo volumes, *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, all prior to the 17th century.

The *History of England*, from

the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward the First. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. Volume the Second, 4to.

The *Life of James the Second, King of England*, collected out of Memoirs written by himself; also, *King James's Advice to his Son*; and that Monarch's last Will, dated November 17, 1688. The whole to be edited, by order of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. By the Rev. J. S. Clarke, LL.B. F.R.S. Historiographer to the King, Chaplain of the Household, and Librarian to his Royal Highness.

Shortly will be published, the *Legend Confuted, or Truth Undisguised*.

The *Military Costume of Europe*, No. XVI. which has been delayed by the ill health of the Editor, will now soon be ready for publication; among the other Figures will be that of the Marquis of Anglesey in his Military Uniform as Colonel of the 7th.

The Rev. W. M. Stirling is preparing an historical and statistical work of the Priory of Inchmahome, in Perthshire, to be illustrated by engravings.

Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces, with Letters containing a comparative view of the mode of living, arts, commerce, literature, manners, &c. of Edinburgh, at different periods, by the late Mr. Wm. Creech, will soon appear.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles has in the press, an *Essay on the Original Sources of Error*, which have led to the perversion of the pure word and plain sense of the Bible, from the Christian era to the present.

Mr. Richardson will soon publish, in a quarto volume, *Illustrations of English Philology*, in a critical Examination of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

History of the Pestilential Dis-

order that broke out in the province of Andalusia, in the year 1800, with a detailed Account of the fatal Epidemics at Gibraltar, during the Autumnal Months of 1804, and at Cadiz in 1810 and 1813. To which are added, Observations on the Remitting and Intermitting Fever, as it appeared in the Military Hospitals at Colchester, after the return of the Troops from the Expedition to Zealand, in 1809. Dedicated by permission to the Commander in Chief. By Sir James Fellowes, M.D. F.R.S. &c. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and of Caius and Gonville College, Cambridge, Physician to the Forces, and Inspector of Military Hospitals.

Speedily will be published, *Rhoda*; a Novel, in three volumes. By the Author of *Things by their Right Names*, *Plain Sense*, &c.

The History of the most ancient and honorable Military Order of

the Bath, from its first institution to the present time, with a Dissertation on Ancient Chivalry, is printing in two quarto volumes, illustrated by many engravings.

The Rev. S. Lyon is printing a Hebrew and English Grammar and Lexicon, in four volumes.

The British Review, Number XI. will be published on the 1st of August.

A second edition of Mr. Bigland's History of Europe continued to the General Peace in 1814, is nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Powell will soon publish a new edition, revised and corrected, of his translation of the London Pharmacopœia, with Notes, &c.

Baxteriana, a Selection from the Works of Baxter, by Arthur Young, Esq. is printing in a duodecimo volume.

The Annual Register for the Year 1806, in a very large volume.

III.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of the late Rev. Richard Price, LL.D. F.R.S. By William Morgan, F.R.S. 8vo. 6s. boards.

A Narrative of the late Mr. W. D. Sandys, of Trinity College, Cambridge. In foolscap 8vo. 2s. sewed.

The Biographical Dictionary, edited by Alex. Chalmers, F.S.A. vol. 22. 8vo. 12s. boards.

CHEMISTRY.

Chemical Essays on various Subjects, principally relating to the Improvement of the Arts and Manufactures of the British Dominions. By Samuel Parkes, F.I.S. Member of the Geological Society, Author of the Chemical Cate-

chism. With twenty-three copper plate engravings, 5 vols. 18mo. 2l. 2s. boards.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A Treatise on the Economy of Fuel, and Management of Heat, especially as it relates to Heating and Drying by Means of Steam: In Four Parts. I. On the Effects of Heat, the Means of Measuring it, the comparative Quantity of Heat produced by different Kinds of Fuel, Gas Light, &c. II. On Heating Mills, Dwelling-houses, Baths, and Public Buildings. III. On Drying and Heating by Steam, IV. Miscellaneous Observations. With many useful Tables. Also an Appendix, containing Observations on Chimney Fireplaces, par-

especially those used in Ireland—on Stoves—On Gas Lights—on Limekilns—on Furnaces and Chimneys used for rapid Distillation in the Distilleries of Scotland—on improved Boilers for Evaporating Liquids. By Robertson Buchanan, Civil Engineer, Author of Practical Essays on Millwork and other Machinery. Illustrated by five plates, 8vo. 18s. boards.

DRAMA.

Philoctetes, a Tragedy. By H. H. Milman, B.A. Fellow of Brasenose College, 8vo. 4s. sewed.

EDUCATION.

The School Speaker, consisting of Poetical and Prosaic Pieces, Oration, Dialogues, &c. introductory, appropriate, and interesting. Selected from the best Writers, for the use and improvement of young people of both sexes. By T. Carpenter, Author of the Scholar's Spelling Assistant, &c. &c. price 2s. 6d. bound.

Æsopi Fabulæ, with English Notes. By the Rev. C. Bradley, A.M. price 2s. 6d.

A Greek Testament, for the use of Schools, from the Text of Griesbach. By Valpy, price 5s. 6d. bound.

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THE
Augustan Review.

NO. V. FOR SEPTEMBER, 1815.

ART. I. *Horæ Pelasgicæ*. Part the First. Containing an Enquiry into the Origin and Language of the Pelasgi, or ancient Inhabitants of Greece; with a description of the Pelasgic or Æolic Digamma, as represented in the various Inscriptions in which it is still preserved; and an Attempt to determine its Genuine Pelasgic pronunciation. By HERBERT MARSH, D. D. F. R. S. Margaret Professor of Divinity in Cambridge. Deighton, Cambridge, 1814. 8vo.

THIS accomplished scholar seems resolved, that every day shall add something to the heavy debt already due to him from men of letters. His publications follow each other in such rapid succession, that one really wonders how he finds time for so many arduous undertakings. As a theologian and a controversialist, he has long been well known to the world; and now he comes forward to claim our notice as a critic and grammarian.

A considerable part of the literary world has differed with Dr. Marsh on subjects more immediately connected with his profession; but no man, whatever be his opinion of the questions that have been at issue, will deny that he has every where displayed talents of the highest order, and learning, in which he is not surpassed by any of his contemporaries. He now appears on a new theatre—attempting to determine a question to which no scholar has yet been found equal. Whatever, in a question of this nature, involving difficulties not easily surmounted and requiring evidence not easily attained, can be effected by an union of great abilities, with contempt of difficulty and love of literary enterprise, may reasonably be expected from the Margaret Professor.

Our readers are aware, that it is owing principally to the part he took in the controversies respecting the Bible Society and the National System of Education, that Dr. Marsh has

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become the subject of so much animadversion, and has been exposed to so many violent attacks from many different quarters. The influence which his known character and talents were likely to have on the public mind, induced the members of the Bible Society, in particular, to direct their operations almost exclusively against him. Without entering into the controversy between them, we may be allowed to give it as our opinion, that both his actions and his motives have been greatly misunderstood and misrepresented. We believe that he always has been convinced of the justness of his prognostications of danger to the Establishment, arising from the British and Foreign Bible Society: and that he published his apprehensions of that danger from a conviction, that it was his bounden duty, as a Member of the Church of England, occupying an exalted station in it, to warn its other members of the danger that seemed to threaten them. Now if he was convinced, at once, of danger to the church—and of its being his duty to proclaim it, there can be no question whether he was or was not justified in appealing to the public.

That he is not an enemy to the distribution of the Bible, is a fact, which repeated assertions, his private practice, and the zealous, constant support he affords to another Society, whose object is the same, sufficiently evince. But then, he calls upon the Members of the Established Church to be careful that, while they are occupied in disseminating the Sacred Scriptures, they provide against the perversion of them and the consequent propagation of opinions dangerous to the Church, by accompanying them with some commentary which, in cases of difficulty, may serve to ascertain their meaning. Great is the number and respectability of those who, though they do not enter publicly into the controversy, are found to act, on all occasions, as if they cordially agreed with Dr. Marsh.

In the present question there is no room for the operation of those prejudices, which are so likely to intrude in the consideration of any thing connected with religious principles. It is a matter of indifference to all, except those who have written, or may have publicly spoken on the subject, whence the Pelasgi had their origin, what language they spoke, or how they wrote and pronounced their Digamma. Upon this subject, therefore, Dr. Marsh is likely to obtain a fair and impartial hearing. The enquiry which he has instituted is an important one—the origin and formation of the two ancient languages with which we are best acquainted, and which most deserve our study and attention, being deeply concerned in it. No attempt to fix the pronunciation of the Digamma, will ever be considered by the

learned as frivolous. Should it do no more than throw additional light on the beauties of Homer, the admirers of that first and best of poets will be grateful.

That the Pelasgi were the original inhabitants of Peloponnesus, appears to have been generally believed by the ancients. Further than this, however, they did not pretend to trace them; but, according to the usual practice of those times, made them *αἰετοχθονες* in a certain part of the Peloponnesus—some representing Achaia as their original country, others Arcadia. Modern writers, who have a different way of accounting for the production of an ancient people, have represented them, says Dr. Marsh, as “Egyptians, Philistines, Phœnicians, Bactrians, Scythians, Goths, and Celts, according as it best suited their respective systems.” It is the author’s object, in the first chapter of the present work, to ascertain, as nearly as circumstances will allow, the *real* origin of the Pelasgi; to determine the point at which our *actual knowledge* concerning them must necessarily cease, and beyond which we must depend wholly upon conjecture. And as he observes,

“Though we cannot obtain the certainty of historical *evidence* for the origin of so ancient a people, we may obtain something more solid, than mere conjecture: we may at least derive the benefit of historical *induction*. To give this historical induction the weight of which it is capable, we must collect all the accounts, which can be obtained of the Pelasgi, from the writings of the Greeks themselves; we must arrange those accounts in such an order, as will best enable us to trace the Pelasgi upwards, as high as our data will carry us; and then consider what probable conclusion may be drawn.”

This is what we are to expect on this branch of the subject; and the promise held out is well fulfilled. By a chain of quotations, from the Greek authors who have treated of ancient Greece and its inhabitants, we perceive distinctly, that, whatever be the place from whence the Pelasgi *originally* proceeded, “they gradually spread themselves over the whole Peninsula, which was thence *originally* called Pelasgia;” and that “Greece likewise, without the Isthmus, was *originally* occupied by these same Pelasgi.” By these arguments, and by an express assertion of Strabo’s, we are induced to acquiesce in the Professor’s conclusion, that the Pelasgi once occupied the *whole* of Greece. In the same masterly manner he shows that they also inhabited Macedonia and Thrace. Beyond this we have no means of tracing them; and we can only suppose, that their settlement in Europe was caused by some migration of the overflowing population of Asia.

“By means of the data, collected in this chapter, we may trace

the Pelasgi throughout the whole of Greece, and onward through Thrace to the Hellespont. The Greek writers, as we have seen, represent either Arcadia, or Achaia, as the *original* seat of the Pelasgi: whence they are supposed to have migrated to Thessaly, and from Thessaly to Thrace. The question *how* the Pelasgi came to be the first inhabitants of Peloponnesus was easily resolved, by making them *αὐτόχθονες*. But as we know, that Europe was peopled from Asia, either the first settlers in Peloponnesus traversed the Ægean Sea, in which case Greece might have been peopled from South to North: or the first migration from Asia Minor to Europe was across either the Hellespont or the Thracian Bosphorus, in which case Greece was peopled from North to South. Now it is infinitely more probable, that the first settlers in Thrace should have crossed the Hellespont, where the land on one side is visible from the land on the other, and that Greece should have been peopled from Thrace, than that the first settlers in Greece should have come immediately across the Ægean Sea, and have consequently embarked in Asia, without knowing that an opposite coast was *in existence*. We may therefore fairly presume that Thrace was the first *European* settlement of the Pelasgi, and that they gradually spread themselves southward till they had occupied the whole of Greece. Indeed Thrace was the original seat of Grecian song and Grecian fable. Thamyras, who is said to have challenged the Muses, was a Thracian. So was Orpheus; so was Musæus. And the Mysteries of the Cabiri were celebrated in Samothrace, before the temple of Delphi existed."

"We have therefore sufficient data to warrant the inference, that the country, where the Pelasgi first established themselves in *Europe*, was Thrace. And if we cannot obtain any historical data, which may enable us to trace them further, we must consider *Thrace* as the country, which, as far as *our* knowledge extends, was the *original* seat of the Pelasgi. That *some* of the *φῦλα Πελασγῶν* entered Europe by the Hellespont, we may infer from their subsequent intercourse with the Trojans: though other tribes of them may have entered, and probably *did* enter, by the Thracian Bosphorus. Nor is it improbable that other *φῦλα Πελασγῶν*, or a portion of this *μέγα ἔθνος*, as Strabo calls them, traversed the Northern shores of the Euxine, and entered Thrace across the Danube. For Thrace was a country of very great extent. *Διήκει ἡ Θράκη ἀπὸ Στρυμῶντος ποταμοῦ μέχρι Ἰστρου ποταμοῦ τοῦ ἐν τῷ Εὐξείνῳ πόντῳ*, says Scylax in his *Periplus*. And Herodotus (lib. v. cap. 2.) says, *Θρηάκων ἔθνος μέγιστον ἴσθι, μετὰ γὰρ Ἰνδοῦς, πάντων ἀνθρώπων*. That the Thracians bordered on the Scythians is again asserted by Scylax: *Μετὰ δὲ Θράκην εἰσὶ Σκύθαι ἔθνος*. And that the Scythians were even a *race* of Thracians is asserted by Stephanus Byzantinus: *Σκύθαι ἔθνος Θρηάκων*. Such was Thrace, the primary seat of the Pelasgi in Europe. From that country we may trace their migrations into other countries: but their history, *previous* to their settlement in Thrace, is to us inscrutable."

In the second chapter Dr. Marsh undertakes to prove that the language of the Pelasgi—of the ἔθνος Πελασγικόν, was the same as that of their descendants—the ἔθνος Ἑλληνικόν; the same in fact, though different in form. This opinion is completely at variance with that of Herodotus, and other Greek writers, who assert that the Pelasgi spoke a barbarous language (βάρβαρον γλῶσσαν.) Thucydides has even reckoned the Pelasgi among the ἔθνη βάρβαρα. Dr. Marsh however argues, that the terms ἔθνος Πελασγικόν and ἔθνος Ἑλληνικόν were only different names applied to the same nation, as it existed at different periods; and that this supposed difference in the things signified originated, as in many other cases, solely in the difference of the names. This hypothesis is strongly confirmed, by a consideration of the circumstances attending this alteration in the name of that people—an alteration, which did not take place till after the Trojan war, and which was caused by the superiority acquired by the sons of Hellen over their less powerful neighbours.

“The superiority gained by the Ἕλληνες, which led to the general adoption of their name, must have been subsequent to the Trojan war. For Homer describes them as then confined to a district of Thessaly, as Thucydides himself adds in the same place (παμνησιὶ δὲ μάλιστα Ὀμηρος.) Likewise the Greek scholiast to Apollonius Rhodius (Argon. i. 904.) says, Ὀμηρος μίαν Θητταλίαν πάλιν αἶδε τὴν Ἑλλάδα. Even independently of Homer's testimony, it is incredible that the *cause* should have operated so long *before* the Trojan war, if, as Thucydides himself declares, the *effect* was not produced till *after* the Trojan war. But whatever was the *period*, when the descendants of Hellen obtained the superiority, which led to the general adoption of their name, there is no reason to suppose that they spake a *different language* from that which was used in the other parts of Greece, to which they extended their dominion. At *that* time Greece in general was called Πελασγία: and the very country, from which the Ἕλληνες came, was distinguished in particular by the epithet Πελασγικός. The substitution therefore of one *term* for another, could not have been accompanied with the substitution of one *language* for another. And even if the family of Hellen *had* spoken a different language from that of the Pelasgi, the language of that family could not have superseded the language *previously* spoken in Greece, unless they exterminated as well as conquered, which no Greek historian has ever asserted.”

He also shows the absurdity of the contrary opinion, in a very striking manner, by the following observation:

“In the time of Homer, the term γλῶσσα Ἑλληνική could be applied only to the language spoken in Thessaly; for none but the Thessalians were called Ἕλληνες. If then the term γλῶσσα βάρβαρος

be applied wherever the term γλῶσσα Ἑλληνική does not apply, which was the mode of reasoning, not only of Herodotus and Thucydides, but of the Greek writers in general, the term γλῶσσα βαρβάρη applied, in the time of Homer, to the very language in which Homer himself wrote. Nay, the whole of the Greek army, which appeared before the walls of Troy, consisted of barbarians, with the exception of the troops which were led by Achilles."

He displays his usual acuteness, in the discovery of the causes of those endless inconsistencies, into which the Greek writers were led, by the supposition they had adopted on so slight a foundation. That a nation should change its name, he shows to be not only a thing that might very well take place, but a thing that has often taken place, and particularly in Athens. But that a whole nation should suddenly, and without any assignable cause, forget its ancient language and learn another, he justly considers as highly improbable. For the numerous arguments which he draws from the works of the Greek historians, in confutation of their own opinions upon this subject, we must refer to the work itself: they will find them not the least interesting or amusing part of the book. Were we to give to our readers all that is interesting and amusing in this volume, it would be necessary to transcribe almost the whole of it.

It is principally from a consideration of the Latin language, that Dr. Marsh endeavours to determine the language of the Pelasgi. He mentions the two great migrations of the Pelasgi into Italy, and attributes the resemblance described by Quintilian between the Latin language and the Æolic dialect of the Greek, to the fact of the Pelasgi having used that particular dialect. This fact he is at great pains to prove by a reference to all the accessible authorities—particularly to Dionysius, who is minute in his description of the dialect which the Pelasgi brought with them into Italy. He supports his opinion by a concise examination of the different dialects, as they are divided and classed by ancient writers; and appeals to the inscriptions upon coins, medals, tablets, and statues, which ingenious men have from time to time discovered and preserved. Thus he incontestibly proves, that the Pelasgi used the Æolic dialect, and also "*that characteristic mark which distinguishes the Æolic, as well as Doric, from all other Greek dialects.*" He proceeds thus:

"The character, therefore, which distinguishes the Æolic dialect, might properly be called the *Pelasgic Digamma*. The whole of Greece, as we have already seen, was once called Πηλεργία; and that the use of the Digamma was not in ancient times confined to a particular race of Greeks, appears from the manner in which

Dionysius of Halicarnassus describes it. He speaks in *general* terms (lib. i. c. 20.) of the Digamma, as *ἐννέτῃ τοῖς ΑΡΧΑΙΟΙΣ Ἑλλήσιν*, whence we may consider the Digamma as the *pristine* character of the Greek language. Indeed the Greek F was a constituent part of the primitive Greek alphabet. It corresponded, as well in form as in alphabetic order, to the sixth letter of the Phœnician, or Samaritan alphabet. The sixth letter of the Samaritan alphabet, as it still appears in the Samaritan manuscripts of the Pentateuch, is a double Gamal, as the sixth letter of the Greek alphabet was a double Gamma. The difference, therefore, which afterwards subsisted between the Æolic, and the other dialects, was not occasioned by an *insertion* on the part of the Æolians, but by an *omission* on the part of the other Greeks. Sometimes they dropped the F, without making any compensation for it, saying *ΙΕ* for *ΦΙΕ*, *ΑΝΑΞ* for *ΦΑΝΑΞ*, *ΟΙΚΟΣ* for *ΦΟΙΚΟΣ*, &c. At other times they made compensation by the substitution of H, which in the primitive Greek alphabet, like the corresponding letter in the Samaritan and Latin alphabet, was an aspirate. Thus they substituted *ΗΟΡΜΟΣ* for *ΦΟΡΜΟΣ*, *ΗΟΣ* for *ΦΟΣ* suos, *ΗΕΚΑΣΤΟΣ* for *ΦΕΚΑΣΤΟΣ*, &c.; in the same manner as the Spaniards substitute H for F, in words derived from the Latin. At what period the Greek F began to be omitted, or exchanged for H, by the Dorians, Ionians, and Athenians, is a question, which we have no data to determine. That it had fallen into disuse among the Ionians, when Herodotus wrote, can admit of no doubt. But had it fallen into disuse among them, when Homer composed his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*? Probably not. Homer's Ionic is very different from that of Herodotus; for it contains a *mixture* of dialects. But we cannot suppose that Homer patched up his verses by culling sometimes from one dialect, sometimes from another, as he wanted a long or a short syllable to suit the metre. Such a liberty must have appeared no less extraordinary to Homer's countrymen, than it would be to Englishmen, if they found, in the same sentence of an English poet, the Lancashire and Exmoor dialect jumbled with the dialect of London. The language used by Homer, was undoubtedly the language which was *generally* spoken in the country where he lived: and the language spoken by the Asiatic Ionians in the time of Homer must have been exactly such, as we find in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*."

There is one argument remaining, and that founded upon the names by which the Greeks were known among the Romans. He observes, that

"The very circumstance, that the Pelasgi brought the term *Γραικοί* into Italy (which is proved by the fact of the Latins using the term *Græci*,) shows that *Πελασγοί* and *Γραικοί* were only different names of the same people. Further, it appears from the Greek Chronicle on the Arundel Marbles, that the term *Γραικοί* was not confined to the neighbourhood of Dodona, but that it was *generally*

a name of the Greeks before they were called Ἕλληνες. The author of this Ancient Chronicle having said that the Greeks were called Ἕλληνες, from Hellen the son of Deucalion, adds τὸ πρότερον Γραικοὶ καλούμενοι. But according to Herodotus (lib. ii. cap. 56) the general name of Greece, before it received the name of Ἑλλάς, was Πελασγία: which confirms the inference, that Πελασγοὶ and Γραικοὶ were only different names of the same people. Now the Pelasgi migrated to Italy *before* the inhabitants of Greece had taken the name of Ἕλληνες. Hence the Latins, *first* knowing them by the names of Πελασγοὶ and Γραικοὶ, used no other terms for them. These coincidences, as they *agree* with every thing which has been said about the migration of the Pelasgi into Italy, and their introduction of the Greek language, tend also to *confirm* the conclusions, which have been drawn in this chapter."

The use of the Digamma by the Pelasgi being proved, the Doctor is naturally led to consider the form in which it was used, and the principle of its application. This he does ably—showing himself more studious to convince, than to please; and afraid of nothing so much as being misunderstood. Whoever attends to his arguments, cannot fail to observe how very careful he is in tracing every subject to its source. No proposition is assumed by him, as true, which admits of demonstration; and nothing which does not admit of demonstration is required to be believed upon his assertion, or made the foundation of any part of his reasoning. A striking instance of his caution in this respect occurs in the beginning of the Third Chapter, now under consideration. He is about to institute an enquiry into the form and application of the F, considered as one of the letters used by the Pelasgi; but before he proceeds, he conceives it necessary to prove that the use of letters was known to the Pelasgi. This accuracy can never be considered as excessive: for, if it were possible to prove the negative of this proposition, all his reasonings concerning the form of the letters would be futile. Before we advance, it is proper to observe that Dionysius, who has described the Æolic Digamma proved by Dr. Marsh to have been used by the Pelasgi, says that it was ὥσπερ Γάμμα, διτταῖς ἐπὶ μίαν ὀρθὴν ἐπιζευγόμενον ταῖς πλαγίαις.

To answer the description, our readers will observe that it may be written either as F or Γ. These both consist of two perfect gammas, which are "joined by the two side strokes being drawn into one straight line." In the latter form, however, we have "an upright Γ placed upon an inverted Γ, so as to form Γ." Sometimes the cross strokes are found to make an acute, not a right angle with the side stroke. The same difference has also been observed in the form of the gamma. Doubts have been

entertained of the existence of the F in Greek inscriptions, but these doubts, says Dr. Marsh, were finally removed, in 1783, by the discovery of a brass tablet, near the scite of the ancient Petilia, which may therefore be called the Petilian Tablet.

“As Petilia, or, as it is sometimes written, Petelia, was a town in the country of the Bruttii, and the Pelasgi, as was shown in the second chapter, settled in that country, the Digamma must have been used at Petilia. And accordingly we find on the Petilian tablet, the word OIKIAN very distinctly engraved FOIKIAN. The form of the Digamma in this inscription exactly corresponds with the description given by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. It consists of two perfect gammas, each of the same size, with the lines at right angles to each other. And one gamma is so placed on the other gamma, that each of them is joined by the two side strokes being drawn into one straight line, or, in the words of Dionysius, (Lib. 1. Cap. 20.) διτταῖς ἐπὶ μίαν ὄρθαν ἐπιζυγνύμενοι ταῖς πλαγίαις. The whole figure is likewise erect. Since therefore the Digamma, which is used in the Petilian inscription, appears in every respect so perfect, since it comes so near to the Latin F, which was formed from it, and moreover appears in the same shape on the Greek coins, which have proper names beginning with the Digamma, the F, which is here used, has been cast in imitation of it: and it is certainly as good a form as any which we can adopt, when we write Greek words with the Digamma.”

The next inscription, which Dr. Marsh takes notice of, is that on a brass helmet discovered in 1795, by Mr. Morritt, in the Alpheus near Olympia. This we mention on account of the interpretation suggested by the author of this treatise, of the words ANEΘENTOLAIFI. He asserts, and with the greatest probability, that the proper reading is ANEΘEN TOI ΔIFI, that is, ἀνέθισαν τῷ Δῖι, posuerunt Jovi. After maintaining the propriety of writing ἀνέθισαν for ἀνέθεν, and τῷ for TOI, and giving his reasons for preferring this to others that have been suggested, he proceeds thus:

“It has been thought indeed *anomalous* to insert the Digamma in such a word as Δις. But to judge of the Digamma, we should not speak of *insertion*: for it was a constituent part of the primitive Greek alphabet; and our present forms were occasioned by the *omission* of it. Let us ask, therefore, in the first place, in what manner the *nominative* Ζεύς, or rather Διὺς, according to the Æolic form, was originally written by the Pelasgi. They could not *at first* have written ΔΕΥΣ: for Υ was an *addition* to the primitive Greek alphabet, which ended with Τ, like the Phœnician, Samaritan, Hebrew, Chaldec, and Syriac alphabets. F on the other hand was a constituent part of the primitive Greek alphabet; it was the sixth letter in the Greek alphabet, as the corresponding letter was in all the alphabets just mentioned. The word, therefore, which was

afterwards written ΔΕΥΣ, and then ΔΕΥΣ, 'must at first have been written ΔΕΦΣ or ΔΙΦΣ. But the genitive and dative of ΔΙΦΣ could have been no other than ΔΙΦΟΣ and ΔΙΦΙ, which, when the Digamma was *dropped*, became Διός and Διι. Hence also we see the reason why Διός and Διι came to be the genitive and dative of Σείς. In like manner Νιψ, νιφός, νιφι, was originally ΝΙΦΣ, ΝΙΦΟΣ, ΝΙΦΙ: Nix, nivis, nivi. Κατήλιψ, κατήλιφος, κατήλιφι was originally ΚΑΤΕΛΙΦΣ, ΚΑΤΕΛΙΦΟΣ, ΚΑΤΕΛΙΦΙ.

And even ἴφι, though *now* considered as an adverb, was a dative of which ΙΦΣ was the nominative: for ἴφι must at first have been written ΙΦΙ. Or rather, if we may judge from Iliad, A. 38. the nominative was ΦΙΦΣ and the dative ΦΙΦΙ. For that line of Homer must have been originally written ΚΙΑΛΑΝΤΕΖΑΘΕΑΝΤΕΝΕΔΟΙ ΟΤΕΦΙΦΙΦΑΝΑΣΣΕΙΣ."

The next in order is the inscription, known by the name of the Elean inscription, in which the Digamma occurs not less than seven times in ten lines. This inscription, says our author,

"Is of very great importance in the history of the Æolic Digamma. It was not only found in a country, where we know that the Digamma was constantly used, but it further exemplifies the *application* of the Digamma to words, of which we had no evidence before. We know, that in various instances, where the other Greeks used the aspirate H, the Æolians used F. But the Æolians did not *always* use F, where the other Greeks used H. That the Pelasgi, who brought letters into Latium, used both H and F, appears from the Latin alphabet, which contains both of those letters. It appears likewise from various Latin words, which correspond with the Greek. Though they wrote FOV and FOI (that is, οὐ and οἱ) in the sense of *sui* and *sibi*, and FOΣ in the sense of *suus*, yet they must have written the *article* with H. If they had not written HOI and HAI, the Latins would not have written HI and HAE. If the Pelasgi had not expressed the later forms, ὥρα, αἰρίω, ἥρω, &c. by HOPA, HAIPEO, HEPOΣ, &c. the Latins would not have written HORA, HAEREO, HEROS, &c. We could not therefore be certain that Ἔτης, for instance, even if aspirated, was written by the Æolians FETAΣ. But that it *was* so written, now appears from the Elean inscription. With respect to non-aspirated words, our chief dependance has hitherto been on the corresponding Latin words. If Latin words, beginning with F or V, have Greek words corresponding to them, which begin with a vowel, we may conclude that the Pelasgi, who brought letters into Latium, used in such cases their F. Hence we infer, that ἴς was written ΦΙΣ, οἶκος FOIKOΣ, &c. But for words, which have no corresponding words in Latin, we want *Greek* authority: and this Greek authority has hitherto been very sparingly afforded. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, (lib. i. c. 20.) has given us *two* such examples, ἀνάξ and ἀνής, of which *one* only is applicable to the poems

of Homer; for *ἀνῆ* does not there *admit* the F. But the Elean inscription, in addition to the authority which it affords for *ῖπας*, (sometimes written *ῖπας*), affords authority that *ῖπας*, *ῖπας*, and *ῖργας*, were written with F. In the second line we find ΕΚΑΤΟΝΦΕΤΕΑ: and in the third and fourth lines ΑΙΤΕΦΕΠΟΣΑΙΤΕΦΑΡΓΟΝ. The corrections, therefore, which have been proposed in the versification of Homer, receive from this inscription a very remarkable and very unexpected confirmation. Among the words, to which Heyne, in his edition of Homer, has in the marginal emendations prefixed F, on the ground, *that the metre required it*, we find all the four words *ῖπας*, *ῖπας*, *ῖπας*, and *ῖργας*. Again, this inscription confirms the opinion, that words, now beginning with an aspirated P, began in the *old* Æolic with IP, though the *later* Æolians, according to the Greek grammarians, began such words with BP. For *ῖργας* is here very distinctly engraved ΦΑΤΡΑ. Further, the Elean inscription shows, that the *ancient* name of Elis was ΦΑΙΣ. Lastly, the Elean inscription shows, that where the *ῖπας* is now used, F was frequently used by the ancient Æolians. For we find ΤΟΙΦΑΑΕΙΟΙΣΚΑΙΤΟΙΣΕΦΑΟΙΟΙΣ, which would now be written τοῖς Ἑλίοις καὶ τοῖς Εὐαίοις. Instead, therefore, of the present orthography ΕΥΑ, the Eleans used ΕΦΑ."

Other curious inscriptions are mentioned by Dr. Marsh, and many particulars ingeniously pointed out concerning them; but we cannot now notice them. We are sorry to be obliged to resist an inclination we feel to give to our readers a passage, in which he accounts for the character *ς* being used to denote the number 6, by referring it to the Digamma.

The fourth chapter is the most important in the book. Its object is—to determine the original Pelasgic pronunciation of the Digamma. The opinions of eminent men upon this subject are various and discordant; and when Dr. Marsh comes forward to assert, that F was pronounced like the Latin F, he has to enter the lists with many distinguished scholars both ancient and modern. We cannot do better, than let him explain in his own words the course of argument by which he purposes to attain his object.

"As the Greek F corresponds to the Latin F, both in form and in alphabetic order, (it having been the sixth letter in both alphabets,) the inference which naturally presents itself, is, that the two letters agreed also in sound. The letters of one alphabet admit of three analogies in reference to the letters of another. They may agree in form; they may agree in alphabetic order; they may agree in sound. Now when the two first analogies take place, the presumption is, (unless reasons can be given to the contrary) that the *third* also was not wanting. If the Latins borrowed their F from the Greek F, and assigned to it the sixth place in their alphabet, because it had the sixth place in the Greek, it is not pro-

hable that they pronounced it in any other way, than that in which they heard the *Greeks* pronounce it. We must conclude, therefore, that the Greek F corresponded in *all* respects to the Latin F. And this inference is confirmed by the circumstance, that the very letter, namely the Latin V, to which the Greek F is *supposed* to have corresponded, agreed in all its analogies with *another* letter of the Greek alphabet; analogies, which could not hold good in respect to two letters."

Here we find, that it is the object of the author to prove, in the first place, that an entire correspondence subsisted between the Greek φ and the Latin V. We omit his demonstration, and give only the inference he deduces from it.

"Since then the *Latin V* was analogous to the Greek V in all its various relations, it could be only *so far* analogous to any *other* letter of the Greek alphabet, as the Greek V *itself* was analogous to that letter. We must conclude, therefore, that the Latin V, as well as the Greek V, had a cognate sound with the Greek F, but so far *differed* from it, as the one was $\psi\iota\lambda\acute{o}\nu$, the other $\delta\alpha\sigma\acute{o}\nu$. What then shall we conclude, with respect to the analogy of the Greek F to the Latin F, which was likewise $\delta\alpha\sigma\acute{o}\nu$? No other inference remains, than that the correspondence between them was *entire*. We have seen that the Greek V corresponds to the Latin V, in order, form, and sound. We know also, that the Greek F corresponded to the Latin F, in order and in form. Consequently they must have corresponded in the only remaining analogy, that of *sound*. For, if this third analogy of the Greek F be referred to the Latin V, we interfere with the analogy, which this same Latin V has been shown to bear in all its relations to *another* letter. We must conclude, therefore, that there was a perfect analogy between the Greek F and the Latin F, as there was between the Greek V and the Latin V. In this manner the two alphabets preserve their *harmony*: whereas if we refer a letter, which is nearly at the head of one alphabet, to a letter which is nearly at the bottom of the other, and moreover to a letter which has a very different form, the harmony of the two alphabets is totally destroyed."

To prove that the Latin F is the proper representative of the Greek F, as well in its application, as in its form and alphabetic order, he gives a list of Latin words derived from the Greek, and beginning with F. These examples are written first according to the present Greek form, then according to the old *Æolic* or *Pelasgic* form, and thirdly according to the Latin form. In the writing of these he tells us he has observed the five following rules.

First, "That whenever a word, now beginning with Φ in *Greek*, begins with F in *Latin*, that same word was written likewise with F by those *Pelasgi*, who brought letters into *Latium*."

Secondly, "That whenever Greek words, now beginning with

a vowel, whether aspirated or not, have F prefixed to them in Latin, those same words had F prefixed to them by the Pelasgi, who brought letters into Latium."

Thirdly, "That where Greek words now begin with an aspirated 'P, and have words corresponding to them in Latin beginning with FR, those words originally began with FP likewise in Greek, the aspirate being nothing but a *substitution* for the F."

Fourthly, "That wherever Greek words, now beginning either with B or with Θ, begin in Latin with F, those same words began likewise with F among the Pelasgi, who brought letters into Latium."

Fifthly, "As the long Ω was invented long after the time, when the Pelasgi brought letters into Latium, and Η was then used, not as a vowel but an aspirate, we must substitute O for Ω, and either A or E for Η, as the analogy of the Æolic dialect may require, in representing Greek words according to the *Pelasgic* orthography.

We will transcribe the first six as a specimen :

Φυγή,	FVGA,	FVGA.	Φήμη,	FAMA,	FAMA.
Φρατήρ,	FPATER,	FRATER.	Φηγός,	FAGOS,	FAGVS.
Φύω,	FVO,	FVO.	Φέλλης,	FOLLIS,	FOLLIS.

"These examples," he observes, "are sufficient to show that the Latin F was the proper representative of the Greek F. And hence we may infer, that, in those cases where V is used, the V is merely a substitute for the Latin F, which, though naturally hard in reference to V, acquires in certain cases a softer sound than at other times, and thus becomes more easily exchanged. When the Latin F was followed by the consonants l, r, or the vowels a, o, u, it preserved the hard sound, which naturally belongs to it, and consequently was not so liable to be changed. Thus in *Flamma*, *Fluo*, *Frango*, *Frigeo*, *Fama*, *Fagus*, *Follis*, *Folium*, *Fuga*, *Fumus*, and others of the same description, the F was not converted into V. But before the vowels e and i, the F acquired a *softer* sound, and accordingly was often, though not always, changed into V. Hence *Festa*, *Felia*, *Festis*, *Fis*, *Finum*, &c. as written according to the Greek form, from which they were taken, became *Vesta*, *Velia*, *Vestis*, *Vis*, *Vinum*, &c. On the other hand, in *Fera*, *Fero*, *Firmus*, *Filius*, &c. the F remained. But when F was placed between two vowels, it necessarily acquired a softer sound: and in such cases it appears to have been *always* changed into V. Hence *ovis*, *ovum*, &c. became *ovis*, *ovum*, &c. On a similar principle to that, which changed F into V, when F was so placed as to lose a portion of its natural hardness, V was sometimes changed into F, when it was so placed, as to lose a portion of its natural softness."

Dawes, in his *Miscellanea Critica*, has selected passages from Terentianus Maurus, Marius Victorinus, and Priscian, tending to prove that the Latin V corresponded with the Digamma. It is impossible for us to give a just idea of the ability with

which Dr. Marsh resists the force which the talents of this celebrated critic, under the cover of classical authority, must ever communicate to the arguments he adduces. In our opinion, all difficulties are surmounted, and the author's case clearly made out.

Nor do those arguments which rest upon Greek authority, and have been brought to prove that F is properly represented by the Greek diphthong *ov*, experience a happier fate. By the skill of their new antagonist, these critics are reduced either to the necessity of giving up the point, or to the absurdity of making the Greek consonant F equivalent not only to *OT*, but also to *E*, to *O*, to *T*, to *Ω* and to *ET*. We conclude with a quotation from the 5th section of this chapter, which seems to us both striking and convincing.

“ There remains only one more notion, which it is necessary to confute, in order to vindicate to the Greek F its genuine pronunciation. I am aware, that I have to combat a very common opinion, when I deny, that the Greek F was pronounced like the English W. It is, however, an opinion so improbable even *in itself*, and independently of the arguments which may be alleged against it, that we may justly wonder how such a notion could prevail. The mere circumstance, that the *Æolians* used it before P, shows that they could not have pronounced it as the English pronounce W. That the *Æolians* *did* begin many of their words with FP appears from the examples, which have been already given of *Latin* words beginning with FR, which have Greek words corresponding to them *now* beginning with an aspirated P. And the *existence* of such words has been lately placed beyond the possibility of doubt by the word FPATPA on the Elean tablet. If in this word we pronounce the Greek F like the Latin F, as in *Frater*, we pronounce a sound in which there is nothing harsh or inharmonious. But if, in giving to the Greek F the broad and coarse sound of the English W, we pronounce FPATPA as an Englishman would pronounce WRATRA, we pronounce a sound so offensive to the ear, that no *Greek* could have endured it. Nor must we forget, that the *Æolians*, who alone retained the use of F, were noted *in particular* for their aversion to all harsh sounds. The very tablet, on which FPATPA occurs, affords a proof of this assertion. Though we know that the other Greeks anciently wrote HEKATON, we find in this inscription EKATON, without an aspirate. The very article before FPATPA is also without an aspirate. We find not HA FPATPA but A FPATPA. And in the *relative* the aspirate is avoided by the substitution of T for H. The nominative plural *is* on the Elean tablet not HOI, but TOI. Nor is the connexion of F with P the *only* case, in which its pronunciation like W would be intolerable. Indeed, if the *Æolians* suppressed the aspirate in HEKATON, it is incredible that they should have pronounced

EKATON FETEA in the Elean inscription, as an Englishman would pronounce EKATON WETEA.

"But let us consider the *grounds* on which the opinion rests, that the Greek F was pronounced like the English W. It rests either on the representation of Dionysius, or on the representation of the Latin grammarians. They, who argue from the former, argue thus. The Greek F was pronounced like the Greek OY: the Greek OY was pronounced like the French ou: the French ou is equivalent to the English W: *ergo*, the Greek F and the English W have one and the same pronunciation. This mode of reasoning is adopted by the learned editor of Dawes's *Miscellanea Critica*. But as the first term of this Sorites has been already proved to be incorrect, it is unnecessary to enquire into the accuracy of those which follow.

"Dawes, who very properly rejects the arguments from OY, comes however to the same conclusion by the aid of the Latin V. Assuming, on the authority of the Latin grammarians, that the Greek F corresponded to the Latin V, and taking for *granted* that the Latin V was pronounced like the English W, he concludes at once, that the Greek F had the *same* pronunciation; and even substitutes that unsightly figure W (unsightly at least in Greek) for the genuine form F. Now, since the first step also of *this* argument has been already shown to be erroneous, the question whether the Greek F was pronounced like the English W, does not depend on the question whether the Latin V was so pronounced."

ART. II. *Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt.* late President of the Royal Academy, &c. By JAMES NORTHCOTE, Esq. R. A. 4to. London, 1814.

THE requisites to enable a biographer to hand down the subject of his narrative to an immortal fame, consist in vigorous powers of perception, accurate description, and just and philosophical sentiment. With these qualities ought to be united some congeniality of mind to the individual whose history he records; a portion of the same characteristic feeling which influenced the most remarkable actions of his life—without which the history of the most distinguished personage, will dwindle into cold and tasteless narration. It is chiefly to be desired that the written life of the studious and contemplative, wanting the display of varied action, should exhibit the exact similitude of its original, and convey to the imagination, a delineation of the whole soul. That the narrator should accomplish this, it is not merely necessary to have enjoyed habits of freedom or intimacy with his subject; nor is it sufficient to collect with

watchful industry abundant matter in the shape of anecdote or aphorism : that clear and comprehensive intellect must be possessed and employed, which can penetrate into motives, and develop the thoughts and feelings of the heart. That such a biographer is still wanted to do justice to Sir Joshua Reynolds, is our deliberate opinion ; nor do we think with the author of these memoirs, that an artist alone can properly execute the task. We have derived more actual knowledge of this eminent man, and seem to have been introduced to a closer acquaintance with him, from reading the short eulogium of Burke, than from the greater part of the quarto now before us. The clearness of perception, the feeling, and the graces of language in that splendid writer would eminently have fitted him for giving to the world a history of the most graceful and dignified artist of the whole modern school of painters. We shall present our readers with the following extract from that eulogium, as given by Mr. Northcote, in confirmation of our opinion.

“ Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of his colouring he was equal to the greatest masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them ; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve, when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend upon it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his painting.” Page 372.

The modesty with which Mr. Northcote introduces himself to the public, as the historian of Sir Joshua, although highly commendable, does not deter us from a strict examination of his work, which indeed the publication of every ponderous quarto, in some measure demands ; nor do we think it a sufficient excuse for prolixity, to be candidly told by the author, that he is really incompetent to select his materials.

“ I sensibly feel that some parts of these Memoirs may be judged tedious, some parts weak, and other parts not sufficiently connected with the original subject ; but I was not so competent a judge of my own work as to make the proper selection : and I also apprehend that, in a variety of readers, some will be pleased with what

others will despise, and that one who presumes to give a public dinner must provide, as well as he is able, a dish for each particular palate; so that if I have given too much, it is at my own risk, and from an earnest desire to satisfy every one." Preface.

We may not perhaps, upon the whole, be disposed to quarrel with Mr. Northcote for these opinions; but with respect to the imprudent desire of giving universal satisfaction in a work like the present, we must observe that, in proportion as he extends his subject to the gratification of the common reader, he will displease the more correct and delicate.

Mr. Northcote is of opinion that the æra of taste had just begun to dawn upon the British nation, at the period when Sir Joshua thought of displaying to the world his superior talents. The county of Devon is represented as remarkable for its production of painters, among whom, of towering eminence, stands recorded the name of Reynolds, who was born at Plympton, 16 December, 1723. Not adopting the usual practice of biographers who, from the days of Plutarch, have been accustomed to trace the ancestry of their heroes to some highly respectable if not to a divine origin, Mr. N. tells us that the early life of the great artist was not marked by any uncommon incident, that could lead the world to augur of his future fame. At the age of eighteen he was placed under the care and tuition of Hudson, at that time reputed to be the most noted painter in England, but whom Mr. Northcote very justly supposes to have been not at all competent to afford necessary instruction to a genius like that of his young and ardent pupil, who is said to have excited a sensation of rancorous jealousy in the breast of his master which soon occasioned their final separation.

Returning into Devonshire, we are told that he employed his pencil in portrait with tolerable success, and was introduced to the family of Mount Edgecumbe, which employed and patronised him. Under their recommendation he acquired the notice of the Honourable Augustus Keppel, at that time a captain in the navy, and who, being shortly after appointed commodore on the Mediterranean station, prevailed upon Mr. Reynolds to accompany him.

On his arrival in Italy, Mr. Reynolds appears to have been much disappointed with respect to the delight he anticipated from the treasures of the Vatican, which led to much candid confession between himself and his fellow students. At length however, by dint of resolution and assiduity, he seemed to have worked himself into a belief, that he had actually acquired

a taste for those divine originals ; but from his subsequent observations upon his visit to Rome, from his letter to Barry, and more especially from his own adopted style of painting, it is not difficult to discover that his taste for that order of composition was imaginary, or at best but imperfect and transient. With less invention than the works he professed to admire, his pictures possess in a far superior degree, the graces of light and shade, and the magical effect of rich and harmonious colouring.

At Rome, Mr. Reynolds is said to have painted several caricature subjects with considerable effect ; but he afterwards wisely relinquished a practice so deteriorating to the mind of an artist. He remained in Italy about three years, and shortly after settled in London, hired handsome apartments in St. Martin's Lane, and pursued his profession with profit and success. The institution of the Royal Academy soon opened to him a wider field for the exercise of his abilities, and in the progress of his lectures, he seems to have derived considerable benefit from those habits of thinking deeply on his art, necessarily induced by the tuition of others. To impart instruction, it became requisite to perfect his own ideas ; and we can accordingly trace a visible degree of progressive improvement, during the whole course of his lectures, in his pictures as well as in his mind ; although in his practice he never entirely acted up to the full conviction of his own judgment. His last lecture, and his eulogium on Michael Angelo, evince a kind of regret that he had not at an earlier period devoted his entire efforts to the sole cultivation of the higher species of painting.

The paucity of events in Sir Joshua's life is supplied, in these memoirs, by minute and various details of rather ordinary circumstances. A number of anecdotes are interspersed to cheer the adventurer who undertakes to travel through the volume : but of these the generality have been told before, by Boswell and others ; and by far the major part of them are irrelevant to the principal character.

“ In illustration of this, I may add the observation of an excellent author, that no set of men can have a due regard for the *fine arts* who are more enslaved by the pleasures arising from the grosser senses than from those springing from, or connected with, reflection. The interests of intemperance and study are so opposite, that they cannot exist together in the same mind, or, at least, in such degree as to produce any advantages to the agent. When we indulge our grosser appetites beyond what we ought, we are dragged to contrition through the medium of anguish, and forego or violate that dig—

nified calmness of the system which is only compatible with an honorable ambition;—the sorceries of Circe, or the orgies of Bacchus, cannot administer or infuse efficient inspiration to intellects debauched by unballowed fervor; such as sink under their influence, may, indeed, be negatively contented with their ignorance of the value of superior merit, but will never exert their ability for, nor pant with the desire of being enviable, happy, or renowned." p. 2.

We shall now turn to his more familiar attempts; and even here a consciousness of inability seems to abase his style, while a kindred sense of inferiority prevents him from a steady contemplation of his subject. A conversation with Sir Joshua, as it is related by Mr. Northcote, will perhaps satisfy our readers that we have not presumed to judge with too much severity.

"The following little circumstance, as it serves to shew the kind disposition of Sir Joshua, I may be allowed to mention, although it relates so much to my own concerns.

"The latter end of the year 1775 was now arrived, when it only wanted a few months of five years that I had been with him, and when I also approached the twenty-ninth year of my age; and I thought it high time for me to do something for myself at so late a period in the life of a pupil, having been prevented by many causes from beginning my studies as a painter in earlier youth. I therefore thought it proper to give Sir Joshua notice of my intentions some months before my departure; this, however, was a task very disagreeable to me, and I deferred it from day to day, but at last determined, and going to him one morning in the month of December, when he was alone in his painting room; I began by saying that at the end of May next it would be five years since I first came to his house. Sir Joshua, with a gentleness in his manner, said, that he thought that was full sufficient, and that I was now well able to do for myself. I then replied, that I was very sensible of the obligation I owed him, and that I would stay any time longer he should think proper if I could be of any service to him. Sir Joshua said by no means, as I had already done him much service; I answered, that I feared I had not been of so much assistance to him as I wished, but that it was solely from want of power, and not inclination. Sir Joshua was so obliging as to say, that I had been very useful to him, more so than any scholar that had ever been with him; and he added, "I hope we shall assist each other as long as we live," and that if I would remain with him until the month of May he should be very much obliged to me, as I could be very useful to him; I answered, that I intended it, and during that time wished to work as much as it was in my power for his service, and thus the conversation ended." p. 233.

Again:—

On the 12th of May 1776, I took my leave of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to take my chance in the world, and we parted with great

cordiality ; he said I was perfectly in the right in my intentions, and that he had been fully satisfied with my conduct whilst I had been with him ; also, that he had no idea I should have staid with him so long, “ but now,” added Sir Joshua, “ to succeed in your art, you are to remember that something more is to be done than that which did formerly : Kneller, Lely, and Hudson, will not do now.” I was rather surprized to hear him join the two former names with that of Hudson, who was so evidently their inferior as to be out of all comparison.” p. 234.

In spite of this sensation of surprize in the breast of Mr. Northcote, it does not appear that he gained, or even required from Sir Joshua any explanation of his reasons for so remarkable an observation. If excessive respect to the opinion of this great master chained the tongue of the pupil, we must remind him of an observation which he has himself made, relative to the danger resulting from too high a degree of reverence for our superiors.

“ He (Sir Joshua) considered it, therefore, to be sometimes of service, that our examples should be near us ; and be such as raise a reverence sufficient to induce us carefully to observe them, yet not so great as to prevent us from engaging with them in something like a generous contention.” p. 347.

After Sir Joshua is consigned to an honorable grave, Mr. Northcote appears to acquire a little more confidence ; he begins to treat his subject in a more masterly manner, and is tolerably successful in a pleasing analysis of the qualities and general opinions of the artist whose memoirs he has given us. We must however repeat that he had better have restrained his industry to the performance of what is set forth in the title of his book ; and his genius might also have suggested to him the importance of a more circumstantial and technical description of the principal works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, especially as he tells us that none but an artist ought to undertake to write the life of an artist.

If to so laudable a purpose Mr. Northcote should ever devote his efforts ; and, instead of a mere chronicler of trifling anecdote, become the able historian of the individual ; we shall be happy to bestow upon him that praise to which his present work has but a slender claim.

At the conclusion of the memoirs of Sir Joshua, a few pages are devoted to an account of William Gandy, an artist of indifferent private character, and little known, but one whose abilities were highly esteemed by Kneller and Reynolds. The remainder of the volume consists of a number of miscellaneous writings, entitled “ Varieties on Art.” “ The Dream of a

Painter," which stands first in this collection, displays the author's opinions upon various celebrated artists, delivered in a style rather fanciful than learned. The appearance of Michael Angelo is thus introduced in the course of the vision.

"Thus passed the pageant, and the area of the stage was now clear, when I perceived a bright cloud descending to the ground, which by degrees vanished into air, and then discovered to our sight an elderly personage of most singular majesty of deportment. He was habited in a flowing robe of green velvet, with a kind of hat or cap of the same on his head; he moved with a firm and dignified step; he had but few followers, and those few stood at an awful distance. He appeared to scorn the flutter or parade of show, as if all dignity was in himself, and when he trod, the very ground seemed to tremble beneath him. At the motion of his wand he was encircled by a group of more than mortal beings; sacred prophets and sybils came obedient to his call. Behind him mysterious visions floated in the distant space, and as if the heavens had opened, there appeared angelic forms ascending and descending. A stream of light shone down upon him like that we may imagine might have surrounded Moses when the tables of the law were delivered to him. Its glory was too powerful to be viewed without pain, and turning from it to relieve my aching sight, I saw it no more, as instantly the curtain hid the awful scene. "You have had this transient view," said my guide, "of Michael Angelo Buonarotti."

The vision concludes with a compliment to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

We close our remarks with a few observations respecting "The Slighted Beauty," the only remaining production, which from its length claims our notice. It exhibits, in a half-humorous allegorical style, the progress of painting through various parts of Europe: she is represented as a forlorn damsel, and her distresses in England are particularly adverted to, where she is excluded from the church, and ultimately reduced to the inglorious necessity of abandoning the higher species of composition in her art, for the more humble but lucrative practice of portrait painting. In this little history the author seems to have adopted the style of Swift in his memorable Tale of a Tub. He does not indeed rival that genius in humorous comparison, in solidity, and in brilliancy of wit; but his writing is free from the occasional grossness and indelicacy which too frequently tarnish the Dean's most luminous pages; and upon the whole it is a lively and agreeable performance.

ART. III. *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799—1804.* By Alexander de Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland; with Maps, Plans, &c. Written in French by ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT, and translated into English by HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, vols. I. and II. 8vo. pp. lxiii. 292 and 299. London, Longman, 1814.

No performances in any department of literature have excited a more general interest, or have been read with greater avidity, than the narrations, descriptions, and researches, of enlightened travellers. This interest arises from the diversified combination of intellectual qualities, habitual acquirements, and external circumstances, by which this part of the mental diet is adapted to the taste of all whom a liberal education has at once qualified and inclined to partake of it. How various are the feelings which are excited by accompanying the traveller over the classic regions and mouldering monuments of Greece and Rome, the consecrated ground of Judea, the horrid sterility of the African desert, the ever-springing verdure of the East, or amidst the stupendous phenomena of the new world!

In like manner, if we follow the enterprising navigator in his discovery of the western hemisphere, it is the man himself struggling against opposing obstacles that awakens our sympathy, and when at length we see his exertions terminate in complete success, it is the crown won by courage and perseverance which constitutes the irresistible charm that binds us to his fate. Such also are the sensations with which we attend the steps of the intrepid but lamented Park, when he dared to penetrate almost alone into the heart of an unknown continent, that he might return with the hidden spoils of nature, and exhibit them as trophies of his courage, for the benefit of mankind.

In traversing the New World, "man and his productions disappear amidst the stupendous display of wild and gigantic nature;" and the mind is at once absorbed by the grandeur, and subdued by the magnitude of her operations; for when the traveller inhales the rarified atmosphere of the *Plateaux*, or climbs the flanks of the Cordilleras, every aspect which nature presents is an aspect of majestic sublimity. But a widely different order of feelings is excited when we join the traveller in his route through the academic groves of ancient Greece, or over the classic plains of Italy. Here every object is calculated to recal those ideas that were imbibed during our earlier years,

and to awaken those associations which have entwined themselves with all our youthful pleasures. Hence the interest we feel in attending such a companion is adapted rather to soothe than to charm, to please than to delight : and by being thus caused to retrace the paths we have already trodden, we are enabled to re-enjoy, as it were by reflection, the days that are past—but here, all is mere retrospect !—The source of our interest is changed, when we visit the land of the ancient Israelites ; there we are not only led to contemplate the past, but to *feel* its connection with the future ; not only to witness the fulfilment of threatenings, but to look for the future accomplishment of promises ; not merely to view the displays of Almighty power, but to admire the exercise of infinite mercy.

The gratification derived from contemplating natural scenery, either separately, or in connection with the physical, moral or religious condition of mankind, depends both upon the powers of him who presents those objects to the mind, and on the reader's capabilities for receiving the true impressions they are calculated to make. Hence it is, that this interest is so general and various ; and hence too, that diversity of opinions which are so often formed respecting the labors of the same traveller, and which may therefore all be equally correct as the representatives of the impressions from which they arose.

Few of our readers are so totally unacquainted with the talents and attainments of M. de Humboldt, or the celebrity he has acquired by his various publications relative to the New World, as to render it necessary for us to dwell upon these topics further than to give a slight sketch of his preparations for the undertaking, and of his views and objects in its accomplishment ; and this merely as enabling them more fully to appreciate the merits of the work before us, and the others which we may afterwards notice. The most cursory perusal of these works cannot fail of producing a conviction, that it would be extremely difficult to find another individual who could traverse the same regions under the same circumstances, and return with a richer freight of those treasures which nature has so profusely scattered between the tropics. Relative to his early desires, and his preparation for gratifying them, and adding to the advancement of science, the author remarks :

“ From my earliest youth I had felt an ardent desire to travel into distant regions, which Europeans had seldom visited. This desire is the characteristic of a period of our existence, when life appears an unlimited horizon, and when we find an irresistible attraction in the impetuous agitations of the mind, and the image of

positive danger. Educated in a country which has no direct communication with the colonies of either India, living amidst mountains, remote from the coasts, and celebrated for their numerous mines, I felt an increasing passion for the sea and distant expeditions. The objects with which we are acquainted only by the animated narratives of travellers have a particular charm; imagination wanders with delight over what is vague and undefined; and the pleasures of which we are deprived seem possessed of a fascinating power, compared to which all we daily feel in the narrow circle of sedentary life appears insipid. The taste for herborization, the study of geology, rapid excursions to Holland, England and France, with the celebrated Mr. George Forster, who had the happiness to accompany Captain Cook in his second expedition round the globe, contributed to give a determined direction to the plan of travels which I had formed at eighteen years of age. No longer deluded by the agitation of a wandering life, I was anxious to contemplate nature in all its variety of wild and stupendous scenery; and the hope of collecting some facts useful to the advancement of science incessantly impelled my wishes towards the luxuriant regions spread under the torrid zone. As my personal situation then prevented me from executing the projects, by which I was so powerfully influenced, I had leisure to prepare myself during six years for the observations I proposed to make on the New Continent, to visit different parts of Europe, and explore the lofty chain of the Alps, the structure of which I might afterwards compare with that of the Andes, of Quito and Peru. As I employed successively instruments of different constructions, I fixed my choice on those which appeared to me the most exact, and the least subject to break in the carriage. I had an opportunity of repeating measurements, which had been taken according to the most rigorous methods; and I learned from experience the extent of the errors, to which I might be exposed." p. 3.

The author's sketch of his plans and disappointments, with the manner in which his route was finally determined, sufficiently proves the unconquerable bent of his mind, and the invisible agency of a superior power, which so frequently frustrates the best digested plans of short-sighted mortals, and turns their exertions into channels of its own.

In addition to the studies of the closet and the examination of the cabinets of naturalists, M. de Humboldt traversed part of Italy in 1795; but not being able to visit Naples and Sicily he determined to return towards the close of 1797, and travelled with Mr. Leopold de Buch through several cantons of the interesting countries of Salzburgh and Styria; but when he was passing the Tyrolese Alps, the war which raged in Italy, constrained him to abandon his intention of visiting the volcanic

regions of the south of Europe. About this time he received an invitation from an enlightened traveller to accompany him on an expedition to Upper Egypt. Furnished with the best astronomical instruments, and provided with able draughtsmen, they were to "ascend the Nile, as far as Assouan, after minutely examining the positions of the Saïd, between Tentyris and the cataracts." The views of M. de Humboldt had previously been directed to the tropical regions only, but the temptation of visiting a country of such celebrity as Upper Egypt was too powerful for him to resist, and he therefore agreed to the proposal with the express condition that when they returned to Alexandria, he should be at liberty to pursue his route through Syria and Palestine. He then directed his studies with a view to this new object, and though the political situation of the East prevented it from being realized, he afterwards found them of great use in examining "the relations between the barbarous monuments of Mexico, and those belonging to the nations of the Old World." He then continues,

"An expedition of discoveries in the Southern Ocean, under the direction of Captain Baudin, was then preparing in France. The first plan was great, bold, and worthy of being executed by a more enlightened commander. The purpose of this expedition was to visit the Spanish possessions of South America, from the mouth of the river Plata to the kingdom of Quito, and the isthmus of Panama. After traversing the Archipelago of the great Ocean, and exploring the coasts of New Holland, from Van Diemen's Land to that of Nuyts, both vessels were to stop at Madagascar, and return by the Cape of Good Hope. I was at Paris when the preparations for this voyage were begun, and obtained permission to embark, with the instruments I had collected, in one of the vessels destined for the South Sea, reserving to myself the liberty of leaving Captain Baudin whenever I thought proper. M. Michaux, who had already visited Persia, and a part of North America, and M. Bonpland, with whom I formed a friendship that still unites us, were appointed to accompany this expedition as naturalists.

"I had flattered myself during several months with the idea of sharing in labors directed to so great and honorable an object, when the war, which broke out in Germany and Italy, determined the French government to withdraw the funds granted for their voyage of discovery, and adjourn it to an indefinite period. Cruelly deceived in my hopes, seeing the plans which I had been forming during many years of my life overthrown in a single day, I sought at any risk the speediest means of quitting Europe, and engaging in some enterprise which might console me for my disappointment." p. 6.

M. de Humboldt then became acquainted with Mr. Skiol-

debrand, the Swedish Consul who was appointed to convey presents from his court to the Dey of Algiers, and passed through Paris to embark at Marseilles. The Consul had already resided a long time on the coasts of Africa, and was highly respected by the government of Algiers, and therefore could easily procure M. de Humboldt permission to examine the Alpine regions of Barbary; and as he sent a vessel annually from Tunis with the pilgrims who embarked for Mecca, he promised to convey our author by the same means to Egypt. Thus he thought himself upon the point of executing the plan of visiting the East, which he had formed before his arrival in France. He therefore hastily completed his collection of instruments, and works relative to the countries which were to be the objects of his visit; and separated himself from his brother, whose advice and example, he says, had always exercised a great influence over the direction of his thoughts. M. de Humboldt then left Paris for the purpose of visiting Algiers and Egypt; but in consequence of one of those vicissitudes which so often sway the affairs of human life, he returned from the river Amazons and Peru, without ever having touched the African continent. The Swedish frigate Jaramas, which was destined to convey the Consul and his friends to Algiers, was to have arrived at Marseilles about the end of October, but after having anxiously waited for two months, they received information that she had suffered greatly in a storm off the coast of Portugal, was obliged to put into Cadiz to refit, and that it would be spring before she could reach Marseilles. This delay was ill-suited to the ardent minds of our author and his friend M. Bonpland; and they agreed with the captain of a small vessel which was on the point of sailing for Tunis for their passage. The vessel was to sail the next day, but some slight arrangements that were necessary for the preservation of their instruments happily prevented it; and during this interval they learned that the government of Tunis then committed every person coming from a French port to a dungeon. They then resolved to pass the winter in Spain, in hopes of embarking either at Carthagená or Cadiz in spring, if the political state of the east should permit.

On their arrival at Madrid, M. de Humboldt met with great kindness from Baron de Forell, minister from the court of Saxony, who was a zealous promoter of every undertaking which tended to facilitate the progress of knowledge. He suggested the idea, that through the enlightened Spanish minister, Don Mariano Luis de Urquijo, he might obtain permission to visit, at his own expense, the interior of Spanish America. The disappointments

which M. de Humboldt had already experienced, did not leave him a moment's hesitation relative to this subject, respecting which he observes,

“ I was presented to the court of Aranjuez in March 1799. The king received me graciously. I explained to him the motives which led me to undertake a voyage to the New Continent and the Philippine islands, and I presented a memoir on the subject to the secretary of state. Mr. d'Urquijo supported my demand and overcame every obstacle. I obtained two passports, one from the first secretary of state, the other from the council of the Indies. Never had so extensive a permission been granted to any traveller, and never had any foreigner been honored with more confidence on the part of the Spanish government. To dissipate every doubt, which the viceroys or captains general, the royal authority in America, might entertain with respect to the nature of my labors, the passport of the *primera secretaria de estado* stated, that I was authorised to make free use of my instruments of physic and geodesy, that I might make astronomical observations through the whole of the Spanish dominions, measure the height of mountains, examine the productions of the soil, and execute all operations which I should judge useful for the progress of the sciences. The purpose of our journey being merely scientific, we succeeded in conciliating the friendship of the natives, and that of the Europeans entrusted with the administration of these vast countries. During the five years that we travelled throughout the new continent, we did not perceive the slightest mark of distrust; and we remember with pleasure, that amidst the most painful privations, and whilst we were struggling against the obstacles that arose from the savage state of those regions, we never had to complain of the injustice of man.” p. 14.

How different was the conduct of the Spanish government on this occasion from what it had been in any former instance! To what can this sudden change of conduct be attributed, except to the more liberal and enlightened views of the minister? For when this high office was filled by men who had no knowledge of the sciences, and with whom bigotry supplied the place of information, and prejudice that of liberality, it was natural that a mysterious secrecy should be spread over those vast dominions which had once been the theatre of her cruelties, and were then the source of her supposed riches. But when this elevated station was held by a man like Don de Urquijo, whose mind had been expanded by knowledge, and his heart warmed by zeal for the progress of the sciences, the narrow and mistaken policy of former times vanished, and the natural result was that generous confidence

which M. de Humboldt experienced ; and which, from a deep sense of the favor that was granted him, and of the influence his conduct would have on the privileges of future travellers, he was extremely careful not to abuse.

Notwithstanding the various considerations which might have induced MM. de Humboldt and Bonpland to prolong their stay in Spain, they left Madrid about the middle of May, and reached Corunna, where they were to embark for the island of Cuba. The Pizarro, a Spanish sloop of war, in which they sailed, weighed anchor on the 5th of June, and directed her course to the north-west to avoid the English frigates that were cruising off that coast, and about 9 P. M. they saw the light of a fishing hut at Sisarga, which was the last object they beheld in Europe. The ardor with which M. de Humboldt had so long endeavoured to realize his desires of visiting distant regions, appears now to have melted into tenderness ; and he describes the event with feelings which reflect honor on his character as a man, without detracting from his merit as a philosopher.

“ The moment of leaving Europe for the first time is attended with a solemn feeling. Separated from the objects of our dearest affections, entering in some measure on a new state of existence, we are forced to turn back on the family of our thoughts, and we find them in a situation which they have never known before. p. 30. As we advanced, this feeble light mingled itself with the stars, which rose in the horizon ; and our eyes remained involuntarily fixed on this object. Such impressions are not easily effaced from the memory of those who have undertaken long voyages at an age when the emotions of the heart are in full vigor. How many remembrances are awakened in the imagination by a luminous point, which in the midst of an obscure night, appearing at intervals above the swelling waves, points out the coast of our native home !” p. 41.

The Pizarro reached the island of Teneriffe on the 19th of June ; and on the 25th she proceeded on her voyage to the island of Cuba. But a fever which raged on board before they reached that port determined our travellers to land at Cumana, in the government of Caraccas, where they arrived on the 16th of July 1799, forty-one days after their departure from Corunna. From Cumana, they passed to

“ New Andalusia, and the missions of the Indians, Chaymas, the province of the Caraccas, the banks of the Apure and the Rio Negro, to the limits of Brazil, New Grenada, the Andes of Popayan, Porto, Quito, and Peru, the western part of the Amazons, Mexico, and the Isle of Cuba.” Pref. p. x.

Those readers whom the title of these volumes may have led

to expect a circumstantial detail of personal adventures will be disappointed by the perusal ; as we do not remember a work in which *self* is a more diminutive being, or the traveller more absorbed in the philosopher. The author's mind is so completely occupied by the phenomena and productions of nature, as to exclude all that morbid and sickly sentiment in which some writers delight so much to indulge, and on which many readers dwell with such interest. We consider him as describing his own feelings on the subject when he says, " Amidst the overwhelming majesty of nature, and the stupendous objects she presents at every step, the traveller is little disposed to record in his journal what relates only to himself, and the ordinary details of life." On his voyage we perceive him perpetually engaged with " whatever relates to the variation of the temperature of the air, and that of the sea, the hydro-metrical state of the atmosphere, the blue color of the sky, the inclination and intensity of the magnetic focus ; the saltness of the ocean, its animal, mineral, and vegetable productions ; the nature and extent of its currents, with whatever else may be interesting to either the navigator or the philosopher." Nor does he satisfy himself with carefully examining nature in all her bearings, and faithfully recording his own observations, but he constantly compares them with those of former observers, and thus endeavours to draw general conclusions from the whole.

On land he is equally engaged in the philosophic contemplation of Nature, and the pursuit of objects at once adapted to enlarge our conceptions, and bring us more intimately acquainted with the secrets of her operations. He has thus, by raising our minds from particular facts to general results, thrown a more general interest than any of his predecessors, over objects, which previously occupied the attention only of a few scientific men. These comprehend views of " the climate, and its influence on organized beings, the aspect of the country, varied according to the nature of the soil and its vegetable covering, the direction of the mountains, and the rivers which separate the races of men, as well as the tribes of vegetables ; and finally, those modifications, which the state of nations placed in different latitudes, and in circumstances more or less favorable to the display of their faculties, undergoes."

To such of our readers as conceive that a country is known, because it has been visited and described, we would recommend the general view which M. de Humboldt has taken of the Island of Teneriffe, the state of its atmosphere, the

geography of its plants, and the geology of its structure. This view occupies more than half the first volume of the *Personal Narrative*; and if any one, who has read all that preceding travellers have written on the subject, will peruse this account with attention, we dare venture to promise him an ample recompense for his trouble, in the increase of his knowledge and the gratification of perceiving that the learned author of this work has seen what others failed to discern, and that in this instance, as well as in many others, "he pursues alone the difficult path of scientific discovery."

The second volume of this *Narrative* commences with the voyage from Teneriffe to the coast of South America. Besides appropriate discussions on such occurrences as took place, and such productions as could be procured in the passage, this part of the work contains disquisitions on the temperature of the air, and that of the sea; the results are tabulated, and those which belong to the northern and southern hemispheres compared together. The hydrometrical state of the air, the azure color of the sky, and the color of the sea at its surface, with the dip of the magnetic needle and the intensity of the magnetic forces, are then discussed, and the results reduced into tables. These are succeeded by a journal of the voyage from Corunna to Cumana, containing the latitude and longitude of the vessel for each day, accompanied by the physical observations. The subject of the peak of Teneriffe is then resumed, and its geographical position, with the altitude of various points on its surface, determined. The exact position of the summit of this peak M. de Humboldt considers

"Of importance to the science of physics, on account of the application of the new barometrical formulæ to navigation, on account of the angles of altitude, which experienced seamen sometimes take, when they pass in sight of the Peak; and to geography, on account of the use which MM. Borda and Varela have made of the same angles, in the construction of the chart of the Archipelago of the Canaries." Vol. ii. p. 176.

The altitude of this point he concludes to be 1909 toises, or 2160 yards; the latitude 28° 16' 53" north; and the longitude 18° 59' 54" west from Paris. Why he should have placed this second dissertation on the peak, in the middle of the second volume, and after the journal of the voyage to South America, instead of connecting it with the other discussions on the same subject, we have been unable to discover. The space of 220 pages, which is occupied with disquisitions respecting the island of Teneriffe, may, perhaps, be considered as disproportionate to the whole; but the dissertation is ample and satisfactory.

In the next chapter, M. de Humboldt describes Cumana and its vicinity, with the banks of the Manzanares; and dwells upon the earthquakes and their disastrous consequences at this port and in its neighbourhood. The remainder of the volume treats of the peninsula of Araya, its Salt-works, and the ruins of the castle of San Giacomo; and thus the present portion of "*Personal Narrative*" terminates, leaving the author still at Cumana, the first point he touched on the Western Hemisphere.

We have already extended these observations to a length that precludes any further remarks, except merely to state that the style of these volumes is well suited to the subjects it describes, and that the translation appears to be executed with that spirit and freedom which might be augured from the earlier productions of the translator. We hope it will not be long before she affords us an opportunity of again meeting her in the remaining volumes of this work.

ART. IV. *Phantasm of an University: with Prolegomena.* By CHARLES KELSALL, Esq. Author of "A Letter from Athens," and of "A Translation of the two last pleadings of Cicero against Verres." London. White, 1814. fol. pp. 174.

THIS work is not deficient in good sense; but its utility is chiefly confined to the first forty pages. The remainder consists of excursions to different quarters of the globe, supposed to be undertaken by a party of young men educated according to the writer's plan; and of the architectural detail of his imaginary university, illustrated with fourteen plates, which comprehend thirty-eight designs. We cannot extend our praise to that eccentricity of manner, which a lenient critic might regard as the ebullition of an ardent mind, dilated with its literary stores, and impatient to display or communicate them; though we are not insensible to that policy which enforces the weight of an opinion, by manifesting the acquirements of its author.

Mr. Kelsall has it in view, to expose some defects in our systems of public education. He would restrain the vagaries of imagination in early childhood; and observes, p. 5.

"If we suppose an utter absence of poetic genius in a boy, which I think is often the case, what can be imagined more absurd, than to torture his youthful mind with a compulsory effort, which but too often bewilders his understanding, and inclines him to the indulgence of chimerical ideas, producing in the end monstrous abortions of intellect, which never fail to provoke the finger of scorn and derision? That effervescence of fancy, whenever it appears at an early age, ought to be checked. By being smothered and condensed it will be ripened by the reason and

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judgment, and produce, in due season, a gorgeous display of intellectual fruit."

We add a few other remarks

"If, in two celebrated schools, a frequent composition of English, French, and Latin themes be encouraged alternately; if, in the room of weekly Latin poems, there be substituted exercises in pure and fractional arithmetic, and the first six books of Euclid; if theses for compositions in Latin and English verse be given, which may be handled or not by the senior scholars, according as their dispositions incline them, rewarding the best with books or medals, and a public recital: if extemporaneous declamation be added, beginning from the junior, and continuing it to the senior classes; if a stricter attention to geography be adopted, together with frequent translations from Latin authors, especially Cicero: if less attention be paid to Jupiter and Leda, and more to Lælius and Cato major; the change, I am inclined to believe, would be productive of the happiest effects, both to individuals and the community at large; and the colleges above alluded to would, with the adoption of these changes, exhibit probably as perfect a system of school education as can reasonably be imagined." pp. 11, 12.

"The prime defect of the method of prosecuting studies in Universities in general, must be considered the little attention paid to the natural drift of the student's genius. Whatever specious reasons may be urged, it is incontrovertible that the human mind usually displays a bent and aptitude for a particular pursuit: which, though it may be concealed in early years, is, for the most part, developed in puberty. It is true that the tender mind has often been aptly enough compared to the pliant twig, which the hand of the gardener can oblige to grow in whatever direction he pleases. But why attach leaden weights to the slender branches of the young tree? Why not assist their growth in the natural direction? Why must the stone be heaved up the hill? Why must the timber be smoothed against the grain? In foreign, as well as English Universities, I have often seen young students toiling at the abstract sciences, when their natural inclination would lead them to tread the flowery paths of classic literature: and others I have seen beating up against wind and tide with Homer and Virgil, when they would be carried down the stream by a steady breeze with Euclid and Newton. That University is surely established on the best basis, which adopts a system of education, whereby the student's career in the science or art for which he shows genius or inclination is best facilitated: and if more attention were paid to this, both at Oxford and Cambridge, excellence in the different branches of human knowledge would be more common; and consequently important discoveries, and brilliant efforts of the understanding, would be more frequently made.

"Another disadvantage attending our defective University system, and which naturally springs from the preceding one stated, is, the temptation held out to the student of grasping too early at multifarious knowledge; the very bane of the intellectual faculties, and which a philosopher of the North has inveighed against in his ingenious Essays. This must frequently occur, whenever the student's genius does not square with the routine of education laid down: which, unless it presents to his view an equal encouragement for every branch of human knowledge, ought to be considered as defective.

"A third defect in our Universities, and which has infested them both more or less since the days of Bentley, must be considered the over-mi-

minute attention paid to verbal criticism, and the correction of texts, which has been carried to such a pitch during the last century, as often to communicate the passion to the junior students, and to absorb that sterling profit, which is the consequence of an attention to the beauties and spirit of the classic authors. Sir Francis Bacon formerly observed, that those who left useful studies for useless scholastic speculations, were like the Olympic gamesters, who abstained from necessary labors, that they might be fit for such as were not so."

Mr. Kelsall thinks, that the library and the studies of each separate college at our Universities, should be devoted to some particular science, or department of literature; and that the members of the college should consist of those who feel a predilection for that pursuit. They would, however, be at liberty to acquire a fund of general knowledge by their attendance at the appropriate lectures. He considers that agriculture, commerce, and manufactures should constitute a part of the University tuition; that minute verbal criticism and abstract algebraic analysis engross an undue share of favor; and that the political sciences are of sufficient importance to deserve a separate establishment. He observes:

"Even at Moscow I found an institution for the express purpose of cultivating the political sciences, far superior to any thing of the kind in England. Youths destined for the diplomatic line, pass, or rather passed, the chief of their time in the study of history, and the modern languages of Europe, in a building called "*Le Collège des Affaires Etrangères*," and I may add, that the beneficial effects resulting from it were obvious. Is it then in Scythia that we must look for improvements in education? At least that country may afford one useful hint; and, in this instance, the word "*ΣΚΥΘΑΙ*!" may be retorted with some justice to us." p. 36.

We have now given what we conceive to be a sufficient abstract of the argumentative part of this work. The topics of remark during the journey of Gnatho, Thraso, Philo, Dromio, &c. &c. are too multifarious for analysis. Among them are a parallel between the respective merits of Alexander of Macedon and Napoleon Buonaparte on the one part; and of Hannibal and Julius Cæsar on the other; besides an interesting account of Carthage.

Whatever sentiments may be entertained of the author's mental qualities, we are bound to say, that we consider a large portion of his ingenious work as being characterized more by ostentation, than practical benefit; that the addition of the second part and the plates might have been reserved for those who could purchase them separately; and that the whole *rationale* of the volume might, and ought to have been compressed into an octavo.

ART. V. *A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Chiswick, Middlesex, on Sunday Morning, July 30, 1815, previous to a Collection for the Relief of the Sufferers in the late glorious Victory of Waterloo.* By the Rev. T. F. BOWERBANK, A. M. Vicar. Whittingham and Arliss, pp. 24.

A Sermon delivered in the Parish Church of Richmond, in Surrey, on Sunday the 30th day of July, 1815, in behalf of the families of those who fell, or were disabled, in the Battle of Waterloo. By the Rev. EDWARD PATTESON, M. A. Rivington. pp. 30.

THE war which has at length nearly reached its termination, has often presented features so new as to have puzzled the sagacity of our gravest political physiognomists. It had its rise, as we all feelingly know, with the French revolution—a convulsion of moral nature so extraordinary, that not more than three or four men in this country, at the head of whom stood Burke and Pitt, were capable of fathoming its consequences; the direction of it called for the operation of a system of policy so grand and comprehensive, that scarcely half a dozen of our countrymen, of whom also Pitt and Burke were the chiefs, could conceive the possibility of long acting upon it; and the maintenance of it required the exertions of armies and fleets—and the application of pecuniary resources—all so vast, that could Pitt and Burke have been assured that their amount would one day become what we have experienced them to be, they would probably, magnanimous and undaunted as they were, have shrunk from the contest. The contest, however, is closing, and we are eminently successful—because our resolution has never failed, and because our cause is, and always was, every way just. The final result of the mighty struggles of great nations is the special care of Providence, not certainly a matter of mere chance, as the atheists and anarchists of Tom Paine's distracted times would have had us believe: and whilst we are thankful for the success vouchsafed us, we rejoice to think that it is admirably calculated to sink the tone of impious pride, and “vindicate the ways of God with man.” The accoutred hosts, and the many millions of money which the war required, have been promptly and seasonably found; and yet the nation is not depopulated, its credit is not deteriorated: nay, population increases, and England is allowed to be, at this moment, by far the richest country in Christendom—the only country that has *enough and to spare*. Add to this, the reputation of the British government for good faith, and for vital services rendered to all the nations

of Europe, is firmly established; while the British name in arms is at once unprecedented and unparalleled. Napoleon's last speech and dying words at Plymouth, are highly honorable to our government: "Your sovereign, by acting with consistency and vigor, has defeated my designs, and ruined my power."

The excellent discourses before us stand in need of no comment as to their object. All the world has heard of the achievements of the 18th of June, and no Briton, at least, can be insensible to their importance, or ungrateful to those whose matchless skill and intrepidity effected them. The contrary, indeed, has been amply proved by the very large contributions made throughout the kingdom; and we rejoice exceedingly to find, that the clergy who spoke so well, did not speak in vain—the Rev. Mr. Fiddler of High Rooden excepted. The offering of his parishioners amounted to just *one pound, one shilling, and one penny!* so that he may with singular propriety exclaim, *We have piped unto you, but ye have not danced.* We have inserted the titles of two sermons, and although both contain matter worthy of high praise, we can now make an extract only from Mr. Bowerbank's. This gentleman has the good fortune to be in charge of a parish remarkable for its loyalty. The contribution there, however, is inferior to that of some of the adjoining villages, where they do not always hold themselves bound to *honor the king*. But their beneficence shows that *they fear God*, and, for the present, that is quite sufficient. *Charity covereth a multitude of sins.*

"The words of my text have been selected, to introduce to your notice the propriety of a contribution to the general fund, now forming throughout the kingdom, for the relief of the families of the brave men who have fallen, and of the wounded sufferers in the late glorious victory of Waterloo. The wise man directs us to "*withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of our hand to do it!*" He makes, you perceive, the cause of gratitude and justice the cause of real benevolence; and, I am persuaded, it only rests with myself to prove the one I am now advocating to be such a cause, in order largely to participate of that bounty which you have never denied to objects who stood in need of it, and which has distinguished the inhabitants of this parish on so many occasions.

"Having our thoughts thus raised to God, who is the original source and spring of all the good attendant upon our country, we shall be led by the strongest motives to be just to the merits of those by whose exertions He has been pleased to bestow it. And never were exertions put to a severer trial; for splendid as may have been the previous triumphs of the British arms, I believe I am fully justified in asserting, that on no former occasion has victory been achieved under more trying circumstances, or led to more decisive and glorious results. It pleases God to make use of human agency in accomplishing the ordinary administrations of his providence; but though we have his assurance that his eye and "*his mercy*

are over all his works," that not even a sparrow "*falleth on the ground without*" his knowledge, yet he does not think proper visibly to interfere in warding off the natural consequences to which such agency may subject his instruments. It is, therefore, by his permission, that in full proportion to the magnitude has been the expense of the late sanguinary encounter; that whilst we rejoice in the hard-earned, and, we humbly trust, humanly speaking, merited honor of our beloved country—whilst we rejoice in the prospect which this great victory has unfolded of peace and rest to the civilized world—we must at the same time deeply feel for the individual sufferings with which it has been purchased—for the sufferings of the widow and the orphan—for the sufferings of him who, maimed and mutilated in the service of his country, looks, and has a right to look, to that country for her sympathy and gratitude. For had not British valour on that day supported a most unequal conflict, in such a manner as probably none but Britons could or would have supported it, very different might have been our present situation and prospects—very different might have been the sacrifice required of us;—not, as now, the sacrifice of gratitude and beneficence—but a more galling sacrifice, to imperious necessity, of our dearest interests and comforts. But thanks be to God, and to the unparalleled exertions, under his blessing, of those heroes who fought and bled for us, the victory was ours!—a victory incalculable as to its importance and consequences, not to ourselves alone, but to every nation under heaven. The family of every brave man, who fell on that day of triumph, ought to be considered as a sacred deposit left by him to the care and protection of a deeply obliged and grateful country. The confidence of their being so considered, we may fondly hope, in some degree tended to mitigate the agonies of expiring nature, and speak peace and comfort to the husband and parent in that hour when they must needs be wanted—the hour of painful and lingering dissolution on a field of battle; when, forsaken and helpless, the idea of home and all its former happiness, the idea of home and all its future misery, must harrow up the soul.—Oh! let not our conduct disappoint this confidence—let not the day of benevolence be less signal in its triumph than the day of bravery; but let us, who have been spared 'the heat and burden' of the conflict, who are reaping, and trust long to reap the fruits of it, remember those that did bear them; and, whilst we endeavour to recompense by our liberal contributions on the present occasion the defenders of our happiness, we may rest assured that we are sowing the seed of future devotion to our interests, should it please God that similar exertions should ever again be required of us. It may not, indeed, be in our immediate power to "*cause the widow's heart to sing for joy,*" but we may fulfil the dying wish of him whose last prayer was for her protection when he should be no more;—we may save her from the misery of destitution;—we may add to the comforts of his fatherless children, and of "*him,*" perhaps an aged parent, "*who has*" now "*none to help him;*"—we may be the friends of her who, previously deprived of her parents, has in the loss of an affectionate brother, their dear and sole representative, the guardian of her innocence and her youth, been bereft of father, mother, brother, all in one;—we may, by our charity, be "*eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame;*"—and, as surely as we do, and are so—so surely shall the prevailing "*blessing of him who is ready to perish come upon us;*"—so surely shall the more valuable blessing of him, who is our Father and our God, approve and reward the "*labour of love,*" of gratitude and of justice.

"If ever there was a country under heaven worth preserving, it is that

country which is preserved to us. Its preservation, indeed, has not been effected without a struggle;—every circumstance connected with which has tended to draw closer the ties of our affection and regard. It has been a struggle, during the more than twenty years of its continuance, eventful beyond all former example or conception. Astonishment has long since been exhausted in the contemplation and recollection of the various incidents, the vicissitudes of fortune, the revolutions of empires, the distress, the horrors that accompanied it. But amid all the maze, this wonderful country fixed her eye steadily on one object, and having had the courage and virtue invariably to pursue, she has finally, by God's mercy, attained it. The war, in which at first she felt herself compelled to engage, was truly a *war of principle*, and she has no reason to feel ashamed of the avowal. She entered into it for the defence and preservation of all she considered dear to man, against principles subversive of all order and legitimate government, the bane and curse of society; she entered into it because she would not submit to sacrifice her glorious constitution, the blessing and pride of ages, to the bewildered dreams of enthusiasm, or plunge into the misery and crimes of revolution to gratify the demands of a faction. And on what an eminence has her fortitude and perseverance placed her? Witnessing in succession the fall and subjection of almost every surrounding nation, the victims of an ill-judged and temporising policy, she alone, firm as the oak, the native emblem of her isle (prepared to fall, if fall she must), disdained to bend beneath the storm that assailed her, till by her conduct and example a degraded world has been roused to vengeance;—and how complete is her victory, when at the present moment she sees him (the child of that revolution, the terror, the disgrace, the execration of humanity), who has long been her deadliest foe, a suppliant at her ports for the protection of her prince and of our laws? “*Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise, for thy loving mercy, and for thy truth's sake.*” We desire, O Lord God, to testify our sense of gratitude to thee for being so continually nigh to us, and for the outstretching of thy arm in our defence, by administering in thy name to the sufferings of those who have so lately been the honored instruments of thy goodness towards us; and we implore thee, for Jesus Christ's sake, to accept and bless the offering!”

ART. VI. *Lady Jane's Pocket, A Novel, in four volumes.* By the author of *Silvanella, or the Gipsy*. London. Newman, 1815. £1. 2s.

THE quaint title of this book did not, we must acknowledge, prejudice our minds in favor of the contents. On opening it, we were however agreeably surprised to find ourselves insensibly drawn on to the final pages, by the attraction of an interesting story, conveying laudable sentiments, and told in unexceptionable language. The heroine, without being an insipid piece of impossible perfection, displays, when placed in very difficult

circumstances, qualities which her fair readers will do well to imitate as well as admire, and attractions of which every one of us has seen, or may hope to see, the prototype.

"Her fine figure was symmetry itself, and the expression of her countenance was perfectly fascinating; yet she was far from being a beauty; on her entrance into a ball-room, a quizzing glass would hardly have been levelled a second time at her face, which owed its principal charms to the witchery of her smile and the irradiations of genius and intelligence which sparkled in her eyes. In short, she was of that description of women whose attractions lie in ambush, but who infallibly steal the heart—the very soul of man, and maintain over him the most powerful ascendancy." vol. 1. p. 3.

This amiable creature, whose name is Florence, is the daughter of an antiquary who lives upon the income of a sinecure place, and devotes the chief part of his time and money to the purchase and care of pictures, fossils, relics, coins, &c. with as little discrimination as prudence. He had been for many years a widower, and being wholly engrossed by his museum, the care of his daughter's education had devolved upon a widowed sister perfectly qualified for the task, and who proves the mentor of the tale. Early in the first volume, we are told of Mr. Mustiman (the father of our heroine) that

"He undoubtedly broke the tenth commandment, for he beheld, with longing eyes, and an aching heart, the complete fossil bones of an animal, which doctor Flowerdale had procured from some diggers, who were working in a quarry in the north of England. What the creature might have been, afforded much debate at a numerous meeting of virtuosos who assembled to examine it. One sapient doctor pronounced it to be the skeleton of an elephant, and another thought it was a hippopotamus; but counsellor Positive, a great zoologist, gave it as his decided opinion that it was a mammoth, though smaller than those ever found before, as it did not answer to the description of any other animal which had yet been seen. Its dimensions, he argued, proved nothing against it, as it might have been a very young one; and his opponents not having much to advance in contradiction, it was at last voted to have been a chicken mammoth. Doctor Flowerdale was delighted to have so great a rarity in his possession, and Mrs. Flowerdale was still more intoxicated; she never called it anything but her dear chicken: a diamond necklace, at no period of her life, would have given her so much pleasure.

"Mr. Mustiman felt that he could not bear to go into his friend's museum, this prodigious acquisition having sunk himself into such inferiority as a collector. He made use of the epithets *overbearing* and *self-important*, when the doctor was mentioned, and even called Mrs. Flowerdale, when speaking of her to his sister, a conceited, ignorant woman, but he affected to have changed his opinion on the following occasion.

"Doctor Flowerdale, one very severe day, caught a cold by stepping into a wet ditch, in search of a curious plant; and, after a short illness, he left his lady a widow, with a very small income. The whole of his property, excepting his museum and furniture, amounted to little more than four thousand pounds, to the interest of which she became entitled

during her life, by her marriage settlement, but the principal was afterwards to devolve to their only son, who was chaplain to a regiment at that time in the West Indies.

"Mr. Mustiman was at first in hopes that the curiosity he so much coveted would now be sold, Mrs. Flowerdale having such a limited income; and he only feared he should have so many competitors, that it would be above his means. However, the lady declared, that rather than part with her dear chicken, she would live upon bread and cheese. But the animal was so large, that no small room would contain it, and Mrs. Flowerdale was in a sad dilemma, for she could not afford to keep the house her husband had rented, neither could she get another to suit her finances, which would accommodate this precious rarity. Mr. Mustiman could not sleep for thinking of it; and so solicitous was he to see it in his own museum, that he concluded the best way would be to become a suitor to the widow, and thus secure the inestimable treasure.

Mrs. Flowerdale had certainly no inclination to marry again; she would have preferred an Egyptian mummy to any man in Christendom; but it occurred to her, after mental debate, that the gentleman had an apartment large enough to shew off her hobby-horse to advantage; so she surrendered in due form, and the happy time was fixed when Mr. Mustiman should bring home his bride and the mammoth together. Mrs. Hanway and Florence were not much delighted when they were informed of the intended marriage; the former, because she thought her brother's concerns would go to ruin under the management of a *savante*, and Florence regretted being parted from her beloved aunt, who declared she should retire to lodgings. The day at length arrived, when Mr. Mustiman was to conduct Mrs. Flowerdale to the altar; and it was agreed, that after the performance of the ceremony, and he had attended the lady home, he should return to her house, to escort the mammoth, which was nailed up in boards for removal. As for the other articles of her museum, she had dispatched them to her intended husband's dwelling some time before; but this invaluable treasure, she protested, should never leave its station until she went herself; and after several conferences on the safest mode of conveyance, it was decided that it should be carried by two porters, on a long hand-barrow, and that Mr. Mustiman should walk by the side of it. This plan being put into execution, the bridegroom and the mammoth were proceeding side by side, just turning the corner of a street in Westminster, when a hackney-coach at full speed came suddenly on the hand-barrow; the poor fellows were thrown down who carried it, and the box which contained the mammoth was precipitated to a considerable distance by the jerk, and being but slightly lashed together, it burst open: out flew the bones in every direction, for as they were only united by small wires and cement, having been discovered in a disjointed state, the violence of the concussion had entirely shaken the skeleton to pieces, and poor Mustiman stood aghast, with his hands upheld, beholding with horror and dismay the destruction of those hopes he had indulged of eclipsing his brother virtuosos. I am ruined! I am undone! &c."

We devote the remainder of our limits to a slight sketch of the adventures of our heroine. The son of her step-mother who, having no taste for *recent* productions, was a most negligent and ungracious parent, first interested Florence by his misfortunes, and then rivetted her attachment by his good and great qualities. Some circumstances of doubtful interpretation,

which arise in the progress of their acquaintance, involve these conscientious lovers in anxieties and perplexities, which keep alive the curiosity of the reader, and are not cleared up till the close of the last volume. Hamlet Flowerdale is in holy orders, and passes through all the probationary stages of chaplain, tutor, and curate, before he becomes the grateful possessor of two good livings, with perfect credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers. Florence, finding herself, at the death of her father, left with a provision too slender for her maintenance, prefers the exertion of her talents, to dependence upon her aunt, and enters upon the difficult duties and mortifying station of a governess. Her adventures in three very different families are exceedingly well imagined, and afford a correct portrait of what is termed genteel society, *when viewed from beneath*.

In the winding up of the story, nothing appears superfluous, unnatural, or over-strained; the events rise out of each other, much to the satisfaction of all the deserving characters introduced, and the inquisitive reader is at length enabled to guess *why* the book is called "Lady Jane's pocket."

ART. VIII. *A Philosophical treatise on the hereditary peculiarities of the human race: with notes illustrative of the subject, particularly in gout, scrofula, and madness.* The Second Ed. with an Appendix, on the Gôitres and Cretins of the Alps and Pyrenees. By JOSEPH ADAMS, M. D. London. J. Callow, 1815. 8vo.

DR. Adams informs us, that his precursors in this walk of medical science have been but few; and he states the main object of his work to be:

"To ascertain what provisions are made by Nature to correct any apparent deviations in the human race.

"And to show how far these provisions may be imitated or improved by Art." p. 11.

He distinguishes between family and hereditary peculiarities; the first being confined to a single generation, the children of the same parents; the second continued from one generation to another. Such diseases either appear at birth, or they arise afterwards. The first alone can properly be termed hereditary or family diseases; the latter are only *susceptibilities* of disease.

When appearing at birth, diseases are termed *congenital* or *connate*. Susceptibilities are divided by Dr. Adams into *dispositions*, whereby the disease is induced without external causes, or by causes that cannot be distinguished from the functions of the economy; and *predispositions*, when the

susceptibility requires the operation of some external cause to induce the disease.

Connate or congenital diseases are seldom hereditary; and dispositions to disease are oftener family than hereditary. Congenital blindness or deafness are seldom hereditary; though the disposition to them is often so. Gout and madness, though generally considered hereditary, are only so, the author observes, in predisposition. The younger members of families frequently fall into particular diseases at a critical time of life; and if they escape that period, they are afterwards free from the complaint.

“When the susceptibility to an hereditary or family disease is so great as to amount to a disposition, that is, so great that the disease is induced without any external causes, we can have little hopes of preventing it; and that if the disease has arisen *during the changes about the age of puberty, we are to expect a cure, more from a proper direction of the efforts of nature during that period, than from remedies which may be useful in the same disease, when excited by external causes, or induced at a more advanced age.*” p. 21.

“The danger or security of the rising offspring may often be estimated by a similarity of feature or character to those of their brothers or sisters, who have previously fallen into the disease.”

“This remark is still more applicable to that kind of consumption which affects several brothers and sisters about the same age. The parents are often healthy, or at least free from this disposition; but the fate of some of their children gives an early presentiment concerning others born afterwards of a similar complexion, features, and temper. Meanwhile the young subjects are the last to see the danger, and when it is suspected, the *excess of life, if I may so call it, or the precocity of growth and intellect* is such as to precipitate a most interesting figure and character into a vortex, from which no caution can prove any security. But when the susceptibility is so slight as to amount only to a *predisposition*, we have rarely any means of discovering it till the disease itself approaches; nor is there any age at which we may call the patient secure. As, however, some external cause is always necessary to induce the disease, we may hope to prevent it by avoiding such causes, or to cure it by removing them. Hence, the importance of distinguishing the first described consumption from the scrofulous: the one a family disposition, requiring no external cause to excite the disease, which exists in all climates, and is fatal in all; the other an hereditary predisposition, never excited into action but in certain climates, and the disease often cured by an early removal from them.” p. 22.

Another state of susceptibility demands some caution:

“The state to which I refer is induced by pregnancy and child-birth in women and at the more advanced climacteric in both sexes. Though the actions excited on these occasions arise from the functions of the economy, yet they are not the ordinary functions. In most cases the provisions of Nature are sufficient for preserving the subject during such changes; and on that account they are often too little regarded. In women not only pregnancy and child-birth, but the critical period of advanced life is strongly marked, and many judicious cautions are to be found in medical writers on this last subject; but it is a great

mistake to suppose, that the change in men about the same age is always unattended with any disturbance of the constitution." p. 28.

The Doctor proceeds next to the provision made by nature for correcting such hereditary peculiarities. In the diseases ensuing from climate, he remarks that those who are affected by them are prevented from propagating the disease by the course of its operation. He exemplifies this fact by the instance of Elephantiasis.

"The Elephantiasis of *ARETÆUS* is peculiar to warm climates: the disposition to the disease is hereditary, and the disease itself has hitherto proved incurable. I have never been able to learn that it has attacked emigrants from a colder climate, nor their immediate descendants. A residence therefore of some generations is probably necessary to induce the disposition. When the diseased disposition is derived from inheritance, the action always commences before the age of puberty; and the subject never arrives at that state; the organs are never evolved, and no other marks of virility appear. When the disease originates with an individual, it usually commences at a more advanced age; but from that time, the organs which distinguish the sexes decay, and become gradually unfit for their original purposes. This fact of a disease, which arrests the progress to virility of every youth, and emasculates every adult whom it attacks, is so surprising, that after having witnessed it myself, I should have been backward in publishing the result of my observations, had not others been present at every examination; and I should have been unwilling to draw inferences from them, had not subsequent writers confirmed my account.'

"Thus is an hereditary disposition to an irregularity of the most formidable nature, which being excited by climate, must have progressively increased in spite of all human institutions, arrested as soon as it occurs, by those very actions which form a part of the deviation from the usual progress of Nature." pp. 37—9.

He observes, that "throughout all the animated productions with which we are acquainted, there is found a disposition in every variety to return to the original form," unless when interrupted by accidental causes, among which, is the propagation of defects by the nuptial alliance with consanguinity, or with parties similarly constituted. Hence he takes occasion to celebrate the wisdom of that divine law, by which sexual intercourse is forbidden between near relations under pain of death. He also introduces some remarks on the dissemination of lunacy by marriage.

"The number of maniacs does not increase in proportion to our increased population, and the great exciting causes of madness, namely, increased wealth, and other sources of ambition. Nor is this the only provision we can trace. The worst stages of madness are attended with a total indifference to the sex, not to mention the very general inclina-

¹ See Edinburgh Medical Journal, vol. v. p. 500, Note—Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. 81, July to December 1811, p. 145, second Column; and Dr. Gourlay's History of Madeira.

tion to suicide, which the utmost vigilance cannot always prevent. Seeing then how little is left in so important a concern to the operation of human institutions, have we not reason to be satisfied with the provisions of Nature, and with the Divine commands? Yet in the most serious of all hereditary peculiarities, the great susceptibility to madness, celibacy has been recommended as a duty. Before we venture to propose measures contrary to one of the strongest impulses of Nature, and to the first blessing which the Almighty Fiat bestowed on man, it becomes us seriously to weigh the consequences.

"Were this opinion universal, it would probably produce its effects only on the most amiable and best disposed, whilst the profligate and unprincipled would indulge themselves, regardless of posterity: It is scarcely necessary to hint at the result. To interdict marriages with the healthy individuals of such families, might do much towards extinguishing that enthusiasm, which, when well directed, proves the source of those achievements which aggrandize families, which increase the glory of nations, and improve the condition of mankind. Nor is this confined to heroes and statesmen, but extends to the effusions of genius and to the cultivation of the softer virtues. It is neither necessary, nor proper to introduce names, they will occur to every one who has lived long enough to become acquainted with the ramifications of families." p. 36.

The system of the author is supported by a number of appropriate cases, which our limits do not permit us to lay before our readers. To his treatise he has subjoined various notes. The first contains a curious passage from Boethius' *Historia Scotorum*:

"Morbo comitali, amentia, mania aut simili tæbe, quæ facile in prolem transfunditur, laborantes, inter eos ingenti facta indagine involutos, ne genus fœda contagione ab iis qui ex illis prognati forent læderetur, castraverunt, mulieres hujusmodi morborum quavis tæbe leprave infectas procul a virorum consortio ablegaverunt. Quod si harum aliqua concepisse inveniebatur, simul cum fœtu nondum edito defodiebatur viva.--Voraces, manducones supra quam erat humanum, helluonesque et perpetuæ ebrietati indulgentes aut addictos, ne tam fœda monstra in patriæ dedecus superessent flumine mergentes, prius quantum libuit et cibi et potus vorare ac ingurgitare eis præbentes, miti supplicio exterminarunt." p. 46.

The 21st note is principally occupied with the Elephantiasis, and it involves a few strictures on Dr. Bateman. The notes form an interesting part of the work, which we consider valuable to the profession, and very important to the public. The medical student will peruse with pleasure both the book and its appendages.

* *Scotorum Historiæ a prima Gentis Origine, cum aliarum et rerum et gentium illustratione non vulgari, Libri XIX. Hectore Boethio Deidronano Auctore. Parisiis, 1574, lib. i. p. 12.*

ART. VIII. *The Royal Wanderer, or the Exile of England: a Tale.* By ALGERNON. In Three Volumes. London: J. Johnston, 1815.

THIS book belongs to a species of productions which it is impossible too severely to reprobate. They assume the form of a novel in order, with more safety, to circulate scandal respecting persons in elevated stations. By fictitious names and mysterious hints, they excite a greater degree of attention to the matters of which they treat; at the same time that they provide a disguise in which to escape, if any one should think them worth pursuing. This mode of insinuating falsehood—by publishing it as fiction, is admirably calculated to give it currency. It is just like communicating a report which one is particularly desirous of spreading, to two or three very respectable, antiquated, tea-drinking, chatty ladies, as a most important secret.

Under the disguise of a romance, the production before us professes to give its readers an account of the Journey of the Princess of Wales, with the motives which induced her to travel, and the reasons for her protracted absence. As to the travels of Her Royal Highness, we believe the writer knows just about as much as all the world do who read newspapers—the names of the places and of some of the personages she has visited. If he has enjoyed any other source of information, we presume it must have been a *Gazetteer*, or a book of roads. If we could credit his insinuations, he has lurked under the sofas at Carlton House, and been concealed in the seat of the Princess's carriage; he has been present at the interview of Maria Louisa and the Princess—been made the confident of all the maids of honor—and participated in the councils of the c-devant King of Naples. This writer seems an extraordinary sort of gentleman—with something singularly airy about him—and possessed of the power of being at once at Milan and St. Giles's.

The newspapers presenting but slight foundation for a romance, the author fills up the interstices, between their various pieces of intelligence, with stories of the intrigues of the Princess's attendants, Her Royal Highness's private meditations, and sundry letters to her daughter—all bearing the same stamp of *authenticity*. Some of the principal characters in the country are represented in very odious coloring; and the motives of the Regent's council accurately measured according to the qualities of the writer's own mind.

A foreigner would be puzzled to conceive how such trash could be published here with any hope of ever being called for. But the truth is, the appetite for information respecting the follies of the great is particularly strong among us, and is one of the unjustifiable irregularities of that spirit which keeps the higher classes in a kind of moral subjection to the opinions of the middling orders of men, and restrains vice within narrow boundaries. We must submit to the evil, in order to preserve that which is a blessing: but we must always endeavour to prevent the increase of the former. And we have noticed the present work because it tends to heighten the disorders of the public mind, and to excite a hurtful curiosity which it has not the power to gratify. The author seems to have some skill in writing; and as it is, perhaps, the same to him whether he abuse or applaud individuals, he had better set about indulging in *innocent* fictions.

ART. IX. *The Universal British Merchant*; embracing, in a systematic manner, the Epistolary Style of Commercial Correspondence between Great Britain and the principal Trading Cities of Europe: the Mode of effecting Insurances, Drawing, Remitting, Importing, and Exporting their respective Commodities; and innumerable Mercantile Occurrences. Adapted to cultivate and familiarize the Student with the general and real transactions of the Counting House. Translated from the French of "*Le Négociant Universel*." To which is added an Appendix, giving an Outline of General Mercantile Knowledge. By W. KEEGAN, A.M. 12mo. pp. 407. Law and Whittaker.

THE title-page points out the object and the utility of this book, which the author has executed with commendable ability. It is well worthy of the notice and diligent perusal of all such British youth as are intended for business, and wish to acquire a mercantile style with accuracy and facility. Mr. Keegan asserts that these are "copious and unequalled models of commercial epistles, which he has translated into English, to qualify youth for holding a foreign correspondence:" and he adds, "They are not insignificant models that will lead to this attainment; they must be *real*." This collection of letters (amounting to *two hundred and ten*) is admirably adapted to its purpose; and, we believe, neither pains nor expense have been spared to render

worthy the patronage of the public. The work is accompanied with an Appendix, replete with original and useful matter, and contains an Alphabetical Index, and an Explanation of the various Commercial Terms and Phrases used not only in the letters, but in general business. In short, the variety of instruction offered to the public in this volume, must be highly useful to young men, "whom it will habituate to think and write like experienced merchants."

ART. X. *Religious and Moral Reflections, originally intended for the Use of his Parishioners.* By SAMUEL HOPKINSON, S. T. B., formerly Fellow of Clare Hall, Rector of Etton, and Vicar of Morton cum Hacconby. 12mo. pp. 208. Second Edition. Harris.

THIS little volume should be the *Vade-mecum* of every early Christian, as it contains many pious observations and salutary admonitions. It includes Reflections for the aged, as well as for the young; and valuable treatises upon Time, Industry, Contentment, Forgiveness, Charity, Intemperance, the Employment of Time, Cruelty, Swearing, Lying, Extravagance, Revenge, &c. The duties of Christianity are fully explained, and the study of the Sacred Scriptures strongly recommended. To assist the unlearned, definitions of the most difficult words in the work, alphabetically arranged, are prefixed to it; and, at the end, notes are subjoined, illustrative of several of the more difficult passages.

ART. XI. *The Tyro's Guide: a Series of Figures, arranged in a new and simple Method, as a sure and extensive Ground-work for the Study of the Fundamental Rules of Arithmetic, as usually taught: adapted to Schools.* By SARAH CORBETT. pp. 42.

ACCURACY is the chief merit of a work of this kind, to which the Compiler has so diligently attended, that this Series of Figures will prove a faithful guide to the beginner. The thing is further commendable for its typographical neatness. The arrangement seems to be more *simple* than *new*; but so much the better: simplicity leads cheerfully to improvement. "Scholars will study these figures at home, practise them in classes at school, and apply them in working sums with facility and pleasure."

ART. XII. *Ina, a Tragedy ; in Five Acts.* By Mrs. WILMOT.
Third edition. London ; Murray, 1815. pp. 68.

MANY of our readers will possibly bear in mind the great expectations which were excited by this tragedy ; and which were reasonably grounded upon the celebrity of the poetical effusions of the authoress, among which the specimens we have seen evince a lively fancy chastened by a pure and correct taste. The performance of *Ina*, long delayed from various causes, was anticipated as the production of a lady of high consideration by half the nobles and half the wits of England, as the triumph of female genius over the *salique* prejudice, which, however ungraciously it sounds, is founded on experience, and would forbid the *buskin* to the female foot, while a Cowley, a Lee, and a Lefanu, have proved that the *sock* may be worn by ladies with equal decency and grace. *Ina* was impatiently expected, anxiously talked *about*, zealously talked *for*, and invidiously talked *at*, for more than a twelvemonth after the existence and acceptance by the managers of this “ new tragedy by Mrs. Wilmot,” had been first intimated to the public through the official channels of dramatic information. At last, rehearsal succeeded to rehearsal, and no pains were spared to make what was pronounced perfection, still more perfect. The stage was crowded with *savans* and *élégantes*, and the unfortunate actors, unused to have the probationary trials of their talents judged by successive *picked* audiences in detail, and to be invaded upon their own ground, while *preparing* for a field day, by an army of accredited spies, had to push their way upon the boards and make “ their exits and their entrances” through a crowd of “ friends to the author,” who, it is to be feared, by their embarrassing, premature criticisms upon the efforts of the performers, eventually proved themselves to have been no friends to the piece. The important evening, however, at length came, and we cannot conceal, however we deplore, the mortifying fact, that the sun of *Ina* rose in splendor amid clouds of incense, but it soon sunk to rise no more.

The friends of Mrs. Wilmot (and we are informed that all who are honored by the acquaintance of this amiable and accomplished lady are her friends,) have been too just to impute the blame of this failure to the actors. It must all therefore be charged to the *blind, the tasteless, the cruel, the ungenerous* public. Such ever have been, and ever will be, the expressions with which pitying friendship soothes the wounded ear of un-

successful talent; but common sense and truth must, in steady defiance of gallantry and sentiment, allow that the public must be the best judge of what pleases the public. Whoever can, although but for a few hours, interest and amuse the public innocently, renders to mankind an essential service; but whoever does not first interest or amuse, cannot ultimately effect any other purpose, since he cannot turn or elevate the fancy or the feelings, till he has previously acquired a firm hold upon them. The great Frederic was accustomed to say, "Je ne vous pardonne rien, si vous n'etes grand homme," and we fear that box, pit, and gallery would all join in this parody, "Je vous pardonne tout, pourvû que vous m'amusiez."

All that we have to do, after the catastrophe of the failure of *Ina*, is carefully to examine whether it be true, as we are confidently assured by many well-drest and well-bred people, that "although Mrs. Wilmot's play did not *do* upon the stage, it reads extremely well." We wish it may prove so; far be it from us to circumscribe the range of possibilities, or wedge the female mind into narrower bounds than nature has assigned to it. Although we cannot bring to our recollections the name of any woman in this, or any other age or country, who has written a first-rate *acting* tragedy which has held possession of the stage, we will not say that such things cannot be.

Miss Baillie's works, sublime and magnificent as they are, we are inclined rather to term *dramatic delineations of passion*, than tragedies; more metaphysical than theatrical, they rather display with a masterly hand the passions of the hero, than excite those of the spectator. Such indeed has been her aim. What she professed to do, she has done with equal credit to herself, and delight to her readers; but the splendid diction and fine poetry of de Montford, aided by all the talent of all the Kembles, could not maintain it upon the stage, from the want of dramatic situation; while the *Gamester*, written in very ordinary prose, "commands our tears to flow through every age."

Many ingenious and plausible arguments might be adduced to prove that women can, and ought to write good tragedies, some of the pleas resting upon the tenderness and refinement of their characters, &c., but Time, that cruel enemy to female fame as well as female beauty, holds in his withered hand the long chronicle of the triumphs of Melpomene, and sullenly observes—"This record bears no woman's name."

The principal personages of this piece are, *Cenulph* the king of Wessex, a grave, talkative old gentleman, very jealous of his

son's popularity, but not without love for his people, or natural affection; and always preferring virtue to vice, when no very strong impulse of policy or self-interest draws him into the paths of the latter. *Egbert*, the heir-apparent, is a fine dashing young fellow, full of the heroic ingredients of bravery, impetuosity, and imprudence, but a most excellent family man, and very happy in the friendship of *Alwyn*, who, like a true friend, shews his sentiments by his actions, rather than by his words. *Baldred*, the villain of the piece, is designated in the *Dramatis Personæ*, as "a crafty monk and nephew to the king." We could not help thinking of the Tragedy of the Rovers, where the prior is characterized as "very corpulent and cruel." *Baldred* is not, however, so crafty, but that the reader sees through him from the beginning, and a very sad scoundrel he is. The other male characters need not be distinguished: one of them is a counterpart to the honest humane sentry in Sheridan's *Pizarro*, and most of the rest are lords who, like their living prototypes, fill up the splendor of the court without always adding much to its dignity or wisdom. *Ina*, the heroine, secretly married to *Egbert*, is the *Fanny* of the *Clandestine Marriage*, on stilts; but her character is portrayed with great tenderness and spirit, and, to use a phrase applied by the Edinburgh Reviewers to Mrs. Opie's heroines, "she is just such a woman as a gentleman would wish to fall in love with." *Edelfleda*, betrothed to *Egbert*, and daughter to the king of *Mercia*, a circumstance upon which no princess-royal ever valued herself more, is a lady of very tempestuous passions, and appears formed upon the school of *Zara*, *Hermione*, and *Alicia*. In point of *manners*, she approaches most nearly to the latter. As to confidantes and attendants, nobody expects to find any characters in them; we leave them in the mob of *Erixenes*, *Cephisas*, *Annas*, and *Cleones*. The time chosen for the story is the eighth century, a period when courtesy and learning beamed over some European states, but when the catalogue of British virtues and accomplishments was deplorably meagre; and the scene is laid in "*the capital of the kingdom of Mercia*," which the fair author has prudently forborne to name, so that the antiquary will have some trouble to fix the topography of the bower of *Ina*. The prologue, by the Honorable William Lamb, is an elegant composition, and if it displays no original thought, contains many musical lines, and just, if not novel sentiments. Of the epilogue we need only say, that it is the performance of Thomas Moore Esq., to ensure for it the favor of all our female readers. We will now subjoin the analysis of the tragedy.

The resentment and displeasure of Edelfleda, at the coolness of her presumed husband, are inflamed by the artifices of Baldred, who uses her as a tool of his revenge against Ina, for having formerly rejected his addresses, and against Egbert for having eclipsed his military prowess. The king is much concerned and perplexed at his son's delay in accomplishing a union, which is to be the pledge of peace with a powerful and dangerous neighbour. The sudden invasion of the king of Mercia, in consequence of the slight offered to his daughter, absolves prince Egbert from present coercion, as being the darling of the soldiery, and required to head the army. Edelfleda, meanwhile, who is enamoured of Egbert, in lieu of returning to her father, pays a visit to Ina. Her object is to counsel and terrify her rival into a consent to annul the marriage which unites her to the prince. Ina replies with great dignity,

Princess! I understand you. I am ready
By *death* to cancel my pure marriage vow,
That *he* may live, but by no other means;
Nor is it fit I longer parley hold

With one who counsels thus Prince Egbert's wife., p. 33.

Edelfleda remains on the scene with her suivante, giving vent to the tumultuous passions which distract her bosom, when the prince enters in search of his wife, and an animated conversation ensues between Edelfleda and the object of her selfish passion. Ina comes in to welcome her husband. Edelfleda cannot endure to see their endearments, (which perhaps pass the bounds of strict good-breeding, before company) and she departs with these generous and reasonable sentiments:

He knows I love,
And therefore *must* be mine: and for *she* knows it,
My pride cannot consent that *she* should live. p. 37.

Alwyn, the *ami de la maison*, informs the married lovers that they are not to trust to the king's protection of Ina, during his son's absence, and it is decided that she and her child are to fly, that night, into the recesses of the country under the protection of Alwyn, and the act closes with these beautiful lines, spoken by Ina,

If night should wran
Her brow in clouds, I'll bless the kinder shade
Favoring our flight; or, if her lamp shine forth,
I'll think it is to light me on my way.
The howling wolf shall seem but as a friend,
Scaring who may pursue me (for true love
Never knew fear); the blustering winds that meet me,
I'll hail as eager messengers from thee;

And, if they scatter from their ruffled wings
 The driving hail-storm on my houseless head,
 I will but lap our infant's mantle close,
 And say it is plain Nature's ruder welcome. p. 40.

The king is persuaded by the artifices of Baldred to bring Ina to public trial, for her presumption in marrying the heir-apparent; and resolves upon her death, if she refuse to cancel her marriage contract and enter into a cloister. The trial scene is very interesting, and ends in her condemnation.

She is escorted to her bower by a party of guards, but persuades their captain to attend her to an interview with Cenulph, whose pity she hopes to interest for her infant, and before leaving her home, she deposits on her table the jewels with which she is decorated, and a dagger, the gift of Alwyn. Egbert and his friend Alwyn, on their return from a contest with the Mercians, are attacked by a party of peasants, commanded by Baldred, who had incited them to assassinate Egbert. They are repulsed and induced to desist from their traitorous attempt, and Baldred is killed by Alwyn. Ina obtains admission to the king, and urges her petition. Nature at length prevails. Cenulph snatches the child to his bosom. Ina contemplates them with rapture, then with trembling anxiety and hope,

Father! and shall I see my Egbert too?

Cen. Yes! thou shalt see him—nor for thousand worlds
 Shalt thou be torn from him! [*Embraces her and the child together, with agonising emotion—then*]
 Come, Ethelbald!

In all thy terrors, come! I am prepar'd—

I and my children will defy thy rage. p. 63.

At this happy crisis in the fortune of the piece, suddenly arrives the news of the total defeat of the Mercians and the capture of their king and leader. Edelfleda comes in, and finding all going wrong for the success of her love or vengeance, stabs herself, and with her last breath asks the forgiveness of Ina, and calls down a blessing on her union with the prince. In these charitable sentiments she expires. The interest of this scene is heightened by an alarm for the safety of the prince, and the king and Ina rush out in search of him.

The last scene represents the house of Ina, and shews us Egbert with his friend Alwyn, distractedly seeking his wife and child. He advances to the table, and exclaims,

What see I here? Her holy book of prayer?
 A dagger placed beside it! and my portrait,
 That never had forsook her living bosom!
 The tokens of my love too!—Tyrant father!

Gwilliam's Campaign, and

And ye, ye men of blood ! [He weeps.]

She is with angels !

Yet still unblest without her Egbert ! Thus

She summons me, and gives the means—and thus,

Thus, my soul's love, thy husband follows thee.

[As his hand is raised to stab himself, Ina rushes into his arm &c.]

Ina. I live ! my Egbert !—See, I live ! I live !

[They embrace in speechless transport, while voices without shout “ Egbert and Ina .”]

Our king, our father, follows on my steps,

To fold, in one embrace, his happy children !

[Enter CENULPH, &c. Egbert kneels to Cenulph.]

Egb. My father ! my dear father ! thus receive
Thy faithful subject, and thy dutious son !

Cen. My son ! my noble son ! My gentle Ina ! [Embracing
Oh ! what a load of pain this heart throws off, [Both.]

In this dear strict embrace. My children both !

[after a pause.] Distrust ! thou worst disease of little minds ?

How found'st thou entrance to a father's breast ?

And father of a son whose glorious deeds

Gild my late ev'ning with meridian splendor.

[To Egbert.] Oh ! may thy bosom ever own, as now,

The generous confidence of noble souls

That bears right onward, careless, though beset

By envy, treason—all hell's darkest fiends !

And foils them all ! Domestic virtue still,

Best pledge of public worth ! secure to thee

The trust of nations, and thy people's love ! [The curtain falls.]

ART. XIII. *The Campaign*, a Poem, in Commemoration of the glorious Battles of Vittoria and the Pyrenees. By JOHN GWILLIAM, 8vo. Jennings.

ART. XIV. *The Exile of Elba*, a Poem on the Downfall of Bonaparte and his Dynasty, with the Deliverance, an Ode pourtraying the principal events of the year 1814. By JOHN GWILLIAM, 8vo. ditto.

As these poems come from the same pen, we shall consider them under one head. The former, relative to the battles of Vittoria and the Pyrenees, which led to the downfall of the Corsican, must from the glorious circumstances which gave them birth be interesting to every British reader. The first battle is given in the loose manner of Pindar, and the second in regular metre. In both of them, the author appears to have adhered to facts. The battle of Vittoria has evidently occupied Mr. Gwilliam's chief attention, as it is extended to 75 stanzas, or 104 pages ; while the battle of

the Pyrenees is included in 36 pages. The arrangements made by the great Wellington for the opening of the campaign, and the anxiety of his mind, are thus expressed :

“ But not inactive was the soul,
That long had curb'd the Gaul's control,
And turn'd his utmost skill to nought,
By prompter and profounder thought,
In Spain's devoted clime;—
That bold and all-inspiring mind,
Like Heaven's own spirit, warm, refined,
Amidst each pressing danger great,
Look'd forward thro' the glooms of fate,
In confidence sublime,
Collecting all its various might,
To put the Boaster's hordes to flight,
And give, at last, to suffering Spain
A peaceful and a prosperous reign,
Releas'd from woe and crime;
That mind its noblest air assum'd,
With Hope's predictions warm,
Survey'd the host where Freedom bloom'd,
And smil'd upon the storm.—
And when the red unseemly star,
That glows on Evening's dusky car,
Rose o'er the southern convent's spires,
A thousand strong divine desires,
A thousand hopes and dreams sublime,
The birth of Spain's romantic clime,
Possess'd the Warrior's soul;
He wish'd the day of trial come,
He long'd to hear the martial drum,
Its charging numbers roll:—
And many a cymbal, trumpet, and fife,
Give grandeur to the mortal strife,
And check the hopes and fears of life,
And all the hideous views,
That Fancy, in her calmer hours,
Pourtrays in her sequester'd bowers,
In Terror's darkest hues.” pp. 3, 4.

In the first stanza quoted, the author has *copied* his own rhyme; *clime* and *sublime* being *twice* given. 'This might have been remedied in the second place—

A thousand hopes and dreams sublime
All crowding at this awful time,
Possess'd the Warrior's soul.

Mr. Gwilliam must be conscious that *held* and *beheld* (in the second stanza quoted) is no rhyme. A similar error occurs in the succeeding verse, when describing the gaiety of France during her sad condition.

The author pursues his theme with increasing animation,

particularly in the stanzas descriptive of the defeat of the French army under Joseph Bonaparte, and the success of the allies. The lines allusive to facts, are pointed out in notes subjoined to the work. In one of these notes, Mr. Gwilliam, no doubt anticipating the shafts of criticism, observes "that the *elevated* and *obscure abodes* of these worthies (the critics) do not allow them an actual observation of an army." The remark is just enough: in London one often meets with profound military critics, who scarcely ever saw a battalion under arms except in Hyde Park or on Blackheath.

In the campaign of the Pyrenees, we meet with several interesting and poetical descriptions. The French army, under the new-appointed Marshal Soult, is thus represented:

"Great were the names that led the dread advance,
The boast of Valor, and the pride of France;
Tho' cautious, prompt;—tho' vaunting of their might,
Brave in success, and desperate in their flight;
Like the hyena, when by hounds pursued
Along some dark inextricable wood,
They face the danger that arrests their speed,
And, in the conflict, make their followers bleed.
Soult's favorite name the scowling band inspires,
Creates new hopes and warms their rash desires,
His pliant will participates their frauds,
His tongue their darkest butchery applauds;
They seem already to possess the plain,
And seize the fortunes of the new campaign;
Their daring aim beyond the Ebro lies,
And LUSIA's realm is hardly deem'd a prize!"

The progress of the campaign, which ends in the discomfiture of Soult, is described with such fidelity and animation, as must equally gratify the politician and the lover of poetry. The author's metre is in general melodious, but we must object to the second line of the following couplet:

"Spain, thou hast triumph'd, but to whom belong
Your warmest prayers and your sweetest song?"

As Spain is here addressed by the person, *thou*, the corresponding pronoun, *thy*, should have followed it. *Prayer* is a very inharmonious dissyllable, and if any other bard has ever used it as such, he is as much to blame as the author of "Rokeby," who makes *real* a monosyllable. This feeble line might have been thus rendered strong and metrical—

Thy warmest gratitude—thy sweetest song.

The next article by this author (The Exile of Elba) which remains for consideration, seems a supplement to these battles.

Though unforeseen circumstances occasioned the restoration of Napoleon (who is the subject of this poem) to the Gallic throne, yet his *second* downfall renders the theme still interesting; for though not the exile now of Elba, he has been again *banished* from Paris. Many of the lines in this short poem (for it does not exceed 18 pages) are applicable to subsequent events :

“ The great are fallen ! proud Ambition’s day
Has reach’d its climax and has pass’d away.

Cursing the star that usher’d in his birth,
View the great hero prostrate on that earth
From whence the haughty temper of his mind
Has swept so many millions of mankind !
When Fortune smil’d, no pity warm’d his heart,
He lov’d not Nature—for his God was Art—
Keen in each wicked purpose where his name—
His curs’d ambition—might extend its fame—
So prompt that nothing could impede his course,
Nothing but God’s unconquerable force ;
So active, that, had virtue warm’d his breast,
That man had made his fellow-creatures blest,
Had been the noblest ornament of God—
Walk’d in his ways and in his footsteps trod !”

Again—

“ France ! thou art rescued from thy hideous thrall
In this proud Chieftain’s memorable fall.”

And again—

Louis ! the day is yours—to you alone,
And your descendants France decrees the throne.”

Our author leaves his readers to exercise their judgment by filling up the following second line :

“ Where is the man whom millions late obey’d,
Whom ————— assisted, then betray’d ?”

Notwithstanding his evident unwillingness to publish the name, the author should have given the initial letter, as a clue to it. We presume TALLEYRAND is the person alluded to. Some lines in this poem do not exceed mediocrity.

The subjoined Ode of Deliverance records the glorious events of the year 1814, with occasional compliments to the immortal Wellington. We are informed by the author that though written previously to Mr. Southey’s “ *Carmen Triumphale*,” it was withheld from publication until the curiosity excited by the Laureat’s undertaking had subsided. If ever reprinted, the author will see the necessity of revising this ode, and making alte-

rations ; for he has asserted that the Destroyer should " scourge the world no more ;" but, unfortunately, the Destroyer lately left his " haunt of shame," to disturb " the days of peace." Poets are not necessarily prophets.¹

ART. XV. *The Consistency of Human Operation with Divine Influence in Religion*, a Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, and in the Chapel of the Asylum for Female Orphans, Lambeth. By the Rev. F. SMITH, A.M. Rector of Grendon, Warwickshire, and Vicar of Eardesley, Herefordshire. Rivington.

As an evidence of the co-operation of Divine Grace and Human Exertion the text is happily chosen ; " Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling ; for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure." The author laments the discordance of sentiment which divides those who profess to embrace the same faith, and remarks that the present subject has given rise to too much eager controversy.

By one party it is contended that man, unassisted, can work out his own salvation. This doctrine (our author informs us) is taught in a work entitled " Religion without Cant," and by a clergyman of the established church, who, on these words of our Saviour " Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance," makes an observation to this effect, That there are some persons who, having sinned but little, are so righteous in themselves as to need no repentance. " Now," remarks Mr. Smith, " if these persons need no repentance, then they need no Saviour, and consequently no faith in a Saviour." But he who spoke of " the ninety and nine just persons who needed no repentance," is also he who had declared that " there is none good but one, that is God ;" and therefore he obviously could not mean that those persons had never been sinners. He could intend no more than to commend that reformation of life which had put upon a footing with men comparatively good, one in whom had existed an extraordinary degree of depravity. Many expressions in Holy Writ, the preacher adds, are figurative, agreeably to the ancient style of writing. We read that

¹ A poet now-a-days is not bound to be a prophet.

“God loved Jacob and hated Esau,” but the phraseology, *hated Esau*, only implies a comparative degree of love for Jacob ; i. e. God loved Jacob *more* than he loved Esau. The same expression is used by our Saviour in a similar manner ; “If any man come to me and *hate* not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.” The meaning of this sentence is, If any man love his father, mother, &c. *more* than he loves me, he cannot be my disciple. Much disputation and infidelity have arisen from taking these and similar metaphors in a literal sense.

Another party contends, that the salvation of man is effected by an act of irresistible grace, thus rendering him wholly passive. Mr. Smith, who strongly recommends unanimity, by a judicious selection of passages from Holy Writ ; “Be ye all of one mind,” &c. declares that the words of St. Paul completely refute those opposite errors. And by other quotations from the same source he shows, that though the nature of man is corrupted, and his moral power impaired by the fall of Adam, he still can be so restored by grace as to obey and serve God in newness of life. By arguments full of energy, he proves the consistency of human operation with divine influence ; and earnestly enjoins all Christians to pray for the assistance of the Holy Spirit to animate and guide them.

ART. XVI. *Sacred Sketches from Scripture History*. By Mrs. HEN. ROLLS. London : Law and Whittaker, 1815, pp. 117.

IT is truly observed by Cowley, that “the books of the Bible are either the noblest poetry, or the best materials in the world for it.” The narratives of the Old Testament are particularly well adapted to become the subjects of sacred verse, from the simple touches of pathos and tenderness with which they abound, as well as the peculiar venerableness which antiquity has shed over them. They are, therefore, eminently calculated to engage the attention of children, and to produce that early love of the revelation in which they are contained, which time will strengthen into affection, and instruction heighten into reverence. Every thing which twines round the heart of infancy is cherished with singular delight, and brooded over in

the decline of life as a relic of happier days. The recollections of the morning of existence, which flash upon us in the midst of the toils and the afflictions of the world, are welcomed to the heart, as one who has long been absent is to his home, and all that they bring with them shares in our regard. It is, therefore, a work of the purest benevolence to furnish youth with such scriptural associations as may irradiate the future scenes of life, and diffuse over the mind a calm and equable pleasure.

We are happy in being able to recommend this little volume to those who may wish to make a useful present to their youthful friends or relatives. The subjects on which it touches are: Belshazzar's Feast—the Plague of Hail on the Egyptians—the Drought in the Desert—Jephtha—the Widow of Sarepta—the Translation of Elijah—the Vision of Zacharias—the Annunciation—the Nativity—the Crucifixion—and the Ascension. These poems are of unequal merit; but are generally mellifluous and pleasing, sometimes very polished, and always full of excellent reflections. There are some defective verses, among which the one that closes the book must be numbered; and we could not help regretting that such a line as “on God's right hand eternally to reign,” should be found in a situation where it may dwell on the mind and ear to the discredit of the fair authoress. Some of the descriptions, particularly of the evening scenes, are very pretty; though the peculiar characteristics of the scenery of Judæa, are sometimes not strictly attended to. Were we to select the best of the sketches we think we should prefer that which bears the name of Jephtha. The authoress has taken up the hypothesis of those who suppose that the vow of that inconsiderate warrior did not affect the life of his daughter, but merely doomed her to perpetual virginity. At all events, the narrative, as here woven, is very touching, without any thing of the tragical horror which is attached to the catastrophe usually believed to have been intended. The poor girl is represented as betrothed to a valiant and amiable youth, when the fatal offering for ever forbids their union. The following delineation of her early innocent love is very sweet and pathetic:

“ Yet in her heart one feeling rose above
Her tranquil calmness;—shall we deem it love?
So pure, so mild, like that which angels shed
Around the sleeping infant's peaceful head;
In early youth a brother's name he bore,
Nor, to her fancy, seem'd than brother more;

Together oft they shar'd Instruction's hour,
 Together still they cull'd the opening flower,
 Or rang'd the mead, or climb'd the mountain's side,
 Or sat delighted by the fountain's tide;
 As years increas'd, their fond affection grew,
 Though yet the name of love it never knew:
 Noble the youth; in manhood's opening day,
 No selfish passion led his heart astray."—P. 48.

After the fatal truth has been disclosed, her tenderness and resignation are feelingly pictured :

" Say ye, whose hearts have own'd Love's mighty power,
 What were her feelings in that mournful hour,
 Which saw at once her rising hopes destroy'd,
 Her future life decreed a joyless void?
 As from the pitying group, she slow retires,
 One effort more, pure filial love inspires,
 Her Zared's kind attention to engage,
 To soothe her Father's lone repentant age;
 She stoops!—'tis vain!—to speak her tongue denies,
 And tears of softness tremble in her eyes:
 She caught one hand of each, first fondly prest,
 Then join'd and clasp'd them to her throbbing breast;
 Wrapp'd close her veil, as from their arms she flew,
 And bade to early love a last adieu."—P. 56, 7.

We can afford room for no further extracts ; but the preceding will be sufficient to induce our younger readers, at least, to peruse the work for themselves. Indeed we think that even adult readers might be improved—certainly amused, by looking into it. In doing so they might fancy themselves entering the tent of the hoary patriarch, and listening to the voice of his evening thanksgiving.—We must not omit to mention, that the work is printed in a style that accords well with the general neatness and elegance of its composition.

ART. XVII. *The Poems of Richard Hatt, (author of the Hermit, &c.)* small 8vo. pp. 119. Westley and Parrish.

THE author modestly states in his preface—"I am not a Gray who can expect to astonish the reader with beauties of the highest order. To have imitated the impressive interest of Burns is all I have aimed at ; and if I have attained that, my first ambition is gratified." These pieces have no claim to sublimity. Some display a simple neatness, (*simplex munditiis*) and others a pleasing, though not very *impressive* interest ; particularly the ode to "Neglected Genius." The author has inserted the pro-

ductions of others: "Alberto and Maria," by J. Glanville, author of "Poetical Prolusions," an interesting ballad;—"A Yorkshire Song," and "the Harper," by Charles Feist, author of "Poetical Effusions," "An Invocation to the Muses," and "A Fragment," of considerable merit. This being an improved edition, we are surprised there should be so many typographical errors; and naturally conclude that the violations of grammar, which we observe, are inaccuracies of the press.

Some of the songs are beneath mediocrity. In the "Supplementary Poems," which, we suppose, did not appear in the former editions, we see nothing very striking. We extract a few stanzas.

"Entranced I view thy angel face,
And ev'ry softer feature trace—
That matchless mien—thy easy grace—
My Julia!

The lily, that adorns the grove,
Reminds me of my parted love—
Parted!—until I meet above,
My Julia!

What pity!—that a heart so true—
That melts with love and anguish too—
So early should have bade adieu
To Julia!

ART. XVIII. *Fragments on the Study of Man, with a View to the acquisition of Self-Knowledge, and a just Estimate of his Intellectual and Moral Powers.* 12mo. pp. 50. Dean and Munday.

"KNOW thyself" was the precept of Solon: and the author of these fragments endeavours to point out the way of acquiring this useful self-knowledge. In the commencement of his little work, he deprecates the enemies to this study—*pride* and *self-delusion*, and indeed with justice, since, as we all know, a man often sees an alarming blemish in his neighbour's character, though blind to some greater one in his own. "Men," our author insists, "are wilfully ignorant of, or designedly mistake, their own characters. Many people are ready enough to acknowledge that, when they retire and look a little into *themselves*, and impartially consider their own conduct, they find much cause of self reproach." Some, however, during this
have recourse to *subterfuges*, and quiet a troubled

conscience by ingenious devices—particularly by comparing themselves with others who appear to be more culpable, and by determining to reform at some *future* period. Our author argues that no man *begins to know himself* until absolutely convinced of the necessity of reformation. Religion being intimately connected with this self-knowledge, as it leads directly to reformation, the study of the Sacred Scriptures is recommended as indispensably requisite. He observes,

“ Such being the inestimable value of the Bible, what shall we say of an association of men, formed for the express purpose of bringing this book under the review of every intelligent being under the sun, and in the very language in which he is capable of understanding it? *Such an association actually exists*, under the denomination of ‘The British and Foreign Bible Society.’ A noble institution this!—the excellence and worth of which, no words can fully appreciate; and to which a future age alone, beholding the widely extended and salutary change it has been the means of effecting in the ‘moral world,’ will be able to do some kind of justice.”

Much edification may be derived from this pretty little volume. It is a good deal after the manner of the Economy of Human Life. The style of it is simple, neat, and forcible: and and as it may be the means of making some who are now young, *know themselves* before they become old, it is fit that it be selected as *præmium virtutis*.

ART. XIX. — *Systematic Education: or Elementary Instruction in the various Departments of Literature and Science, with practical Rules for studying each Branch of useful Knowledge.* By the Rev. W. SHEPHERD, the Rev. J. JOYCE, and the Rev. LANT CARPENTER, LL. D. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xii. 540 and 576. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1815.

NOTWITHSTANDING the multiplicity of Essays, Treatises, Dialogues, and Letters, that have been published on the importance and necessity of Education, scarcely a single work has appeared, whose professed object was the communication of that general knowledge which has been so often and so strenuously insisted upon, as essential to the well-being of society. This fact will appear still more singular, when the practicability of the plan and the utility of the subject are considered, in connection with the powers of the human mind, and the present state of intellectual culture.

Since the design of the work before us is, not to prove the importance and utility of knowledge, but to present the general

elements of that knowledge, its plan may be regarded as novel; and, embracing the wide field of literature and science, the subjects of which it treats must be numerous, and the information it contains, necessarily condensed. As we cannot enter upon the examination of each subject separately, we shall endeavour to furnish our readers with a general idea of the work as a whole, and select a few of the topics, as specimens of its execution.

An advertisement stating the views of the authors, and explaining the manner in which they have endeavoured to realise them, is succeeded by an introductory and "Practical Essay on Education." This Essay occupies 33 pages, and though nothing very striking ought to be expected, either in its matter or manner, it contains some good observations on Education in general, and some judicious remarks relative to the comparative merits of public and private schools; with a correct estimate of the utility of Classical learning, and some valuable directions respecting the best methods of studying both the living and dead languages. Adverting to the effects which the conduct and example of parents are calculated to produce on the minds and habits of their children, the following sentiment, with which the discussion concludes, deserves to be deeply impressed upon all those whom Providence has invested with the responsibility of parental control.

"In order to form a moral agent to the highest degree of excellence of which he is capable, the most guarded vigilance over the propensities of early youth, is requisite on the part of natural superintendents—and it seems to be the wise ordinance of providence, that the anxiety which parents universally entertain for the welfare of their offspring, is calculated, when properly directed, to become a strong promoter, and a steady safeguard of virtue." P. 5.

Taking a rapid glance at the effects which the compulsory laws of the Spartan Republic, in regard to general education, were calculated to produce, and estimating the tendency which all the prescriptions of civil authority must have on intellectual improvement, it is well observed:

"It is, however, the business of education not to cramp, but to guide the intellect. Its province extends to the inculcating of those fundamental principles on which the structure of science is to be built: the finishing of the structure ought to be left in a great measure to individual discretion. To the attainment of Truth, freedom of inquiry is absolutely necessary. A man may as well attempt to penetrate the mazes of an entangled wood in fetters, as to investigate the vast variety of intellectual subjects, with a mind trammelled by the imperative decisions of human institutions. And to the reducing the general mind to this degrading predicament, do the prescriptions of civil authority in matters of literature usually tend. They lead to the fostering of prejudice, and the perpetuation of error. They necessarily keep a nation stationary in the march of intellect, and repress that expansion of

thought which is the parent of excellence. To a certain degree, they may be productive of decided and powerful effects; but the uniformity of habit and character, which they are calculated to produce, rather tends to lower man to the level of brutal instinct, than to raise him higher in the scale of the intelligent creation." P. 6.

In affirmatively answering the question, "whether classical literature be a proper object of study for those who are not intended for a learned profession, or for public life?" some observations occur which are worthy of serious attention; but for these we must refer to the work. Relative to the propriety of making classical knowledge a part of female education, we have already expressed our opinion, in the first number of this Review; and though this does not exactly coincide with the ideas of the authors of this Essay, respecting the truth and propriety of the following sentiments we think there cannot be two opinions.

"Accomplishments are doubtless a valuable acquirement, and also an acquirement, within the reach of those who are endowed with natural taste, and who have time to bestow upon them. As to those who are differently circumstanced, in the acquisition of facility, in the works appropriated to their sex, in the study of modern languages, of History, and Geography, in the perusal of our best English authors, and the formation of a correct style of writing, they will find sufficient employment for the years which are allotted to their school education." P. 19.

This Essay concludes with an enumeration of several works, which are well adapted to the use of those who study the Greek and Latin languages. The observations on this part of the subject are of a practical nature, and often very judicious; and appear to be the production of one who has had considerable experience in teaching. The Essay is in general well written, and may be read with advantage by those who wish for a succinct view of the subject of which it treats. We were, however, much surprised to meet with the following quaint and vulgar expression: "It is *bottomed* in an absolute ignorance of facts." P. 12. Nor do we conceive the following sentiment to be correct. "Man, regarded as a moral agent, and an accountable being, is a compound of habits. According as his habits are good or bad, he is to be esteemed or qualified as virtuous or vicious." P. 3. Without at all detracting from the influence of example, is it not more consistent with sound philosophy and religion too, to regard the moral character of man as composed of *principles* rather than of habits?—The former are causes, the latter only effects; and we do not see how man can be considered as either "virtuous or vicious," according to his habits, in any other sense than as these are of the nature of the principles from which they spring.

The subjects treated of in the first volume are ;

“ The study of the Belles Lettres, Language, Grammar, Structure of Sentences, Taste, Figurative Language, Prose Composition, Poetry, Elocution, Method of studying the Belles Lettres, History, Ancient and Modern Geography, Ancient Geography, Chronology, The British Constitution, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Fluxions, Chances, &c. Navigation, Mensuration, Surveying, and Dialling.”

The second volume embraces successively ;

“ Natural philosophy, including Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, and Aoustics, Optics, Electricity, Galvanism, and Magnetism, Astronomy, and Chemistry, Natural History, containing Mineralogy, Botany and Zoology. Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Logic, Political Economy, the Structure and Functions of Man, and terminates with a Letter from a Father to his Son, on the Evidences of the Christian Religion.”

Prior to any observations on particular subjects, we conceive it to be most consistent with candor to allow the authors of this work to explain their own object ; which we shall do by an extract from the advertisement :

“ They have endeavoured to offer such elementary instruction as may afford a good preparative for future reading, and to point out the best sources of farther information on the subjects of which they treat. It has been their aim to compress within a narrow compass, a great fund of important knowledge, which could only be obtained by the perusal of a multitude of volumes ; and to supply a work, which, as far as they know, has hitherto been unattempted, that might assist the unskilful, not only as a guide to what they wished to pursue, but such a one as should afford them a choice of subjects from which they might select such as were adapted to their taste, their acquirements, or their wants ; and having made their selection, they will find the introductory principles laid down, explained and exemplified, and a course of study pointed out, with references to such elementary works as may be adapted to their wishes, and to the time they have to devote to literature and science.”

It must not be concluded from this that the authors of the present work have either designed or attempted to present a treatise on each of the subjects it contains. Their object was rather to offer a general view of the nature, the rise and progress of each subject in connection with the best method of studying it, and a brief account of those works that could afford the student most assistance in accomplishing the object. Thus “ chapter XVII. vol. I. On History,” treats of the

“ Utility, pleasures, and advantages attendant on the Study of History ; illustrated by Bishop Burnet—Cicero—Dionysius.—Study of History favorable to freedom—to the attainment of practical experience—to a just dependence on a superintending providence—Sources of History ; oral tradition—poetry—public festivals—erection of pillars—monumental inscriptions—existing laws—records of courts of Justice—archives of the state—public treaties—manifestoes—negotiations—progress of statistical science—family history.”

The following chapter, on Ancient History, is chiefly confined to some reflections on the nature of the first Histories, and the importance of ancient history, with the utility of general histories and compendiums ;—and to a brief account of the works of some of the most noted writers on ancient history. In the course of this chapter, the authors have drawn a very judicious and distinct outline of the character of a good historian ; which deserves the attention of those who read, as well as of those who write history ; as the work can only be duly appreciated by being brought to the test of those rules which either have, or ought to have, guided the hand of the artist in its execution. The subsequent Chapter “ On Modern History,” which is contained in about 23 pages, is almost wholly occupied in appreciating the merits of several of the principal works on that subject. Many of these observations shew extensive knowledge, and are well calculated to assist the student in his historical researches.

Then come three chapters on Geography. The first describes the rise and progress of the science ; the second contains a few of the principal definitions, and very brief sketches of the chief divisions of the globe ; while the third gives a concise sketch of ancient geography with notices of several works which are essential in a course of geographical study. On this subject, however, the authors have displayed much less knowledge than on that of history. In tracing the rise and progress of geography, they observe that they “ shall borrow freely from a work by Dr. John Blair, published in 1784 ;” and they might have added with equal truth, from one published in 1812, by “ Thomas Myers, A. M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich,” (which we noticed in our first and second Numbers ;) as nearly the latter half of this history, appears to be little else than a selection of passages from Mr. Myers’s work, with the alteration of a few words in some places ; and this alteration has not always contributed either to accuracy or precision. These, however, are qualities without which historical composition loses its value. But as we have no disposition to blame either hastily or harshly, we shall extract a few examples. The authors of the work before us observe, “ The discovery of the properties of the loadstone, and of its application, in the Mariner’s compass, to directing ships across the ocean, gave an astonishing facility, &c.” P. 308. Now, though we allow that the properties of the loadstone were the proper subject of a *discovery*, its application in the Mariner’s Compass was *not*. Mr. Myers expresses the same thing more correctly when he says, “ The discovery of the

loadstone and the *invention* of the Mariner's compass, early in the 14th century, gave a wonderful facility, &c." On the same page it is stated that "Cape de Verde and the islands opposite to it were known, and explored in the year 1446, and farther discoveries were likewise made in the Azores about the same time." This, as meant to imply the discovery of the Cape and its opposite islands, is certainly destitute of precision. The expression "were known" does not at all fix the time of the discovery. Nor do we think that the word "explored" is used with greater propriety; for though they were discovered in the year 1446, we know of no work that gives any circumstantial evidence of their having been *explored* at that period; and therefore we conceive the sentence in which Mr. Myers expresses the same fact, and from which this was evidently taken, to be more correct. "Cape de Verde and its opposite islands were disclosed in 1446; and farther discoveries were likewise made in the Azores about the same time." "Opened a commercial intercourse with Russia at Archangel," is changed into "Opened a commercial intercourse with Russia *and* Archangel;" as though Russia and Archangel were distinct countries, and not the one a *port* in the other. In, "he attempted to winter at Arzina, in Lapland," the precision is destroyed by writing it, "he attempted to winter in Lapland." "The group styled Solomon's islands" is changed into "Solomon's island;" and "the Falkland islands near the Southern extremity of America," are made "the Falkland islands, ~~at~~ the Southern extremity of America," an expression which cannot, under any license, be applied in the present case where the distance between these islands and the nearest point of the American continent is at least 75 leagues, or 225 Geographical miles. These instances all occur on page 314, and are sufficient to shew that the matter has not gained either in accuracy or precision by the slight alterations it has undergone in the transcription. We shall not search for other instances of this kind, but only observe, that we have heard of a race-horse starting; but we do not recollect ever to have seen that expression applied to a ship, except at page 312 of the present work, where it is observed, that the ship in which Magellan sailed from Spain, "returned to Seville, the port from whence it *started*."

The circumstance of several pages having been transcribed so nearly verbatim from the work above referred to, without any acknowledgment, is not quite consistent with the following declaration, near the close of the advertisement, and to which in most instances we believe the authors have strictly adhered:

"In every case, it is believed, full and constant references are given, and due acknowledgments are made for the advantages which they have derived, and which they wish their readers to derive from this line of conduct." We do not, however, blame them for availing themselves of this history, because we think they could not have done better, provided they had copied it accurately, and made the proper acknowledgments to its author. Before we quit this part of the Systematic Education, our duty requires us to notice a few essential omissions. Passing those of a more ancient date and inferior consequence, we shall merely specify the improvement resulting to geography from the correction of Ptolemy's latitudes—the discovery of refraction—the induction of the telescope, and observations of Jupiter's satellites—the institution of learned Societies—and, what is of still greater importance than any of these, the ancient and modern attempts that have been made, by Mathematicians and Astronomers, to measure the earth. These are wanting to complete the outline of the history of this interesting science.

Another circumstance which should be most scrupulously attended to by all authors of "Elementary Instruction," is the accuracy of their definitions. Here, however, the present authors have not been altogether successful; they have failed in the very first—"Geography is a description of the terrestrial globe." Now this includes both *geology* and *mineralogy*, which are distinct sciences. The proper definition is a description of the *surface* of the terrestrial globe. It is also said, page 317, that "*Longitude* is the distance of any place from a given spot, generally the capital of a country, measured *east* or *west* from that capital." This evidently does not evince that precision which is the characteristic of a good definition: the correct one is, Longitude is the distance of any place from some particular meridian, and is measured *eastward* or *westward* from that meridian, according to the situation of the place. But the greatest fault in this part of the work is its brevity; and our readers will not be induced to expect much information, when they know that the space allowed to Europe is a little more than *one* page. It also appears somewhat singular, that the only enumeration of provinces and their population should be that of the American States—as if, forsooth, they were every thing—our own more dignified and more respected country nothing!

One passage more we cannot pass unnoticed. "Below Guinea are the Portuguese settlements of Congo, Loango, and Angola. The southern point of Africa is called the Cape of Good Hope. Here is Caffraria, the country of the Hottentots." p. 324. The three places mentioned in the first sentence of this extract, instead

of being “Portuguese settlements,” are three kingdoms governed by native princes, totally independent of Portuguese authority. The remainder of the extract identifies the Cape of Good Hope, Caffraria, and the country of the Hottentots; but the fact is, that the nearest part of Caffraria is almost *nine degrees* of longitude east of the Cape; and is the country of the Caffres and not of the Hottentots—who are the original inhabitants of the colony and the regions north of it.

Chapter 28th commences with a brief dissertation on the objects, use, importance and history of Mathematics. This is followed by a short history of Arithmetic, and a statement of its importance to other branches of science, and an account of the principal works on that subject, which it will be proper for the student to peruse. The next chapter contains the history, definitions, and symbols of Algebra, with an account of the chief modern treatises on the subject. The same plan is extended to Geometry, Trigonometry, and Conic Sections. In the enumeration of books, we think that the authors have here been too diffuse, and that they would have benefited the student more if they had made greater use of their privilege of selection. Mr. Leybourn’s *Mathematical Repository*, as mentioned at page 475, is the old series of that work: the new series of which has for several years been publishing in octavo. It is curious, however, to see the article on Geometry terminate in the following manner. After recommending “Hutton’s or Barlow’s Dictionary, or Nicholson’s *British Encyclopedia*,” to the mathematical student, it is added, “or, above all, the great national work of the Rev. Dr. Rees, entitled, ‘the New Cyclopedia,’ of which nearly sixty parts are before the public.” On this recommendation there is no need of comment—to either publishers or preachers.

Conic Sections are succeeded by Fluxions. Here, however, our authors remind us of men in a foreign country, making use of a language with which they are but imperfectly acquainted. After explaining the nature of the subject, by an extract from Simpson’s *Fluxions*, and having mentioned its induction by Sir Isaac Newton, they add,

“We shall just give our reader an insight into the science, by shewing, in a few of the simplest cases, which the young algebraist will readily understand, how fluxions are adapted for determining the maxima and minima of bodies—for drawing tangents to curves, &c. by which he will readily understand in what way the science may be made to extend to the investigation of the most abstruse and difficult problems in the various branches of mathematics and natural philosophy.”

This is certainly promising a great deal; but how is it accomplished? Having explained in what sense the “*early*” and “*latter*” letters of the alphabet are to be used, they give the

Rule for finding the fluxion of a given fluent (no explanation of the term fluent has been given), in which there is but one variable quantity. This rule applies only when the variable quantity is of the *first* power. The Rule for finding the fluxion of the product of two or more quantities is then given; and also that for the fluxion of a fraction. "The application of fluxions to the solution of problems de maximis et minimis, and to the drawing of tangents to curves," is then shown by the following well-known examples. 1. To divide a right line into two parts, such that their product shall be a maximum. 2. To determine the greatest rectangle that can be inscribed in a given circle. 3. To draw a tangent to a circle and also to a parabola. Each of these solutions requires the fluxion of a compound quantity to be found, one term of which contains the second power of the variable quantity; but no Rule has been previously given either for the compound quantity or the power. This last arises from their having made the first rule *partial* instead of general:—It should have been given for finding the fluxion of any power of a flowing quantity, as x^n . They also promised to show the adaptation of fluxions for "determining the maxima and minima of bodies." Do they call a *right line* or a *rectangle* a body? or have they written the word *body* instead of *quantity*? the latter we think has been the case.

In naming books on this subject, they have, contrary to their usual custom, been sparing. In addition to Sir Isaac Newton's method of fluxions, they have added the names of Rowe, Vince, Simpson, and Maclaurin. If they chose to omit those of Emerson and Holyday; we cannot perceive any reason why they should have left out that of Mr. Dealtry, whose work on that subject, published within a few years, is certainly as well adapted to promote the progress of the student as any of those they have mentioned. We will just cite another inadvertency here for the sake of having it corrected in the next edition.

"The great work on Astronomy, so regarded by the mathematicians and philosophers of all countries, is that entitled "*Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, auctore Isaaco Newtono." This, however, can only be read by mathematicians of the highest order. As introductory to it, we have "*A view of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy* by Henry Pemberton," 4to: and which is by much the better work." Vol. II. p. 136.

It is this part in Italics that requires correction or explanation.

Our limits prevent us from pursuing this analysis any further; we can therefore only say that in most of the other chapters, we have found much to commend. The multiplicity of subjects included in the work, (and we think there is not one too many) has necessarily imposed on its authors a brevity that confines them

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to an outline of each ; and even in some instances, the space that can be allowed is insufficient to render that outline complete. The enlargement of the plan, by the addition of another volume on the occasion of a second edition, would be desirable, and could hardly fail of meeting with public approbation. Upon the whole, the work is well calculated to convey information on a great variety of subjects, to those for whose use it is designed ; the language in general is perspicuous, and with the exception of a few quaint phrases and inadvertencies, especially in the definitions, is well fitted for the purposes of instruction.

Their directions for studying a particular subject often bear the stamp of experience ; and their remarks on the pleasure and utility resulting from that study not unusually deserve the most serious attention of the student. The subjects of science are illustrated by eight outline plates.

ART. XX. *The Maskers of Moorfields : a Vision*. By the late ANTHONY GRIFFENHOOF, Gent. 12mo. pp. 87. Miller.

THE *supposed* editor of this vision is stated to be the brother of the deceased Anthony Griffenhoof, who, being left sole executor, was entrusted with several literary manuscripts, over which he was authorised to exercise a discretionary power. According to "the author's advertisement," this work was produced in 1814, and consequently includes allusions to some occurrences in the preceding year, which the reader's discrimination must find out ; but such is the poignancy of the satire, that the characters introduced as Masqueraders, cannot be mistaken.

Mr. Anthony Griffenhoof, being accustomed to indulge himself once a year in reading Horace, one of his favorite authors, was, during his last annual perusal, more than usually struck with the famous dialogue between the poet and Damasippus ; and the conclusion of this celebrated colloquy, "that all men are actually mad," so worked upon the imagination of the author, that, during his reverie, he fell into a profound sleep. Though allegorical narratives abound under the title of *visions*, (some of them the productions of eminent authors) yet the idea, that the characters thus obtained are all mad, has some claim to originality. The scene of this vision, *Moorfields*, is happily chosen, and the Masquerade, at this time represented here, is supposed to take place one night in every year. The dreamer, surprised at the motley assembly, is con-

ducted through the crowd by the genius of caprice, who explains to him the respective characters. Among these, are two famous Roman mimics, father and son, who wish to draw the attention of the company to an address written for the opening of this Masquerade. The following couplet—

“When energising objects men pursue,
“What are the prodigies they cannot do?”

was delivered by the son with all the airs of a posture master, while his father accompanied him with the finest grimaces of an Italian fiddler. This, every reader must recollect, alludes to a certain Address, written for the opening of the New Drury Lane Theatre. Among the other well-known, and indeed entertaining characters, which form this group of masked Bedlamites, are—the ghost of a Monk, who, being a sort of wholesale dealer in spectres, apparitions, &c. fancies himself a ghost, a bookseller, and publisher, who having the misfortune to be dubbed a knight, became in the end insolvent, and, wishing to pass off for a Pythagorean philosopher, wages eternal war against all animal food; an orator and poet, who, having a great genius for dramatic writing, forsook Thalia for Bacchus, &c. It would be an injury to this little work to diminish curiosity by further anticipation. The characters are admirably drawn, and the satire keen, without being offensive. A scene of uproar terminates the dream, and Mr. Griffenhoof's eyes open upon the following passage of Horace, which is prefixed as the motto—

*Huc propius me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.*

ART. XXI. *Lives of Caius Asinius Pollio, Marcus Terentius Varro, and Cneius Cornelius Gallus. With Notes and Illustrations.* By the Rev. EDWARD BERWICK. Small 8vo. pp. 178.

PLUTARCH, the illustrious biographer of Cheronea, has not only gratified a laudable general curiosity, but blended the *utile* with the *dulce*. Instruction is the grand aim of biography; and greater instruction is to be derived from the lives of ancient than from those of modern heroes. Few, comparatively, have any knowledge of the former; and the knowledge which some possess of them may be beneficially increased: but with those who have recently acted conspicuous parts on the stage of life, the world is already, in a great measure, acquainted.

These three biographical sketches had been promised by Mr. Berwick when he published his lives of Messala, Corvinus, and Pomponius Atticus.

"Pollio, the subject of one of the sketches, was the most accomplished scholar of the age in which he lived, and was the first man who established a public library at Rome: and Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans, the subject of another sketch, was his particular friend; and his statue alone, of all living men, was deemed worthy of a place in that library."

The compiler seems to have explored the best documents, and to have properly availed himself of his researches; for he has detailed, with fidelity and impartiality (the best characteristics of a biographer) the chief events in the lives of these three ornaments of the *Augustan age*. The merits of Pollio, as a military character, poet, orator, historian, and critic, are faithfully discussed. He is well defended from the imputation of avarice, thrown upon him by Blackwell, who had asserted, "That he was resolute to make a fortune, cost what it would; and that, having great opportunities of doing it, he never lost the use which was to be made of them." Mr. Berwick observes in answer,

"When we consider the distracted state of the times, the conspicuous part borne in them by Pollio, the numberless forfeitures which were the natural effects of them, and above all, the success which finally attended the fortunes of his friends; when, I say, we consider the force of all these combined causes operating together, we need not be surprized at the great accession of property which attached to him. But to his credit let it not be forgotten, that, whatever fortune he amassed was converted to the most honorable uses, and the encouragement of learning and literary talents was among its richest fruits."

As a critic, our author also defends him from the severe censure of Dr. Stewart, who states him to be in that character "vain, arrogant, and capricious." Mr. Berwick shows the fallacy of Dr. Stewart's sources of information, and proves that other great men besides Pollio, had justly condemned the style of Sallust.—The documents, which enabled our author to compile this life, and the former lives of Corvinus and Atticus, have no doubt assisted him in producing the other two sketches, particularly the life of Pollio's friend, Varro, pre-eminently characterised as the most learned of all the Romans. When upwards of 70 years of age, Varro's name appeared in the list of the proscribed.

"Though condemned to death as a friend to law and liberty, and consequently an enemy to the lawless usurpation of the triumvirate, there arose a degree of emulation among his old Cæsarian friends, which of them should have the honor of saving him. They disputed who should have the preference in supporting him in his disgrace; and Calenus obtained it, who carried him to his country house; where Anthony

frequently came, without suspecting in the least that a proscribed person of such importance lived under the same roof with him. Under his protection, Varro passed in security the hour of danger: he concealed him till a special edict was issued by Lucius Marcus Plancus, the consul, under the triumviral seal, excepting him and Messala Corvinus from the general slaughter."

This learned Roman had written 490 volumes, when in the 84th year of his age; and in his 88th year, he was still devoted to literature.—Cneius, or Publius Cornelius Gallus, was another of Pollio's friends, who, as supposed, introduced Virgil to the notice of Mæcenas. He was raised to high honors by Augustus, and employed by him in the war against Anthony and Cleopatra—in which he gave proofs of great military skill and singular prudence. When Augustus became master of Egypt, Gallus was made the first præfect. Black ingratitude, however, stains his character; for he used the most injurious and insulting language, whenever he spoke of his benefactor. After plundering the renowned city of Thebes, and stripping it of its principal ornaments, he was, on his return to Rome, judicially accused of misconduct. In consequence of the crimes of which he was arraigned, Augustus forbade him the court, and banished him. He, at the same time, shed tears, and lamented his condition in these words: "How unhappy am I, who cannot be permitted to be angry with my friends to such a degree as I think proper!" Gallus was so much affected by the severity of his sentence, that he killed himself in the year of Rome 727. His errors are chiefly ascribed to vanity and wine.—In concluding the life of the "lettered" Gallus, as he was styled by the late Jephson, in his "*Roman Portraits*," our author observes,

"Though not a vestige of his writings remains, his name is still celebrated: the praises bestowed upon him by his contemporaries have survived, and made posterity at the distance of near two thousand years, anxious to hear his story. In vain did Augustus endeavour to suppress his fame—in vain did imperial resentment strive to obstruct his reputation as a poet: his name as a poet still lives, though his works which gave celebrity to that name are lost. So true it is, that superiority of genius, is alone that which secures immortality to the possessor."

Young men will find these lives of great utility, as they will assist them in comprehending many passages in Ovid and Virgil. We are happy to find that the compiler is writing the life of the first Scipio Africanus, one of the greatest characters mentioned in ancient history. These laborious undertakings deserve both praise and encouragement, as they not only disseminate knowledge, but promote that pursuit, which has been so well recommended by the poet:

"The proper study of mankind is man."

ART. XII.—"*My Wife! What Wife?*" a Comedy, in Three Acts. By EATON S. BARRETT, Esq. Author of "*The Heroine*." London, Chapple, 1815, pp. 60, pr. 2s. 6d.

THE Author of this trifle seems to have devoted himself, soul and body, to the service of the ladies. A few years back, he published a volume entitled "*Woman*," which purported to sing or say, in earnest strains, the beauty, importance, and utility of the fair sex. His principles then seemed more commendable than his poetry; and he has matured his present production, as merely another frail memorial of chivalrous enthusiasm.

The humour of the work, announced in the title-page, is not without considerable alloy. It is, however, calculated to repress the morbid indulgence of romantic sensibility; and has so far propitiated us towards the author, that we shall not subject his performance to a rigid test. But we cannot be guilty of such misprision of treason against the laws of criticism, as to allow a three-act farce to rank with regular comedy; or to tolerate the use of those trite specifics for popularity, which a genuine taste will reject with disdain proportioned to their worthlessness. In the exhibitions of our modern play-wrights, we have been more than sated with the slang of vulgar Cockneys—with the absurdities and testiness of superannuated ignorance, and the ravings of the professors of misogynism, whose innocent invectives, together with the certainty of their final recantation, furnish matter only of trivial pastime for the self-complacency of simpering spinsters. For our own parts, we honor the sex, "on this side idolatry as much as any;" but we hold it not good that the sins of dulness should be expiated by an appeal to sympathies which, though they may reflect credit on the homage of genius, yet need no auxiliary; and we are beyond measure offended at the public and familiar contact of vulgar hands. The structure of this literary abortion is briefly as follows:—St. Ermont is deluded into marriage with a depraved woman, by her fabricated report of the inconstancy of his mistress; his wife obligingly forsakes him, and he vows eternal hatred to all womankind. He is arrested, and meets in a spunging-house with a friend, whose wife is discovered to be the identical fair one who had luckily made St. Ermont her *second* husband, and afterwards resumed her allegiance to her former lord; but the plot affords us no clue to explain how she accounted for her absence during her intercourse with St. Ermont. His marriage being void, he again becomes intitled to the fortune, which his disobedience had forfeited to his guardian. He learns the fidelity of his deserted mistress, obtains her forgiveness, and ends the piece with a mawkish eulogy on woman.

The following dialogue is rather a favorable specimen :—

(A Room in the Bailiff's House. St. Ermont and Col. Gayton discovered.)

Col. And so this is your history, my dearest and earliest friend; and so here have you and I, after our long separation, met in a bailiff's house—a surly bailiff's inhospitable house, on our first stage to the King's Bench.

St. Er. If you please, Colonel, we will change the subject. You spoke, I think, of having a wife.

Col. If you please, St. Ermont, we will change that subject.

St. Er. Nay, I gave you my adventures; you should give me your's.

Col. There is some resemblance between both. Not long after we had parted at Oxford, I, like you, married a worthless woman; but, unlike you, instead of forsaking the world, I forsook only my wife, and hurrying off to the Continent, entered the Spanish service. On the conclusion of peace, I returned home, and have just been arrested by a confounded Jew, to whom I went security for a bond of my brother's. So you see, I have my matrimonial troubles as well as you.

St. Er. And I hope you despise the sex, who cause such troubles, as much as I.

Col. Upon my soul I should despise myself if I did. No, never let us scorn in our manhood, that sex who protected us in our infancy.

St. Er. Psha, you delight, I suppose, to live under a canopy of wax-lights, and to make ladies' ear-rings vibrate with your sighs; to see them setting up whole rows of faces for sale, and to hear their tongues uttering unsophisticated sentiment, while their eyes are fixed upon a star.

Col. Oh, for any woman—any woman upon earth—young, old, grave, gay, white, black—any woman upon earth—that I might talk with her one short moment, and inhale an antidote to your poison!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. Gayton is below.

Col. 'Sdeath, my wife! (*Rises.*) [*Exit Servant.*

St. Er. There, my friend, you have obtained your wish, so I shall not interrupt your enjoyment of it.

Col. Nay, I must introduce you to her.

St. Er. Excuse me.

Col. Well, but—just to satisfy your curiosity.

St. Er. I can draw upon my imagination.

Col. Well, but she is so very agreeable in company.

St. Er. I shall take your word for it.

Col. Well, but she is so very disagreeable when we are alone.

St. Er. After just defending all womankind, you will find it an easy task to defend yourself. [*Exit.*

Col. (*solus.*) A glimpse of his former humour, but the manner was sardonic. Poor St. Ermont! And here comes my wife. Poor me!

Enter Mrs. Gayton.

Mrs. G. Well, here I am again. A faithful wife never deserts her husband in his misfortunes.

Col. And yet it sometimes happens, my dear, that his greatest misfortune is her not deserting him.

Mrs. G. Because his greatest misfortune is witnessing her distress when he cannot alleviate it.

Col. It is indeed, my love; so I wish I were not now witnessing your's.

Mrs. G. And yet, Colonel, you might, perhaps, alleviate it.

Col. How? by paying my debts?

Mrs. G. Or—

Col. Or what?

Mrs. G. By paying mine.

Col. Ay, your old failing, extravagance.

Mrs. G. Alas! I have not a failing upon earth, but loving you too well.

Col. Then if it be a failing, I beg you will get rid of it as soon as possible.

Mrs. G. What! would you have me hate you, my dear?

Col. Ay, heartily, my dear.

Mrs. G. Why then, as I cannot afford to hate for nothing, pay my milliner first.

Col. Not that I undervalue the advantages of your detestation, my life; but the fact is, I cannot afford it.

Mrs. G. No!

Col. No.

Mrs. G. Ah, yes!

Col. Ah, no.

Mrs. G. Then hear me, Colonel Gayton!

Col. My dear, my lamb, only keep yourself cool. You have hitherto been all roses and honey-suckles, so pray do preserve your good humour, and I will pay the milliner in half an hour.

Mrs. G. Then for fear I should lose my temper, and you should change your mind, I will go this moment, and send her hither; adieu. (*Going.*)

ACT II. SCENE I.

In his character of a Coquette, the author has taken a hint from Congreve's Poems; and we wish that he had found it as easy to catch the spirit of that admirable writer, as to appropriate his sentiments.

"Coquette and coy at once her air;
Both studied, though both seem neglected:
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected."

A few other evidences of petty larceny are scattered throughout the piece. A glimpse of pleasantry is apparent in some parts; but it is insufficient to redeem the coarse-grained opaqueness of the general mass.

ART. XIII.—*A Review of the Rev. Mr. NORRIS's Attack upon the BRITISH and FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. By the Rev. WM. DEALTRY, B. D., F. R. S. Rector of Clapham, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Hatchard, 1815.*

THE attention of the public has again been called to the proceedings of the British and Foreign Bible Society. An attack having been directed against the Church Members of that Institution, by Mr. Norris, Curate of St. John's, Hackney, Mr. Dealtry, one of its most strenuous supporters, has felt it his duty to appear again in their defence. The question respecting the

merits of the Bible Society has for several years been warmly agitated ; and many eminent characters, both ecclesiastical and civil, have found ample employment for their talents in the contest.

As most of our readers have probably made up their minds on this subject, we shall not occupy their time by going into it at much length : a few reflections, however, we must offer.

Previously to the appearance of Mr. Norris's publication, we had begun to entertain hopes that the question respecting the utility of the British and Foreign Bible Society would have been suffered to rest, as we considered it to have been practically decided by the approbation with which the Society had been distinguished. To what other conclusion could we come, when we contemplated the grandeur and simplicity of the design of the Institution, and its admirable fitness to diffuse extensively the oracles of truth and the light of revelation ? Nor will an impartial examination of the manner in which its operations have been conducted, and the success which has attended them, lead to any other result.

From the moment of its formation, its object was distinctly avowed ; and the exertions of its friends were accompanied with a degree of generosity and *unanimity*, which nothing but a deep sense of the importance of the duty they were about to perform could inspire. Thousands, and tens of thousands, flocked together, and enrolled themselves under the banners of this Society. Its original friends still continue to be its firmest supporters ; and when such numbers of men eminently distinguished for erudition, and piety, and equally capable of detecting its evil, and anticipating its beneficial consequences, agree upon the same point, that point is not likely to be founded in error.

It is almost needless to advert to the success that has attended the exertions of this Institution, since this has been so fully and frequently exhibited in its Reports, and in those of its numerous auxiliaries. One remark, however, we must not suppress. No person who is capable of exercising the powers of a rational being, will assert that, without the assistance of the British and Foreign Bible Society, so many nations, so distant and dissimilar as the Esquimeaux, the Hottentots, the Persians, the Hindoos and the Chinese, would now have been reading that " Word which is able to make them wise unto salvation," in their own tongue. And who that has imbibed the least spark of that philanthropy which the Scriptures inspire, but will, in these effects, hail the dawning of that Gospel day, when there shall " be no speech nor language where their voice is not heard ?"

Whatever may be thought by others of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as it regards the established religion of this country, we cannot assign to so many venerable members of our Church any motive for their exertions in that cause which is hostile to the best interests of that Establishment ; and he ought to be very confident of the rectitude of his own opinion who charges such men either with ignorance of the nature of the cause they have espoused, or with acting from motives which are concealed. [*See at the close of this article.*]

If, however, any one really and conscientiously apprehends that pernicious consequences will arise from the progress and success of this Society, it is undoubtedly his duty to oppose it ; but then, as he becomes the aggressor, it will be his duty to maintain that temper and moderation, with which every controversy, and more especially one of a religious nature, ought to be conducted. We earnestly deprecate that violence and animosity which are frequently observable in the discussion of polemics. On these grounds, at least, we must withhold our approbation from that publication which has called for the present reply. The various mis-statements which Mr. Dealtry has detected (*if intentional*), would cast a shade over the character of their author ; and even if they arise from inadvertency, or originate in a want of correct information, we must enter our protest against them, because Mr. Norris ought to have sought for due information, and ought not to have acted inadvertently, when about to attack the characters, and question the motives, of respectable individuals.

We do not perceive just grounds for those apprehensions of danger to the establishment, from the union of Churchmen and Dissenters in this cause, which some persons express ; nor yet do we indulge in all those sanguine expectations of benefit to the cause of religion, which some of its most enthusiastic supporters hold out. The same extensive circulation of the Holy Scriptures which was considered to be an object of supreme importance by our reformers of a former century, ought certainly to be regarded in the same light by us, unless we would relinquish the great principles of the reformation. We would, therefore, that every one who is really desirous of reading the Bible should be enabled to procure one ; being well-assured that, upon an unbiassed mind the study of the Divine Word can never produce any but the best effect ; and that nothing is wanting but a tractable disposition, to secure the most illiterate person from any dangerous error. Many of our readers will recollect the pleasure and profit they derived from reading, in the early periods of their lives, those beautiful and pathetic histories with which

the sacred writings abound, when they were yet incapable of forming any opinion on the doctrines of Christianity. It has been observed, that unless the feelings of the uninformed are interested, we shall appeal in vain to the understanding. But where shall we find so many pointed, so many touching, so many irresistible expressions; nay, so much that is calculated to make its way through the *feelings* to the *heart*, as in the Bible?

With respect to the distribution of the Holy Scriptures, the Bible Society, in its corporate capacity, justly considers the Bible as the only fountain of all true religion, and furnishes copies of that alone; but it leaves its individual members, by whom those copies are to be distributed, completely at liberty either to distribute them alone, or to accompany them with a prayer-book, or any other book they may choose to recommend. It is this which so peculiarly fits it for the co-operation of men of all religious persuasions; since it attaches itself only to the object of their *common* faith, without interfering with their particular doctrines. Had the late excellent Bishop Porteus lived to the present period, how would his pious and benevolent heart have rejoiced in the daily and almost indefinite corroboration of his sentiments respecting this Institution: "All the apprehensions" (says he) "to which the Society has given rise, are now found to be but vain terrors; and all the prophecies of the mischief and evil that would result from it, are falsified by facts. It is rising uniformly in reputation and credit; gaining new accessions of strength and revenue, and attaching to itself, more and more, the approbation and support of every real friend to the Church and to Religion." In addition to this, we shall only state, that the members of the Church of England cannot do a direct injury to that Establishment by joining the Bible Society; but they may do an injury to it by showing indifference to that cause which has been espoused by so many of its members.

As to its kindred Institutions, but more especially the ancient and venerable *Society for promoting Christian Knowledge*, we wish it to be distinctly understood, that they have our approbation and good wishes. We are not, however, of that class of men who regard this new Society (as it is sometimes called) as a *rival* Institution, in any other sense than that of more extensively diffusing that word which is able to make men wise unto salvation. We look upon the Bible Society as an Institution formed upon principles more commensurate to the wants of the world, and attended by circumstances more ade-

quate to their supply ; and therefore rejoice to see it at once rising into importance, and successfully relieving those revered and kindred Societies from a part of those duties, which it is their honor to have so long, though insufficiently discharged. Such as conceive that the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" was sufficient for every purpose, we would refer to the authentic statements relative to the want of the Holy Scriptures in various parts, which have successively appeared since the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society. And if, after having duly considered them, they still adhere to their opinion, we would ask, whence does it arise that, in the short space of *eleven* years, the Bible Society has had occasion to distribute ONE MILLION, TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-TWO copies of the Bible and New Testament, without any prospect of seeing the call upon them much diminished ?

As an answer to the Practical Exposition of Mr. Norris, the work before us possesses great merit, and should be read by all who are desirous of making up their minds on this interesting subject. It is dedicated to the Bishop of St. David's, who has publicly avowed himself a warm friend to the Institution. From the dedication we select the following passage :—

The Editor (Mr. Norris) states the question at issue to be this :— "Whether the engagements entered into by Clergymen at their ordination, are merely words of course, attaching no responsibility to those who make these solemn stipulations." The institution, it seems, gives "the right hand of fellowship" to Dissenters : therefore, the clerical members encourage "erroneous and strange doctrines," and by consequence, violate their ordination engagements. Was this, then, the offence of Bishop Porteus ? I think I may venture to reply, in behalf of your Lordship, and other friendly Prelates, that you are as careful to do nothing which may violate an ordination-vow as the Editor himself.

This curious argument, if argument it may be called, proves rather too much : it applies to many infirmaries and hospitals, and to every establishment which admits subscribers of different creeds to give the Scriptures to the poor. What opinion may be entertained of it by the distinguished patrons of the Naval and Military Bible Society, I presume not to determine ; but it includes them in the same charge with ourselves.

This is a fair specimen of the Editor's mode of reasoning. He first assumes the point to be proved, and then triumphs in his *demonstration*.

My Lord, I could exceedingly wish that those persons who oppose the Bible Society, with a view to check what they consider to be an excessive circulation of the Scriptures, would consider well the authority of that Church which they profess so much to reverence. In the 110th Canon, persons who "hinder the word of God to be read" are expressly mentioned as "schismatics ;" and it is the duty of the Churchwardens to present them to the Bishop.

The plan of this little work is given by the author himself, and our readers shall have it in his own words—

"The following is divided into two chapters. The first Chapter re-

lates to general principles. The reader will perceive, by the text and appendix, that, of the two leading principles adopted by the Editor, one belongs to the sect of Martin Mar-Prelate, and one to the Papists. He will also observe, that the great principle of the Bible Society, the free and unfettered circulation of the Scriptures, was the principle of the first four centuries of the Christian era, and is also the principle of the Church of England.

"The second chapter is devoted to the mistakes and misconceptions of the Editor. I have taken about fifty articles: it is unnecessary to state that I could easily have added to the number.

"That this review should have much influence with the determined Opponents of the Society, I certainly do not expect. They disliked the Institution just as much *before* the establishment of Auxiliaries, and during the life of Bishop Porteus, as at the present moment. My hope is to convince those who are only *deceived*; and who think, with me, that the unrestricted circulation of the Scriptures will, in the end, be productive of good.

"The Editor's object is to induce all the Church members to withdraw. I beseech the Dignitaries, and the Clergy in general, to consider for one moment what would be the effect. *Can they destroy*, or would they *wish* to destroy, the numerous Institutions of the same sort which exist abroad? Certainly not: but, by adopting his advice, they would leave this great machine in the hands of Dissenters; and while Dissenting Committees are thus connected with the institutions of every civilized country upon earth, we should deprive ourselves of all that moral influence and respect which this great Society is calculated to create. The entire *destruction* of the British and Foreign Bible Society cannot now check the dispersion of the Scriptures: the Continental Societies will enter into our labours, and receive the honour and the reward: but I should be sorry to see the character of my country so lamentably disgraced; I should be sorry if the Church of England should desert her post, and voluntarily relinquish the glorious elevation to which Providence has called her. She now takes the lead; the fault shall not be mine if she lose it."

Most of our readers are aware, that reports have been spread respecting the use made of their Bibles by the Poor, which have excited in the minds of many a prejudice unfavorable to the Bible Society; but for the answer to this as well as other charges, we must refer to the work itself; and shall conclude with a short extract from Mr. Owen's address to the Hackney Meeting, which is not more characteristic of the manly sentiments of the Speaker, than of that spirit by which the Society is animated.

"To all who oppose us with decency and temper, I trust we shall know how to reply in the spirit of meekness. If they have misunderstood us, we will explain; if they have convicted us of error, we will concede; if they have accused us wrongfully, we will endeavour to confute them: exercising throughout that courtesy and forbearance which no controversy should be permitted to banish, and least of all that controversy in which we are engaged. But if among our opponents there should be an individual whom no explanation can satisfy, no concessions can soften, no forbearance can conciliate, no confutation can silence; if in the restless prosecution of his purpose of hostility, he should be found to spare neither our private nor our professional character; if, not content with a life-interest in episcopal opposition, he

should snatch the mitre from the hand of Death, and tax the very Sea to furnish a contingent towards the war of extermination against the Bible Society; with such an individual we will have no communication: we will retire from him, as Michael did from his opponent, in a memorable controversy of old, not bringing against him any railing accusation, but saying "The Lord rebuke thee."

Second thoughts are sometimes the best; and therefore we shall write a Postscript.

Were we called upon to determine whether the object of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, or that of the Bible Society, be the better one, we should say *that of the former*; and for this reason, a Bible with a commentary upon it, or with a Prayer Book, is more valuable than one without such an accompaniment. "But commentaries and Prayer Books, have not been distributed by the Naval and Military Bible Society." It would have been imprudent in that Society to have made such distribution, knowing as it did, that there were, in all the departments of his Majesty's service, men of all existing religions. Non-conformists in command of battalions and ships may be supposed to feel, in this matter, just as the non-conformists of the Bible Society do—much and laudably disposed to bestow the Bible, but no other religious book, and least of all the Book of Common Prayer. The feeling of *Conformists* ought, however, to have been different. An institution suited to every christian purpose of the nature alluded to, was in being when they joined the Bible Society; but if none had existed, or if they thought that which did exist inadequate to their purpose, they might easily have projected and organized one calculated at once to diffuse over the earth the blessings of the Gospel, and to insure the safety of the Church to which they belong.

Again, were we asked which of these societies has made the more rapid approach towards the attainment of its object, we should answer, the Bible Society; for its sole object is the distribution of the Bible, and it has, for aught we can learn, distributed more bibles in eleven years, than the other great society has done of religious books of all descriptions, in twenty times that space. Finally, if urged to declare, whether the Committees of the elder, or of the younger of the two pious sisters, have demeaned themselves the more meritoriously, we should desire time to inquire and to consider. It is, however, obvious, that during the last eleven years, the younger has constantly outrun her graver sister: but she has youth on her side—she is agile and enterprising, and every object that has solicited her

attention has been new to her. We deem it incumbent on us to add, that a little apostleism was as good a proof of desert a century, or half a century ago, as ten times the same quantity of it at this day of general light and learning. A word or two still.

It is long since it was proved, that there is not only a strong resemblance between the forms of the civil and ecclesiastical systems of this country, but a remarkable congeniality in their spirit. Indeed a similar connexion necessarily subsists, wherever there is an established government and an established church. And where the alliance is so close, the well-being—nay the very existence of the one must involve that of the other. The one is also found to be more or less mild, as the other is more or less moderate. Accordingly, if the Government at any time become arbitrary or republican, the Church will become catholic or independent: and if the people be catholics or independents, the rulers will be tyrants or protectors. All this our history has taught us in lessons too impressive ever to be forgotten.

Every intelligent British subject is persuaded, that the civil Constitution of the country is the main source of our national felicity, as being the great palladium of our freedom both as men and as christians. But our ecclesiastical system, one of the two great branches of our glorious Constitution, is the surest and firmest prop of our civil system—churchmen having, on all great emergencies, been proverbially prompt and zealous in maintaining the lawful authority of the State. Wherefore, the more secure the former is, the more secure will the latter also be: and hence the weighty obligation that lies on the members of the establishment, especially the clergy, to guard it well, and to augment its strength by all fair and open means. We then ask, Would the use of the Book of Common Prayer by those—or a majority of those—who, through the inducements lately held out, are now preparing to study their Bibles, be of service to the church? In other words, would the Church be benefited by the number of its friends being multiplied? The reading of the sacred volume would be of unspeakable advantage to individuals were they never to see or hear of any other book: and hence the justification and the praise of those who, not being of the establishment, are not bound to feel for its interests and prosperity. But the Bible and the Prayer Book going hand in hand, would be of unspeakable advantage not to individuals solely, but to the venerable Church of England; and hence the reproach of those who, professing zeal for that church, yet content themselves with doing their duty by halves. Their crime, however, is only an error of judgment: for they obviously are not deficient in

courage, and it would be a shameful want of candour to suppose that any of them could possibly mean to betray.

All of us—episcopalians and sectarians, Jews and proselytes, and the dwellers in the Isle of Wight and the Isle of Man, in Cornwall and in Caithness, do hold that our Constitution in State, at least, is most excellent. But what opinion do those members of the Church, who employ the same materials and the same means for fortifying it which the people called quakers very properly use for the purpose of sustaining their meetings, really and generally entertain of the national system of faith and worship? Our matured opinion of it is, *That while it is as consistent with the Word of God as any other that can be framed, it is calculated to contribute in a higher degree than any other, to the vigor and permanency of our limited civil constitution.* But it cannot long contribute to this invaluable end, if those circumstances be disregarded which constitute both its character and its essence; and from the hour in which it becomes incapable of doing so, it will begin to sink into feebleness, insignificance and contempt.

ART. XXIV. *Fables for the Fire-side.* By JOHN LETTICE, D.D.
small 8vo. pp. 220. London. Black.

IN the Introduction to these Fables, they are stated to be applicable to *three* important objects of education; “the exercise of investigation and reasoning; the facilitating the composition of themes; and the practice of natural reading.” They are entitled *Fables for the Fire-side*, “under the idea of recommending them more particularly to parents in middle and higher life, who educate their children at home; and to others, who, at times of school vacation, have the younger members of their families of either sex, gathered around them, which seldom fails to happen in the colder season of the year.” Our author adds, “they are professedly written on the ground-work of Phædrus and La Fontaine, i. e. on the subjects of their fables; subjects conveyed to them through the dry and simple apologues of old Æsop, and to him perhaps from Lakeman and Pilpay.” The fables of Æsop, though “dry and simple,” and the more refined ones of Phædrus, are still found useful in classic seminaries. Those of La Fontaine are read as well for the amusement they afford, as for the language in which they are written. The present undertaking is not intended to supersede the occasional use of those works, but to render Fables more agreeable and more

instructive for the English reader. As these Fables are in verse, by some they may be deemed detrimental to one of the three important objects of education. the practice of natural reading. Children have, *by nature*, a sing-song, or chanting mode of delivery, which poetry is by no means calculated to remove. On the other hand, it may be alledged, that these fables are clothed in very irregular verse for the express purpose of preventing the sing-song, and that they are designed for only such young persons as are competent readers of prose. The author declares that fables are sometimes improperly taught to children ; for a human discourse held between birds and beasts, “to *them* literally becomes no better than a story *about a cock and a bull.*” This, however, depends upon the capacity of the child. There are many, who, at the early age of six or seven, can comprehend a fable : the infantile mind seems to be prepared for those tales by the unmeaning stories and recitals of nurses, and even by play-things, which are, in like manner, allegorical representations. The common and regular metre of Gay's Fables is, we think, better adapted for the retention of a young person, than the irregular ode-like metre of the present work ; which, notwithstanding, may be more agreeable to some, on account of its variety. Instead of an application or moral, every fable is succeeded by a dialogue between the Examiner and Respondent, in which its merits are fully discussed. These expositions are not only original, but admirably adapted for a juvenile capacity, and must render the present volume an acquisition to the scholastic library. We subjoin the 9th Fable, as a sample of the work.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

An Oak, one day in conversation
 With a poor Reed,
 Laments his feeble frame and humble station.
 “ Yes, a hard lot is thine indeed !
 A lean Tomtit of lightest weight,
 Or breeze that curls the surface of the lake,
 For those poor shoulders, an o'erwhelming freight,
 Force thee to bend with so much meekness,
 I cannot but deplore thy weakness.
 While lo ! my lofty port, and sturdy make,
 Defy the rudest tempest's shock,
 And stand, unshaken, like a rock.
 To thee, each breath of air, a Boreas, blows ;
 With which, while I behold thee reeling,
 Storms are mere zephyrs to my feeling.
 Pity ! thy race no safer dwelling knows
 Than pools and swamps 'mid such exposure.

Could'st thou retire beneath my shade
 How well protected might'st thou here repose,
 Secure within the snug enclosure
 By my depending branches made !
 If I my frank opinion may declare,
 Dame Nature's dealings, in thy case, was hard."
 "Thanks to thy feeling and kind care,"
 Replies our gentle Reed :
 "Of a good heart they are indeed
 A creditable token ;
 But I beseech thee to discard
 This sympathy so tender.
 Bending to every blast, I keep unbroken,
 Although my frame is weak and slender ;
 'Tis true, so stout is thy resistance
 That, hitherto, no storm, no whirlwind's force,
 With all the might that arms their course,
 Has found sufficient strength to bend
 Thy sturdy back ; but let us wait the end."
 These words were hardly spoken,
 When clouds th' horizon fair deform ;
 And soon their comes a furious storm.
 The Reed, as usual, bends unbroken ;
 With all its violence, and shocks
 The Oak, with proud defiance, mocks.
 But, with redoubled force, at last,
 Old Boreas blows him such a blast,
 That, while the Reed was stooping low
 To 'scape th' increasing fury of his foe,
 He hears the lordly boaster tumble,
 And soon beholds his root, his trunk, his head,
 In plight most piteous and humble
 Stretch'd on the earth, and number'd with the dead.

Miscellanea.

REMARKS ON THE BRITISH DRAMA.

[Continued from No. IV. p. 420.]

Venice Preserved is one of the noblest tragedies, if not the best, in the English language. The dignity of illustrious or heroic agents, the importance of history, and the interest of domestic life, were never more happily combined. The character of Jaffier is admirably drawn ; and it is the more engaging from its weakness. *Jaffier* is a frail uxorious being—endowed with talents of superficial brilliance ; but, without the mental energies of heroism, aspiring to that majestic elevation and consistency of views and conduct for which nature has not quali-

fed him. He possesses not, like his gallant and high-minded friend, those qualities which claim esteem; and is only roused to exertion by the apprehension or the infliction of injury. His efforts are those of one who is conscious of his infirmity; and who strives, by irregular ebullitions, to protect himself from the contempt he sees levelled at him. He engages in the conspiracy from no lofty visions, however mistaken, of patriotic enthusiasm; but from the childish and sudden impulse of personal revenge and desperate misery, seeking to discharge on society the venom of its own feelings. We have seldom read *Venice Preserved*, without characterizing its agents, nearly in the language of Burke, as "a den of bravoës and banditti, assuming the garb and tone of philosophers;"¹ and admiring the powers of the author who can excite our concern for the fate of traitors and assassins. Yet there is perhaps more regret than compassion, in the emotions we experience from this tragedy. We view a concurrence of untoward circumstances, and we lament their results from a general interest in the association of courage and lofty enterprise with disastrous misfortune; but, except Belvidera and her husband, the victims of misfortune have nothing in common with mankind to deserve either pity or imitation. We consider them as beasts roaming for prey, and entangled in the toils; and we deplore their infatuation the more, as it involves the seduction or the misery of innocence.

To the romantic ardor of love, Belvidera adds much of Roman energy. She seems to be one of those characters, whose virtue is more a passion than a principle; whom circumstances determine for right or wrong with equal vehemence; and whose conduct is guided by the preponderance of self-will. However, as Tacitus says of Agrippina, *indomitum animum ad bonum vertit*; and therefore we have no reason for censure. Perhaps she is too masculine for every taste; but she excites a strong sympathy in her fate, and the ghastly and heart-cleaving horror of her death is one of the finest triumphs of tragic skill, both in the author and the performer.

With Charles II. began the system of monopoly, which has perhaps greatly contributed to the decline of the drama. Two patents were granted by him to Sir William Davenant and Henry Killegrew, for the benefit of the "King's Company" and the "Duke's Company;" and the absurd notion of a property in the recreations of the public was carried so far, that, according to Cibber, in his *Apology for his own Life*, the works of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other eminent authors, were divided between the two houses.

¹ Letter to a Noble Lord: speaking of the revolutionary leaders of France.

ment took place at different intervals, such as 12 Anne, 10 Geo. II. 17 Geo. II. 25 Geo. II.—The 10th Geo. II. was occasioned by the personal pique of Sir Robert Walpole, who had been severely galled, through the medium of the stage, by various satirical pieces; and, among other assailants, by Giffard, the manager of a theatre in Goodman's Fields.* This person, in order to conciliate the minister's favor, communicated the manuscript of a piece, in ridicule of his administration, and of which Sir Robert made use to obtain the consent of Geo. II. to a measure that he had planned. Accordingly, the fifth section enacts, that no license from the Lord Chamberlain, from the King, his heirs, or successors, shall be available for the performance of the regular drama, beyond the city of Westminster and its liberties, except those places where his Majesty may reside, and during such residence only. By the operation of this act, the former prerogative of the monarch was abridged; and all theatres, beyond the precincts of Westminster, were left without a license. Goodman's Fields' theatre, and that of the Haymarket, where the celebrated Fielding had also rendered himself obnoxious to the minister, were consequently shut. The Haymarket theatre, however, was allowed to be re-opened by Foote in 1766, and has continued so ever since. It therefore results, from the act 10 Geo. II. that the interposition of the legislature is necessary for licensing any theatre beyond the city and liberties of Westminster.

The irrevocable grant of exclusive patents in favor of one or two theatres, without regard to the increase of population and wealth, since the number of those theatres was originally fixed, cannot fail to be pernicious. Those, to whom the monopoly is granted, will naturally be desirous of rendering it as lucrative as possible to themselves in the immediate receipts; and for this purpose the size of public theatres will be enlarged, until the audience who attend them will be transformed into mere spectators; while pantomime, *spectacle*, and gaudy scenery, will be no longer called in as auxiliaries, but assume the rank of principals: the instruction of the mind being commuted for the barren amusement of the eye. It might be observed with truth, by the Roman poet,

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus—

but then he refers to the eye as contemplating that scene, while its meaning was simultaneously transmitted to the ear. In the same immortal work he has also shown his contempt of those who prefer spectacle to poetry;

* Garrick first became known to the Public at this Theatre.

—— media inter carmina poscunt

Aut ursum aut pugiles ;

as if, with a gift of prophecy correspondent to poetic inspiration, he foresaw a period when his numbers might explode such vanities. It is true that neither “bears” nor “boxers” have yet danced or sparred for the amusement of an enlightened public ; but the vogue of pantomime and spectacle, when carried to excess, must in their principle be referred to the same class of exhibitions ; and if we are to conclude from the introduction of such quadruped performers as have been occasionally brought forward, Shakspeare should yield the palm of authorship to Gambado ; while, as a relief to the tame monotony of the human figure and countenance, an admiring audience has been furnished with a more prominent index to the passions, in the proboscis of an elephant.

Persons of every rank may be admitted for their money to a British theatre ; and, after entrance, will be desirous of maintaining their self-importance by refusing their condemnation to that which does not shock their feelings. But “the public” is not the confiding, and, in matters of coercive discrimination, nearly uninformed, bulk of the people. They are naturally tolerant, and their senses are more lively than their intellect. When, therefore, those representations take place, which a critical judgment must condemn ; such as comedies that seem drawn from themselves, and whose attraction consists in the cant or the habits of low life ; in the display of perishable and fantastic, but insipid eccentricities, without a knowledge of human nature in its connexion with human life ; or whether the charm consist in any other incongruous mixture of ingredients, which the galleries mistake for spirit and raciness ; or in those “drum and trumpet” things, which appeal only to the ear and eye ; the party in question will over-sway the enlightened minority by their numbers. These very persons, however, who tolerate the vilest trash, would not perhaps, on an average number of nights, give an attendance less full, though the finest and most tasteful poetry and passion in the English language were imparted through the medium of the scene. But this is above the comprehension of the managers ; who, accordingly, persist in a disproportionate encouragement of that which they know to a certainty, *will* attract a number of auditors however constituted. At present there is no remedy against this misconduct ; for their extensive and permanent monopolies compel our attendance at the same theatres. But let us imagine that, instead of two overgrown theatres, five or six of moderate dimensions were licensed, during a limited term, for performance of the

genuine drama ; it may be presumed that no one of them could be grossly perverted from its original design without adequate punishment. The licence might be denied at the expiration of the term ; but for this there would be little necessity. The reprobation of the enlightened public would be conveyed by the press ; and the commonalty, who have much emulation, though little power of critical coercion, would listen to the voice of their instructors, and, aspiring to a better taste, would frequent those theatres which evinced the higher ambition. At present, the managers of the theatres, secure in their permanent patent, and the countenance of the majority in *number*, may laugh at the wrongs of authors, and the sarcasms and fulminations of criticism.

We cannot decide without *data* between the conductors of the theatres, and contemporary authors : but it must be allowed that the appeals from the verdict of managers to the tribunal of the public have seldom convicted them of gross injustice ; but while many of the performances brought forward are condemned in the representation, those who are aware of the fallibility of human judgment, may be tempted to conjecture that, out of two or three hundred plays, of which nine-tenths are sentenced without being read, some at least may be superior to the favorites elect of the managers. If all the plays which are presented are really perused and fairly judged, then are we guilty of injustice ; but the general opinion is, that these pieces are kept for a certain time as a matter of course, and returned with a note of civil evasion ; *unless* the attention of the literary arbiters should be secured by some taking title, or by the recommendation of friends ; so that productions of the highest merit may remain in obscurity. The public will believe that two theatres really *cannot*, with a due regard to pecuniary emolument, afford to stock and produce *all* the plays that deserve representation, rather than they will rely with implicit confidence on the judgment of a few individuals, who would fain vindicate themselves by casting a stigma on their own times. If the genius, of which modern society will allow the exertion, be apparently dormant, we conceive it to be owing either to the prevalence of favoritism in the managers, which it scorns to court ; or to some radical defect in the perusal and selection of the numerous pieces that are offered.

With respect to another charge against the managers—that of an undue neglect of our standard authors, we must in great measure acquit them. We have already endeavoured to shew the causes which frequently banish from the modern stage

productions which command the admiration of the solitary student.

But whatever may be the errors of management in our patentee theatres, we are induced to augur well of the change that has recently taken place in one of these establishments ; and the association of a noble Lord, who has distinguished himself by his poetical powers, may seem to countenance the hope, that in future proper regard will be paid not only to contemporary genius, but to the literary character and honor of the nation.

SCATTERED EFFUSIONS.

HAVING lately communicated some cursory observations on epitaphs, I beg leave now to offer a few remarks upon those scattered effusions, chiefly poetical, which we frequently see on the walls of gardens, the windows of country inns, &c. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, was accustomed to amuse herself, when travelling, not only by perusing those scattered lines, but by occasionally subjoining an ingenious response. Dean Swift, when neglected, or otherwise offended, at an inn, always left a satirical memento either on the window or the wall. During my own rambles, I have often been amused with those fugitive pieces, and though at such times indisposed to write on a meditated subject with pen and ink, yet, seeing a theme started, I have sometimes tried my poetical talents with a pencil. My first attempt was near Hampton Court, where I read the following distich on a wall.—

“ Which is the greater fool, he who kills time
In writing this, or answers with more rhyme ? ”

I therefore affixed this as my opinion :

Though few there be who own they're fools at all,
Yet I my folly publish on the wall,
To let the querist know the greatest zany
Is, without doubt, the man that begets many.
Let who will follow and write what they will—
Thou'rt head of all—the greatest ninny still.

Some are pleased to style these *extemporaneous* productions ; but I deny the propriety of the phrase. Couplets or stanzas may be *SPOKEN extempore* ; but as the time of writing affords time for thought, that thought, when written, cannot be called *extemporaneous*.—If written with facility, and without previous study, it is then indeed properly termed *impromptu*.

On visiting the seats of learning, I own I was sadly disappointed ; for instead of meeting with those ingenious effusions which I expected, I there witnessed the most miserable at-

tempts at wit. I had the pleasure, indeed, when in Oxford, of seeing, on a cellar wall, a Latin line with the following remarks :

Signate signa temere me tangis et angis

“ In Italy, ten years or more,
A crucifix this motto bore.
Peruse it backwards if you will,
The selfsame words you'll meet with still.”

I was well enough pleased with the following remarkable lines in a public-house, near Eton :

Ileu nimis ad cælum properans ni liquerit ille.

“ Mark well these eight words, I beseech ;
You'll find in them th' *eight parts of speech*.”

Any person in the habit of frequently travelling to the different parts of the United Kingdom, might, by a selection of the best of these effusions, compile an entertaining pocket volume, which with great propriety would be entitled “ MISCELLANEA.” There are four kinds, however, which ought to be rejected : viz. 1. Nonsense, or those futile attempts at wit, which are very frequent on such occasions. 2. All those which are in any degree *contra bonos mores* :

“ Indecent words admit of no defence ;
The want of manners is the want of sense.”

Many of this description abound, where we might naturally have expected the most refined sentiment. 3. All libellous or personal productions. 4. Proper names, which are numerous on walls and windows, as if the ostentatious scribblers thought their names were worthy of being transmitted to posterity !—No doubt a sufficiency of good things might be selected for a volume ; and all, if possible, should communicate their *place of birth*. Indeed, many of them should be rescued from their precarious situations, as an unforeseen accident may demolish their transparent beauties, or the intruding brush of the white-washer obliterate their merits for ever.

AMBULATOR.

Public Affairs.

THE first and last topic of conversation in every mixed company still is, the portentous rise and providential fall of Napoleon Bonaparte—who has meditated grander schemes of conquest and domination, and advanced farther towards the completion of them, than any man that ever appeared on earth. The problems on such occasions are, How any but a *great man* could have accomplished so much : and how any man could be *truly great*, who imagined that the glare of victory could long supply (even in vain France) the place of moral worth and religious belief ; who expected the constant friendship of princes with whom he never treated but with a determination to deceive them ; who was inhumanly prodigal of the lives of others, yet pitifully and disgracefully tenacious of his own ; and who could flatter himself that Europe and the world would submit to be governed by a new man, who made light of all their prejudices, wantonly subverted their laws, ordered their youth for indiscriminate slaughter—and then cruelly mocked their miseries. Let his maxims, his motives, and his policy, military and civil, be fairly weighed, and he will be found more deficient in genuine substantial worth, than the most worthless of those bad subjects in every country, to whom his signal overthrow has been so severe a blow.—His guilty course is at length finished, and like a felon, he is transported. He goes covered not with glory, but with crimes ; he carries with him not the regrets, but the execrations of wives and sisters, parents and patriots of every region that he has visited. He is sentenced, however, not to that country “from whose bourne no traveller returns ;” but to a place like that which, while hope abounded, the pride of his heart disdained—a spot from which it is barely possible that any infatuated Frenchman, or any mercenary American, can ever remove him. His retreat to Elba was, on his part, in contemplation of a speedy return to France. Even now he reckons upon his escape being made easy for him ; and it is known that he is in possession of signals which his adherents are to

employ according to circumstances. Should he contrive to give his sentinels the slip, it will reasonably be expected of the Sovereigns who, for so many weeks, had him at their feet, that they defend their own territories at their own cost. It is allowed that the people have every where done enough: they will have done too much, if it should be found, that the recurrence of the greatest of all imaginable evils has been left to the direction of chance.

Governments had, through their moderation and wisdom, and the prowess of their armies, acquired an exalted reputation which it was commendable in them to try to maintain. But did they suppose, when Catiline's fate came to be decided, that Cæsar's advice was preferable to Cato's—that it consisted with their duty to act so as to warrant both the traitor himself and his accomplices in indulging hopes of being again able to agitate Europe; and to permit unpleasant forebodings to mingle with that sense of security, to the enjoyment of which nations thought themselves at length entitled. *Juder damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*; and there have been tribunals so much afraid of incurring this sort of condemnation, that rather than the guilty should escape, they have ruled, that the innocent also should be involved in punishment. This has been supposed to be wrong: and surely it cannot have been altogether right in those who have just been sitting in judgment on much more than all Europe, to absolve in some instances partially, in others totally, the most deeply and flagrantly criminal of their sworn enemies, at the risk of one day bringing incalculable misfortunes on their well tried and trusty defenders and supporters.—The general robber of mankind is not capitally convicted, as a British soldier would be who should seek to supply his urgent wants by taking a few sous from a sneering Parisian: he who has committed an act of blackest treason against one European sovereign, and manifested the grossest perfidy to all the rest, is not kept in close custody as an Englishman would be, who should speak of any of them in terms at all defamatory. This forbearance towards the paragon of spoliation and slander, is deemed by some folks an act of magnanimity. We think it quite the reverse. Had offence been given to none but those sovereigns, their clemency

would doubtless have evinced greatness of mind. But their subjects also had been injured and offended; and we know not what to think of that exercise of prerogative which atones for mortal injuries done to whole nations, by suffering the main cause of them to escape unpunished. They have, it is true, banished the culprit to an island in the African seas. But that is only what, in a short time, the safety of Europe would have obliged them to do, had he not abandoned Elba. By his abandonment of that petty Sovereignty, he has placed himself and the arbiters of his fate in a new predicament. From being an independent power living inoffensively in his own dominions, he is become a violator of solemn treaties—an invader, a usurper. His rights of sovereignty are therefore forfeited; and a right has accrued to the Allies, not merely of providing by new means for their own safety, but of visiting the offender with punishment. Twelve months ago, his removal from Elba, and banishment to any other place, would have been an injury for which no excuse but that of necessity could be pleaded. One month ago, he had become an outlaw, so that driving him into exile was no longer an *injury* but a *just punishment*—if any punishment can be called just, which falls short of what justice warrants.—The allied sovereigns are the most merciful of human beings. Strict justice seems out of the question in their dealings even with those who have shaken their thrones, and taken away the lives of thousands of their subjects. Be it so. Of all men they are the most deeply interested in the arrangements now in progress: and as no description of persons can possibly judge so correctly of the high interests of nations as the counsellors whom they have around them, we are willing to hope that in spite of present appearances, their decisions at Paris will be found to be, on the whole, as wise as they are momentous.

The public certainly wished Bonaparte to have been shipped off *sans ceremonie* for Cayenne, or Siberia, or New South Wales. But government has preferred St. Helena; and being an island of difficult access in the midst of an ocean, it certainly is a better jail than any of those penitentiary regions would have been, at the same time that many people will regret seeing that

spot, which used to be the resort of honest men, made a receptacle for traitors, murderers and thieves—the Virginia or the Botany Bay of the day. Napoleon's British abettors will, however, be glad to learn that he will there live in a salubrious air, and enjoy the rank and consideration of a general officer. What more would they have had? Would it have gratified them to have seen him received with royal distinction at Plymouth, and appointed, forsooth, governor of that place, or of Portsmouth. As the leader of a hostile foreign army, he could neither meditate nor perpetrate anything which we could fairly construe into treason: when therefore he fell into our hands, we had no right to proceed criminally against him and take away his life. He was merely a prisoner of war; and the doom of such a prisoner is, of course, imprisonment. We might indeed have remanded him to France: but it was not incumbent on us to do so; and it is pretty plain that had we done so, the good folks there would not have thanked us for our courtesy. We have with the utmost propriety, sent him across the seas: for it lies with the victors to determine where they shall detain their prisoners. There he is—and in conformity to the established law of nations, there he will continue, either till death, who owes him more than he ever can repay, shall lay his hand on him; or till he be claimed, like any other prisoner, by his rightful sovereign, and exchanged with an officer of equal rank. But who is his sovereign—of what world, visible or invisible? Until Napoleon be so claimed, Sir George Cockburne will no doubt continue to have him in his good keeping—just as the Holy Father used sometimes to do, when his Imperial Majesty had grace enough given him to consider *godliness as great gain*.

Various reasons have been assigned for the moderation of the allies towards the degraded tyrant. The Emperor of Austria, though not unmindful either of the injuries done to his States, or of the insults offered to himself, has uniformly expressed a strong desire that his life should be spared; his motives are obvious. The king of France, whom the laws of every civilized country would have justified in urging matters to the last extremity, yet, wished to see forbearance practised—partly from the assurances he had of the greatness of the number of

those who still thought well of the usurper ; partly because he wished to see the insensibility of some of his subjects to his goodness worn away by time ; but chiefly because the exercise of strict justice towards them was abhorrent to his gentle nature. And all the powers who had co-operated, in this second conquest of France—a conquest achieved by less than one-third of the force directed against it—were unwilling to exhibit another spectacle of one who had been accounted royal, suffering, like a vulgar offender, on the scaffold. Francis's motives were natural. Those of the combined sovereigns were prudent—this much being obvious, that if Napoleon has done nothing worthy of bonds or of death, no crowned head can hereafter be guilty of any crime whatever sufficient to warrant capital punishment. It is demonstrable, however, that Louis would have proved his devotion to the interests of France more effectually by insisting upon its criminal laws taking their course, than by authorising measures beneficial only to the enemies of his country and of his throne. Was he afraid to intrust the course of public justice to the new tribunals ? He and his Ministers dreaded, perhaps, the fermentation that might have been produced, by the capital conviction of Napoleon in any department of France. Still they ought to have recollected that an exemplary expiation was due to mankind ; and they might have consoled themselves with the idea of the perfect safety which the presence of the allied forces yielded to every lawful and necessary proceeding. Should the Jacobin hydra raise his head twelve months hence, Hercules will not be there—Louis, left to himself, is not a Hercules.

Have effectual steps been taken to prevent the serpent from slipping through the fingers of his keepers ? Prometheus's offence of once ingeniously taking from an inexhaustible source, that which was to illuminate, warm, and cheer the world, was nothing, in point of enormity, to that of systematically and malignantly robbing the human race of happiness, every where said to exist in too scanty a degree. Yet, that his punishment might be uninterrupted, he was chained down to his rock. Napoleon's restraint is to be less rigorous, because the kings of the moderns are far more humane than were the gods of the

ancients. He is only to be tantalized. On the oblate summit of the rock which constitutes St. Helena—perhaps only on Diana's peak—there is to be an enclosure ; and armed men are to be placed about him, so as not merely to “ render his opprobrious den of shame,” a place of tolerably certain detention, but to keep the remembrance of his abused power fresh in his mind. Imagination will complete his punishment. It will be great ; and so also, we have no doubt, will security against escape, provided that all foreign vessels be not allowed to touch at St. Helena. No Frenchman is likely to attempt the tyrant's rescue. Denuded, indeed, of that glory which has cost the world so dear, he may not wish to appear again in France, where the senseless admiration of his fortune will, it is hoped, soon be mingled with much just hatred. But in India, there will always be found spirits fired, like his own, with inveterate hostility towards this country. America, south or north, will be an inviting field ; and to either he would be cordially welcomed. In the former they want a leader. In the other that also is a sort of desideratum ; but the United States would grasp eagerly at any thing that could annoy England. Hence the necessity of unusual circumspection on the part of both the king's government and the India company's. Were none but British ships allowed to water at St. Helena, the man never could escape, through any species of Gallic art, or any degree of American avarice. Ministers know best whether they can readily interdict the appearance and continuance there of strange vessels : without having recourse to something in the nature of treaty, they obviously cannot. But all the governments of Europe are on their side, so that adequate measures may seasonably be adopted ; and, if not adopted, it will follow, that experience may cost a great deal, and yet be good for nothing.

So much for the provision made for *the first captain in Europe, Napoleon the Great*. What is the fate which now awaits his accomplices ! Fouché has covered, with admirable address, the exile's retreat to Rochefort, just as Ney had done his entrée into France ; and Fouché, if the information we have from Paris can be relied on, will be justified by *all the allies*.

But is he resolved that the vile instruments used in the late usurpation, and in the bloody conflicts it has occasioned, shall in general be spared? A few of the second rate agents the French government seems determined to bring to trial. Why not those who, placed in the most conspicuous stations, and wielding the greatest power, have done the most mischief to mankind? *The Corsican princes*, for instance, the ministers, the marshals, the constituted authorities in some of the great towns, and the financial oppressors of neighbouring states, they are the persons on whom the heavy hand of Justice ought promptly to be let fall. They have committed monstrous crimes for which they should be made to atone; but a sufficient atonement would amount to the forfeiture of their lives, for which their government has not spirit to call. They have, by acts the most atrocious, amassed enormous wealth, of which they ought to make immediate and full restitution; but such restitution would reduce them to a state of beggary and insignificance—a state to which they will not descend voluntarily, while their government wants energy to use compulsory means. The result of the series of feeble measures adopted at Paris will, probably, be this: All the culprits of the first order, and most of those of the second and of the inferior orders, will escape capital punishment, and even imprisonment; while their property will be preserved to them, or to their families. Some will presently be seen in exile, others on their estates, the rest at large throughout France; but all will be assiduously employed in preparing to put an end to any thing like national repose. A moderate proportion of their wealth skilfully distributed wherever they reside, and a treasonable correspondence artfully carried on, will speedily lay the foundation of another frightful revolution, and, in the course of a few years, rear it up to maturity. Judicial proceedings, through which neither life nor property is seriously affected, must needs be fatal to France, and highly pernicious to adjoining countries. No precautions which the allies can take, short of the actual dismemberment of France, can prevent their being so. The occupation by foreign troops, of the French frontier towns, will do little good; the dismantling of them none at all. A striking, an ever memorable

example of the fatal consequences of perjury, treason, and daring impiety towards heaven, should forthwith be made; and every sous the criminals possess, be torn from them, and divided between the allied armies, and the French emigrants, the former of whom have bled so freely for the deliverance of nations, while the latter are the depositories of all that remains of French honor. As long as the malefactors retain their inordinate wealth, they will be an intolerable clog on the wheels of government: but if that wealth, or a moiety of it, be transferred to the emigrants, the arm of government will be rendered strong indeed. The king's faithful friends will rise; his mortal enemies will sink. To most of the former, no more will be given than once belonged to them; from most of the latter, nothing will be taken to which they have any right. The French government will be powerful and able to maintain its power; and we, as well as our neighbours, will be permitted to remain at home in the enjoyment of substantial peace.

We hear often enough of territorial acquisitions of a cautionary nature being about to be made by the allies on the French frontiers. They ought not to hesitate. The time is arrived when they can at least insure safety to themselves, if they cannot answer for the future tranquillity of France; and if they omit improving the golden opportunity, some heavy calamity will come upon them, and that deservedly. They ought not certainly to imitate the ominous pusillanimity of Louis's government. Let them do their best for the ultimate benefit of France, while they are in it; but let them take care to draw the tyger's teeth before they leave it. We want no more eagles—no more glory; the most warlike of us does not now wish to have to fight his battles o'er again.

We rejoice at the success with which the Waterloo subscriptions, and the various parochial contributions so zealously and eloquently recommended from the pulpit, have been carried on. One is proud of belonging to a country actuated by the humanity, capable of the generosity, and fired by the patriotism which we have recently beheld. The families of those who shared the perils and the fate of our gallant departed country-

men, are to partake of the benefits of this great national bounty. That is noble—it will shed a steady lustre on our martial fame. It was every way right that the public munificence should be in proportion to the honor and the advantages which we have obtained.

The present time is one in which a good deal of satisfaction seems to prevail. Most of us are, as usual, pleased enough with ourselves, and not less are we so with our country, and the posture of its affairs.* A little dissatisfaction certainly has arisen

* We here take occasion to notice the appearance of a spirited translation, under the title of *Observations on the Public and Private Life of H. R. H. the Prince Regent*, of *CARMEN Panegyricum Regale*—a little epic poem, the production of an enterprising Undergraduate. Nothing can be more laudable in an ingenuous youth, than an effort like this—tending at once to improve the faculties of his mind, and to do honor to the seat of learning to which he belongs. In his eager search after classic allusions and bold poetical figures (of which inexperienced writers are always very fond) he has industriously ransacked both the mythological repositories of the ancients, and the interior of gloomy Tartarus: he has not only appropriated to himself the contents of Vesuvius and Etna; but of some of our apothecaries' and chemists' shops, and even of our theatres of anatomy.—The translation is very good indeed; but we would rather have seen the original, as in it several expressions and passages would have been natural and ornamental, which in the translation seem forced and rather incongruous. The reason assigned for the temporary suppression of the poem is, that the Tutor who had consented to read it, disapproved, in the first place, of heaping the same quantity of praise on the Prince for having for many years opposed the war, as for having for a few years supported it; and then for having robbed the *Magazines of The Delicate Inquiry*, the popular song of *He would be a Soldier, &c.*—topics ill suited to stately heroics, and on seeing which once more in print, Ministers, and the Opposition, and the Prince Regent himself, are very likely to be offended, while the public are by no means likely to be pleased. The period of the commencement of the Regency is the limit which a prudent writer would have prescribed to himself. Almost every motive, every measure, and every event on this side that limit, is known to be matter of legitimate praise to the Prince Regent and his government: while most of the transactions of H. R. H. on the other side of that limit, are not sufficiently known to have been of that description, having come to our knowledge through the medium of the Opposition—who have since chosen to retract all the warm encomiums which they then uttered.

out of the manner in which Napoleon has lately been treated. Some small portion of the consideration shewn him may, however, be his due. He has managed to raise a numerous family of males and females from poverty, obscurity, and absolute nothingness (who but he ever did so) to the rank and condition of emperors and empresses, kings, queens, princes and princesses, grand dukes and grand duchesses! He has conferred a more expanded renown on Corsica, Elba, and St. Helena, than the most celebrated Grecian islands for a long time derived from being the native places and favorite retreats of even Gods and Goddesses. He has taught us that the powerful are not always wise, and that a great conqueror is not necessarily a great man. He and his revolutionary brethren have proved to nations, that the best protectors of their rights and promoters of their happiness, are sovereigns who are moderate and just; while they have convinced sovereigns themselves, that there can be no durable safety for them, except in the favorable opinion of subjects who are of moral habits and contented with their condition. Finally, he has shewn the British people, what thirty years ago they neither expected nor wished to be able to ascertain, namely, that they are capable of acquiring a decided preeminence in military glory—a glory the last which they have attained, and the last with which they ought to part. He has in short done good; though in a world in which evil is seldom unmingled, he could not help doing some good. At all events let us, in surveying the theatre of his exploits, do him that justice which, on seeing a well-built beautiful mansion, one would render to the incendiary who had maliciously set fire to the former dwelling.

MONTHLY REGISTER

OF

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

* * The Conductors of the **AUGUSTAN REVIEW** request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publisher (post paid) before the 20th of the month.

I.

INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MR. ALEXANDER WALKER has published, in the *Annals of Philosophy*, "a sketch of a General Theory of the intellectual functions of Man and Animals;" and from which we extract the following leading heads.

"1. That the nerves of sensation arise in the organs of sense, and, by means of the anterior fibrils, terminate in the anterior columns of the spinal marrow.

2. That those nerves of sensation which do not terminate in these columns, pass directly to the cerebrum.

3. That the anterior columns of the spinal marrow terminate also in the anterior part of the cerebrum.

4. That these nerves and columns are the sensitive or ascending nerves and columns.

5. That it is in this way that sensation becomes perception, and that are excited in the cerebrum the faculties analysed by Gall and Spurzheim.

6. That the cerebral influence passes to the cerebellum by means of the corpora striata posteriora or thalami, the anterior peduncles of the cerebellum, &c.

7. That the cerebellum is the organ which gives impulse to all muscular motion, voluntary and involuntary.

8. That the posterior columns of the spinal marrow originate in the cerebellum.

9. That from the cerebellum arise also several nerves of volition.

10. That those nerves of volition which do not arise directly from the cerebellum, spring from the posterior columns of the spinal marrow by means of the posterior fibrils.

11. That these nerves and columns are the motive or descending nerves and columns.

12. That as there are two great encephalic organs, two anterior and two posterior columns of the spinal marrow, and two series of

nerves, so there are two series of ganglia—ganglia on the sensitive and ganglia on the motive nerves.

13. That the intensity of the intellectual functions is as the length of their organs, and the permanence of these functions as the breadth of their functions."

Mr. Walker then observes, as a general summary of the whole: "It appears, then, that there is a species of circulation in the nervous system, of which I have sketched the general course, as curious and admirable as that which exists in the vascular (the centre of the one being the heart, and of the other the head); and that there is scarcely any point of the body which this circle does not involve and rest on, since from almost every point ascends impression to the cerebrum by a nerve of sensation, the anterior nervous roots, and the anterior columns of the spinal marrow; and to each returns expression from the cerebellum by the posterior columns, the posterior nervous roots, and the nerves of volition."

Mr. Braconnot has published in the "*Annales de Chimie*" for last March, a set of experiments which he made on fatty substances, both animal and vegetable. He shews that each consists of two distinct parts: a liquid oil, and a solid substance resembling hard tallow or wax in its properties. He compressed the fatty matter between sheets of brown paper, by which the oil was absorbed, and the solid part left pure. The oil was extracted from the paper by steeping it in hot water; and when the fatty body

was a liquid, it was congealed by exposure to cold, before being subjected to the pressure. The following are Mr. Braconnot's results.

Vasges butter, made in summer, consists of

Oil	60
Tallow	40

100

When made in winter, of

Oil	35
Tallow	65

100

Hog's lard contains

Oil	62
Tallow	38

100

Ox Marrow,

Oil	24
Tallow	76

100

Sheep Marrow,

Oil	74
Tallow	26

100

Goose fat,

Oil	68
Tallow	32

100

Duck fat,

Oil	72
Tallow	28

100

Turkey fat,

Oil	74
Tallow	26

100

Olive oil,

Greenish yellow oil	72
Tallow (very white)	28

100

Oil of sweet almonds,	
Yellow oil	76
Tallow	24

—
100

Oil of calsa	
Yellow oil	54
Tallow	46

—
100

Mr. A. T. THOMSON has made some experiments to ascertain the poisonous nature of *oxalic acid*; as it had been recently asserted by Guyton Morveau not to act as a poison. A solution of ten grains of oxalic acid thrown into the stomach of a rabbit caused its death in a few minutes; and a drachm administered to a dog killed him in ten minutes. A woman who had taken about four drachms of this acid, by mistake, for the sulphate of magnesia, also died in forty minutes after she had taken it. A mixture of chalk and water if taken shortly after this acid has been swallowed proves an antidote, by forming an oxalate of lime in the stomach.

The Class of Physical and Mathematical Sciences in France has proposed the following as the subject of a prize memoir, the author of which is to obtain a gold medal 3000 francs in value.

“To determine, 1st. The march of the mercury thermometer, at least from 0 to 200° of the centigrade; 2nd. The law of cooling in vacuo; 3rd. The laws of cooling in the air, in hydrogen gas and carbonic acid gas, at different degrees of temperature, and for different states of rarefaction.”

Another medal of the same value is also offered for an explanation of the following phenomenon.

“Fruits acquire new properties in ripening, even when they are taken from the tree; they afterwards quickly pass into another state, and yet we are still unacquainted with the changes that take place in their composition, and with the causes that produce them.” The Class is therefore desirous of ascertaining the “chemical changes which fruits undergo during their ripening and after they have attained their full perfection. For this purpose, the influence of the atmosphere surrounding the fruits, and the changes they receive from it, should be carefully examined. The observations may be confined to a few different species of fruits, provided the conclusions, if obtained, be sufficiently general.”

The Memoirs on these subjects must be given in before the 17th of October, 1816, and the prizes will be determined in January, 1817.

There has lately been found at Finbo, near Fahlun, in Sweden, a new substance, in the form of a powder, covering pyrophysalite. It is of a violet or pale blue color; and Messrs. Gahn and Berzelius have denominated it *Yttro-Cerite*. It contains

Lime	47·77
Yttria	14·60
Oxide of Cerium	13·15
Fluoric acid	24·46

—
99·98

M. CASTELLAN has lately communicated to the French Institute a new method of painting, which has a great resemblance to that of the ancients. He com-

mences the operation by priming his base with a coat of melted wax, having previously heated and dried the stucco and plaster. He spreads the wax with a brush, and equalizes the surface by means of a gilder's stone, or the hot disk which the ancients used; and the priming is finished by passing pieces of new cloth and coarse brushes over the surface. M. Castellan also describes, in this memoir, the requisite modifications for priming wood, plaster, and canvas. He then paints on these primings with colors ground with olive oil, instead of drying oil. The painting is then dried by exposing it to a temperature of 30° or 40° (centigrade thermometer); painting on canvas requires only 20° or 30° of heat to dry it. M. Castellan then finishes his pictures by glazing them with a transparent varnish, consisting of a solution of wax in a volatile oil.

Paintings of this kind have been exposed for several years to all the inclemencies of the weather, without experiencing any sensible alteration.

This process is said to possess the following advantages; viz.

1. The painting is incorporated by means of heat, with the base and priming, so as to constitute only a single body; where, in paintings executed with drying oil, the coats of priming and painting are not melted together, but only superposed on each other.

2. There is not anything in the substance that is used for priming, or for mixing the colors or the varnish, which is capable of shrinking either from the course of time or progressive drying; so

that the painting can neither warp, crack, nor peel off in scales.

3. The colors being melted in the wax, and covered with a coat of the same substance, are completely secured against air and humidity, which are two of the great destroyers of paintings.

Another advantage which this process proposed by M. Castellan possesses over every other for imitating the encaustic paintings of the ancients, is, that it does not clash with the methods used in all modern schools of painting, or interfering with that intimate connection between the ideas of a painter, and his mode of expressing them. Landscapes and portraits, painted by this method, do not appear different from common oil paintings. They shew the same freedom of pencilling, the same boldness of touch, cleanliness of execution, lightness of coloring, and transparency of tone. See *Annales de Chimie*, tome xciii. p. 298.

About the end of October, 1814, a shepherd at Lenarto discovered a mass of native iron, on the declivity of a small range subordinate to the Carpathian mountains. Its weight is about 200 lbs.; and its internal color is a light steel-grey, approaching to a silvery white, while it is covered with an external coat of dark-brown rust. Its surface is rough and uneven, and the form of the mass is irregular and flat; and appears as if it had been compressed. The metal is very close grained, takes an excellent polish, and is perfectly malleable when cold; and the color of its solution in nitric acid is a light emerald green.

The new ore of Nickel, called <i>Nickel-Antimonerz</i> , has recently been analyzed by Dr. JOHN, who found its constituent parts to be Nickel.....	23.33
Antimony, with arsenic, and a trace of iron	61.68
Sulphur	14.16
Unknown substance, supposed to be silver or lead with silica	0.83
	<hr/> 100.00

A paper on Polar ice, and the practicability of a journey to the North pole, by Mr. Scoresby, junior, of Whitby, excited much interest at the late meetings of the Wernerian Society. Mr. S. commenced with some statements relative to the nature of the atmosphere, and of the land in West Greenland and Spitzbergen. The *atmosphere*, he observes, is remarkable for darkness of color and density, for the production of highly chrystalized snow; and for almost instantaneous changes from perfect calm to impetuous storm. The *land* is remarkable for precipices, rising abruptly from the ocean to a great height; the dark rocks of which contrasted with the extreme whiteness of the snow, with which their tops are crowned, produce a very striking effect.

Mr. Scoresby's experience and habits of observation have enabled him to furnish much interesting information, relative to the nature and extent of the polar ice at different periods. One very curious phenomenon which he described, is that which Sailors call the *ice-blink*. The rays of light which fall on the ice are reflected, while those

which fall on the water are principally absorbed. This causes a luminous belt to appear in the horizon, exhibiting a beautiful map of the ice, which is frequently so perfect, that an experienced observer can perceive what kind of ice is represented.

The latter part of Mr. S.'s paper related to the practicability of reaching the North Pole, by travelling over the ice from the Northern part of the island of Spitzbergen. Mr. Scoresby was chief-mate to his father, who is one of the most intelligent Captains in the Greenland trade, and has been several times beyond the 80th degree of North latitude. In 1806, Mr. S. penetrated as far as 81½°, only 170 leagues distant from the Pole; and even when the North winds had prevailed for several days, he did not find the cold at 80° much exceed that at 70°. Mr. Scoresby's experience induces him to conclude the journey to be practicable; and he thinks that, with suitable preparations, the whole, both of the advance and return might be accomplished in a space of time not exceeding six weeks, on light sledges drawn by dogs or reindeer; but dogs he thinks would be preferable.

In 1811, Captain Kater, F.R.S. invented a new *Reflecting compass*, which on trial was found to be capable of giving a degree of accuracy to the operations beyond any expectations that had previously been formed respecting it. Mr. Jones of Charing Cross has published a description of this instrument in the last Number of the *Philosophical Magazine*; which he concludes as follows:

"It would be unnecessary to point out all the various uses to which this instrument may be applied; but I may briefly observe, that as an azimuth compass it stands unrivalled, and that in land-surveying, and in the construction of maps of a country, it will be found equal in accuracy to a large circumferentor, though sufficiently portable to be carried in the waistcoat-pocket."

The results of Col. BEAUFORT'S magnetical observations made at Hackney Wick, for June, 1815, are the following. For those for April and May, see our last No.

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Morning} \\ \text{Noon} \\ \text{Evening} \end{array} \right\}$	Morning.....	24°	16'	11"
	Noon.....	24	27	18
	Evening.....	24	19	40
Mean for the month		24°	21'	3"
Mean for May.....		24	20	55½
Increase for June..		0	0	7½

The rain which fell at Hackney Wick between noon of the 1st of June and noon of the 1st of July was 1·927 inches; and the evaporation during the same period was 2·9 inches.

The following are the results of the Meteorological account kept at Tottenham, by Mr. Luke Howard, from the 31st of May to the 28th of June, inclusive.

Barometer.

Greatest height . . 30·17 inches
Least height 29·21
Mean of the period 29·708

Thermometer.

Greatest height . . 80°
Least height..... 38
Mean of the period 60 1
Rain fell 1·75 inches. Evaporation, 1·83 inches.

II.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, by Subscription, in one volume foolscap folio, on fine yellow wove paper, Price 1*l.* 1*s.* large copies, on extra fine imperial paper, Hot-pressed, Price 2*l.* 2*s.*—Dedicated, by permission, to the Rt. Hon. William Wyndham Grenville, Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University of Oxford,—The Genealogical Mythology and Classical Tables, compiled from the best Authors upon Fabulous and Ancient History. By William Berry, late of the college of arms, London; author of the Introduction to

Heraldry; and the History of the Island of Guernsey.

The Rev. John Morley, rector of Bradfield Combush, in Suffolk, will soon publish in an octavo volume, Discourses partly Doctrinal and partly Practical.

Arthur Burrow, Esq. late Travelling Fellow to the University of Cambridge, and D. A. Commissary General in the Mediterranean, is preparing for the press, Some Account of the Mediterranean, 1810 to 1815, political and scientific, literary and descriptive. The work will appear in royal quarto, with engravings;

and the first volume will be chiefly confined to Sicily.

The *Acriad*, a National Heroic Poem, in twenty-four books, by Robert Gilmour, will shortly be published, by Subscription, in quarterly Numbers, price 3s. each. The work will be printed in 8vo. on fine paper, and hot-pressed. Each Number will contain a Book of the Poem, and the whole work will form two handsome volumes.

Mr. Gompertz's New Poem, Time, or Light and Shade, in one volume quarto, will appear in a few days.

Mr. John Bellamy proposes to publish, by subscription, the Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised version; accompanied with a new translation, and the original Hebrew and Greek Texts.

Sir F. C. Morgan, physician, is preparing for the press, *Outlines of the Philosophy of Life*; which has for its object the diffusion of a more general knowledge of the fundamental facts of physiology.

Mr. Machenry has a second edition of his improved English-Spanish Grammar nearly ready for publication.

Nearly ready for Publication, in 12mo, 5s. 6d. boards, A History of the House of Romanof, the present Imperial Russian Dynasty; from the earliest Period to the Time of Peter the Great; designed as an Introduction to a History of the Life and Reign of that celebrated Monarch, and including the History of Russia, from the first Accession of that Family to the Throne. By the Author of the *Ode to*

Alexander, the Battle of Nevil's Cross, a metrical Romance, &c.

Preparing for Publication, by the same Author, dedicated to the two Houses of Parliament, Plans for ameliorating the Condition of the Lower Orders of Society.

To be published in a few days, The Battle of Waterloo. Circumstantial Details of this memorable event; illustrated by an original Plan, Views, &c. tending to elucidate and identify the Spots of many of the Events, with much *Information on the Subject*. By a Near Observer, previous to and after the Battle.

Speedily will be published, (by Subscription) Price 16s. boards. A Treatise on Theology: written by Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, Author of the "*Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town*," &c. &c. To which will be added, a Letter from Mrs. Hutchinson to her daughter, on the Principles of the Christian Religion; also the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, written by herself; a Fragment. From the original MSS. The Work to be handsomely printed in an octavo volume, to correspond with the 8vo. edition of the *Memoirs*; and embellished with a Facsimile of the handwriting of the Author.

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quent editions. To which will be added some Prefatory Remarks and Memoirs of Sir John Mennes. and Dr. James Smith. And Wit Restor'd, in severall select Poems not formerly publish't, London, 1658. Also Musarum Deliciæ; or the Muses Recreation, containing severall pieces of Poetique Wit. London, 1656. The three Works to be printed in two Volumes, with all the Cuts re-engraved by Mr. Bewick.

The History of Fiction; being

a Critical Account of the most celebrated *Prose Works of Fiction*, from the earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the Present Age. By John Dunlop, a new edition, in 3 vols. post 8vo. beautifully printed by Ballantyne, uniformly with Mr. Ellis's Early English Romances.

Travels in Poland, Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, and the Tyrol.

Five Hundred Questions on Goldsmith's History of Greece. By J. Gorton.

III.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

A Dissertation on Lime, and its use and abuse in Agriculture; embracing a view of its Chemical Effects. By Thomas Hornby, Esq. Surgeon. 8vo. 2s.

ANTIQUITIES.

A Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon. By Claudius James Rich, Esq. Resident for the Hon. East India Company, at the Court of the Pasha of Bagdad. Illustrated by Engravings, royal 8vo. price 8s. bds.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

An Inquiry into the Integrity of the Greek Vulgate, or received Text of the New Testament: in which the Greek Manuscripts are newly classed, the Integrity of the authorized Text vindicated, and the various Readings traced to their Origin. By the Rev. Frederick Nolan, 8vo. price 18s. boards.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

T. Keys' Catalogue of New and Second-hand Books, Part I. including a curious and rare Collection in various Languages on most subjects of Literature in *Folio* and *Quarto*; also a list of recent Importations from Germany, Italy, and France, chiefly of Grammars, Dictionaries, Classics, Elementary Books, Divinity and Politics.

BIOGRAPHY.

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THE
Augustan Review.

NO. VI. FOR OCTOBER, 1815.

ART. I. *Sermons, on subjects chiefly practical; with illustrative notes, and an Appendix, relating to the character of the Church of England, as distinguished both from other branches of the reformation, and from the modern Church of Rome.* By the REV. JOHN JEBB, A. M. Rector of Abington, in the diocese of Cashel. London: Cadell and Davies, 1815.

THESE sermons are on subjects chiefly practical, and are intended to enforce upon the minds of readers the principal concerns of a Christian life, and to make them fully sensible of the indispensable obligations of virtue and religion. But in his notes, and in the appendix to the work, the author has not forgotten that the ecclesiastical, and civil establishments of the country may justly expect, that every one of us "should do his duty;" and that this duty consists in contributing, in proportion to our means, to the maintenance of that venerable edifice which has long been our just pride and boast.

We look upon this volume as well adapted to the times in which we live, and highly deserving the attention of the public. At a season like this, when religious enthusiasm has been kindled throughout the land, and when every means are put in practice to keep alive the flame of outward devotion, it is highly requisite people should be reminded, that they have other duties to perform, besides those of merely distributing the Sacred Scriptures and talking of religion. And to do this seems to be the main object Mr. Jebb has had in view.

The task which he has undertaken has been performed in an able manner. If he has not often diffused over his compositions that irresistible charm of language, which, in some sermons of recent date, so forcibly arrests the attention; in another very important particular he has constantly succeeded. His lan-

guage is every where the language of a man deeply impressed with the importance of his subject, and heartily desirous of making his readers equally sensible of it. He speaks of religious habits and dispositions, as one who has himself experienced their happy influence. He resembles a physician, who has made trial upon *himself* of the medicines, with which he purposes to cure the diseases incident to the mortal natures of others. There is an air of sincerity in every thing he utters, which we should think will convince his readers, that his earnestness and fervour spring from a heart really desirous of promoting their welfare. It is manifest, that he understands well his duty as a Christian and a member of society; and the severe rules which he lays down for the regulation of our conduct in the several relations of life, look like so many principles by which he would wish his own conduct to be scrutinized and judged. The duties binding upon a minister of the gospel, in particular, are described with great force. Himself a minister of the gospel, and addressing (as in two of these sermons he does) an assembly of persons belonging also to that sacred profession, he does not say any thing tending either to lessen the number of those weighty obligations that lie upon them; or to apologize for any the slightest neglect of them by himself or others.

The manner of composition best adapted to the use of a clergyman of the Church of England, is laid down in one of his notes, and is a quotation from St. Ambrose. Whether it be an unexceptionable model, will be determined according to the various tastes of different readers. He has generally succeeded well in adapting his style to his thoughts; and, on some occasions, when warmed by his subject, has displayed an energy of expression not often surpassed. The passage we are about to transcribe, will bear us out in this assertion. He is discoursing upon a text, which, after enjoining a religious observance of the sabbath, promises, as a reward to such as do so observe it, that they shall "delight themselves in the Lord." To delight oneself in God, he represents as the highest felicity that goodness can bestow, and as the best remedy for evils of an opposite description. "To weak and vitiated human nature," he observes, "Almighty God is not an object of delight, but apprehension. And, before a calm delight in God can be produced, that uneasy apprehension of God must have been expelled." In the following extract, that superstitious dread of the divine judgments, which commonly haunts the guilty mind, and which

nothing but a just sense of religion can remove, is very strikingly portrayed.

"This fear, this apprehension, this uneasiness, is perhaps the most prevalent, and the most deeply-rooted feeling of mankind. It is, in truth, at the bottom of our most painful agitations. What is it that alarms us, in the great convulsions of nature, in the tempest, the thunder, and the earthquake? Is it not our dread of him who operates unseen, and irresistible; who maketh the winds his angels, and the flames his messengers; who setteth on fire the foundations of the mountains; and breaketh up the foundations of the great deep? What is it that gives force and emphasis to the fear of accidents, of battle, of shipwreck, of murder, and of sudden death? Not the mere prospect of dissolution. That might be readily banished from our view. No! but the conviction that one liveth, before whom we must appear, who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and reveal those secrets of our hearts, which are unknown even to ourselves. What is it that infuses that mysterious midnight terror, which appals the stoutest heart; which unnerves him who would undauntedly face an armed host? What, but the consciousness of an invisible, ever-present, and all-seeing God, in whose hand are all the terrors of the universe; who hath but to strike, and we shall perish; to shoot forth his arrows, and we are consumed? 'It is a fearful thing,' says the Apostle, 'to fall into the hands of the living God!' And what human being is naturally exempted from this fear? What hiding-place of nature, what undiscoverable corner of creation, what slumbering moment of eternity, may shield us from the glance, and grasp of God? He is about us, he is around us, he is within us. Conscience is his viceregent; death is his messenger; judgment is his manifestation; immensity is the sphere of his omnipotence; and his omnipotence shall reign for ever. Who, then, can wonder at the deep-toned exclamation of Job? 'When I say, my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint, then thou scarest me with dreams, and terriest me through visions; so that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than life. I have sinned. What shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am a burthen to myself!'" Sermon vii. pp. 171—173.

It is, indeed, too true that, "thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

The conditions, however, which we must perform that we may be entitled to the inestimable privilege of delighting in God, are not, according to Mr. Jebb, the easiest imaginable. Some of our readers will, perhaps, be a little startled at the following summary of the duties which are required of us on the Sabbath day.

"1—2. A relinquishment of all common business, and all ordinary pleasure, on the Sabbath day."

"3. A delight in the peculiar occupations and enjoyments of the Sabbath."

"4. A conscientious dedication of the Sabbath to our personal improvement in holiness and virtue."

"5. A serious desire to promote the honour of the Sabbath, by our public and undeviating example."

"6. And such a renunciation, on the Sabbath, of our own ways, our own pleasure, and our own words, as, in due season, and by divine assistance, will make the ways of God, our chosen ways; the pleasure of devotion, our favorite pleasure; and the words of eternal life, the theme of our most cheerful, most animated, and most delightful conversation."

Sermon vii. p. 166.

We are every day in the habit of hearing such absurd opinions respecting that world which we are commanded in Scripture to renounce and 'tear from our hearts,' under pain of forfeiting our eternal happiness, that we are very glad to find that some rational man has undertaken to set us all right upon the subject.

"What is the world? Is it that system of nature and providence, which God himself hath formed, and hath appointed as our present sphere of operation? Is it that fair and wondrous fabric, which started into being at the creative word, when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy, and the Maker of all, with tranquil majesty, pronounced that all was very good? Is it that combination of cheerful, animated, co-operative action, by which mind is elicited, intelligence expanded, social intercourse improved, benevolence excited and employed, and capacities matured, for every thing true and honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report, virtuous and praise-worthy? Is this the world which we must renounce? Is this the post from which we must retire? Are we to forego our place and occupation in this mighty sphere; to cease to be men, that we may become Christians; to cease to be Christians, that we may pursue an ideal phantom of unattainable abstraction? God forbid, my brethren! This is God's world; and to malign it, to desert it, to despise it, were to fly in the face of its Maker and preserver; were to forsake the very purpose of our being; and to relinquish the instrumental means of our own religious perfection. But there is, indeed, a world, which the Scripture every where denounces: conformity to which, is everlasting ruin. That world, so lamentably degraded and debased by wicked men and wicked spirits; that agitated and distracted scene of feverish activity, impassioned conflict, visionary hopes, and real misery, which exists every where around us; but through which, the faithful Christian is privileged to move, like the three children, through the burning fiery furnace, loose and without hurt. For upon him the flame hath no power, neither is the hair of his beard singed, neither hath the smell of fire passed on him. And how indeed should he be injured? For another walketh with him, even the Son of God." Sermon iii. pp. 52—54.

He takes much pains to persuade us, that we shall lose nothing of our happiness, by the renunciation of that world which he describes. He uses many arguments in the body of the Sermon; and in his notes he brings many quotations from Burke, Chesterfield, Lucretius, and others who have had ample means of procuring the best information on the subject; to show, that those who have possessed the most favorable opportunities of worldly enjoyment, have never, on the whole, found

their account in it. He asserts that those, and those only, who live according to the dictates of a well-informed, well-regulated mind, attended by an ever wakeful conscience, and who are rescued from the tyranny which the world exercises over those who are devoted to it, are completely free and happy.

"Yes, my brethren, the faithful Christian is God's own peculiar freeman. Free from the perplexities of doubt, the disquietudes of worldly care, and the tyranny of popular opinion. He is enabled to bring all matters of conduct and feeling to the test of uncompromising principle. And this he does, with ease and expedition. No idle scruples vex the mind enlightened from on high. And the decisions of casuists are little wanting to him, that is animated by the love of God, and the love of man; to him, who takes Christ's example for his pattern, and invokes Christ's spirit for his guide. Such a man is raised above the world; and he alone that is raised above the world, can enjoy it. Others are liable, at every step, to be interrupted and entangled. There is no freedom in their movements; no solid assurance that their footsteps are firmly planted. Impediments without, and hesitance within, may and must give a chilliness to the heart, which the countenance can ill disguise. But that Christian, who lives as he may and ought to live, soars free and unimpeded. Conscious, indeed, of the dangers which encompass a deluded world; but thankful that, through divine influence, they are no longer dangers unto him. The love of money, the love of pleasure, the love of power, what are they to him, whose conversation is in Heaven? No more than the haubles of children to him who investigates the courses of the stars; no more than the fantastic visions of the night, to him who inhales the breath of morning, and rejoices in the mild magnificence of nature."—Ser. iii. p. 59—61.

In the beginning of the eighth Sermon, he asks a question, which may, perhaps, be looked upon as an indirect attack on some of the religious institutions of the present day, and be treated accordingly. It certainly does seem to imply a suspicion on the part of the proposer, that *religious profession* often out-runs *religious practice*.

"Never, perhaps, were the Sacred Scriptures more largely disseminated, than at the present day. But the question may be asked more readily, than it can be answered satisfactorily, whether the study of the divine volume keeps pace with its diffusion; whether any considerable number of its possessors, so apprehend, so feel, so apply, and so reduce to practice, its most holy principles, that this age is materially better than the last, and the present generation an improvement upon generations that are past and gone?

"We are not, indeed, to form a gloomy estimate of the times; we are not to despair of the religious public-weal; we are, on the contrary, to rejoice in every growing symptom of improvement; to admire, at once, and emulate, those lights of our own days, who shed around them a lustre more pure, more steady, and more serene, than often illuminated the path, and guided the footsteps, of our fathers. But still, when we survey the world at large, when we examine even that portion of it which is termed the religious world, we must lament, that profession too com-

“That sacred knowledge which we should possess, and that manly study by which it must be gained, have been most ably defined, and most impressively enjoined, by the best divines of all ages, and in the authoritative documents of our own national church. Amidst such a cloud of witnesses, it were at once superfluous and presuming, to obtrude the suffrage of a very private individual. It must, however, be observed, that the exigencies of the present day, call, with peculiar emphasis, for a studious and a learned clergy. This is an age, both of enquiry and of observation. In all ordinary professions, there is a disposition to dive beneath the surface of things. In many important branches of knowledge, the student of to-day is better informed than the proficient of the last century. And shall it be said, that Christian ministers are the least diligent, in the most important concern? What useful science, what mechanic art, what that tends to increase the comforts, to multiply the decorations, or to improve the finer tastes, of cultivated life, is not pursued with avidity, and enriched with the daily acquisitions of successful enterprize? And shall we be put to shame by the reproach, that we are cold, and careless, and indolent, in the study of those truths, which involve our dearest interests, for time and for eternity? This reproach, there is but one method of escaping. Whilst human industry is deeply occupied in profane learning, and secular pursuits, it is ceasing, also, to be negligent on the subject of religion. A spirit of enquiry is abroad, which we can no more repress, than we can stop the revolution of the globe on which we stand. Within and without the pale of our establishment, investigation is afloat; and, in too many instances, is engendering those “erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God’s word,” which, at our ordination, we solemnly engaged, “with all care and diligence, to banish and drive away.” We shall not, then, be found faithful; and shame and woe must be our portion, if we do not so study, that we may be ready to give an answer to every man for the hope that is in us; and to oppose, as occasion may require, the sincere word of the gospel, and the sober, but sublime spirituality of the church, to a cold, rationalizing, semi-christianity on the one hand, and to a zeal not according unto knowledge, on the other.” Sermon xii. pp. 325—327.

We now turn to the Appendix—an article, which seems to us not the least valuable part of the volume; though it appears under a form so unassuming, that it is likely to be overlooked by many readers.

The object of it, is to prove, that the plan of our early reformers was to restore the English Church, as nearly as possible, to a conformity with the primitive church of Christ; and that the result of their exertions has been, that the church of England is purer and more apostolical, both in its form and essence, not only than the church of Rome, but also than any other branch of the reformation. He proves that our reformers have, at all times, been careful to hold fast that

“which hath been believed in all places, at all times, by all the faithful, [quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus, creditum est] a maxim, which has been most palpably violated by every other church in the

world, whether Romish or Protestant. This is the effect of that reverence for the ancient Fathers, to which Romish writers, in their liberality, allude, when they give us credit for being the *best* of heretics. This is the cause of that superiority to other religious establishments, which made the learned Grotius declare, that, in his opinion, the Church of England was a proper medium of reconciliation between all the churches which were then, or should at any time be at variance. This is that glorious preeminence which induced Mosheim to describe the English church, as "that correction of the old religion, which separates the Britons equally from the Roman Catholics, and from the other communities who have renounced the domination of the Pope."

In the following paragraphs, the author recapitulates the leading topics of this able discussion.

"The great mass of Protestant communities, sends each individual to the Bible alone; thence to collect, as it may happen, truth or falsehood, by his own interpretation or misinterpretation; and there to measure the most weighty and mysterious truths, by the least peculiar and appropriate passages of sacred scripture.

"The church of Rome sends her children, neither to the bible alone, nor to tradition alone; nor yet, to the bible and tradition conjointly, but to an infallible living expositor: which expositor, sometimes limits, and sometimes extends, and sometimes contradicts, both the written word, and the language of Christian antiquity.

"The church of England steers a middle course. She reveres the Scriptures: she respects tradition. She encourages investigation: but she checks presumption. She bows to the authority of ages: but she owns no living master upon earth. She rejects alike the wild extravagance of unauthorized opinion, and the tame subjection of compulsory belief. Where the Scripture clearly and freely speaks, she receives its dictates as the voice of God. When the Scripture is either not clear, or explicit, or when it may demand expansion and illustration, she refers her sons to an authoritative standard of interpretation; but a standard, which it is their privilege to apply for themselves. And when scripture is altogether silent, she provides a supplemental guidance: but a guidance, neither fluctuating nor arbitrary; the same in all times, and under all circumstances; which no private interest can warp, and no temporal prejudice can lead astray. Thus, her appeal is made to past ages, against every possible error of the present. Thus, though the great mass of Christendom, and even though the vast majority of our own national church, were to depart from the purity of Christian faith and practice, yet, no well taught member of that church need hesitate, or tremble. His path is plain. It is not, merely, his own judgment; it is not, by any means, the dictatorial mandate of an ecclesiastical director, which is to silence his scruples, and dissolve his doubts. His resort is, that concurrent, universal, and undeviating sense of pious antiquity, which he has been instructed, and should be encouraged, to embrace, to follow, and revere."

ART. II. *The Speeches of the Right Honorable Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons.* 6 Vols. London; Longman and Co. 1815.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Fox often aimed at objects, the attainment of which would have been injurious to his country, there are but few of his feelings with which we cannot sympathize. He was amiable amidst many failings, and even his culpable deviations were sometimes majestic. The political animosities which he excited are not—they cannot be forgotten; yet those who have the most distinct recollection of them, will not deny him the praise due to vigor of intellect, consistency of principle, and general erectness of character.

These speeches can give but a faint idea of Mr. Fox's eloquence. The oratory of modern statesmen, indeed, has but a slender chance of immortality, compared with the beautiful relics of ancient genius. The best orations of Demosthenes and Cicero were prepared in the study with intense labor, polished with the nicest skill, and frequently rehearsed before delivery. The fire which dazzled the Athenians and Romans seemed to be awakened on a sudden by a sort of inspiration; but the materials on which it fed had been long in collecting and arranging for use. The appearance of unpremeditation was premeditated; the imitation of artlessness was artful. The orators spoke only on great occasions, and then they threw the richness and brilliancy of their genius round the arguments they had elaborately prepared. They spoke what they had written, and they had written, not for their auditors merely, but for posterity. Their powers of elocution, therefore, their looks and their gestures, are all of which time has deprived us; since their modes of argumentation, the solid materials, and exquisite finishing, of their speeches, are happily preserved.

The public speaking of modern times requires talents of a different cast—in general less elevated, but far more varied: and it affords fewer opportunities for elegant composition and studied arrangement. The beauties which are struck out in the heat of debate are felt rather than remembered; and, though the impression made may be great, most of the finer expressions are forgotten by those to whom they are addressed, and can be but faintly exhibited by the most attentive reporter.

The only speech Mr. Fox ever prepared for the press was his panegyric on the late Duke of Bedford—a composition which exhibits but feeble glimmerings of his genius: for the

truth is, that though almost the best speaker of his age, he was among the very worst of its writers.

There is enough in the volumes before us to enable posterity to form an estimate of the character of Mr. Fox's eloquence. It is, perhaps, principally distinguished from that of his rivals in the British senate by a superior talent for what they call *debating*. He was usually master of his subject, and seldom sought to rise far above it. Instead of allowing, like Mr. Burke, his imagination to lead him through fairy worlds, it was employed only to illumine his arguments. He did not use his subject for displaying his faculties, but threw the force of all his faculties into his subject; and never did he childishly lavish his powers in tropes and metaphors.

Perhaps it was to the excess of this *practical* tendency of Mr. Fox's mind, that we may attribute many of those political errors into which he fell, while the contrary disposition contributed to mislead Mr. Burke. The former saw every thing in a state of undisguise, and took into his estimate of human happiness only the real and obvious features of human condition. He forgot that man had fancy to be gratified, veneration to be excited, and prejudice to be indulged. He overlooked some of the higher qualities of the mind, from a wish to provide for the mere wants of his species. And on the whole he did not judge it absolutely necessary that courts should be surrounded with magnificence; that relics, even of barbarous ages, should be preserved on account of the associations into which they entered; and that an order of hereditary nobility should be supported, if it were only to elevate the mind of the people by the steady grandeur which it conveyed. In fine, he admired the French revolution, the French republic, and even Buonaparte.—Mr. Burke, on the other hand, lived in a region of fancy too exalted. No man was ever more attentive than he to the cares and wants of his fellow-creatures: but he used to say, "man liveth not by bread alone"—he has cravings of a more spiritual kind, and immortal desires to gratify. He therefore sometimes made light of the present ills and misfortunes of man, and dwelt upon past greatness and future happiness. His imagination led him to throw the splendour of his own genius over every thing which he surveyed. The world was to him a fairy land, on which he erected enchanted palaces, and which he peopled with chivalrous warriors.

Fox and Burke were, doubtless, great men; though both had often entertained erroneous notions of national policy. In

regard to France, however, Burke, and he only, had judged sagely. Had not the system of opposition to that country, which Pitt conceived, and Burke heartily approved, been vigorously acted upon by this country, all Europe had long since been undone.

Of these speeches of Mr. Fox, some are made up of vehement personal altercation ; some are against war ; others against the traffic in human slaves. The first of these classes is, of course, the least pleasing : but it is important, as displaying the harsher features of the speaker's political character. His invectives must have sprung from his conviction of what he thought wrong, since there was no gall, no unkindness, in his heart. In his keenest invective there is no cold-blooded sneering, no love of seeing the agony of the defeated, none of that odious malice with which the dastardly author of Junius took his stand. The following is a good specimen of his mode of denouncing his opponents : it was delivered on the tergiversation of some of those who had before joined with him in the resolution of the House of Commons against the influence of the Crown.

"No man" (Mr. Fox said) "held those who were at the devotion of the minister in greater contempt than he did ; they were slaves of the worst kind, because they sold themselves ; yet, base as the tenure of their places was, they had one virtue to pride themselves on, that of fidelity, gratitude, and consistency ; to all their other demerits they had not added the absurdity and treachery of one day resolving an opinion to be true, and the next of declaring it to be a falsehood. They had not taken in their patron or their friends with false hopes or delusive promises. Whatever their motives or their sentiments might be, they had adhered to them, and so far as that went, they were entitled to his approbation. He could forgive the man whom he saw voting regularly with the minister, through thick and thin, upon every question ; he could behold him, in his servile state, with pity ; he could forgive him for cringing and bowing at the levee of the prince or the minister, without exciting in his breast any other sentiment ; but, on the contrary, when he beheld the conduct of some men, affecting different principles, supporting a minister who had very fairly, he would acknowledge, opposed and denied that the influence of the crown was increased, and ought to be diminished, it filled him with horror. What breast but must be filled with the warmest resentment and the keenest contempt, to see those who pretended that the complaints of the people ought to be redressed, and that the influence of the crown had increased ; who had pledged themselves that they would reduce the one and remove the cause of the other, vote in a majority with those who denied that either existed, and that the petitions were only fabricated by faction and ought not to be attended to ! he was at a loss for words by which he could give vent to what he felt on the occasion." vol. i. p. 279, 280.

His speeches, both against entering upon, and carrying on wars, are numerous in these volumes. He seems to have taken

up the subject with his usual partiality of view ; to have represented the horrors of war without coolly enquiring into its justice, or contemplating the higher evils that ensue from avoiding it. He therefore, brings all the common miseries of that state into view, and seems to argue as if his adversaries were lovers of human destruction, and himself the puissant champion of happiness and peace. He speaks as if he really had believed, that they loved war for its own sake. This unfortunate delusion became the spring of some of the most powerful exertions of his eloquence. Of these, the following passage, delivered on the overtures of peace made by Napoleon Buonaparte, when Chief Consul of the French Republic, forms a favorable, in some respects, a *flattering* specimen ; for Mr. Fox was neither a correct nor a methodical speaker.

“ Where then, Sir, is this war, which on every side is pregnant with such horrors, to be carried? Where is it to stop? Not till you establish the House of Bourbon ! And this you cherish the hope of doing because you have had a successful campaign ! Why, Sir, before this you have had a successful campaign. The situation of the allies, with all they have gained, is not surely to be compared now, to what it was when you had Valenciennes, Quesnoy, Condé, &c. which induced some gentlemen in this house to prepare themselves for a march to Paris. With all that you have gained, you surely will not say that the prospect is brighter now than it was then. What have you gained, but a part of what you before lost? One campaign is successful to you—another to them ; and in this way, animated by the vindictive passions of revenge, hatred, and rancour, which are infinitely more flagitious, even than those of ambition and the thirst for power, you may go on for ever ; as with such black incentives, I see no end to human misery. And all this without an intelligible motive—all this because you may gain a better peace a year or two hence ! So that we are called upon to go on merely as a speculation ; we must keep Buonaparte for some time longer at war as a state of probation. Gracious God, Sir ! is war a state of probation? Is peace a rash system? Is it dangerous for nations to live in amity with each other? Is your vigilance, your pity, your common powers of observation, to be extinguished by putting an end to the horrors of war? Cannot this state of probation be as well undergone, without adding to the catalogue of human sufferings. “ But we must *pause*.” What ! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out—her best blood be spilt—her treasure wasted that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves—Oh ! that you would put yourselves—in the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite. In former wars, a man might have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and death must inflict. If a man had been present at the battle of Bienenheim, for instance, and had enquired the motive of the battle, there was not a soldier engaged who could not have satisfied his curiosity, and even, perhaps, allayed his feelings. But if a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to enquire for what they were fighting—“ Fighting ! ” would be the answer, “ they are not fighting, they are *pausing*.”—“ Why is that man expiring? why is that other writhing with agony? what means this im-

placable fury?" The answer must be, "You are quite wrong, Sir, you deceive yourself—they are not fighting—do not disturb them—they are merely *pausing*!—this man is not expiring with agony—that man is not dead—he is only *pausing*! Lord help you, Sir! they are not angry with one another; they have no cause of quarrel—but their country thinks there should be a *pause*. All that you have seen, Sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it whatever—it is nothing more than a *political pause*!—it is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Buonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and, in the mean time, we have agreed to a pause in pure friendship!" And is this the way, Sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world, to destroy order, to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system you spread terror and devastation all around you." Vol. vi. p. 420, 421.

To the speeches on the Reform in Parliament—the Catholic Question—the repeal of the Test Acts, &c. we cannot at present advert: but it is impossible to refrain from noticing one constant object of his solicitude—the Abolition of the Slave Trade. On this great question Mr. Fox and his more powerful antagonists were in perfect unison; and Mr. Wilberforce, the virtuous proposer of the measure, has always admitted, that its final triumph was, in no small degree, owing to Mr. F.'s assistance. While Wilberforce dissolved his hearers with tales of sorrow, or Pitt extorted conviction by his high powers of reasoning, and delighted by the fine application of classic allusions and affecting imagery, Fox burst upon his opponents in a torrent of indignation, invective, and remonstrance. When a system of regulation was proposed, he exclaimed, "will you consent to legalize robbery, and methodize murder?" On one occasion he said:

"The advocates for the abolition of this abominable trade are accused of enthusiasm. Were they, he asked, enthusiasts or fanatics, because they cried, 'Do not rob—abstain from murder!' If by the term enthusiasm was meant zeal and warmth, he was free to acknowledge that he was an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm was that zeal and warmth which arose from a sense of justice, and was of that kind which made men act with energy in a noble cause; it was a zeal and warmth which he trusted he should always possess, and without which nothing great or praiseworthy had ever been effected since the creation of the world. In such energy they prided themselves and gloried. He could not admit of any compromise on the subject; for there could be no compromise between guilt and injustice.—Vol. iv. p. 383.

We now take leave of the present publication. The reports of the speeches are of various merit: from the nature of Mr. Fox's oratory, indeed, they could not be quite correct; although no parliamentary effusions have been so well reported as these:

so zealous have his literary admirers ever been to lay before the public every thing that had been spoken by him. If Lord Holland's opinion be good for any thing in such a case, Mr. Fox could not have written his harangues half so well as we find them done in these volumes. They are given in the third person, which some people think a disadvantage. An eloquent preface by Lord Erskine adorns the work, and to this we shall turn our attention on a future occasion; and perhaps inquire what some gentlemen now think of the *pause* and the *experiment*, on which their departed friend, in one of our extracts, is so amusingly ironical and sarcastic.

ART. III. *A Literary History of the Middle Ages ; comprehending an Account of the state of Learning from the close of the reign of Augustus, to its revival in the fifteenth century.*
By the REV. JOSEPH BERINGTON. 4to London: 1814.

To trace the operation of those causes which led to the extinction of literary glory, and brought on that mental torpor which for so many ages paralyzed the energies of Europe ;—and again, to investigate those opposite causes which gradually dissipated this intellectual gloom, and promoted the revival of arts, and of letters, must be a task not less agreeable than instructive. So intimately is the history of the progress of learning and of the arts connected with the happiness and well-being of society, that every effort to throw new light on it must rank with the most laudable pursuits of man. For it is obvious, that a successful effort of this nature would exercise, amuse, and enlighten the mind, and consequently promote general improvement and comfort.

A view of the *Middle Ages* exhibits the phenomenon of the decline of Europe from the high and dazzling triumph of arts and letters in the Augustan age, to the lowest ebb of ignorance and barbarity. All became a state of gloomy uniformity and dullness—broken indeed, but never fully illumined, by occasional coruscations of intellect. Every motive for exertion seemed extinct; despotism spread wide her cheerless and baneful influence, and men seemed anxious to seek refuge from the evils of life in worse than savage indifference and stupidity. Amidst such a state of mental desolation, how cheering to hail the dawn of intellect; to trace the first progress of knowledge! How consoling to observe rational curiosity once more stimulated into activity; to see emulation gradually spread from breast to breast,

still an inextinguishable desire is enkindled of acquiring in the pursuit of literature and the arts, the same distinction which mankind had formerly attained in the tumultuous and destructive career of arms ! This pleasing task has Mr. Berington undertaken ; and we have a pleasure in stating that he has performed it with success, thereby supplying a desideratum in English literature.

Mr. Berington opens his subject with a sketch of the state of letters in the Augustan age ; and examines the causes of their rise, of their progress, and of their decline. He marks three distinct periods of this decline—the first from the age of Augustus to that of Adrian ; the second from the reign of Adrian to that of Constantine ; the third from the accession of Constantine to the fall of the Western empire. He then proceeds to consider the separate causes of the decline of Eloquence, Poetry, History, Philosophy, and the Fine Arts. On these various subjects he displays no small share of critical acumen ; so forcibly, indeed, have we been struck with the portrait he has drawn of Lucan, that we cannot withhold it from our readers :

“ Lucan died when in his twenty-seventh year, and in the reign of Nero. He had imprudently contended with the Tyrant himself for the poetic crown, and more imprudently engaged in a conspiracy against his life. The immature age of the poet readily accounts for the imperfections of his work ; and he might have approached nearer the excellence of Virgil, had he not aspired to eclipse his fame. By Quintillian he is described to be ardent and impetuous ; great in his sentiments, but more fit to be ranked among orators than poets. The praise is feeble. The ardour, however, and impetuosity of his mind communicate so much energy to his expressions, and so much grandeur to his images, that he sometimes rises to the sublime. But he knows not where to stop ; and his judgment is not sufficiently strong to control the extravagance of his imagination. His glare of coloring fatigues, and the natural interest of his subject is weakened and destroyed by the prolixity of his details. Impelled by the fire of youth, Lucan sits down to compose an Epic poem which shall leave the *Æneid* behind it. But how can this be effected ? I seem to see a young and inexperienced sculptor, before whose eyes stands a Grecian statue of exquisite workmanship. He will form another that in beauty shall surpass it. But in the model there is a proportion of parts, a force of expression, a grace of attitude, which no art can exceed. What then must be done ? He has recourse to the forced and gigantic ; and behold a colossus comes forth, of which the members are vast, but void of that proportion from which beauty springs ; of which the attitude has energy, but an energy out of nature ; and if the expression has force, it is a force which indicates violence and distortion. The rude or unlettered spectator, whose admiration is increased by the physical magnitude of the object, views the form with wonder, while the man of taste turns away from it with disgust. Such is the *Pharsalia*, when compared with the *Æneid* ! ”

We are next presented with an interesting account of the state

of the public libraries at that period; after which Mr. B. asks the important question, How far was literature affected by the establishment of Christianity? In our opinion he does not answer this question satisfactorily. He seems to lean to the opinion of those who imagine that Christianity was one of the causes of the neglect and decay of general literature. On the contrary, there is no want of arguments to prove that Christianity has, on the whole, had the most auspicious influence upon literature, and that the weak and perverted state of the human mind during the period under review, is to be attributed to causes of quite a different nature. The first book concludes with a view of the state of Grecian literature.

The second book comprises a view of the state of letters and arts, from the fall of the Western Empire in 476, to the commencement of the reign of Charlemagne in 774. It details the settlement of the barbarous tribes of Goths and Huns in Italy, Spain, Gaul, Africa, Germany and Britain. In the estimate which Mr. Berington makes of the character and learning of the Goths, we are called upon to think much more favorably of these bold invaders than we had before been taught to do. He paints them as an active, vigorous and persevering nation; full of curiosity and freedom of inquiry. The reign of the Lombards with a view of their character and attainments is next exhibited to the reader, and a short account given of contemporary writers. We pass over the interesting account of the early literature of France, Spain and Germany, in order to profit by our author's remarks on the writers of our own country. Theodore, a monk and a native of Tarsus in Cilicia, well instructed in secular and divine learning, as also in the Greek and Latin languages, a man besides of exemplary probity as well as venerable for his age, was appointed to preside over the Saxon church. The appointment of an Asiatic prelate, whose chief counsellor was an African, to such a situation, was a curious occurrence; yet when we look to its effects we see that it proved singularly fortunate. Theodore had brought with him many Greek and Latin books, among which were a beautiful copy of Homer, the Homilies of Chrysostom and other learned works. He deemed it not beneath the dignity of his sacred office to endeavour to excite a taste for letters. Contemporary, or nearly so, with this great man was Bede, who from his superior learning and admirable virtues, received in his life-time the appellation of *venerable*. His first instructor was Bennet Biscof the interpreter of Theodore. The proficiency of Bede in all the branches of learning and in the Greek and Latin languages was considerable; and

while we admire his acquirements, we are inclined to believe that there were others among his brethren who had pursued the same course ; and that the late primate and his African friend had been able to excite a desire of intellectual cultivation, the beneficial effects of which were extensively diffused.

The third book describes the state of learning from the reign of Charlemagne, 774, to the end of the tenth century. Of this prince our author observes ' that he was himself ignorant, but he had talents, and a mind susceptible of every liberal impression.' From such a prince much was to be expected. The ninth century opened with very flattering prospects, and the following reasons are urged why no success followed. ' The teachers whom Charlemagne appointed, though endowed with the natural powers of intellect, knew not how to excite attention, or to rouse into action the latent capacities of the mind. The subjects called sciences, or the seven liberal arts—grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy—were so taught as to disgust by their barbarous elements : the first rudiments of education, as of reading and writing, were neglected in the higher orders of society ; they were too fondly attached to martial exercises, and to amusements that kept up the image of war.' The successors of Charlemagne now pass in review before us, and we are presented with an account of the state of learning in Rome, and other parts of Europe.—A king and a philosopher is next introduced to our notice, whose name must fill every Englishman's breast with respect. Both natives and foreigners, contemplating his virtues and mental endowments, regarded Alfred as the greatest prince, who, after Charlemagne, had appeared in Europe ; and posterity has ratified the encomiums which they pronounced. The heroic actions, and the noble exertions of this distinguished character in the cause of letters are everywhere well known ; so that we pass on to the fourth book which details the state of learning and the arts in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

After some severe, but just strictures on the profligacy and ignorance of the Roman court and its adherents, as well as on the fictitious *donation* of Constantine, quoted by Leo IXth with an audacious temerity of imposture, the author describes the settlement of the Normans in Italy, and in England after the conquest. This leads him to consider the political and literary state of our country.

" We pass with a sigh," says he, " over the turbulent reign of Stephen, to come to that of Henry Plantagenet, who in 1154 ascended the English throne. He had passed his youth in France, and had not neglected the

opportunities of instruction which that country afforded. His talents were great, and his love of letters auspicious ; and through the whole course of his reign, as often as the cares of government would allow an interval of recreation, he was fond of passing it in the society of learned men. Under such a prince, and during a reign of little less than forty years, the arts of peace prospered as far as the taste of the times gave encouragement to their progress ; the seminaries of learning were protected, teachers abounded, and came over to this from less tranquil countries ; the convents furnished an undisturbed retreat to the studious ; and in short, letters were generally patronised and cultivated."

Some interesting particulars respecting Oxford, together with a sketch of the rise and progress of Cambridge, are followed by remarks on the writers of that age. Of John of Salisbury he speaks with particular satisfaction, as a man whose elegance of learning was above the level of his age, and who was its principal ornament. After some observations on the foolish object of the crusades, and combating, with much plausibility, and perhaps truth, the idea of the benefits derived to Europe from them, we are presented with an account of the introduction of scholasticism, and of the memorable contention between St. Bernard and the famous Abeillard, the lover of Heloisa. Here we cannot but admire the modesty of Mr. Berington, who, in this short abstract of the lives of those celebrated but unfortunate characters, never once alludes to the elegant production he some years since gave to the public, containing their lives in full, with a spirited and faithful translation of the letters that passed between them. Some observations on the architecture and other arts of this period close the fourth book, and introduce us to the fifth, which makes us acquainted with the state of learning in the thirteenth century.

The most remarkable features of this period are the formation of the modern languages, and the introduction of a new species of poetry by the *Trouvers* or *Troubadours*. The history of these itinerant minstrels is familiar to most readers, and our reason for gravely mentioning their apparently trifling and un instructive productions is, to show the influence they had upon the advancement of letters. To see any thing diffused in their vernacular tongue, to hear the exploits of their favorite heroes chanted in verse, which they could easily commit to memory, was a novelty too attractive not to make a lasting impression. The motives to improve this new and familiar language were numerous and powerful, and it was soon dignified by being rendered the vehicle of loftier and more important ideas. Upon this subject our author is copious, and abounds with just and appropriate remarks. Intimately connected with

this topic is the history of the Saxon and early language of Britain; accordingly we are presented with a full detail of the poetical, and rhetorical attainments of our rude ancestors, as well as with hints respecting their historical compositions. Mr. B. thus speaks of Mathew of Paris :

“ For sincerity of narration, truth of coloring, and extent of information the *Historia Major* may justly be esteemed as valuable a work as this or any other age had produced. His style is, however, unequal. It is sometimes remarkable for its spirit and elegance, at others for its inflation and insipidity; in other words, it is ever in unison with the character of the age. He was ever a warm advocate for justice and for truth: while abuses, from whatever quarter they might proceed, provoked his inexorable enmity: Trojan and Tyrian equally smart under his lash. It is with strong approbation we see, that when either monk, prelate, prince, emperor or pope, has deviated from what he deems the line of rectitude, he is unreserved in his censure, and his language is that of vigour and intrepidity. Those who have been too servilely devoted to the Roman court, have blamed this undaunted freedom of the English monk; whom they represent as ill-affected towards their bishop; and have seized with avidity every opportunity of aspersing his fame and loading him with invectives.”

With the same energy of language and justness of criticism are reviewed the works of Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Albertus magnus, Roger Bacon, and Robert Groteste, writers who flourished during this period.

The sixth and last book describes the state of learning from the beginning of the fourteenth century, to the invention of the art of printing, about the year 1450. This period commences under the most happy omens. After the long and dreary night of ignorance that has enveloped the western world, it is not a little cheering to see the clouds beginning to disperse; the human faculties, enfeebled either by disuse or by a vitiating exercise, recovering energy and assuming a judicious direction; religion, which vain controversies had disfigured, casting off its adscititious coverings, and appearing in the charms of primitive simplicity: to behold a system of ethics by which the heart might be improved and the understanding invigorated, taking place of legendary tales, of fancied miracles and imaginary virtues; and the rights of man in the different orders of society, ecclesiastical and civil, ascertained with more distinctness; in a word to see the lamp of science relumed and leading by its steady beams to the most happy and glorious results. Italy was the first to catch the irradiations of the sun of science; and it is astonishing to what a perfection even at so early a period, the Italian language attained. Dante and

Petrarca were the twin stars that first became visible in the literary horizon. The perfection to which their writings attained may be conceived from a single observation of one of the Italian critics : ‘ The style of Petrarca, says he, after the lapse of four hundred years is still followed as the most perfect model of writing ; hardly a word will be found in his compositions which is become obsolete or antiquated.’

A general spirit of inquiry was now awakened, and the works of the ancients were sought after with the utmost avidity and enthusiasm. ‘ When I met strangers,’ says Petrarca, ‘ and they asked me what I desired from their country ? nothing, I replied, but the works of Cicero.’ To the scrutinizing researches of the learned Poggio Bracciolini we are indebted for the recovery of the Institutions of Quintilian, Valerius Flaccus, Vitruvius, Lucretius, Silius Italicus, the orations of Cicero and his treatise *de Finibus* and *de Legibus*, together with a long list of inferior writers. After being presented with an account of the life and writings of Boccaccio, we are brought back to the writers of our own island. John Wickliff is characterised as having aided the cause of English literature by his translation of the scriptures, and by such of his tracts as were written in his native tongue and dispersed among the people. The public mind, thus agitated by novelty and the discussion of various subjects, could not but throw off a portion of the lethargy under which it had so long slumbered : And the man to whom our literature at this period owed the most serious obligations was Chaucer the poet. Our author does ample justice to his exertions, draws an able comparison between his acquirements and those of his contemporaries, and gives an accurate estimate of the success of his literary efforts when contrasted with those of Petrarca and Boccaccio. The book closes with a farther account of the state of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford ; of the revival and progress of the Greek language in Europe : and of the advantages consequent on the invention of the art of printing.

The body of Mr. Berington’s work, as the reader has seen, describes the state of literature in the west of Europe ; but in order to omit nothing relative to the progress of learning, he presents us with two long Appendixes, the first describing the literature of the Greeks from the sixth century to the fall of the Eastern empire in 1453 ; the second giving a general view of the Arabian or Saracenic learning. This part of the work is marked with the same enlightened views, the same critical acuteness, and the same justness of description which every

reader will admire in the former part of the volume. We cannot close this article without observing, that the public is under great obligations to Mr. Berington. He has supplied a desideratum in English literature. His performance may justly be regarded as an excellent introduction to the celebrated *Lives of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo the tenth*; and it closes at the period when Mr. Roscoe's literary labors commence.

The present work, independently of its merits in a critical point of view, is marked throughout by a noble freedom of enquiry, and much candor and liberality of thinking. This spirit will, perhaps, be more admired when it is known, that Mr. Berington is a priest of the Roman Catholic communion; and due respect will be paid to the man who has thus the courage to rise above the prejudices of his profession. The vices of the popes, the ecclesiastics, and the monks, he exposes with boldness, and condemns without reserve; he reprobates with manly freedom, the lawless assumption of power and the tyrannical conduct of the Roman court. We would willingly gratify the reader with a conversation which he details as having passed between pope Adrian the 4th and John of Salisbury, who were both our countrymen. But from want of room we must be content with referring the reader to the volume itself, page 317. Mr. Berington has illustrated his work by frequent quotations from a MS. of his own, entitled: '*The History of the Papal power*;' and we add that from the many very interesting extracts with which he has favored us from it, we are induced to wish that he would lay the whole before the public—and the sooner the better.

ART. IV. *Researches, concerning the institutions and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of America, with descriptions and views of some of the most striking scenes in the Cordilleras!* Translated from the French of ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT, by HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co., Murray, and Colburn. London, 1814.

WE have already dedicated a few pages to the "Personal Narrative" of this author, which should be read in conjunction with his "Picturesque Atlas,"—a work containing numerous researches into the ancient monuments of America, descriptions of many striking scenes in the Cordilleras, and of the manners of the inhabitants. But as this Atlas is too large and expensive

For the generality of readers, the text has been translated and reprinted in two octavo volumes, to correspond with the English edition of the other work; and nineteen of the engravings contained in the folio Atlas, which were essential to the elucidation of the text, have been selected by the author, and reduced to a proper size, to accompany the publication to which we now wish to call the attention of our readers.

The monuments of nations, their characteristic manners and customs, and the most striking scenes in the regions they occupy, are peculiarly interesting to the lover of the arts, the admirer of nature, and the philosophic student of Man; and present many points of attraction to every refined and cultivated taste. The works of the polished ages of Greece and Italy not only excite admiration by the harmony of their parts and the beauty of their forms, but inspire veneration by the genius that gave them birth; and, from their connection with a thousand local and historical associations, awaken a peculiar interest in the contemplative mind. The monumental vestiges of nations, whose intellectual cultivation has not enabled them to produce works capable of exciting those sublimer emotions, are still valuable as memorials of their manners, and are illuminating points amidst the darkness of historical and mythological traditions.

“The rudest works, the most grotesque figures, the masses of sculptured rocks, venerable only from their enormous magnitude and their remote antiquity; those lofty pyramids which indicate the multitudes employed in their construction, are all connected with the philosophical study of history. By the same connection, the feeble remains of the skill, or rather industry of the nations of the new continent, become worthy of our attention. The works of the first inhabitants of Mexico, hold an intermediary place between those of the Scythian tribes, and the ancient monuments of Hindostan. What a striking spectacle does human genius present, when we survey the immense disparity that separates the tombs of Tinian and the statues of Easter Island, from the monuments of the Mexican temple of Mitla; and compare the shapeless idols of this temple with the masterpieces of the chisel of Praxiteles or Lysippus!” Vol. 1. p. 38.

“Although the manners of a people, the display of their intellectual faculties, the peculiar character stamped on their works, depend on a great number of causes which are not merely local, it is nevertheless true, that the climate, the nature of the soil, the physiognomy of the plants, the view of beautiful or savage nature, have great influence on the progress of the arts, and on the style which distinguishes their productions. This influence becomes the more perceptible, the farther Man is removed from civilization. What a contrast between the architecture of a tribe that has dwelt in vast and gloomy caverns, and that of hordes, whose bold monuments recal in the shafts of their columns, the towering trunks of the palm-trees of the desert! An accurate knowledge of the

origin of the arts can be acquired only by studying the nature of the site where they arose. The only American tribes, among whom we find remarkable monuments, are the inhabitants of mountains. Isolated in the regions of the clouds, on the most elevated plains on the globe, surrounded by volcanoes, the craters of which are encircled by eternal snows, they appear to have admired, in the solitude of their deserts, those objects only which strike the imagination by the greatness of their masses; and their productions bear the stamp of the savage nature of the Cordilleras." Vol. 1. p. 40.

The subjects which furnish matter for the various disquisitions contained in these volumes are, a *Statue of an Azteck Priestess*; a view of the great square of Mexico; the *Natural Bridges of Icononzo*; the passage of Quindiu, in the Cordillera of the Andes; the fall of the Tequendoma; the *Pyramid of Cholula*; detached mass of the pyramid of Cholula; the monument of Xochicalco; the volcano of Catapaxi; a Mexican monument in relief, found at Caxaca; genealogy of the princess of Azcahazalco; a *Lawsuit in Hieroglyphical Writing*; an *Azteck Hieroglyphical Manuscript, preserved in the library of the Vatican*; Costumes delineated by the Mexican painters in the time of Montezuma; Azteck hieroglyphics, from the manuscript of Veletri; *View of Chimbarazo and Carquairazo*; Peruvian monument at Cannar; Rock of Inti-guaicu; Azteck bas-relief, found in the great square of Mexico; *Basaltic rocks and Cascade of Regla*; *Relief in basalt, representing the Mexican calendar*; *House of the Inca at Callo*, in the kingdom of Quito; Chimborazo, seen from the plain of Tapia; *Epochs of nature, according to Azteck Mythology*; Hieroglyphic painting, taken from the Borgian manuscript of Veletri, and *signs of the days of the Mexican Almanack*; an Azteck hatchet; an Azteck idol of basaltic porphyry, found under the pavement of the great square at Mexico; Cataract of the Rio Vinagre, near the volcano of Purace; Postman of the province of Jaen de Bracamoras; Hieroglyphical history of the Aztecks, from the deluge to the foundation of the city of Mexico; *Bridge of ropes near Penipé*; Coffer of Perote; Mountain of Ilinissa; Fragments of Azteck hieroglyphics, deposited in the royal library of Berlin; Migration of the Azteck nations, from an hieroglyphic painting deposited in the royal library of Berlin; *Vases of granite found on the coast of Honduras*; An Azteck idol, in basalt, found in the valley of Mexico; Air volcano of Turbaco; Volcano of Cayambe; *Volcano of Jorullo*; *Calendar of the Muysca Indians, the ancient inhabitants of the plain of Bogota*; *Fragment of a hieroglyphical manuscript, preserved in the royal library at Dresden*; Hieroglyphical paintings taken

from the Mexican manuscript, preserved in the imperial library at Vienna; *Ruins of Mitla, in the province of Oaxaca*; View of Corazon; Costumes of the Indians of Mechoacan; View of the interior of the crater of the peak of Teneriffe; Fragments of hieroglyphic paintings, taken from the Caden Telleriano-remensis; Fragment of the Christian calendar, taken from Azteck manuscripts, preserved in the royal library at Berlin; hieroglyphic paintings from the Raccolta di Mendoza; Fragments of Azteck paintings, taken from a manuscript preserved in the library of the Vatican; Volcano of Pichincha; Plan of the fortified house of the Inca, situated on the Cordillera of Assnay, and ruins of a part of the ancient Peruvian city of Chulucanas; Raft of the river of Guayaquil; Summit of the mountain of Organos, at Actopan; Mountains of columnar Poihyry of Jaenal; A head sculptured in hard stone by the Merysca Indians, and bracelet of Obsidian; *View of the lake of Guatavita*; View of the Silla de Caracas, and the dragon tree of Orotavia. Those which are printed in *italics* are accompanied by engravings.

The great variety of the subjects treated of in this work, necessarily precludes any interesting analysis; and the reader who is desirous of becoming acquainted even with its leading features, must peruse it for himself. M. de Humboldt's object, in his picturesque Atlas, was to exhibit whatever could throw light on "the origin and first progress of the arts among the natives of America;" and, in the text, which constitutes the present work, to dwell more particularly upon those analogies which subsist between the works of art found in the New World, and those of the Old.

In his descriptions the learned author confines himself principally to the subjects represented in the engravings; as he considered that the consequences which seem to result from this comparative view, could be discussed with propriety, only in the narrative of his journey. This comparison of art and nature in the two hemispheres, gives a peculiar and general interest to the work which the subjects themselves are not calculated to impart. Various examples of this effect might easily be produced, but the following short extract will be sufficient.

"When we consider the physiognomy of the mountains in each continent, we discover an analogy of form, which we could not have expected, if we reflect on the concurrence of the forces, which in the primitive world have acted tumultuously on the softened surface of our planet. The fire of volcanoes raises cones of ashes and pumice stones where it penetrates through a crater; immense swellings, like domes of extraordinary magnitude, seem owing to the expansive force only of the elastic vapours; earthquakes have raised up strata full of sea shells; and

the basins, which now form circular valleys, or elevated plains surrounded by mountains, have been furrowed by the currents of the sea. Each country on the globe has its peculiar physiognomy; but amidst these characteristic features which bestow such a richness and variety on the face of nature, we are struck with the resemblance of form, founded on an identity of local causes and circumstances. When we sail amid the Canary Islands and observe the basaltic cones of Lanzerota, of Alagranza, and of Graciosa, we seem to view the group of the Euganean mountains, or the Trappean hills of Bohemia. The granites, the micaceous schists, the old sand-stones, the calcareous formations which mineralogists designate under the names of *formations of the Jura, of the High Alps, or transition lime-stone*, give a particular character to the outline of the great masses, and to the breaches formed on the ridges of the Andes, the Pyrenees, and the Uralian mountains. The nature of the rocks has every where modified the external form of the mountains." Vol. 1. p. 117.

Another interesting feature of the work is the information it affords relative to various tribes and nations, respecting which but little was previously known; and whose very names are as strange to the European ear, as their residence is distant from the European shore. But as this information arises from the discussion of a variety of topics, it must necessarily be obtained from the work itself; the perusal of which will yield an ample gratification to him who is engaged in the study of the mythology, the manners, and the genius of nations, or in tracing the first unfoldings of the faculties of Man, and developing the ancient migrations of our species. We shall, therefore, conclude our observations with presenting M. de Humboldt's account of the method he has pursued in these "*Researches*."

"In the description of the monuments of America, I have attempted to keep an equal tenor between the two methods followed by those learned men who have investigated the monuments, the language, and the traditions of nations. Some, allured by splendid hypotheses, built on very unstable foundations, have drawn general consequences from a small number of solitary facts: they have discovered Chinese and Egyptian colonies in America; recognized Celtic dialects and the Phœnician alphabet; and, while we are ignorant whether the Osci, the Goths, or the Celts, are nations emigrated from Asia, have given a decisive opinion of all the hordes of the new continent. Others have accumulated materials without generalizing any idea; which is a method, as sterile in tracing the history of a nation, as in delineating the different branches of natural philosophy. May I have been happy enough to avoid the errors which I have now pointed out! A small number of nations, far distant from each other, the Etruscans, the Egyptians, the people of Thibet, and the Aztecks, exhibit striking analogies in their buildings, their religious institutions, their division of time, their cycles of regeneration, and their mystic notions. It is the duty of the historian to point out these analogies, which are as difficult to explain as the relations which exist between the Sanscrit, the Persian, the Greek, and the languages of German origin; but in attempting to generalize ideas, we should learn to stop at the point where precise data are wanting." Vol. 1. p. 9.

ART. V.—*The Cossack : a Poem*, in three Cantos, with Notes.
8vo. pp. 85.— London : Baldwin and Co. 1815.

THE superabundance of practitioners in the learned professions — of field preachers, to wit, charitable attorneys, and nostrum mongers, has often been considered a great evil in the country. But the superabundance of poets is an evil as great and alarming as any with which we are acquainted. Never, indeed, was there an age so prolific as the present, of men and women, boys and girls, all desperately devoted to the muses : and, what is remarkable, most of them really write *well*, though wondrous few of them *usefully*. In the portion of the present century already passed, more poems have been published than during any entire century of our history. And it is probable that if Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth, with their respective imitators, be spared but a few years longer, few libraries will be capable of containing the poems that will be written. The Roman citizens built till all their corn-fields were covered with villas : the British poets will go on writing till it will be impossible for mankind either to buy, or read, or find room for their productions.

The performance before us has considerable claims to praise. It is written in Lord Byron's style, and is nearly equal to most of that nobleman's productions. It contains many beautiful passages, and is full of rich and pathetic description. The story of it is as follows.

Kouteskoff, a Cossack chief, is sent by his hetman to a brother chieftain, to inform him that he is engaged in a war with the Tartars ; and the poem opens with a description of Kouteskoff and his followers ascending Mount Caucasus, ' with speed that mocks the eagle's flight.' They halt at the top of the mountain, before a peasant's cottage, who receives them kindly, and entertains them with milk, fruit, &c. Whilst they are at supper, the peasant's daughter, Zamasta, enters the room. The description of her is very pretty.

“ What meets his view?—what vision bright
Now bursts upon his ravish'd sight?
A female form with azure eye,
With long and auburn hair,
A skin of snow's unspotted die,
A mild enchanting air ;
A robe of fur her form embraced,
A rustic zone enclasp'd her waist
With neat unstudied care:
There was a something in her face,
That seem'd as if the softest grace
Had lov'd to linger there.”—p. 8.

Kouteskoff is struck with her beauty, and falls deeply in love with her. Next morning he and his companions rise to pursue their journey. They travel all that day and part of the next, when they are attacked by a party of Tartars, whom they put to flight, having killed their chief and a great number of the men. They then once more continue their journey, and arrive in the evening at the place of their destination. They find the hetman engaged in a feast, of which he invites Kouteskoff to partake, but the thoughts of Zamasta fill his bosom, and prevent him from enjoying the festivity. Next morning Kouteskoff and his companions set out on their way home, the idea of Zamasta still engrossing his whole attention. They reach the peasant's cot on Mount Caucasus, just as

“ The last beam of ev'ning was sinking away
In a calm, in a golden delight ;
It seem'd as the orb that commanded the day
Had hung up his mantle on night,
As linger'd on west the soft gleam of his ray
In the fairest protraction of light.”—p. 52.

They find the cottage deserted.

“ ———beneath the lonely shed
Reigns all the solemn silence of the dead.”

They are informed by a boor that Zamasta had been carried off that morning by a party of Turks, to be placed in the Pacha's seraglio. A thousand feelings arise in Kouteskoff's breast on hearing this. He determines to pursue the Turks, and if possible to rescue Zamasta. He rides all night, and overtakes them in the morning ; attacks them, routs them, and secures the beautiful object of his affections. The poem concludes with the following lines :

“ Ask ye if in Cossack land
Kouteskoff claim'd Zamasta's hand ?
Ask ye if in vain he sued,
Or felt her bosom gratitude ?
Ask ye if her constant smile
Met him in her native isle ?
Go, gaze upon the fondest pair
That all the world contains,—
You'll see an answer written there
More true than poet's strains.”—p. 65.

The description of Mount Caucasus, with which the poem opens, is very beautiful and picturesque.

“ What are yon heights where hills are piled
Majestically grand and wild,
Whose tops, snow-crested, towering high,
Appear commingling with the sky,

Like some huge pass stupendous hurl'd,
For man to seek an upper world?
Hail, Caucasus ! thy lofty range,
Unchanging still in ages' change,
Rear their white heads and proudly stand
Goliaths of a mountain land.
The scene is lovely to the eye,
There is a sweetness in the sky ;
It bears the softest tinge of ev'n
That e'er to sinking day was giv'n ;
No cloud—no speck—to meet the gaze,
Or break the sun's entranc'd rays :
The calm serenity of hue,
That smiles on arch of azure blue,
Gives in this hour, ere evening's grey
Has stolen the vivid blush of day,
Those feelings which delight the mind,
So fair—so still—and so refined,
That few could gaze on such a scene,
So pregnant with its soft serene,
And feel not in that tranquil hour
Some little influence of its power." p. 1. 2.

We are also very much pleased with the account of Kouteskoff, just before the battle with the Tartars, with which we shall close this article.

" There is a fervor in Kouteskoff's eye,
That laughs at danger, joys at peril nigh :
In such an hour as this with fiery roll,
It glances forth the warrior's ardent soul ;
The rage—the hope—the coolness in the fray,
The dauntless spirit that inspires dismay,
The look indignant at a meaner foe,
The varied passions it has power to shew :
The dark arch'd brow gave it a double power
To scowl at danger in the doubtful hour ;
A demi-halo, round an orb of fire,
That rose in pleasure and grew dark in ire ;
But telling still that love could constant rest,
And heaven-born pity linger in his breast.
His size—his height—his brave and manly form
Would bid a foe-man wish to shun his arm,
Which oft in bloody fight has proved its strength
To poise and throw his lance's pond'rous length :
And bad it were for him at whom it flew,
So well to hit his mark its master knew !"—p. 31, 32.

ART. VI.—*Osman, a Turkish Tale.* 8vo. pp. 48. London, Hamilton, 1815.

THIS little Poem is said to have come from the pen of a young gentleman not eighteen, and we can readily enough admit the

fact ; for the history of British poetry furnishes many instances of young men of his age, or even under it, having become considerable proficient in this department of literature. The poem is short, but long enough to have afforded the author an opportunity of showing that he possesses talents for such composition. He writes in the heroic measure, and in general with a good deal of both spirit and melody. He says, in a note, "The difficulty of distinguishing between invention and memory is so great, that I trust the good-natured reader will admit it as an excuse for any seeming plagiarisms which may occur in the following tale ; as I can assure him they are wholly unintentional." The meaning of this is, that by frequently meditating on the ideas of Lord Byron and others, many of them have become so completely his own, that he flatters himself he is employing his imagination, when it is only his recollection. This may be excused in so inexperienced a writer ; but he must take care not to make such a mistake in future.

The poem opens with a description of evening in Turkey. Leila, the heroine of the piece, had been that day married to Selim. She is described sitting in great state, but is observed to be very sorrowful in the midst of the festivity. Although she had been obliged by the Pacha, her father, to give her hand to Selim, yet her heart was already possessed by another. Osman and she had loved one another from their childhood ; he had gone upon his travels, and had been promised by Hassan, that if he returned within three years, Leila should be his. But

"Moon follows moon—year rolls on years away,
And Osman comes not."—P. 24.

Meantime Selim, a wealthy young man, "of tall and noble frame," but with a black heart, seeks and obtains the hand of Leila. On the day of their marriage Osman returns.

"He reached old Hassan's dome—and all was gay ;
Joy lit each eye—'twas Leila's bridal day.
Oh ! how the tidings struck on Osman's soul,
As though his spirit had escaped control,
His heart grew chill, and on the marble floor
He sunk—and 'aching memory viewed no more.'"—P. 29.

He enters the festive hall ; on seeing him Leila faints away — All run to her assistance except Selim.

"Marvelled each wond'ring guest, that he, whose heart
By Nature's law should bear the readiest part,
Should silent sit, as though he joyed to see—
Or recked not of this scene of misery:—
But no ! a different cause restrained his hand—
Far different thoughts his troubled breast command :
'The form of Osman glared upon his sight,
As some dark demon from the realms of night.'"—P. 30.

Osman had formerly offended him, and it was merely out of revenge to him that he had wished to marry Leila. Osman now challenged him to single combat, thus to prove whose the bride should be.

“ Selim replied not—fixed his steadfast look ;
In token of assent, he slightly shook
His coal-black locks—then left the festive hall,
And grimly smiled, as in contempt, on all.”—P. 31.

Next morning Osman and Leila meet under the shade of an ilex, where they had formerly sworn fidelity to each other. The trumpet summons Osman to the fight ; and their parting is thus tenderly delineated :

“ ‘ Oh Osman ! dearest to my soul—my heart,
That bids thee go, still bids thee here remain.
Yes, go—nay, pause—I cannot—Oh ! tis vain—
I cannot say farewell !—Oh, should’s’t thou fall !
Down, torturing thought—my love—my life—mine all !
Yet linger here—I cannot—durst not part—
Oh spare that pang to this all-wretched heart !’

“ ‘ Leila, thy fears are vain—I trust in one,
Who ne’er will view his votaries undone.
Farewell !—one hour, and thou art free :— adieu !
Hark ! ’twas the trump again that loudly blew :—
Nay, weep not—one short hour of woe will yield
Whole years of bliss, if right this arm can wield
Its father’s blade !—till then farewell once more—
Adieu !’ He turned him towards the rocky shore.”—P. 37.

The signal is sounded, and the combat commences. Selim falls ; but his revenge does not leave him even in his dying moments. He begs of Osman to get him a draught of water ; the unsuspecting victor immediately fills his helmet from a stream that ran near the place, and gives it to Selim. The traitor drinks it, and in returning the helmet, stabs Osman with a dagger, which he had in his hand. Leila waits with impatience the return of her lover.

“ He came at length—a bleeding corse and pale
Remained alone to tell the bloody tale :
Borne, with a few sad friends attending near,
Not on his nuptial couch—but funeral bier.
She heard the tramp—and rushing flew to meet
The senseless clay she ne’er alive may greet—
She flew t’ embrace her lord of matchless charms,
She clasped a clay-cold image in her arms :—
She spake not—sighed not—life’s warm current froze,
No more the beating pulse symphonious rose ;
Down feebly sank the doubly-widowed bride—
Gave one convulsive sob—looked up—and died.”—P. 45, 46.

Our readers, we are sure, will be pleased with the description of Leila ; we shall, therefore, transcribe it.

“ Enthroned on high, amidst the turbaned crowd
 Of many a crouching slave, submissly proud,
 Fair Leila sat;—each magic charm to tell—
 Her form—her arching bosom’s graceful swell—
 The radiance beaming from her dark blue eye,
 That eye the star of grace and majesty—
 Her locks of auburn dye, that twine to deck
 The dazzling whiteness of her snowy neck,
 Were vain :—not she the harem’s loveliest pride
 Could match with her, young Selim’s lovely bride.”—P. 10.

We now take leave of this writer, and shall be happy to meet him again about seven years hence, provided he and his friends continue so long to think *poetry a good trade*.

ART. VII. *The Two Martyrs, or the Triumph of Christian Religion*, a Moral Tale. By the VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, Author of the *Beauties of Christianity*, *Travels in Greece, the Holy Land, &c. &c.* Translated from the French, by W. Jos. WALTER, late of St. Edmund’s College. With an Appendix, consisting of Extracts from the above Travels, illustrative of the scenery of the Tale, 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 772. Price 18s. Ebers, Booker, and Keating, 1814.

THE name of Chateaubriand is not unknown in the republic of letters. The interest he had before excited has been redoubled by the active part he has taken in the politics of his distracted country, and by the exalted situation to which he has been raised in the councils of Louis the Eighteenth, whose cause he had supported with such eloquence and zeal. He has already been introduced to English readers as the author of the *Beauties of Christianity*, and of *Travels in Greece and the Holy Land*. The former work was intended as an antidote to the debasing illusions of modern philosophy. It displays the benign influence and charms of the Christian religion. The author has not recourse to its external evidences to prove its divine origin; he takes another—a less frequented and yet surer road—he confirms its TRUTH by displaying its BEAUTIES. He does not set himself to shew that the Christian religion is excellent because of its divine origin; he shews that it is of divine origin because it is excellent. The latter work was the result of a long, hazardous tour, expressly undertaken to illustrate the tale which forms the subject of our present article. “ Most of the books of the *Two Martyrs*,” says our author, “ were already sketched out, when I resolved to stop its publi-

cation. I could not put a finishing hand to my work without visiting the countries where the scene of the action is placed. Should my work, therefore, have no other merit, it will at least possess the interest of an accurate description of some of the most celebrated places of antiquity." The reader is accordingly conducted through Italy, Greece, Judæa, and Egypt—through the smiling vallies of Arcadia, and the burning deserts of the Thebiad. M. Chateaubriand's descriptions, therefore, are not mere vague and fanciful combinations of scenery, but possess a character of truth which must greatly enhance their value. And when it is recollected that this bold and protracted tour was undertaken expressly to give a vivid reality to his tale, the reader will hail it as a singularity in the literature of these times, in which we meet with travels in foreign countries written by men who never transgressed the boundaries of Middlesex and Surry, and voyages by such as never navigated any waters but those of the Thames.

With respect to the object and plan of the work, the author says :

"I advanced in a former work that Christianity appeared to me more favorable than Paganism for the developement of characters, and a display of the passions: I added, moreover, that the marvellous of this religion might contend for the palm of interest with that borrowed from mythology: these opinions, which have been more or less combated; it is my present object to support, and to illustrate by an example. To render the reader an impartial judge in this great literary process, it was necessary to make choice of a subject that would allow me to throw upon the same canvass the predominant features of the two religions; the morality, the sacrifices, and the ceremonies of both systems of worship; a subject where the language of Genesis might be bleuded with that of the Odyssey, and the Jupiter of Homer be placed by the side of the Jehovah of Milton, without giving offence either to piety, taste, or probability.

"Having once conceived the idea, I had no difficulty in finding an historical epoch, where the two religions met in conjunction. The scene opens towards the close of the third century, at the moment when the persecution of the Christians commenced under Diocletian. Christianity had not yet become the predominant religion of the Roman empire, though its altars arose near the shrines of idolatry.

"The persons who make a figure in the work are taken from the two religions. I have in the first place made the reader acquainted with the leading characters, and afterwards proceeded to describe the state of Christianity through the then known world; the remainder of the work develops a particular catastrophe immediately connected with the general massacre of the Christians."

A plan like this affords abundant scope for the display of extensive knowledge of ancient history. The author acknowledges that "all antiquity, sacred and profane, is placed at his

disposal," and nothing can be more striking than the constant contrast he maintains between the manners, the feelings, and the principles of the votaries of the two religions. But without further remark we will attempt a brief abstract of the narrative.

The heroine of the tale is Cymodocé, the daughter of Demodocus, "the last descendant of the family of the Homeridæ, who formerly inhabited the island of Chios, and who laid pretensions to a direct descent from Homer." The Messenians had elected the old man to the office of high-priest in the temple of Homer, and in this sacred retirement he reared up his only daughter. Her seclusion, however, was not so entire as to protect her from the admiration of Hierocles, the proconsul of Achaia, a man of a depraved and odious character. He demanded her in marriage, but the wishes both of the father and the daughter were the same, and his offers were rejected, though much was to be apprehended from the consequences. Hierocles is still urgent, and to protect his daughter from violence, Demodocus consecrates her as a priestess of the Muses. The picture of Cymodocé is touched with the hand of a master.

"Familiarized in the learned society of the Muses to all the noble recollections that antiquity inspires, each day Cymodocé unfolded new charms. During the confinement of the long winter hours, leaning against a column, and plying the distaff by the light of a taper, she would lend an attentive ear to the instructions of her father. Something characteristic of the Muses, to whom she was consecrated, was visible in her countenance, her voice, and her disposition. When her long and graceful eyelids were inclined to the earth, and traced their shadowy outline on the snowy whiteness of her cheeks, you would have mistaken her for Melpomene in her most serious and mournful mood; but when these eyes were raised to heaven you might have believed her the smiling Thalia. Her dark and flowing locks resembled the hue of the hyacinth, and her graceful form the palm-tree of Delos."

Her merits soon become conspicuous, and she is chosen to lead the virgin band to the festival of Diana, celebrated on the borders of Messenia and Laconia. On her return she loses her nurse and misses her way in the forest. She is alarmed, and after wandering for some time by the light of the moon, flies to a sylvan altar erected at the foot of a cascade, and places herself under the protection of the Naiad of the stream. Here

"She perceived a youth, who lay inclined in slumber at the foot of the rock; his head rested upon his left shoulder, and was partly supported by his lance; a ray of the moon, darting through the branches of a cypress, shone full on the huntsman's face. A disciple of Apelles would have thus represented the slumbers of Endymion. Indeed, the daughter of Demodocus really imagined that in this youth she beheld

the lover of Diana; in a plaintive zephyr she thought she distinguished the sigh of the goddess; and in a glimmering ray of the moon she seemed to catch a glimpse of her snowy vest, as she was just retiring into the thicket."

The reader anticipates that this is the hero of the piece. The youth is named Eudorus, and is the son of Lasthenes, who was of one of the most illustrious and opulent families in Arcadia. He displays a character so lofty and severe in his conversation with Cymodocé, that she no longer doubts his being one of the immortals; but he informs her that he is a mere sinful mortal, and declares his name and family. Eudorus conducts Cymodocé to her home, and departs. Demodocus recognizes the name of Eudorus, as of a hero "who has borne away laurels in the field of Mars." He is offended at his daughter's neglect in not inviting him to the rites of hospitality, and determines to pay a visit to the residence of Lasthenes in order to return his acknowledgments.

The second book describes their journey into Arcadia, and paints in glowing colours the enchanting scenery of the road. They reach the residence of Lasthenes, and are surprized at the peculiarity of the manners, and the simplicity of the domestic arrangements of the family. They meet with every attention, and at table learn that Eudorus and his relatives are Christians. Here one of those pleasing and well managed contrasts of character is introduced—in the pagan notions and mythological allusions of the priest of Homer, and the Christian simplicity of the conversation of Lasthenes. Cyril the bishop of Lacedemon arrives; after some devotional exercises the family accompany the strangers to a shrubbery on the banks of the Alpheus, and Cymodocé and Eudorus alternately gratify the company with the exertion of their musical powers.

One thing is kept from the knowledge of the visitants, and this is the exemplary course of penance to which Eudorus has subjected himself. Cyril, from a wish, perhaps, to know the exact state of the penitent's mind and habits, requests him to recite the adventures of his life. On the following morning they retire to an islet at the confluence of the Ladon and the Alpheus, to hear the story of his eventful life. It describes his departure from Greece in obedience to a decree of the Roman government.

"My mother conducted me to the port of Phères. As the seamen spread their sails and prepared to depart, she raised her hands to heaven, and offered her vows for my welfare with all a parent's tenderness. Her heart sunk within her at the thought of these stormy

seas, and that still more stormy ocean of life, on which I was embarking, a voyager, young and without experience."

Indeed her fears were, in part, but too well realized, for the narrative goes on to describe the scenes of adventure and excess in Rome and Naples—the soft and voluptuous scenery of the latter place—the magnificence of Rome, with all its pomp of pagan sacrifice, and its profligacy of manners—the economy and rapid growth of the Christian Church—the intimacy which Eudorus formed with a number of young men of talents, among whom were St. Jerome and St. Augustine. All this is described with great animation, and great powers of painting.

From these scenes we are hurried to others of a more tumultuous nature. Eudorus is described in his active, military career in the army of his patron and friend Constantius, and great vigour and fertility of fancy is displayed in the camp and battle scenes of the war with the Sicambri, and in the representation of the rites of superstition, and the mingled feelings of love and hostility in the character of Velleda the Druidess, who first by her arts endangers the government, and then by her persevering allurements subdues the virtue of the youthful hero. It is this fall which he is still atoning in the sackcloth of penitence. The story of Eudorus, which occupies six whole books, terminates with his sudden renunciation of his military honors, and his return by way of Egypt, Syria, Palestine and Byzantium, to his paternal roof in Arcadia. Of this narrative, it is but justice to observe that it abounds throughout with glowing descriptions of scenery, and is marked with great pathos and eloquence of diction. Indeed, it is in the province of painting with accuracy the bolder and softer features of nature, the sublime remains of human grandeur, and the action of the passions, that M. Chateaubriand so eminently excels.

Meanwhile a reciprocal attachment is formed between Eudorus and Cymodocé; the priestess of the muses after some short struggles consents to become a Christian. Demodocus is for a time averse, but at length consents to give his daughter to Eudorus, in order to rescue her from the designs of Hierocles. After a number of interesting scenes of affliction, and much alarm from the violent proceedings of the jealous proconsul, it is determined that the two lovers shall be betrothed, and part, Eudorus for Rome where his presence and his councils were required by his friend and patron Prince Constantine, and

Cymodocé, accompanied by a brave and faithful Roman officer, named Dorotheus, for the Holy Land, there to place herself under the protection and the instructions of Helena, the mother of Constantine. All this is accomplished, and affords the author abundant scope for his graphic powers in portraying the scenery of the Holy Land, and the sacred magnificence of Jerusalem.

Eudorus arrives at Rome, where, though still under his course of penance, he is chosen to plead the cause of the Christians before the senate. For, previous to decreeing his last severities against the faithful, the irresolute Diocletian had granted them the privilege of appealing against the measure. The speakers on this memorable occasion are Symmachus, the High-priest of Jupiter, a man of much moderation; Hierocles, who vents all the rancor of calumny under the smooth accents of sophistry, and the youthful hero, who bears off the palm of eloquence, and nearly determines the mind of the Emperor to measures of gentleness: but the crafty counsels of Galerius and Hierocles prevail. Diocletian abdicates the crown, and the persecution begins. Eudorus is accused by the jealous proconsul and thrown into prison. Then follows a series of pictures representing the miseries inflicted on the Christians, contrasted with their patience, fortitude, and forbearance. A centurion is dispatched to Judæa to seize Cymodocé, who escapes through the vigilance of the good Dorotheus to the grot of Bethlehem. There she meets an anchorite, whom she finds to be Jerome, the former friend of Eudorus. This interview is finely painted, and we cannot forbear quoting the passage descriptive of her baptism, by the hand of Jerome:

“He enters the stream of the Jordan and Cymodocé descends with him. The waves divide around the chaste catechumen, as they once parted in this same place around the sacred ark. The folds of her virginal robe are drawn along by the current, and float gracefully behind: she inclines her head before Jerome, and in a voice that charmed the banks of the Jordan, she renounced Satan and all his works, together with all the pomps and vanities of the world. From a shell taken from the stream the anchorite pours the water of regeneration on the forehead of Cymodocé. Her locks, that were unbound, fell in profusion on both sides of her brow beneath the descending wave that moistened and relaxed their ringlets: thus, the soft descending showers of spring bedew the flowery jessamine and glide adown its odoriferous branches. Oh how affecting was this baptismal rite, performed by stealth in the waters of the Jordan! Never had the banks of this stream witnessed so interesting a spectacle, except when He appeared on this spot, who is the sovereign beauty, when the heavens opened, and the spirit of God descended on the Saviour in the form of a dove,

while a voice exclaimed : ' This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased ! ' "

Cymodocé retires to Ptolemais, and embarks for Greece, but is driven by a tempest, at the will of the Almighty, to the shores of Italy. She is arrested and conducted to Rome by the emissaries of Hierocles. Here, for a moment, she is thrown into the power of the lustful sophist, but is rescued by a tumult of the people, excited by her father, who recognizes her at the windows of the palace of Hierocles, struggling against his violence. When her name is demanded by the populace, and they find she is a Christian, they hurry her amidst insults and threats to prison.

Eudorus, meanwhile, is represented by Hierocles as the most obnoxious of the Christians, and is doomed to the torture. He sustains it with all the magnanimity of a martyr, and is borne back in a mangled state to prison, and received amidst the hymns and exultations of his fellow sufferers. Another and a stronger trial however awaits him. He hears that Cymodocé is condemned to a house of infamy, where Hierocles is to meet her, and that the slightest idolatrous compliance on his part will obtain his and her own restoration. This is an affecting and forcible piece of painting.

"The soldiers of his former triumphs surround his knees in a supplicating posture : ' Leader,' they exclaim, ' sacrifice to the Gods ! Here are our eagles, they will serve in place of an altar.' At the same instant they presented him with a cup filled with wine for the libation. A horrible temptation seized the soul of Eudorus : Cymodocé in a place of infamy ! Cymodocé in the arms of Hierocles ! The bosom of the martyr labors with violent emotions : the bandage bursts from his wounds, and his blood flows in streams from his body. Overcome at the melting spectacle, the people fall at his knees, and repeat with the soldiers : ' Sacrifice ! oh, sacrifice to the Gods ! ' ' Where,' said Eudorus in a hollow voice, ' where are the eagles ? ' The soldiers struck their bucklers in triumph, and hastened to bring their banners. Eudorus arose ; the centurions supported him, and he advanced to the foot of the eagles. Every tongue was hushed into silence, as Eudorus took the cup : the bishops veiled their faces in their robes, and the confessors uttered a shriek of anguish. Eudorus was aroused by the cry : the cup dropped from his hands, he overthrew the eagles, and turning himself towards the martyrs, exclaimed in a tone of firmness and of triumph : ' I am a Christian ! ' "

This information proves to be merely a stratagem of Hierocles to add fresh anguish to the soul of the suffering Eudorus, who soon learns the constancy of Cymodocé in these hours of trial, and hears that Galerius has fixed the following day, as being his birth-day, to witness the indiscriminate massacre of the

Christians. The Emperor is himself the victim of a loathsome and mortal disease, "and the amphitheatre is to witness a spectacle unparalleled in the annals of Rome—that of a dying monarch gazing with delight on his dying subjects!"

In the evening Cymodocé receives the dress appropriated to those destined to suffer, and her mistaking it for her nuptial attire, in consequence of a false rumor that had been brought her, gives a double interest to the prison scene. During the night Dorotheus, with some chosen associates, contrives to enter the prison as if commissioned with orders from the Emperor, and while the guard is intoxicated by "the wine of the gods," flies with her to a place of concealment where she meets her father. Here she learns that Eudorus is condemned to be torn in pieces in the amphitheatre by wild beasts, and she resolves to share his doom. Her interview with her father is altogether overwhelming. She persists in her purpose not to purchase life by a recantation of her faith, or by deserting him she loves most upon earth. She soothes her father, and after lulling him into a profound repose, goes forth in search of the fatal amphitheatre. She is guided to the spot by the crowds that flock that way. One of the gates flies open, and she beholds Eudorus standing in solitary composure in the centre of the arena. She darts in, and is instantly in his arms. The mingled alarm, horror and tenderness of Eudorus, the unrelenting ferocity of the spectators, the entrance of the emperor, the signal for the sanguinary conflict, the unclosing of the tiger's den, and the speedy death of the martyred lovers clasped in each other's arms, are painted with the rapid, but glowing pencil of a master.

"The tiger had dislocated the ivory neck of the daughter of Homer; the vital warmth left her limbs; her eyelids closed, and she remained suspended in the arms of her spouse, like a flake of snow on the branch of a pine in the groves of Lycæus. The angel of death smiled as he severed the thread of life. She breathed forth her last sigh without effort, and without pain; she gave back to heaven that divine breath which seemed without a struggle to quit a frame so delicate, that it appeared knit together by the fingers of the graces: she sunk like a flower which is severed by the scythe of the reaper, and droops its languid head upon the turf. Eudorus followed her a moment after to the mansion of everlasting bliss. The scene recalled to mind one of the peace offerings of ancient days, when the sons of Aaron presented to the God of Israel a turtle dove and a youthful steer.

"These martyred spouses had scarcely received their crown of victory, when a cross of resplendent light appeared in the air, like that hallowed banner which led the victorious Constantine to the scene of triumph; the thunder rolled along the Vatican, then a hill all lonely and deserted, yet often visited by an unknown spirit. The amphitheatre

was shaken to its foundations; all the statues of the idols fell to the earth, and a voice, like that formerly heard in Jerusalem, exclaimed:

'The Gods have gone out of Thee!'

Such is the outline of this singular, but most interesting tale, of which it is impossible, from the few extracts here presented, for the reader to form an adequate idea.

Mr. Chateaubriand possesses a fine and highly fertile imagination; and the whole performance will be found to abound with ideas conceived and expressed with a happiness and energy peculiar to himself. His colouring is high but just; and he abounds with original turns of expression, which impart a peculiar charm to his writings. Witness the following: "We traversed the Grecian Archipelago, where the amenity of the shores, the bursts of prospect, the tempered brilliancy of the sky, and the breezes laden with perfume, rivalled the charms of historical reminiscence." How simple, yet how new and striking is the following simile in the mouth of the venerable Demodocus: "At my age it would be worse than folly to count upon a length of days: when the downy seed of the plant is dry and matured, it becomes light, and the least breath is sufficient to carry it away." There is also a character of pensive tenderness throughout the work, which in the opinion of many readers will constitute its greatest charm. Be it known that the author is the nephew of the great but unfortunate Malherbes, who, with many of his family, fell victims to the fury of the revolution; and there will be no difficulty in accounting for the sadness of thought, and the sort of religious melancholy which pervade his writings. He is about to paint the horrors that have marked the persecution of the Christians, and he exclaims:

"I have described the placid scenes of Arcadia, and the voluptuous festivities of Rome and Naples; it is now my task to enter on a more melancholy subject, and prepare the hymn to the dead. Alas! where is the inhabitant of France who has not heard in our days the funeral song? Who among us has not had to chaunt the requiem around the tomb of some much injured relative, or to raise the funeral lament over the grave of some friend, torn prematurely from our embraces?"

The translation is executed in easy, agreeable, and correct language.

ART. VIII. *Varieties of Life ; or Conduct and Consequences*, a Novel, in three volumes. By the author of "*Sketches of Character*." London, Longman & Co. 1815. pp. 901.

AFTER the fatigue of wading through the numerous volumes of vapid trash which have attempted to storm the attention of the town, under the seducing banners of "Fashionable follies," "Characters from real life," or "Autumns," "Winters" or "Summers" at Bath, Brighton, Weymouth, &c. in which all that is not personal is dull, and much of that which is not dull, false—in which the grave malignity which never could *invent* a sarcasm upon the grossest absurdity, banquets on the mangled remains of reputation, and which the unreflective owner of mere animal spirits, by whom the pages of an Edgeworth and a Surr, an Opie and a Holstein would be classed together, pronounces to be "amazingly clever, full of wit and humour ;" we turn with all the elasticity of awakened Hope to a second production of the pen of that lively and accurate observer, the author of "*Sketches of Character*"—a work which has obtained a well-deserved popularity, and is perpetually recurring to the recollection of every person who, possessing a miscellaneous acquaintance, is in the slightest degree gifted with a talent for the Comedy of real life—the only talent by which a heterogeneous *live stock* can be fed upon the waste of one's time and patience with any profit to the understanding, or pleasure to the taste.

It is by the *returns* made in the form of complacency at un-murmuring martyrdom—the power of cool criticism during the exasperation of disgust—treasures of anecdotes for future and congenial friends,—and new lights and shades to fill up the outline of the grand picture of "The World," that any indemnification can be had for the sickening impatience with which we hear (not *listen* to,) the vulgar details and familiar pleasantries of a low-bred humourist, or the accumulated agonies of mispronunciation, misquotation, and misappropriation on subjects of science or literature, from wealthy dunces who afford to needy wits and worthies the consolatory proof that even in this commercial nation, All things cannot be had for Money.

To borrow a phrase from the entertaining author of the "*Miseries of human life*," *exposure to vulgarity, in all its boundless abominations*, cannot be better described than by this anonymous benefactor to the reading and thinking class of fashionables.

His delineations indeed possess not the deep and sustained interest of history pieces, but they are masterly etchings of detached scenes, and the figures are touched with the spirit and preci-

sion of Callot. Sometimes it is attempted to unite the wild imagery of Salvator Rosa to the gloomy shadowings of Rembrandt, and we must confess, not always successfully. Sudden and violent transition of style and matter is a manœuvre in writing very difficult to manage. The Fancy may indeed be amused by a series of well-drawn representations without any connecting links, and pass without disgust from a groupe of sporting fawns to a dying gladiator, or from a conversation piece by Chalon, sparkling with animation and attired in the gay costume of Venetian splendor, to a mournfully pleasing figure of Westal, clad in the subdued tone, and chastened coloring, which accords with the expression of deep and hopeless sorrow. But, if it were the object of the exhibitor to excite in a high degree our sympathies for the characters represented, some previous arrangement, some intervening interval of space or time, should be interposed to allow one set of feelings to subside, before another be excited. We, however, consider the ability to weave a probable and interesting story, as very subordinate to the talent of embroidering the texture with the rich and glowing portraiture of striking and amusing characters, and should also imagine that the author of *Varieties of Life* would feel infinitely more gratified on hearing a Professor of Politeness, graduated in the Academy of the Graces, and master of all the Arts of pleasing, exclaim "That is an admirable passage, that scene is life itself," than by the ordinary commendation of "It is really very well kept up, one cannot tell at all how it will end," which is usually followed by "Indeed! then I shall beg to have it, when you send it home."

It has happened that we have found a party of admiring readers of this book quite undecided as to the identity of the hero or the heroine of the three volumes, and we dare not hazard an opinion when a verdict on the cause could not be obtained from a considerate and enlightened jury. We have heard of a polite Frenchman who replied to the doubts of his English friend as to the legitimate gallicism of a phrase he had ventured to use, "*Si la phrase n'est pas Française elle merite bien de l'être*," and should it even be alleged that the book which we are now considering, has neither hero nor heroine, plot nor catastrophe, we shall sturdily maintain that it does extremely well without them. It is not the formal and regular spruce fir, rigidly tapering to an indispensable head, but the picturesque larch throwing wide its boughs in perennial beauty. It is really difficult to imagine how such very dissimilar walks of life as are depicted in three pages can possibly be familiar to one and the same person. From that true

gentility of blood, mind, and manners in the Ponsonbys, which looks down upon the glare, frivolity, and dash of mere fashion in the Follets, Bolingbrokes, Vicars's, &c. to the homely civility of the Brownes, and the revolting vulgarity of the Joneses, Careys, and Prattens, down to the gossip and slang of abigails and valets, all is in its place, all is true to nature. The ingenuity and vigilance which the two Miss Merediths (we think they must be meant for the heroines) display in watching and imitating the most attractive specimens of deportment and manner, which they happen to fall in with, the confidential and descriptive letters which they interchange, and the mortifications incident to the disproportionate match which one of them succeeds in effecting, supply improving lessons and warnings to the young aspirant after notice and admiration. We would willingly give to our readers the anomalous straw-berry party at Ashton—the military frolic of demolishing a cottage—the excursion to Bath, performed in the Bristol stage by a young lady of delicacy, under the patronage of incorrigible vulgarians—the laborious duty of giving a ball, achieved by a family with some glimmerings how *things ought to be*, but perplexed with inefficient, blundering servants, and vulgar relations, who *must be asked* to a “friendly dish of tea,” with village gossips, and wrangling over the card-table, &c. We all admire a picture by Teniers or Ostade, though we should turn with horror from the proposal to spend an evening with real boors, in a real ale-house; and much enjoyment may be extracted from past awkwardnesses, as well as from past perils. But the various claims upon the notice of our journal forbid us to do more than give the following extract, relating an attempt at that exotic entertainment, which flourished at Paris in the days of a *Tencin* and a *Deffand*, but which we do not expect ever to see naturalized under an English sky. We allude to a *bas-bleu party* of *gentlemen and ladies*. The meeting (we believe we may borrow an American term, and say the *palaver*) is held at the house of a Mrs. Clements, an Italianized English woman with whom Maria Worthington (we do not feel sure that *she* is not the heroine) has, in consequence of family distresses, placed herself in the capacity of governess, and by whom she is, with a liberality seldom extended to the officiating priestess of the school-room, admitted to share in the amusement of the family.

“The first visitor that made her appearance was an elderly figure who was announced Lady Carwardine, and was received with distinguished respect; in return for which, she undertook to give them all the particulars of a recent illness. Her narrative was interrupted by the arrival of two ladies and a gentleman, particular friends of Mrs. Clements; and

they immediately began to talk over two or three parties where they had lately met.

"A variety of company followed, some violently fashionable in their appearance, others studiously the reverse.

"Mrs. Errington assumed her seat at the end of an ottoman with an air of contemptuous stateliness, which naturally provoked the question, "Who is she?" and the interrogator was immediately struck dumb with "*Bold Truths, or Social Evils*," a philosophical novel, in seven octavo volumes.

"The next person announced was Mr. Vyvian, a round good-humored little man, with a bald head covered with a coating of powder and pomatum scrupulously scraped into form, to represent hair. Being a notorious man of genius, he was greeted on every side by persons anxious to prove themselves among his friends. Another visitor, however, laid claim to superior talents, and the name of Miss Archer excited no small sensation: she was a little squat figure, with a face that seemed determined to refute the axiom, that

Eternal smiles an emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

The exacting mutability also of two eyes, whose glazy blackness aimed at brilliant intelligence, directed a fatiguingly endless artillery at every one within eye-shot. The *empressement* with which the kisses on either cheek, and the pressures and swayings of both hands were lavished on the little lady by Miss Mullens, needed no explanation; for the object of them was almost immediately led by Mr. Vyvian to the literary altar, a rose-wood table, with a reading lamp, placed in the centre of the room, supporting the quarto edition of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*.

"Miss Archer recited, without a pause, the first canto of the poem; and as soon as the buzzing homage of compliment had subsided, Mr. Vyvian, on a nod and a beck from Mrs. Clements, prepared to obey her commands; and having rung for a tumbler of water, gave a recitation of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene:" in the course of which, an emphatical knock of the knuckle on the side of the tumbler produced a solemn imitative effect as he repeated

When the bell of the castle tolled one.

A slender stooping gentleman, who had been brought by Mr. Vyvian, and was his particular friend, now began, with a querulous humility of voice, to put about, in a half audible whisper, something respecting elegies and sonnets, of which Mr. Vyvian might possibly have some in his pocket.

"The company began to crowd round Mr. Vyvian with that sort of polite hustling, which bespeaks the gratitude of the fashionable world towards the possessor of talents that can divert lassitude. Mr. Vyvian was not one of those "who would be wooed, and not unsought be won;" his consent almost outran the request: to say the truth, he was vain of his talents: nor did he attempt to disguise it; for he was too simple and frank in his nature to disguise any thing; and if vanity ever was agreeable, it was so in this good-humored instance. His feet moved with mechanical compliance towards the reading table, and his hands began simultaneously to fumble in his pocket. In the search, various loose papers fell on the carpet, and were sedulously and obsequiously picked up by his shadowy companion. Mr. Vyvian assuring himself, by

an anxious side glance, that they were in safe custody, proceeded to give a reading of an unpublished

SONNET

To the Candle-shade of a dear friend.

Thou art a thing of silk : and thou wert spun
From forth the tiny bowels of a worm :
And now thou spreadest out thy fan-like form,
Green as the green grass in an April sun.
This is not all thy glory, or thy good :
Thou art not made to please an idle eye,
Like many creatures that are flesh and blood :
For while his tabby cat lies purring by,
My friend sits musing, pen in hand : and thou
Screenest the candle-glare, that on his brow
Flickers as through a veil ; which otherwise
Would dim with blearing light his dazzled eyes.
And that fine ode is owing, dearest John !
To that green shade which thou didst gaze upon.

Expressions of delight and rapturous applause were received by Mr. Vyvian with unconcealed satisfaction, and he was preparing to gratify the company with another sample of his talents, when Miss Mullens brought Miss Archer to the table ; at the same time sending round the room the delightful intelligence that she had prevailed on her accomplished friend to favor them with a specimen of a work on which she was employing her pen, a ballad, epic, romance, to be entitled,

The Bridal Assassin.

Oh ! 'twas the sound of St. Andrew's bell
That came from the steeple tower.
It came like the toll of a sudden death-knell,
And it shook Lady Claribel's bower.
Oh ! 'twas the clatter of horse's hoof,
That made the hard pebbles fly ;
And where is thy hawbeck and helm of proof,
When the borderer's tramp is nigh ?
Then the draw-bridge clank'd to De Courcy's stride,
And he sprang on his berry-brown steed ;
Adieu, and adieu, my bonny bride ;
For of love there is now no need.

"Charming! charming lines indeed!" cried Mrs. Clements, "they are in the very best style."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Carwardine, "what a delightful thing it must be to compose poetry."

"What an imagination she has!" cried Mrs. Montresor ; "what a beautiful picture she has drawn! She indeed may rank among the first epic geniuses of the age."

"I trust," observed Miss Mullens, with a confident utterance, "that at length the era is arrived, when all distinction of sex in mind is abolished: when female genius may be allowed to assert its equality with the boasted superiority of man."

"The ladies were all ready to support Miss Mullens, and as they com-

posed the majority of the company the gentlemen were unwilling to risque so unequal a combat.

"Mrs. Clements, while lavishing smiles on all around her, was secretly much chagrined that Mr. Capel was not arrived; she had every reason to fear he would not now make his appearance; and though glad of having Mr. Vyvian and Miss Archer to lend their aid to help off the evening, their recitations wanted the charm of novelty. She had piqued herself on Mr. Capel's attending her conversazione: she felt it would give it a dignity, and she had boasted to all her friends that he had promised to come. As the evening began to wear away, she became restless and impatient: the company too seemed to think it a lost case, and by degrees a certain sort of dullness began to pervade the party, when a sudden throwing open of the door produced a general breathless pause of expectation; and the great lion of the evening entered.

"Mr. Capel was looked upon as a monitor of genius and literature: he was the author of an epic poem under the title of Odin, illustrative of the Scandinavian history and mythology. He had published Antiquarian researches in Iceland and Norway; Italy and Greece; had written a volume of essays, philosophical, critical, and political; and was now busily occupied in an elaborate commentary on the Kantian philosophy. The public mind was in a ferment of expectation; and as he could scarcely ever be drawn into company, the gratification of Mrs. Clements and Miss Mullens was displayed in repeated thanks. His presence occasioned a sort of awe to pervade the company who seemed to look for some extraordinary information, every time he was addressed, even if he were only asked to partake of the refreshments. They seemed to be of opinion, that with proper management he might be familiarised, and attacked him with every ambiguity of polite innuendo for the purpose of enticing him to recite: he persevered however in parrying their manœuvres, and having advanced but a few paces into the room, he entered into an earnest conversation with Mr. Molesworth, a professed antiquarian, (*antiquary*) and black letter-man, who began describing with ardor the success attending the unrolling of the Herculaneum manuscripts, &c. &c.

Vol. iii. p. 163.

ART. IX. *Zeluca, or Educated and Uneducated Woman*, a Novel, in three volumes. Baldwin and Co. London, 1815. pp. 1094. £1. 1s.

WE have read this novel with more attention than is usually claimed by works of fiction, from those who read professionally, and, nevertheless, we feel ourselves under some embarrassment how to characterise the performance. The title obviously avows an intended parallel with Dr. Moore's celebrated romance; but the terms *educated* and *uneducated*, thus placed in contradistinction, when compared with the events and tendency of the book, involve a vague and indeterminate meaning. The heroine is

meant to exemplify the *educated* woman, having been highly accomplished in every fashionable attainment ; she turns out, however, extremely ill in point of moral conduct, and dies the victim of her malignant, perverse, and fiery passions. The second figure on the canvas is her cousin and companion, *Marianne*, who is a pattern of every feminine grace and virtue, but is considered to be *uneducated*, because her talents have not been cultivated by the attendance of masters or a governess ; she reads French with difficulty, sings but little, and does not draw at all. This young person having, however, been brought up by discreet and pious relations, in a family where all the courtesies of life were known and practised, we should, we confess, have made no scruple to declare her very well educated ; and should have retorted the charge of non-education upon the mother of Zeluca, who dismisses her daughter's preceptress before she is thirteen, by an act of injustice to which she makes her child the confidante and the party ; and thus, not only authorizes deceit, cruelty, and falshood, by her example, but inculcates them by her precepts ! We must observe that this work abounds with contradictions *des disparates affreuses* in almost every page. It professes to inculcate a veneration for morality and religion ; with a respect for the decencies of conduct and conversation ; yet perpetually violates them all, by the admission of passages which no reader of any degree of mental tact can see without disgust. We give, by way of sample, an extract from a conversation which passes at the ball at which Zeluca makes her *début*, between Mrs. Delvayne (her mother), and an officer of her acquaintance.

“ The education of the angel you present to us must be faultless, for you gave it to her.”—“ Angel,” said Mrs. Delvayne, “ that is the compliment of a very red coat, and you, a true blue !”—“ True to my assertions,” returned Cassenberd, “ that she is very goddess of very goddess, one substance with the mother ; not made for mortal man's praise.” vol. i. p. 125.

The following passage betrays turpitude of a different dye.

“ Flora Rosenas,” pursued Mrs. Delvayne, “ she is pretty.”—“ Very.”—“ But she dresses too thin.” (thinly).—“ That does not *hale* her beauty.”—“ No ; but it shows her defects—knock knees—she would not wear that dress *à son*, if she was (were) not—naked—of a friend. Come play the amiable and give her a hint.” vol. i. p. 126.

The incessant occurrence of the Sacred Name, used as a expletive to passionate asseverations, or unmeaning pleasantries (we have counted four “ good Gods” in one page, repeated) is rather surprising in a work of which most of the numbers

chapters are headed by long quotations from Paley, Sir William Jones, Dr. Johnson, &c.

While we blame these vices of diction, we must, however, acknowledge that *Zeluca* displays many masterly delineations of passion, and that continuity of argument and design which is essential to a well-organized work ; but it paints in the heroine, a character, like its male prototype and name-sake, so radically bad, so determinedly selfish, that we doubt whether any process of education could have engrafted the germs of the benevolent feelings upon a stem so cankered from the root : she seems to have been, from her birth,

“Cursed with a heart unknowing how to yield.”

In *Zeluca*, consummate art is in perpetual conflict with excessive passion, and that abhorred compound of tyranny, suspicion, and caprice, which passes under the name of temper, and has supplied the subject of one of the most interesting and serviceable tales for which the public is indebted to a female pen. *Zeluca's* evil propensities might possibly have been repressed, and prevented from stimulating her to crimes, by a resolute and judicious mother ; but, as she is described, it seems as if the Evil One had set his seal upon her heart, and closed it against every generous feeling. We fear that such phenomena of wickedness may sometimes occur in real life ; we have all read of a Catherine de Medicis, and a La Brinoilliere. Why they are permitted—we presume not to enquire, any more than why idiots and incurable maniacs are found among the human race : and why they should be personified in story for the purposes of moral instruction, we have by no means discovered. It is always mischievous to detail the arts of coquetry and allurement, and those contrivances by which the cunning speculator and the unblushing liar outreach the mild and honorable votaries of truth and candor. It is true, that in such books, the agent of wickedness is generally made to be at last defeated in his views, and to die miserably ; but we fear that the warning afforded by such an end does not counterbalance the ill effects of sullyng the pure and simple mind by the annals of artifice and guilt. We should rather prefer the mode of teaching virtue by examples derived from the conduct of persons within the range of ordinary humanity, than by seeking for extreme cases of character or incident.

The style of the book is, we hesitate not to pronounce, uniformly bad, full of false constructions, unnatural transpositions, and a redundancy of epithet which chokes and obscures the

meaning. Many of the most ordinary words are mis-spelt, and that in a manner which the reader cannot *always* charge to "an error of the press;" and the names of persons alluded to, are seldom recognizable by their most intimate acquaintance. By way of proof:

"The sudden and unforeseen dismissal of her governess inevitably led to a change of habituated usages that more strongly impressed on the mind of Zeluca all the concomitant feelings and new view of things of which it was the precursor; her character from that date got rid of the particular traits of childhood. She suddenly abjured many of her infantine amusements, and the selfishness of immature thought settled into a decided systematic devotedness to individual gratification." vol. i. p. 32.—
 "Though her height threatened not to attain the statute of dignity." p. 34.—
 "But Edmund Bessaly went abroad directly he quitted school." p. 43.—
 "She had also proceeded so far in French, as the conjunction of a verb." p. 48.—
 "Sorry her sister should appropriate so repugnant a charge." p. 59.—
 "Ill be shot if the sentiousness of any one of the 26th ever made so near an approach to wit." p. 194.—
 "Zeluca had talked till she had infused into Wolsey the self-complacency judicious flattery rarely fails to raise; and then she listened in return to the *momentous nothings* that *may* be converted to *every* thing dear and delightful; nor would she content herself with simple incense to her *feelings*: she elicited in addition, those *valid compliments* capable of bringing honour, by *circulation*, and then affecting affectation, with infinite whim, entreated him not to tire her with *talking* in words of *cavalier insolence*, that on *repetition* would doom him an *enduring swain*, while he felt applause alone due to her *acting* and her endeavours to *delight* him." p. 220.—
 "Oh, indubitably, whenever you see a groupe of girls laughing immoderately, and no man among them, particularly in a ball-room where there is a scarcity of men, depend upon it that mirth is the adopted outlet of *discontent* and *despair*, and incoherent, extravagant caricature the extensive source of the mirth while "My God!" and "O, Jesus!" with "God Almighty, my dear!" are the interjections of "sound and fury, signifying nothing," that serve as a sort of preparatory introduction to suggestions too extravagant to fall under the imputation of malice." p. 383.

We beg leave to assure our readers, that these gleanings from the first volume only, still leave in that division of the field of criticism, a plentiful crop of tares and poppies of the most luxuriant growth and potent efficacy. We really think it would be very well worth while to get the book "done into English," since, under a vast accumulation of dross, we have certainly discovered some gold, which might conduce to general utility on being sifted, stamped, and rendered current.

As a specimen of the comic scenes which sometimes enliven this tragic tale, and those passages intended to be ludicrous, we select part of the narrative of a dinner at a city villa: the company consists of the host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Bessaly, Mr. and Mrs.

Wolsey, and Marianne, persons of family and fashion; Mr. Medlicott, a professed wit and anecdote-monger and confirmed parasite, and a Mr. and Mrs. Hall who *leads off* in conversation with :

“ ‘When I married Mr. Hall, though he was only curate in our old parish, we were visited by the best families; and, though the fine people of Elsmore hav’nt called on us yet, I suppose that is only to give us a specimen of their politeness; for a rector is not beneath any body’s notice—they would not say that!’

“The assertion was *generally* admitted; and illustrated by Mr. Medlicott. ‘Indisputably,’ said he, ‘a clergyman is company for a duke. I can quote an anecdote in point immediately, from a house where I have been staying. The duke of ———, but I’ll not name names. His grace had just come to take possession of a new purchase; and my reverend friend was told he might expect a visit respecting tithes. The house, the wife, and the children, (there were fifteen) were all put to drill; the man servant relinquished, during the time of expectation, all his other posts, to act as footman only, and my friend, for above a month, did not move a stone’s throw from his own house; at length he began to *trust* the duke would not come when he was out, but gave the man all due directions if he did, adding, above all, be sure, Adam, when the duke speaks to you, *always* say ‘your grace!’ Accordingly, when the duke did call, and asked Adam if his master was at home, Adam answered, ‘For what we are going to receive the Lord make us thankful.’ The duke, in some surprise, repeated, ‘I asked you if Mr. Tithebottom was at home?’ ‘For what we are going to receive the Lord make us thankful,’ said Adam again, more devoutly. ‘The fellow is mad!’ murmured his grace. ‘There friend, there is a dollar. I’ll call another day, and I hope I shall hear your master has taken care of you.’ ‘For what we *have* received the Lord make us thankful,’ said Adam, bowing down to the very ground.’

“So general was the burst of laughter, that Mrs. Hall instead of making the enquiry, the keen curiosity of her countenance exhibited, laughed also, and looking at Marianne, said, ‘Fifteen children! very *singular*, wasn’t it? So provoking for Mr. Tithebottom—for they will make work in a house, do what you will. At our village I used to air with lady Smith twice a week; and so I should if she had been a *duke*. I was every bit as much thought of as Mrs. Tithebottom. ‘Pray, Sir,’ she pursued, ‘was you staying with the duke when he called, or with Mr. Tithebottom?’ and she *was* as anxious to know as she *appeared*, that she might regulate her *deference* to Medlicott, and her premeditated boastings accordingly.—Medlicott hesitated, ‘I—I—certainly I was not staying’—Wolsey interrupted him, ‘it was neither the duke nor Mr. Tithebottom, ma’am, said he, from whom Medlicott had the anecdote; but a very sincere and serviceable friend of his, Joe Miller by name—’ ‘Really Sir!’ returned Mrs. Hall, with a look that denoted how much Mr. Medlicott was lowered by the *ungraced* application of his serviceable friend. Medlicott, with unruffled good humour, denied any plagiarism. ‘If,’ continued he, ‘I was as empty headed as ———, by the bye, that reminds me of the retort of certainly no vulgar jester. A certain great person is well known to have envied the prowess of our late royal guest, with the fair ———,’ ‘Pray,’ said he, one morning at

breakfast, turning up his cup, and glancing at the baldness which is now a desideratum with our *beaux garçons*, 'pray are the heads of *all* of your majesty's house as smooth as this cup?' His imperial majesty presented the *hollow* of the cup, and replied, by asking his questioner, if the heads of *all* of his house were as empty?'—Vol. iii. p. 221.

The following relation of the symptoms of the encroachment of that greatest of human calamities—insanity, upon a strong and powerful mind, is written in a strain of feeling very superior to the bulk of the work, and equalled only by the last thirty pages.

"At sight of me he was overcome with pleasurable emotion, which he rendered reciprocal, by copious and judicious enquiries after my pursuits in the country, my friends, and my intended stay in town; to which, alas! silence succeeded, and a gloom I roused, or endeavoured to rouse him from, by asking after his health. He raised his melancholy eyes, and answered abruptly, 'they are going to send me out a wanderer, and I am sure I am very little fit for it!' Mrs. Cassilis (wife to the hypochondriac) added, with a look I well understood, that he had been recommended to try change of air, and as June was the best month for an excursion, he could not adopt a pleasanter restorative. 'O! black June,' he murmured, (June was his natal month,) and presently he added, 'I am to go alone!' 'Alone!' I repeated—'no, not alone,' said Mrs. Cassilis; 'you know you admitted to Dr. Melmond, that the presence of a stranger would be a check upon the habits of restlessness you *promised* to overcome; and his friend will not be the less agreeable because you don't know him.' I was too much shocked to speak, and walked to the window; as I stood there, I heard him murmur, 'Coercion is necessary, and I am brought to own it—oh! death! death!' and he rose and walked, and stopped again, and walked, his lips moving with quickness. 'When you hear of me again,' said he, raising his voice, 'it will be that I am confined.' 'Why should you be confined?' said I, not absolutely sure, deep as was his tone of despair, that he alluded to that species of confinement, from which the human heart recoils in agony; and I hoped to show him I had no suspicion of such a necessity, and asked him, if he had had alarming returns of the head-ache. 'Head-ache, or something,' said he—Mrs. Cassilis left the room; but he neither observed her tears, nor my emotion, but sat with his head sunk on his chest, taking snuff, till I so far recovered, as to reprobate, in a cheerful voice, the habit he had fallen into of taking snuff in a slovenly manner, which used to be his abhorrence.

"He gave me no answer, but muttered, 'I am an object—a sloven—disgraceful to see.' His obviously increasing malady, with what had passed, assured me medical aid was found to be indispensable; but anxious as I was to know the particulars, I dreaded to excite suspicion of collusion against him, by following Mrs. Cassilis; and, therefore, endeavoured to rouse him from his gloom and misery. I told him I saw he had suffered his nervous feelings to increase; and that I would quit his house, if he would only entertain me with the musings of a hypochondriac. 'And then,' said he, 'I shall have tired out my last, best friend.' The tears rolled down his cheeks, and looking wistfully at me, he asked, 'So you have done with me too; you are tired out?' His appeal was irresistible. 'I assured him, faithfully and sincerely, I never would have done with him—never would be tired out, adding, to rouse

him; if he would exert himself for his own, his family's, and his friends' sake, and endeavour to reinvigorate his mind. 'My mind is torn to pieces,' said he; 'my mind is a mere rag.' 'It is a rag, however,' said I, 'of the very best materials, and well deserves the labor of repairing. Come,' I continued, seeing his sigh was followed by a faint smile, 'you have been playing at chess, I perceive: have a game with me; and prove, as you can, that in mind, you have still the mastery of me.' The idea seemed soothing to him, and he placed himself with alacrity at the table, saying, 'I should do very well, if I had a regulator.' I was careful not to let him see I manœuvred, to empower him to exhibit the superiority over me he used to possess; and was pleased to observe he sometimes seized an advantage I did not designedly put in his way, with a satisfaction I fully comprehended; when, presently after, on my taking his queen, which I was afraid to overlook, he pushed away the table, and sank back in his chair, saying, 'Yesterday I saved my queen with Dr. Melmond.' 'Dr. Melmond is not so good a player as I,' said I, 'I'll be sworn!' and I successfully urged him to proceed. He played a few moves; but he again put a piece in danger. 'Worse and worse,' repeated he; 'yesterday I could retrieve a lapse.' I again pointed out, that he lighted upon his error with a promptitude that rendered it a mere inadvertence; and I intended warily to re-assure him, by putting an advantage in his power; for I observed, with astonishment and curiosity, that with vigilant keenness, he scrutinised into his own capability, as a criterion of the intellectual vigor he felt expiring. Unhappy sufferer, alive to thy threatening fate! His last blunder he felt not to be got over; he played a move—pushed aside the board—turned and turned again in his chair—made another effort, and returned to the game—then fidgetted in his seat—drew his nails across his hands, as if the torment of his mind extended to his body, and betrayed at once the decay and the exertion of reason, in his struggles to force himself to be himself."

Vol. III. p. 99.

ART. X. *Memoirs of eminently Pious Women of the British Empire.* A new edition, embellished with eighteen Portraits, corrected and enlarged by the Rev. SAMUEL BURDER, A.M. In 3 Vols. 8vo. pp. 1389. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. London, Ogles and Co. 1815.

THAT biographical memoirs constitute one of the most entertaining and instructive branches of literature has long ceased to be a question. They derive their peculiar interest from describing the actions of mankind minutely, eliciting the motives from which they spring, and from their giving a permanence and natural coloring to the human portrait. Biography can be employed about particulars to which history cannot stoop. In biography every line which contributes to a faithful delineation of the character of departed worth, is big with instruction—every event has a voice either of admonition or encouragement—because the persons to whom they relate were "of like pat-

sions with ourselves." It was, doubtless, this sentiment which induced Dr. Johnson to say, "That there has scarcely passed a life, of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not have been useful."

With whatever ardor we may peruse memoirs of kings and heroes of those who have liberated or enslaved mankind—we perceive them separated by a vast chasm from the rest of their species, and find narrations of their deeds more calculated to excite admiration than to afford instruction to those in the ordinary walks of life. Hence, that the bulk of mankind may enjoy the full benefit which biographical writings are capable of imparting, we must sometimes descend from the lofty abodes of genius, and the summits of ambition, and be more anxious to study what is practical and useful, than what is arduous and brilliant. On this subject, and with regard to the nature of the present work, the Editor thus expresses himself, in his preface.

"To be introduced into the domestic circle, and see the ordinary occurrences of life directed by Christian principles (especially in the female character, which being comparatively hid from public view, is least likely to influence by ostentation) is to see piety in her favorite abode. The shades of retirement are most congenial to her nature, and most favorable to her growth. Such scenes come home to every heart, and claim an universal interest.

"Although privacy may be the favorite retreat of this heavenly guest, these volumes sufficiently demonstrate that it is not her only residence; while she smooths the rugged brow of poverty, and blunts the keen edge of adversity, we here behold her adding lustre to rank, and forming the brightest jewel in the royal diadem. If we consider the vast extent of female influence, we shall rejoice in seeing vital religion exhibited where its diffusion may be so important; it is a fountain that sends its streams far and wide. To them exclusively are committed our years of infancy, and from them our earliest and almost indelible impressions are received.

"Our age has produced many bright examples of female excellence in a literary as well as a religious point of view, who have employed their talents in imparting instruction to all ranks of society. While we lament that the pen of a TRIMMER, a CARTER, and others have ceased from their office, many still remain who are an honor to our nation; and we trust that there will be a lengthened succession of such writers. To observe the past conduct of others may be useful to pilot us through life, by showing the rocks upon which they split; but the history of the virtuous and pious teaches us how to enjoy prosperity, to support adversity, to improve affliction, to live well, to die happy."

The work before us has advanced progressively to its present state. Those memoirs which constitute the first volume were published, at least in a collected form, by Dr. GIBBONS, in two volumes, in 1777, and re-published in 1804; at which time those which constitute the second volume were compiled by the

602 *Burder's Memoirs of Pious Women.*

REV. GEORGE JERMENT, and formed into an additional volume. Since that period many excellent characters have finished their earthly course, whose memoirs form the third volume, and appear under the superintendence of the present Editor. The first two volumes he has revised, but not altered. The following are the subjects embraced by these volumes.

Vol. I. Lady Jane Grey—Queen Catharine Parr—Jane, Queen of Navarre—Queen Mary—Lady Mary Vere—Countess of Suffolk—Lady Mary Armyne—Lady Elizabeth Langham—Countess of Warwick—Lady Elizabeth Brooke—Mrs. Margaret Andrews—Lady Alice Lucy—Lady Margaret Houghton—Mrs. Ann Baynard—Lady Frances Hobart—The Right Honorable Lady Cutts—The Right Honorable Lady Elizabeth Hastings—Mrs. Jane Rycliffe—Mrs. Catharine Bretteng—Lady Rachel Russel—Mrs. Elizabeth Burnet—Mrs. Elizabeth Bury—and Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

Vol. II. Mrs. Joan Drake—Lady Falkland—Lady Halket—Mrs. Rebecca Combe—Mrs. Gertrude Clarkson—Mrs. Mary Terry—Elizabeth West—Mrs. Ann Dutton—Mrs. Housman—Mrs. Hannah Wood—Miss Gray—Miss Sarah Manwaring—Mrs. Margaret Magdalene Althens—Lady Henrietta Hope—Lady Glenorchy—Lady Huntingdon—Mrs. Talbert—Mrs. Campbell—Lady Burford—Mrs. Isabella Brander—Mrs. Middleton—Miss Henrietta Neale—Mrs. Walker—Mrs. Humphrys—Mrs. Hutchison—and Mrs. Grace Bennet.

Vol. III. Lady Carbery—Mrs. Catherine Clarke—Lady Seafeld—Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson—Mrs. Savage—Mrs. Catherine Talbot—Mrs. Eleanor Dornford—Lady Margaret Stewart—Mrs. Arabella Davies—Mrs. Mary English—Mrs. M. Wedgewood—Mrs. Chase—Mrs. Anne Thornton—Miss Ann Bacon—Mrs. Martha Flight—Mrs. Pearce—Lady Ann Agnes Erskine—Miss Elizabeth Smith—Mrs. Esther Bulkley—Miss Mary Stevenson—Mrs. Cunningham—Mrs. Frances Wilson—Mrs. Isabella Brown—Mrs. Elizabeth Carter—Mrs. Sarah Trimmer—Mrs. E. Cloutt—Mrs. Mary Cooper—and Mrs. Mary Genot.n.

The first and second volumes of this work have now been so long before the public, and have received such ample testimonials of approbation from the *serious part of the community*, for whose use they were composed, as to render it unnecessary for us to do more than express our belief that a perusal of them will afford an ample recompense for the time it may require.

The third volume, which has been added by the present Editor, contains twenty-eight memoirs, accompanied with well executed portraits of Miss Bacon, (we infer the names of all

But the first from the circumstance of their being placed opposite the respective memoirs), Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, Mrs. Catherine Talbot, Mrs. Anne Thornton, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, and Mrs. Sarah Trimmer, which, as well as those in the preceding volumes, add much to the value of the work. The account of Mrs. Trimmer will not fail to afford pleasure to many of those young readers, who have derived both pleasure and instruction from her excellent writings.

The nature of the work precludes analysis; and the idea afforded by any selection consistent with our limits would be so imperfect, that we shall not attempt it. Our fair readers, especially those of them who are not now infants, will peruse the work itself; in which they will find highly commendable instances of filial duty, conjugal affection, maternal solicitude, and unfeigned piety—in short, of almost all that can adorn and dignify the female Christian's character.

ART. XI. *Bardouc ; or the Goat-herd of Mount Taurus : an Eastern Tale.* Translated from the French of ADRIEN DE SARRAZIN. 12mo. pp. 187. London : Sherwood, 1815.

THIS tale is both interesting and moral. Its object is to point out the folly of excessive ambition, together with the fatal consequences of giving way readily to the passions; and the author has gone far towards accomplishing his object. The translation is written in a good style, but it exhibits some instances of inattention to grammatical propriety; and the French idiom is visible in several places. The following is a sketch of the story.

Bardouc, a young goat-herd of Mount Taurus, had an old goat and a little antelope, who were miraculously endowed with the faculties of speech and reason. The goat was grave and sedate, always giving him good advice; and the antelope of a directly opposite disposition. Bardouc, by the advice of the antelope, resolved to quit his solitary abode, and to repair to the capital of Persia. The goat dissuaded him from this: however, he did not take his advice, but set off accompanied by both his four-footed friends. They met with several adventures on the road, but at length arrived at Ispahan, where by means of exhibiting the goat and the antelope, Bardouc amassed a large fortune. The king, hearing of these wonderful animals,

summoned Bardouc to his palace, and was so pleased with them, especially with the antelope, that he made Bardouc his grand vizier. This office he retained for many years, but at length, through a caprice of the king, he was ordered to leave the capital and never more to return there. Bardouc leaves Ispahan in disgrace, accompanied by his antelope who dies in a very short time; and the old goat, whom Bardouc had neglected on account of his warning counsels, returns to him. They proceed together till they arrive at the abode of an old fairy named *Simplicie*, with whom they had resided for some time on their way to the capital, and where Bardouc had, contrary to the commands of the fairy, entered a forbidden temple. In this temple he found several phials containing the different vices, virtues, &c. and drank of the phial containing the spirit of imagination. The goat and he now entered the temple together, where they found none of the phials remaining except that of virtue. This Bardouc drank, and immediately the future offered itself to his eyes, all shining with a glory and felicity which should never end.

“Whilst he enjoyed this unexpected change, the desert country suddenly assumed a beautiful and animated appearance; flowers in profusion decorated the grass; the shrubs resounded with a thousand harmonious songs, and the branches of the trees bent under the weight of the finest fruits.”

“He looked at his faithful companion: what was his surprise! what a metamorphosis! instead of the long-bearded sage, he saw a young woman of celestial beauty. The sweetest smile bloomed on her lips—peace shone in her looks—and upon her noble and touching features; her voice was soft and light as the zephyr, when, caressing the flowers, he seems to fear stripping the cup of its leaves.

“Bardouc wished to fall at her feet, she restrained him and said, ‘recognise *reason* in me, that certain guide of which man is so proud, and which he follows so ill: and in thy little antelope, the image of the *passions*, which have so long misled you. Whilst she reigned despotically over thy soul, the enchantress fascinated thine eyes; and gave me that strange and ridiculous appearance; that rude, savage, and pedantical air. She ought to have lost her empire in falling under the scythe of time; but no, she still lived in your thoughts, and I was not to appear to thy view in all the *eclat* of my glory and beauty, till the moment when virtue should banish all profane and useless regrets from thine heart. I am now about to reign over thee without division: I will flatter thy inclinations without ever misleading thee; I will give thee hope without borrowing any other language but that of truth.’

“Thus spoke this celestial Houri. Bardouc, enlightened by her discourses, was never weary of hearing her. He, at last, knew the happiness from which his little antelope had estranged him. Man cannot be happy until, after having lost his lying passions, he has to conduct, console, and defend him, the counsels of reason and the love of virtue.”

pp. 185—187.

The following is one out of several anecdotes in this little performance, calculated to shew the pernicious effects of avarice and vanity.

"The three walked together in this mood for some time, when all at once Bardouc uttered a cry of astonishment and joy: 'my friends,' said he, 'look towards the bottom of this precipice! what a brilliant light shines in the midst of this darkness! which of you can tell me what it is which reflects so glittering a flame?' 'It is an enormous diamond,' said suddenly the little antelope:—'a diamond!—'yes without doubt, and much larger than that of the great Mogul.' 'Oh! Mahomet, how happy am I,' cried Bardouc, 'what a source of riches! I shall have a magnificent palace, beautiful gardens, the finest women in the universe, the ugliest and most faithful of eunuchs!' At these words he wished to descend to the bottom of the precipice. The old goat spoke and said, 'what are you about to do, young madman? Who will secure you against a grave in the depths of this abyss? Before you descend, you ought to be sure of getting up again. This object which shines before your eyes, appears to be a diamond; but all which shines is not diamond, and you are about to expose yourself to death for a chimæra!'

"Bardouc is undecided; he looks in silence towards the little antelope, who, without hesitating, addresses him: 'you must indeed be a coward to suffer so propitious an opportunity of enriching yourself to escape for ever. You was only created to be a miserable goat-herd, and you will never be any thing more.' The covetous shepherd descends, sometimes with caution, and sometimes with precipitation. The nearer he approaches the object, the more his hope kindles and fortifies. He arrives at the bottom of the gulph—his heart violently palpitates—he stretches out his hand to seize the precious treasure;—but, oh surprise! oh grief! the magnificent diamond was nothing but a little phosphoric bubble, which glittered in the darkness of the precipice, and evaporated when Bardouc attempted to touch it. Bardouc uttered lamentable cries. 'What have I done,' said he, 'what will become of me? How shall I get out of this horrible tomb?' After being exhausted by fatigue, he arrived at the edge of the precipice, with his back bruised, and his face and hands all torn. The old goat counselled him to return to his hut, to lay down on his rush mat, and to leave to time and repose the task of his cure." pp. 7—11.

ART. XII. *An Account of the Battle of Waterloo fought on the 18th of June, 1815, by the English and Allied Forces commanded by the Duke of Wellington, and the Prussian under the orders of Prince Blucher, against the Army of France commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte. By a British Officer on the Staff. With an Appendix, containing the British, French, Prussian and Spanish official details of that Memorable Engagement. London. Ridgway, 1815, pp. 116.*

THE battle and victory of Waterloo will never cease to be an

object of serious attention, not only to military men, but to all who know the value of national character and national independence. The account before us is judiciously given. It represents the movements and manœuvres of the memorable 18th of June, as we are assured, very justly; and it enumerates several sanguinary acts committed without necessity, by the French, over fallen enemies; and some committed, in the way of retaliation, by the forces of the allies. Had we been led to look for no other description than this of the feats of that most memorable of achievements, we should now have entered into a particular discussion of its contents and merits. But several poets of distinguished name are busy in portraying the tragic scene of which we speak, and we reserve our observations and comments for their delineations.

ART. XIII. *Porte-feuille de Buonaparte, pris à Charleroi le 18 Juin, 1815. 1er cahier. Le 2ème ou le 3ème cahier contiendra un fac-simile d'une lettre de Buonaparte. La Haye. Librairie Belgique.*

THE substance of this work of only forty-eight pages has already been given to the world through the medium of the Times newspaper, and has afforded a satisfactory illustration of the real temper of the people of France in the department of the Rhone, of Bourdeaux, Nice, Marseilles, and of the Swiss cantons. Impatience of the iron rule of Buonaparte is clearly ascertained to have been the predominant feeling of the inhabitants of every part of the country, whence dispatches are dated from officers in his confidence. Authentic documents as to facts which have changed the destiny of a great and powerful nation, must always be highly interesting, not only to the local and temporary politician, but to the cosmopolite and moral philosopher who delights to weigh probabilities in the scales of experience, and to trace the re-action of the moral sense in those seasons of tumult and revolt, which the short-sighted vulgar impute to the operation of the blind deity whom fools worship by the name of Chance.

“Even-handed justice” has returned the “chalice” to the lips of Napoleon Buonaparte, not drugged by the hand of malice, but deeply embittered by the remembrance of former sweets. Great have been his crimes, numerous his vices, and fatal his

usurpations: yet, would it be more easy to find a parallel for almost every outrage he has committed against the rights of individuals, or even of civil governments, and for every erring judgment of his privilege to oppress; than for that quick decision, that towering ambition which *his origin* so little justified, and that character of indepressible energy amid scenes where hope could hardly enter, which have combined to render him the most extraordinary being of this or any other age.

We return to the pamphlet, the authenticity and purport of which will be best explained by quoting the preface, which we do under its title of *Avis des Editeurs*.

“ Un de nos officiers, Mr. Van Ucbelen, fait prisonnier le 17 Juin et conduit à Charleroi, y fut oublié par les Français, lors de leur déroute après la bataille de *La Belle Alliance*. Il profita du moment, se déclara Commandant de la Ville, et au moyen de quelques hommes armés qu'il parvint à réunir, il arrêta le pillage des caissons et des voitures, et mit en sûreté une dizaine de canons et beaucoup d'autres objets de prix.

“ Un grand porte-feuille qu'il envoya à Bruxelles se trouva être celui du Baron Fain, premier secrétaire du cabinet de *Buonaparte*. Toutes les pièces y contenues sont d'une date fort récente; et comme elles jettent un grand jour sur l'état de l'intérieur de la France, notre gouvernement a trouvé bon de permettre qu'elles fussent publiées.

“ Nous n'userons cependant de cette permission, ni pour imprimer les adresses présentées à *Buonaparte* par les autorités qu'il a trouvées sur sa route, depuis Paris jusqu'à la frontière, ni pour faire connaître les pétitions ridicules dont l'accablèrent ceux qui d'avance voyaient en lui le conquérant de la Belgique. Qu'importe en effet au public de savoir que Mr. M—— ne se félicite sur la prochaine délivrance des Belges que pour demander au libérateur la place de Conservateur des Eaux et Forêts à Bruxelles? Lirait-on avec intérêt la requête de M—— qui a l'honneur d'être Dauphinois et aspire à l'honneur d'être Commandant de place en Flandres? Ou celle du Citoyen Mullarmé, sous-préfet d'Avernes, qui rappelle ses titres de Republicain et de conventionnel et tous les services qu'il a rendus jusqu'à l'odieuse restauration, pour réclamer la croix de la légion d'honneur?

“ En revanche, nous croyons que la curiosité sera vivement peignée par

“ Les Rapports des officiers d'ordonnance en mission dans les départements du Midi, pour observer les progrès de l'armement et l'esprit public;

“ Les Rapports du Préfet de Police Réel, remarquables surtout en ce qui concerne la Chambre des Représentans, placée sous la surveillance de cet agent;

“ Enfin par les Lettres de *Buonaparte* à plusieurs Ministres et Généraux depuis le 11 Juin, veille de son départ de Paris, jusqu'au 18, jour de sa mémorable défaite.

“ Nous donnons ici les rapports littéralement conformes aux originaux; les lettres de *Buonaparte* sont copiées avec la plus scrupuleuse exactitude sur les minutes trouvées dans le porte-feuille du Baron Fain. Les minutes sont ordinairement de la main de ce secrétaire écrivant sous la dictée de *Buonaparte*: quelques unes sont de la main de *Napoleon* lui-

même. Nous abandonnons à nos lecteurs le soin de faire les observations auxquelles toutes ces pièces peuvent donner lieu.

"Le bénéfice provenant de cette édition est consacré au soulagement des blessés.

"Nous poursuivrons, conformément aux lois, les contrefacteurs et débitans d'éditions contrefaites.

"Les exemplaires reconnus par nous portent la signature ordinaire des ouvrages sortis de nos presses." La Haye 25 Juin, 1815.

In a return made to Buonaparte by M. Planat, one of his staff-officers (officier d'ordonnance) dated from Montauban, June 3, 1815, we find the following expressions.

"On annonce ici presque hautement l'entrée prochaine des ennemis sur le territoire Français, le retour des Bourbons et les vengeances qu'ils exerceront contre tous ceux qui serviroient la cause de Votre Majesté. Ces nouvelles absurdes, jointe à celle de l'insurrection de la Vendée, jettent la crainte dans l'âme des bons citoyens et encouragent la désobéissance chez les autres.

"Il n'y a point de dépôt à Montauban; la garnison se compose d'un détachement du 790 de ligne dont le dépôt est à Toulouse, où je le verrai demain. Ce détachement, fort de 262 sous-officiers et soldats bien armés, habillés et équipés, est indispensable à Montauban, pour contenir la population. Il serait à désirer qu'il fût porté au double pour avoir les moyens de rechercher les militaires réfractaires dans tout le département." p. 17.

The writers of such letters, however much devoted to the general who had created, and the conqueror who had dignified them, and however largely gifted with that mixture of animal spirits and vanity which makes up the sanguine temper of a Frenchman, must have perceived that *the game was up*. The notes copied from the hand-writing of Napoleon are very few, and as brief as possible. The editor pointedly notices the discrimination made between the Marshals Massena and Ney, in Napoleon's manner of naming them. It does not, however, appear to us so striking as to be indicative of the different estimation in which they were held by him. We cannot suppose that he would have continued to employ Ney if he had suspected his abominable treacheries; nor are we aware of any other reason why he should treat him slightly, or indeed why "faites appeller" should be less gracious than "faites venir." To us the latter seems the more imperious form of summons, as leaving less to the option of the party summoned.

We are presented with a list of the travelling suite and staff of Napoleon, where we find the name of colonel La Bedoyere, the man who lately expiated his crime by a public execution, and one of the house of Montesquiou—a name which the annals of France record as inimical to royalty. A catalogue of part of Napoleon's travelling library fills up three pages. The books

named have been selected from the complete list which specified eight hundred volumes. Among those mentioned, we find the *Life of Charles the Twelfth* by Voltaire, which must, one would think, have been rather *grating* to the ravager of Moscow. But he who was at once the glory and the scourge of Sweden, although he wasted, like Napoleon, the blood of his subjects to gratify his mad ambition, did not like him desert his followers at their "utmost need," and from time to time stand indebted for his life to shameful flight.

We intend to present to our readers in our next number, some observations on the succeeding divisions of this work, which the editor announces his intention to communicate from the Belgic press, at La Haye; and we hope that the sale will be commensurate with the benevolent purpose to which he assigns the profit.

ART. XIV.—*The Amatory Works of TOM SHUFFLETON*, of the Middle Temple. London: Jennings, 1814, small 8vo. pp. 184.

TOM SHUFFLETON is a name that has been in most people's mouths at one time or another; and after being associated with almost every thing light in fashion, it is brought forward to recommend a tolerable quantity of light poetry. These effusions are quite after the manner of Moore's, which is no small recommendation of them; and like his, some of them are very indelicate. They consist, as the title imports, of amorous Odes and Sonnets; but there are among them a good many of a different description—such as, lines on seeing Kean in Richard the Third, a long Address to Lord Byron, of whom the author is a great admirer, and a very short one to Walter Scott, &c. &c. The following is a specimen of the poetry, which is, in general, good.

TO MISS ROSABELLA D——P——T.

Oh let me view those sunny eyes,
Where love's devoted spirit lingers;—
And do not, dearest Rose, disguise
Their beauty with those cruel fingers!

If they must cease to shed their light—
If they must cease again to charm me,
Let mine obstruct their lovely sight,
And, Rosa, they will never harm thee;

For they have oft—aye, often felt,
And been entrusted to that treasure

Which made my every nerve to melt,
And turn'd my every thought to pleasure.

ART. XV.—*An Easy Introduction to the Mathematics ; in which the Theory and Practice are laid down and familiarly explained. To each subject are prefixed, a brief popular History of its Rise and Progress, concise Memoirs of noted Mathematical Authors, Ancient and Modern, and some Account of their Works. The whole forming a complete and easy System of Elementary Instruction in the leading Branches of Mathematics. By CHARLES BUTLER. In Two Vols. 8vo. pp. li. 470 and 508. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. Longman and Co. London : Parker, Oxford, &c. 1814.*

THE increased number of elementary works now before the public, is generally regarded as characteristic of an advanced state of science ; and, as evidences of greater attention being paid to the subjects on which those works treat, their testimony cannot be doubted. As science advances, the discoveries of one age become elements in another, not merely by being, as it were, surpassed by fresh discoveries, but by being re-considered by men whose minds embrace the range of accumulated knowledge : the processes by which they were first discovered being rendered more simple—they become only the steps to further discoveries, and consequently rank among elementary principles. An increased attention to works of science also occasions an augmented demand for them ; and that demand will necessarily be met, either by the productions of those who are excited by the prospect of emolument and reputation ; or of those whose combined talents and experience are exerted in promoting those sciences with which they are familiar. Hence it is not originality of invention, or display of abstruse reasoning, but accuracy of principles, perspicuity of arrangement, and simplicity of expression, which at once constitute the value of an elementary work, and furnish the criteria by which that value can be ascertained. It is by this test alone, that we propose to examine the work before us.

Those who have read the works which Mr. Butler has previously published, (and of which we think a notice might have been given at the end of the present publication, with at least as much propriety as the Catalogue of Messrs. Longman and Co. could be placed in front of it) will readily give him credit for variety of information ; but they will hardly fail of concluding,

that he has been more accustomed to read than to think ; and that he is more remarkable for the extent of his knowledge than for his judgment or his taste. But as he has now confined himself more strictly to his subject, and as we are far from wishing to prepossess the mind of the reader, we shall allow him to explain his own object, by an extract from his preface.

“In the following work it is proposed to combine more advantages than are to be met with in any single book on the subject, viz. historical, theoretical, and practical knowledge, and to accompany the whole with explanations so exceedingly simple and easy, that it is presumed to be impossible that any person of moderate talents will fail to understand them. It supposes the learner to be, in the proper sense of the word, a *beginner*, consequently unacquainted with even the rudiments of science ; and from common principles known and acknowledged by all, it proceeds by easy and almost imperceptible gradations to lead him on (with the aid of *Simson's Euclid*, and a Table of Logarithms, both which it explains) to the attainment of a considerable degree of mathematical knowledge, with scarcely any assistance from a master. The work is divided into Ten Parts, in which the subjects treated of are—Arithmetic, Algebra, Logarithms, Common Geometry, Trigonometry, and the Conic Sections ; each preceded by a popular history of its rise and progressive improvements : to which are added, by way of notes, brief memoirs of the principal authors mentioned in the text ; some account of their writings, discoveries, improvements, &c. with a variety of useful information of a miscellaneous nature, respecting the mathematical sciences.”

Mr. Butler then gives a more particular description of the contents, by enumerating the different subjects treated of under each particular head, and specifying the methods he has followed. He then observes,

“Such is the plan of the work ; with respect to its execution, the author submits with becoming diffidence to the judgment of the public : he is aware of many imperfections, and is too well acquainted with himself, not to suspect that some errors may have escaped him, of which he is unconscious ; but he trusts that none will be found of sufficient importance to mislead the student, or materially impede his progress.—It ought to be acknowledged, that in the prosecution of the subjects here treated of, occasional assistance has been derived from the writings of approved authors and commentators ; and, in some instances, their methods and observations have been extended, abridged, or otherwise altered, to suit the plan of the Author : this is allowable in works of an elementary nature, and is not without its advantage, both to the subject and to the reader.”

He requests it to be remembered, that his work was written for *beginners*, which will account for the prolixity of some of the explanations, and for the manner in which some of the rules and operations are accounted for, being rather popular than scientific. Indeed Mr. B. seems constantly to have had in his view such pupils as are described in his preface, who either possess very inferior abilities, or will not exert those

they have. Mr. Butler has labored to remove every obstacle, and has oftener erred in doing too much, than too little. The conclusion will be generally drawn from the first sentence of the Preface, and confirmed by a perusal of the work.

"In order to ensure success in the cultivation of any branch of learning, it is a matter of prime importance to take care, that the first principles and elements be thoroughly understood, and firmly fixed in the memory, by a sufficient number of suitable exercises and examples."

Besides the vulgar expression, "*prime importance*," the two phrases, "first principles and elements," in the sense here attributed to them, are certainly synonymous, and consequently one of them must be superfluous. The same remark is applicable to "exercises, and examples," at least in reference to the present work.

Mr. Butler has prefixed an introduction to his work, in which he first defines pure and mixed mathematics, and then explains their nature and uses. This is succeeded by observations on the difference between mathematical demonstration and moral evidence, principally extracted from *Gambier's* introduction to this latter subject. Some farther account of the importance of mathematics is then added; with "a few hints, which it is hoped will prove useful to the student." The introduction terminates with a brief account of "the rise and progress of this science."

The subjects which the author has included in this treatise, are, whole numbers, tables of money, weights, and measures, compound rules, proportion, practice, fractions, decimals, circulating decimals, duodecimals, involution, evolution, and progression. The whole occupying 275 pages.

One example in every rule is marked and accompanied with an explanation of the method, which is extended sometimes to more examples than one; besides copious notes either historical or elucidatory, at the foot of the pages. These notes, in general, either show the reason of the rules, or illustrate the text, and as well as the explanations, will be useful to the student who has neither ability nor inclination to do without assistance at every step of a simple process. Some of these, however, might be abridged, and others entirely omitted with advantage. Among these we would specify that in p. 42, relative to a composite number, which has previously been given at p. 36. There is likewise something pedantic in the explanations, arising from the frequent repetition of the pronoun *I*, which Mr. Butler will see the propriety of avoiding in a

future edition. To illustrate both the nature of his explanations, and this observation, we shall copy a short example or two.

“Reduce $4\frac{5}{6}$ to its equivalent improper fraction.

Operation.

$$4 \times 6 + 5 = 29 \text{ numerator.}$$

Then $\frac{29}{6}$ the answer

Explanation.

I multiply the whole number 4 by the denominator 6, and to the product 24, I add the numerator 5, which makes 29; this I place over the denominator 6 for the answer.” p. 157.

And again :

“Reduce $2\frac{3}{4}$ to its equivalent simple fraction.

Operation.

$$\frac{2\frac{3}{4}}{5} = \frac{2 \times 4 + 3}{5 \times 4} = \frac{11}{20} \text{ Ans.}$$

Explanation.

Here I reduce the numerator $2\frac{3}{4}$ to an improper fraction, the numerator of which 11 I make the numerator of a new fraction; and the denominator 4, I multiply into the mixed part 5, making 20 for the denominator of the new fraction.” p. 161.

Now, if these explanations are at all useful, in addition to the rules, which are as explicit as possible, the fellow method of expression would be preferable, and is rather shorter: the first of them, for instance :

Here the whole number 4 is multiplied by the denominator 6, and the numerator 5 added to the product, which being placed over the denominator gives the answer.

Mr. Butler generally illustrates the rules with a suitable number of appropriate examples, and also subjoins sets of promiscuous questions for practice, to most of which the answers are given. These last, however, do not always manifest that taste and propriety in the selection, which, at all times, should guide the pen of an elementary writer, whose duty is, not merely to convey instruction in the most easy and perspicuous manner, but also to form the taste of his pupils in the subjects on which he treats. In support of this assertion, it will be sufficient to refer the reader to the examples given at pages 255, 259, and 260; the solutions to many of which require a knowledge of principles that have not been previously explained, and which cannot be comprehended till the pupil has made a much greater progress in his mathematical acquirements. The two following examples are selected from those above referred to.

"The solid content of the earth is estimated at 265404598080 cubic miles; required the side of a cube, containing an equal quantity of matter, of the same density?"

Now, "solid content," "cube," "quantity of matter," and "density," are all expressions of which a student, who has not advanced farther than the common extraction of the cube root, cannot have an adequate idea. Again,

"The earth revolves round the sun in 365 $\frac{1}{4}$ days, at 95 millions of miles' distance from him; required the distance of Jupiter from the Sun, supposing he revolves about the sun in 4332 $\frac{1}{2}$ days?"

Mr. Butler has indeed stated the relation between the periodic times and the distances of the earth and Jupiter, in a note, and also stated the question for the pupil's assistance. But the very circumstances which render the note necessary, likewise render the question improper for the place which it occupies. These, and a few other things of a similar description, the author, we are persuaded, will perceive the propriety of correcting; and we shall therefore dismiss this part of the subject with remarking, that the student must be *dull* in the extreme, who cannot obtain a tolerable acquaintance with the principal branches of arithmetic from this treatise, without any other assistance than that which the work itself affords.

A brief Treatise on *Logarithms* follows that on *Arithmetic*, and consists of an historical Introduction and Logarithmical Arithmetic. The first of these explains the nature, use, and advantages, of Logarithms; gives a sketch of their invention and progressive improvement; and shows the method of applying logarithms to common numbers. The latter contains their application to the operations of multiplication, division, proportion, involution, and evolution, illustrated by examples, and these again by explanations.

Algebra is also preceded by an historical introduction, and the operations are accompanied by explanations. The common rules are followed by those for fractions, involution, evolution, surds, simple and quadratic equations, and the first volume terminates with a collection of problems, as exercises to what precedes.

The second volume commences more particularly with *literal* algebra, the first part being chiefly, though not wholly, dedicated to that kind of algebra which is called *numeral*. Here the author introduces an explanation of the sense in which the letters of the alphabet are used in algebraic computations; but the proper place for this explanation is among the first definitions, as these letters are used throughout the science. In this

place, the author also explains the nature of general problems, investigates the rules of arithmetical progression, treats of permutations, combinations, simple interest, discount, the doctrine of ratios, proportion, and the comparison of variable and dependent quantities; he then investigates the rules of geometrical progression, compound interest, and also the most useful properties of numbers; treats of equations of several dimensions, indeterminate analysis, Diophantine problems, infinite series, and the investigation and construction of logarithms. The whole of algebra occupies 366 pages of closely printed matter. This part of the work is also accompanied by notes, which convey much useful information in regard to the nature of the rules, and their respective inventors; and, in a few instances, relatively to the inadvertencies of preceding authors: and it is but justice to Mr. Butler, to observe, that he does it with that candor, which is always characteristic of a love of truth. See p. 98.

Mr. Butler has, however, evinced so little taste and judgment in the expression and arrangement of his formulæ, that, in this respect, the work appears as though it had been printed a century ago. He has still preserved the vinculum and the radical signs which most of the best writers have exchanged for the parenthesis. Fractional indexes, and a different arrangement of his formulæ, would often contribute greatly to their perspicuity. Hence we sometimes find three lines above an expression, which gives it a very heavy and confused appearance.

This author also constantly adopts $\sqrt[3]{}$ instead of $\sqrt[3]{}$, and $\sqrt{x+y}$ instead of $(x+y)^{\frac{1}{2}}$. His fractional indexes are generally placed on the same line with the quantity, instead of standing above it. This may sometimes lead into error, as at page 99, vol. i. where we have $\sqrt[3]{\frac{1}{2}}$, which, supposing the index $\frac{1}{2}$ to be raised to its proper place, and the expression to be $\sqrt[3]{\frac{1}{2}}$ or, which is still better, $(\sqrt[3]{\frac{1}{2}})^{\frac{1}{2}}$, would be universally understood to indicate the cube root of *three and a half*; but Mr. Butler intends it to express the *cube root of the square root of three*, or $(\sqrt[3]{3})^{\frac{1}{2}}$, the equivalent of which is $\sqrt[3]{3}$.

Another source of error and perplexity to the student, will arise from the placing of the figure used with the radical to express the higher roots, constantly *before* the radical. Thus $\sqrt[3]{81a}$ is written $\sqrt[3]{81a}$, and this when reduced $\sqrt[3]{3a}$,

which expresses the *cube* of 3 into the *square root* of 3 a ; but the true result is 3 into the *cube root* of 3 a , or $3\sqrt[3]{3a}$. See p. 401, vol. i.

Another instance of the error into which this method of expression inevitably leads, when the radical is preceded by another quantity, is the following, taken from p. 405, vol. i.

“Divide $12\sqrt[3]{48}$ by $6\sqrt[3]{2}$

Thus $\frac{12\sqrt[3]{48}}{6\sqrt[3]{2}} = 2\sqrt[3]{24} = 2\sqrt[3]{8 \times 3} = 4\sqrt[3]{3}$ the quotient.”

The true solution to this example, as it now stands, is the following.

$$\frac{12\sqrt[3]{48}}{6\sqrt[3]{2}} = 2\sqrt[3]{24} = 2\sqrt[3]{4 \times 6} = 2\sqrt[3]{6},$$

or $16\sqrt[3]{6}$, and not $4\sqrt[3]{3}$ or $64\sqrt[3]{3}$, as given above.

Mr. Butler's meaning, however, we apprehend to be : divide $12\sqrt[3]{48}$ by $6\sqrt[3]{2}$, and then we have $\frac{12\sqrt[3]{48}}{6\sqrt[3]{2}} = 2\sqrt[3]{24}$

$= 2\sqrt[3]{8 \times 3} = 4\sqrt[3]{3}$, the true answer. Examples of this kind are very numerous, but these are sufficient to show the errors to which this improper position of the figure may lead ; to put the student upon his guard ; and to show the author the necessity of attending more particularly to the setting of every figure ; and especially where the radical expression is a factor of a quantity ; for $a\sqrt{x}$ is uniformly printed $a^n\sqrt{x}$, but the slightest degree of algebraic knowledge is sufficient to shew that they are expressions of very different values.

Geometry is the next subject in the work. It commences with an historical account, and some observations on the usefulness of geometry, which are followed by a description of mathematical instruments, observations on some parts of the first six books of Euclid's Elements, with an appendix, containing some useful propositions which are not in the elements ; practical geometry, methods of constructing scales, with the mensuration of a variety of plane and solid figures. The extent of our previous remarks must preclude enlargements here ; we shall therefore only observe that we think the definition of geometry, as “the science of magnitude, or local extension,” to be obscure, and that it might very advantageously be superseded by the following : “Geometry is that science which treats of the proper-

ties and relations of space, or continuous quantity; and which is exhibited under the various dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness." This definition contributes more to accuracy of conception, than the other; and perspicuity is of the utmost importance at the commencement of every branch of science. Definition 18, in the note on page 267, wants the phrase *part of the*, before the word "circumference," to make it correct. Article 109, page 275, relative to converse propositions, is not sense as it now stands. Mr. Butler, however, does not mean his observations on geometry to supersede the use of Euclid's Elements, but to assist the student in comprehending them.

Trigonometry is next treated of, and, besides the historical introduction, definitions, and introductory propositions, includes the investigation of formulæ, the constructions of tables of sines, tangents, &c. the fundamental theorems and the solution of the various cases of plane triangles. These principles are then applied to the mensuration of heights and distances, and accompanied by descriptions of the requisite instruments, and problems for exercise.

A short treatise on *Conic Sections* concludes the whole. The author commences with the Parabola, and has followed the methods adopted by Boscovich, Dr. Simson, Dr. Robertson, &c. and derived the properties from curves described in plano; demonstrating those only, which are necessary to enable the student to read Newton's Principia, or any other work on Mathematical Philosophy or Astronomy. The curve lines in these figures are in general badly drawn, and the ellipses appear to be only two segments of a circle.

We have thus endeavoured to present our readers with a view of the work, and pointed out a few instances in which the learner might either be perplexed or misled, and which appear to merit the author's notice in a future edition.

We refrain from following the example of some of our brother critics, who endeavour to display their knowledge at the expense of their author, by enumerating subjects which *might* have been included in the work, without any inquiry whether his object *required* or his plan *admitted of* them. Though we think Mr. Butler is not quite correct when he denominates his work "a *complete* system of elementary instruction," yet his object of enabling the student to make a considerable progress in mathematical knowledge, without the assistance of a master, was an arduous undertaking, in which he has labored with laudable zeal, exemplary industry, and great success. To many

readers he will appear prolix, and in some places is more so than necessary : but they should remember that the nature of his plan required him to be popular and copious in his explanations ; and those who have had the greatest experience in teaching mathematics, are the most convinced that by *these* alone can many learners be made to comprehend even the very elements of the science. We are persuaded that Mr. Butler is too well acquainted with the fallibility of human nature, and has shown too much candor in the composition of his work, to attribute our remarks to any other motive than that by which his pen was guided—a desire to exhibit *truth* in its true colors.

ART. XVI. *The Traveller's New Guide through Ireland, containing a new and accurate description of the roads, with particulars of all the different towns, villages, noblemen and gentlemen's seats, Churches, Monastic buildings, Antiquities, and Natural Curiosities : also the present state of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce, with a complete list of all the Fairs throughout the Kingdom. Illustrated with a new and accurate map of Ireland ; plan of the Lakes of Killarney, views of the Giant's Causeway, delineations of the principal post-roads, with other plates.* pp. 574. Dublin.

THIS ample title-page is also no bad table of contents, and the latter correspond well with the former. The work was compiled on the spot, and must consequently be among the most faithful pictures of Ireland that a stranger can obtain. The Compiler takes into consideration the Counties, Baronies and Parishes, in regular succession, commencing with the city and county of Dublin, and treating separately of the four great provinces into which the island is divided. His book must be a desirable *Vademecum* to the stranger who visits the sister-kingdom, and it will not only direct his course along the many cross-roads, but facilitate his researches into the state of the country : and even the stranger, who has not the opportunities of seeing Ireland, will derive a good deal of pleasure, and some profit, from a description of those wild and mountainous beauties with which she abounds.

ART. XVII. — שֵׁעַר הַרְאֵשׁוֹן אֶל לִשָּׁן הַקֹּדֶשׁ סֵפֶר הַיִּקְדּוֹק *A Hebrew Grammar, in the English Language, by Joseph Samuel C. F. Frey, Editor of Vanderhooght's Hebrew Bible. London: Gale and Curtis 1813. 8vo. pp. 104. + 44. = 148. 10s. 6d. extra bds.*

OF late years Hebrew literature has occupied much of the public attention ; and, as might be expected, many Grammars have been published : notwithstanding this, however, much in this department is wanting. The Grammars in question are generally composed in the Latin language, and thus rendered entirely useless to the major and younger part of the community. The learned, indeed, have always been able to acquire the Hebrew Tongue, by means of the many learned Treatises on the subject : to them the circumstance above alluded to, presented no difficulties ; it perhaps increased the facility of attaining the language ; but to the school-boy or the unlearned, it opposed a complete barrier. It is obvious, that, generally speaking, the rudiments of Hebrew should be learnt at school ; and it were desirable that they should be studied, even before the pupil has acquired a perfect knowledge of the Latin language : in this case, the protracted use of a Latin Grammar presents a great impediment. Nor is this the only argument against the common custom of Hebrew Grammarians. Many persons, somewhat advanced in life, have desired to acquire a sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to read the Scriptures in the original ; but of Latin these persons are completely ignorant. Such is generally the case with Dissenting Teachers. They are sometimes taken from among the lower Orders of the People ; and when they enter on what is generally termed their '*ministry*' are completely ignorant of every species of Classical learning. To these men, however, the acquirement of Hebrew would be a great advantage ; but in the present state of things how is it to be acquired ?

It is but just, indeed, to state, that some grammars have been composed in English, but the number of these is small, and even these few are not free from considerable defects. The Grammar of Parkhurst is without points ; and without the true vowels all Hebrew becomes confusion : that by Newton labors under the same disadvantage : and Lyons's Hebrew Grammar,

although it teaches the system of the points, is too short to lead to a perfect knowledge of the language.

From all these defects, that before us is completely free: Mr. Frey has given all the necessary rules according to the best authorities: he has illustrated his rules with copious and apposite examples: he has given complete Tables of the Hebrew Particles; and at the end he has printed the whole book of Psalms from the excellent edition of the Hebrew Bible by Vander-Hooght.

Upon the whole, therefore, we cannot but recommend this Grammar to general notice. It will be found a complete Introduction to the study of Hebrew; and the Lexicon to be published by the same author, will, if executed with the same ability, materially assist in the cultivation of Hebrew Literature. With respect to the utility of these studies, it were needless to expatiate: besides its other advantages, Hebrew is the key to the other Oriental Languages: without some acquaintance with it, it were more difficult to learn the Arabic or Persian Tongues. In short, he who has attained a critical knowledge of Hebrew may regard himself as able to learn all other learned languages with facility. We hope, therefore, that Mr. F. will meet with encouragement in his endeavours to explain it. Of the price of his work no one will complain, when the difficulty and expense of printing Hebrew are considered: it is within the reach of all, and the addition of the Psalms will render it peculiarly useful in schools.

ART. XVIII. *A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads, Tales, and Songs, with Explanatory Notes and Observations.* By JOHN GILCHRIST. In 2 Vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1815.

FEW objects can be more interesting than tracing the history of Poetry, and examining the causes of the changes it has undergone. This object has of late years been pursued with success, and the pursuit has had a visible and beneficial influence upon the poetical productions of the age. The works of W. Scott, and other living poets, are evidences of a taste and tone of composition formed, in many essential points, on the characteristic qualities of our early poetry. It is allowed that nothing can be a better criterion of the manners and spirit of an age, than the

songs and ballads composed in it. Accordingly, in rude ages, when men's passions were violent, and their minds but little susceptible of the softer emotions, their poetry partook of the coarse and boisterous character of their feelings. It was distinguished by force of expression, and displayed, with a terrible energy, the struggles and melancholy effects of the fiercer passions. Scenes of savage warfare, but still more frequently the agency of invisible beings, afforded subjects the best calculated to make a suitable impression on the rugged natures of those for whose entertainment they were devised.

Civilization advanced ; men grew ashamed of this undisguised display of the fiercer emotions. It was found necessary to repress the ebullitions of selfishness ; the propensity to violence was by degrees subdued, and *gentler* habits and manners were the result.—Poetry could not remain uninfluenced by this beneficial change. To the wild and ungovernable impulses of native feeling succeeded a tone of calm and tempered emotion ; and the tenderness and delicacy, as well as the enthusiasm and warmth of the softer passions, breathed through the effusions of the muse.

The truth of these observations is exemplified in the volumes before us. The poems of an earlier date are characterised by a broadness of humor, a freedom of thought and expression, which in modern productions would be scarcely tolerable ; but which our good, unpolished ancestors, not only tolerated, but admired. These coarser effusions of the muse are succeeded by songs and ballads full of tenderness, sentiment, and delicacy—that breathe all the warmth and freshness of the kindlier affections—that display the heroism so frequently manifested in the humble scenes of life, and the triumph of the generous mind in situations painful and trying.

The collection now presented to the public, is divided into three parts. In the classification of the first and third, Mr. Gilchrist has adopted the plan of the acute and judicious Mr. Ritson. The first consists of historical and romantic ballads ; the second of tales ; and the third of songs, under the heads, *humorous*, *love*, and *miscellaneous*. To the poems in the first and second part, some judicious observations are prefixed, with a view to elucidate the transactions related ; and in the third part, we are furnished with the authors' names, and some interesting anecdotes relative to many of the songs. As specimens of the fund of entertainment to be derived from these volumes, by those who are not so unfortunate as (in a case like this) to have been born

south of the Tweed, we shall select examples from each of the classes. And first, '*Fair Annie of Lochroyan.*'

"O gin I had a bonny ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin he winna come to me!"

Her father's gien her a bonny ship,
And sent her to the stran';
She's taen her young son in her arms,
And turn'd her back to the lan'.

She hadna been o'the sea sailin'
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship
Near her true-love's door.

The nicht was dark, the wind blew cauld,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms,
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true-love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says; 'Wha's that wad be in?'

'Oh, it is Annie of Lochroyan,
Your love, come o'er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me.'

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You're na come here for gude;
You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flude.'

'I am nae witch or vile warlock,
Or mermaiden' said she;—
'I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan;—
O, open the door to me!'

'O, gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
As I trust not ye be,
What token can ye gie that e'er
I kept your companie?'

'O dinna ye mind, love Gregor,' she says,
'As we twa sat at dine,
How we chang'd the rings frae our fingers,
And I can shew thee thine.

'Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
And open it with speed;
Or your young son that is in my arms,
For cauld will soon be dead.'

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman;
Gae frae my door for shame,
For I hae gotten anither fair love,
Sae ye may hie you hame.'

' O hae ye gotten anither fair love,
For a' the oaths you sware?
Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor,
For me ye's never see mair !'

O, hooly, hooly gaed she back,
As the day began to peep ;
She set her foot on good ship board,
And sair, sair did she weep.

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say ;
' I dreamt a dream this nicht, mither,
That maks my heart richt wae ;

' I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower o' a' her kin,
Was standin' mournin' at my door,
But nane wad let her in.'

' O, there was a woman stood at the door,
With a bairn intill her arm ;
But I wadna let her within the bower,
For fear she had done you harm.'

O quickly, quickly raise he up,
And fast ran to the strand ;
And there he saw his fair Annie,
Was sailing frae the land.

And ' heigh, Annie !' and ' how Annie !
O, Annie speak to me !'
But ay the louder he cried ' Annie !'
The louder raired the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain ;
And soon he saw his fair Annie,
Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith toss'd aboon the tide ;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plung'd in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand ;
But cauld and stiff was every limb,
Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kist her cheery cheek,
And syne he kist her chin,
And sair he kist her ruby lips ;
But there was nae breath within.

O, he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,
Till the sun was ganging down ;
Syne wi' a sich his heart it brast,
And his saul to heaven has flown.

This is nature, as also is the plaint of 'Barbara Allan,' the affecting tale of 'Fair Helen of Kirconnell Lee,' 'Gilderoy,' and the 'Braes of Yarrow,' from the pen of Hamilton of Bangour.

In the tales, which form the second part, we are presented with 'Peblis to the Play' and 'Christis Kirk of the Greene,' written by James I., a prince of great genius and of rare accomplishments for the age in which he lived. These have been so often the subjects of criticism, that further remarks on them are superfluous. They are followed by a very spirited tale, entitled 'The Heir of Linne,' which we point out as a striking description of the ill effects of dissipation in a young man of family. 'The Farmer's Ha', a kind of companion to Ferguson's Farmer's Ingle, concludes the book. The evening occurrences, the gossip of a large farm house, the loquacious tailor and garrulous gude wife, the jeering maidens, the wheedling pedlar, the insulting gauger, "dressed in a little brief authority," the whining beggars, and the sagacious herdsman, are painted with a force of coloring, that, in its line, rivals Teniers himself.

We now reach the third and last part of the work, containing the songs. They are very numerous, and exhibit many traits of taste and genius. They chant the loves, depict the manners, and record the actions, of a rude but gallant people, with a brevity of description, a tenderness of feeling, and an energy of language, that take a fast hold on the mind. We are sorry we have not room for lengthened extracts; at the same time that among such a blaze of beauties we feel doubtful on which to fix. The following is of the plaintive kind. 'The Braes o' Gleniffer.'

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw?
 How chang'd sin the time that I met wi' my lover
 Amang the green bushes by Stanley-green shaw!
 The wild flowers o' Simmer were springing sae bonny:
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Jonnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.
 Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheerie;
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie;
 Now naething is seen but the wide spreading snaw.

The trees are a' bare and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
They chirp out their plaints seeming wae for my Johnie;
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud as it skiffs the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on its stey rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the sna-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.

'Tis no the loud roar of the wintry wind swelling,
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e;
For O gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me!"—

It may not be amiss to apprise the reader, that this soft and pathetic ballad is from the pen of Tannahill, the author of that beautiful song so justly a favorite with the northern public at present, entitled 'Jessie, the flower of Dumblaine.' Of Tannahill we know little, but that little is interesting. In the humble situation of a weaver at Glasgow, he devoted his leisure hours to the muse. She proved propitious, and his songs are now familiar in the mouths of his countrymen. We are often doomed to bewail the untimely fate of Genius, and to mourn over the loss of men gifted with the finest sensibility and parts the most fascinating. From causes nearly allied to each other proceeded the fatuity of Swift, the melancholy of Cowper, the perturbation of Collins, the eccentricities of Burns, and the extravagancies of Chatterton. To the list of the votaries of genius thus unfortunate, must the name of Tannahill be added; for he fell a victim to the morbid sensibility of his mind, and in the year 1810, was found drowned in the Clyde.

Upon the whole, we are well pleased with this collection. We are aware that the editor had before him an extensive field, abounding with beautiful and variegated flowers; but it was interspersed with many weeds. Much must of course have depended on his selection of the materials,—on his rejecting the vulgar, and retaining the elegant: and this he has done judiciously. He has rejected the compositions that might have offended modesty; but without being so fastidious as to omit those broader delineations of nature which mark the honest, but homely character of his forefathers, and give a faithful picture of the manners of good old times.

ART. XIX. *History of the House of Romanof, the present Imperial Russian Dynasty, from the earliest period to the time of Peter the Great* ; intended as an introduction to a history of the life and reign of that celebrated Monarch ; and including the Russian history from the first accession of the family to the throne. London : Cadell and Davies, 1815. Pr. 6s.

THIS work was originally written as an Introduction to the History of the Life and Reign of Peter the Great ; and the degree of encouragement extended to the present publication, will determine the appearance of the latter more important undertaking. These records are constructed on a principle of selection in regard to facts ; while minute and uninteresting details are avoided. We wish that histories were oftener written on the same plan. The author claims credit for the exertion of more industry and research than will appear on the surface of his labors ; and we are not inclined to dispute his claims. The style is elegant and easy, but not without occasional quaintness and affectation ; and the writer sometimes indulges in traits of humor, which, if neither obtrusive nor unrefined, are still rather below the dignity of history.

The interest of the narrative begins with nearly the opening of the 17th century, and with the reign of Michael, of the House of Romanof, which was allied to the ancient House of Ruric both by marriage and descent. Michael was the grandfather of Peter the Great ; and the reign of his son Alexy was upon the whole that of a wise, powerful, and beneficent monarch. His second wife, Natalia Nariskin, was the mother of Peter ; and, after the short sway of Feodor the eldest son of Alexy, his other children by a former wife were joined with Peter in the government during his minority. From the yoke of his sister Sophia, who enjoyed the chief influence in the united government, Peter was emancipated by his own vigor of character, after he had attained his 16th year. The beginning of the administration of the Triumvirs (Sophia, Ivan, and Peter) had been marked by domestic commotions, raised by the intrigues of the House of Milolafski, and to which, besides many other victims, several members of the family of Nariskin were sacrificed by the insurgents. The author, having given an ani-

mated description of these horrors, closes the history with the following passages :

“ The re-conducting of Sophia to her monastery at Moscow, finally concluded her political career, and placed Peter the Great in undisputed possession of the throne of Russia. In this treatment of his fallen rival, the young Tzar afforded another striking instance of united justice and clemency. The personal and mental resemblance between this unfortunate princess, and the Empress Catherine II. is so minute, yet so strongly marked, that scarcely any one, acquainted in the least with the life of Catherine, can fail to have been forcibly struck by it. Both equally admirable for their beauty, of manners equally popular and engaging, of almost parallel mental acquirements, and genius equally extensive; uniting literary to their other accomplishments, and alike the patrons of learning, and the promoters of useful knowledge : yet in both ambition alike predominant, and tarnishing the lustre of so many excellencies. In one respect, however, Sophia has very considerably the advantage. Her virtue, the breath of suspicion has barely tainted; and to her superior virtue, it is not improbable, that she was indebted for the loss of a throne, and of all the cares and heart-aches ever attendant on one acquired by usurpation.

“ As to the mock Tzar, Ivan, he possessed all the easy good-nature and harmlessness of an idiot. He was of a weak and sickly constitution, and liable to convulsions, or attacks of epilepsy. It is, however, probable, that he did not owe his mental imbecility entirely to these, but to nature. For Schleissing, who was at Moscow during Sophia's regency, says, that he was *naturally* so ill-formed, that he could neither *rightly see, read, nor speak*: and that the upper part of his face was so unseemly, that he constantly kept it concealed in public, by means of a green shade. In short, were this a place to describe the other Triumvir, Peter, and the pen of a Clarendon undertook the task, a more striking and extraordinary group could not probably be witnessed.

“ Ivan still retained the empty title of sovereignty; and his name continued to be united with that of his brother, in the public ordinances. With this, his friends could have no occasion for complaint. It was all of power he had enjoyed under Sophia, and all that Nature had made him capable of enjoying. He ever lived on the most friendly terms with his brother, for whom he had the greatest affection. Ivan did but survive these events four years.

“ Thus having conducted the reader, to the best of our ability, through perplexed and gloomy paths, to the period when Peter the Great had the courage to become a real sovereign, a brighter and more inviting prospect gradually widens on our view. Here, therefore, we shall conclude the first portion or Book of this History, in which we purpose five more (should it be our fortune to proceed) to be included. The second will end with that period, when the Reformer of Russia set out on his first travels. The Battle of Pultowa will conclude the third; the transfer of the seat of Government, the fourth; the fifth will finish at the peace of Neustadt; and the last finally close with that memorable and awful scene which robbed the world for ever of the Hero and Legislator of the North.

From the body of the work, we give an amusing extract respecting the second marriage of the Czar Alexy.

“ Though the Tzar had recourse to the ancient usage of his country, prior to the celebration of these second nuptials, M. Stæhlin tells us his choice had already been decided; for that he had previously seen, and become enamoured of Natalia, at the house of his minister Matveof, under whose protection she had been placed, and of whom she was the relative. To this course the minister had persuaded him; too prudent, needlessly, to find food for that envy, which will ever follow a monarch’s favourite.

“ The conduct of these marriages of the Tzars, partaking more of the manners of Asia than of Europe, seems, by reason of its singularity, entitled in this place to some attention.

“ The subjugation of Russia, by the Tartars, had introduced many of the usages of Asia: but it was not till the kingdoms of Casan and Astracan formed appendages to the dominions of the Tzars, that this, of the sovereign’s selection of a wife from amongst his own subjects, had been adopted. On these occasions, it was usual to cause the most beautiful virgins of the provinces, to assemble at the imperial residence. The grand mistress of the court received them at her apartments: they had separate chambers appointed, but ate together.

“ Writers by no means agree, as to the private customs observed on these occasions. Neither does it seem probable that any one, unless particularly attendant at the court, should acquire authentic information on a subject of so much delicacy:—in fact, on usages which probably were not defined, but might vary with the sovereign’s pleasure, as he proved a Commodus or a Scipio.

“ On the day fixed for the Tzar’s selection of his bride, he repaired, accompanied by a very ancient Boiar, to the temporary residence of these virgins. Here, seated on a throne, they presented themselves in succession to his curious regards, prostrating themselves before him. On the naked bosom of each, he cast a richly embroidered handkerchief, ornamented with pearls and diamonds; and after they had retired, she who was the object of his choice was presented with a bridal habit, the first intimation given her of the honor intended. The other candidates were generally espoused by some of the nobles and officers of the court; who availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the assemblage of so much beauty.

“ Subsequent ceremonies, previous to, as well as after the consummation of marriage, displayed still more of the refined voluptuousness and barbaric splendor of the Asiatics.”

ART. XX. *An Answer to the calumnious misrepresentations of the Quarterly Review, the British Critic, and the Edinburgh Review, contained in their Observations on Sir N. William Wraxall's Historical Memoirs of his own Time.* By SIR N. W. WRAXALL, BART. London: Cadell and Davies. 1815. pp. 62.

THE fate of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall is a hard one, though, happily, he seems not to think so. He publishes memoirs of many very interesting events from 1772 till 1784; and aware that errors must occur in so wide and varied a range of subjects, he sets out with this observation;

“That every man who undertakes to write history must, from the nature of human things, be liable to err, however anxiously desirous of relating only real facts—an observation which applies with peculiar force to those who write on recent and contemporary events, where the passions or interests of men become blended with the account given of almost every transaction. When Mezerai was informed of an error that he had committed—‘I could point out a hundred,’ replied he, ‘which I have made in the course of the work, while you only mention a single instance.’”

Sir Nathaniel, as little gifted with infallibility as Mezerai, is guilty of a mistake which brings upon him both the disapprobation of a distinguished foreign minister, and the vengeance of the law. He atones by an early apology, and by expunging the obnoxious passages from his second edition; but the atonement is deemed insufficient. Nor is this all. The indignation of a host of Reviewers is excited by the freedom of his remarks on certain public men and their measures. Chiefly anxious to amuse the public, he has not been solicitous to conciliate the followers either of Pitt or of Fox: consequently he can hope for no asylum in the spirit of party. But vengeance once roused seldom stops short at the primary object of excitement; and accordingly our offended brethren, not content with averring that the late Earl of Liverpool did not know more of men than of books, and that Mr. Fox's coalition with Lord North was a wise and virtuous act, fall upon poor Sir Nathaniel with indescribable fury, and, in one sweeping torrent of censure, hand him and his book over to everlasting infamy.

“He is so perfectly regardless of truth,” say the Edinburgh Reviewers, that we are convinced there is not a single anecdote in the book which can be safely believed on his testimony. By the disgusting or indecent character of his private anecdotes; by his belief of stories which are always incredible; by the shameless profligacy or atrocious criminality of the acts which he imputes coolly and groundlessly to public men, he

has done his utmost to blacken the character of his age and country, to extinguish all confidence in political honesty, and thus to destroy that public esteem which is the only outward reward of those who do not court royal favor."

Such are the heavy imputations against the author contained in one of the greater journals. The *Quarterly Review* characterizes the work as "flippant and offensive," full of "pompous gossip and inflated trash."—To these charges, and others of a still more serious nature, Sir Nathaniel has thought proper to reply; and we will follow him through the principal topics of his vindication.

To the observations of the *Quarterly Review*, and the *British Critic*, that the author of the *Historical Memoirs* had mistaken the amount of his resources and his ability, and that he was not at all in the *secret* of any party, he replies :

"It will not be disputed that I lived in daily and intimate friendship with the late Lord Sackville, then Lord George Germain, who continued to be Secretary of State down to January 1782. From him I surely *might* have known much of the *secret* of the time; and that I actually *did* know some particulars, not unimportant, may be seen in the 'Memoirs' themselves. From the Duke of Dorset, who was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, in December 1783, and whose confidence, as well as correspondence, I enjoyed during the whole period of the embassy, I might have derived similar information. As I lived almost always in London, and attended the House of Commons regularly; unless I labored under insurmountable stupidity, I *must* have caught some warmth from the materials and persons I approached." "But," he adds, "I differ on another point from the Reviewers. For, I think, that if I had been in the *secret* of any party; if I had been officially entrusted with facts or documents of state, I could not have divulged them during the life of George the Third. My very ability to compose memoirs of my own time, would have constituted my disqualification."

In proof of this he mentions a negociation in which he was confidentially employed by the late Queen of Denmark, Caroline Matilda. By that princess he was repeatedly sent over to his present Majesty, charged with dispatches of a very delicate nature, with the contents of which he was perfectly acquainted: and though above forty years have elapsed since the decease of this princess, he has never alluded to this subject in any of his publications.

"Yet, if disclosed, it would excite great interest; and, according to the principle laid down by the Reviewers, 'would form legitimate materials for history.'"

After noticing some objects of minor importance, he returns to the accusations preferred against him in the *Edinburgh Review*; and begins with the animadversions on his account of *Catherine the second*.

“The deaths of the Emperor Peter, of Prince Ivan, of the supposed Princess Tarrakanoff, of the Grand Duchess the first wife of Paul, and that of the Princess of Wirtemberg, are still laid to the charge of the Empress. Such a series of murders, including that of a husband, of a boy, and of three young women; one of whom was a daughter in law, has not been charged on any individual, at least in the modern History of Europe; and to publish such stories lightly is no small offence.”

On perusing this passage, one would imagine that Sir N. Wraxall had been the first to publish the stories which it relates, and that he had affirmed them all to be true. Yet they have been long before the public; and in order to show what he really thinks of the two first of them, namely, that of Peter the third, and of Irvan (who though born in 1740 and killed by his guards in 1764, the Edinburgh Review denominates *a boy*) Sir Nathaniel refers with confidence to his own account of them. He at the same time complains that his narration has been garbled into a direct accusation against the Empress.

“Whether she was guilty or innocent, I have nowhere given even an opinion—throughout this whole work. Yet these constitute *two* out of the ‘series of murders,’ which I am represented as having laid to her charge.”

Passing over the third and fourth of these charges, as being of less moment, and as affording an easy triumph to Sir N. we pass to the fifth ground of accusation, the case of the Princess of Wirtemberg. On this topic our author is so clear and explicit, that we shall quote the passage entire.

“My opinions and observations on this point are altogether favorable to the Empress, and tend to acquit her of any participation in that princess’s death, even on the supposition that it was not natural; a supposition which I by no means sanction. That this illustrious and unfortunate lady was confined in the interior of Muscovy, for some asserted errors of conduct; that she there expired at the end of about eighteen months, that her body was refused to be delivered up to her parents; that no *procès verbal*, or authenticated account of her disorder and decease, was ever published by the court of Petersburg or of Stutgard; that injurious reports respecting her end were circulated throughout Europe, and obtained considerable belief even in this country: on all these points, there is no difference of opinion. They are universally admitted. Now what have I said?—After stating the suspicions entertained of poison, or other means having been resorted to, I add; ‘In the case of the two Emperors, Peter the third, and Irvan; as well as in the instances of the pretended Princess Tarrakanoff, and of the first Grand Duchess of Russia; the motives for her commission of a crime, by depriving them of life, are obvious. But none such appear in the instance before us.’”

Sir Nathaniel proceeds to state,

“That the present King of Wirtemberg proved to George the Third, by documents and papers the most authentic, that he had not any know-

ledge of, or participation in his first wife's death, is incontestible. His Majesty, as I have stated, after a full inspection of them, became perfectly convinced of his having had no part in that dark and melancholy transaction. His Majesty's reluctance to conclude the union of the Prince of Wirtemberg with his eldest daughter, probably arose only from parental affection. And without having recourse to any supposition of violence, we may easily conceive that the decease of the first Princess might have been caused by her own situation, shut up in a Muscovite castle, deprived of her German attendants, male and female, a prey to solitude and chagrin. Such circumstances are usually of themselves sufficient to shorten the term of human life."

All this needs no comment ; but there are some remarks of Sir Nath. connected with this subject which it would be injustice in us not to notice.

"I forbear," says he, "to make any comment on the manner in which both these Reviews have mentioned the prosecution commenced against me, by Count Woronzow, for having inadvertently mentioned his name in a way hurtful to his feelings; a circumstance which could not have arisen from any intention to injure, or offend, which I regret, and for which, as soon as I was apprized of it, I made every becoming apology. If decency and liberality of mind did not restrain the pens of those critics or moderate their virtuous indignation, other considerations might and ought to have imposed limits on them. Are they aware, that by attempting, through the medium of the press, to influence the public mind, and to anticipate the supposed judgment of a court of criminal Law, on the matter pending, and not yet come to hearing; they are guilty of a far more heinous offence, than the one which it is falsely affected to attribute to me? For, the purity and majesty of English jurisprudence discountenances, reprobates and punishes every appeal to the passions of the multitude, as subversive of the first principles of Equity and Justice."

Passing by the Anecdote at p. 44, which shows with what facility a trivial circumstance may be made to answer a grave purpose ; and leaving unnoticed a variety of less interesting details; we come to the account of Mr. Fox and his principles. Sir Nathaniel complains that the Reviewers have unfairly selected a few detached parts of a long sentence, and by reasoning on so fallacious a basis, have accused him of an attempt to diminish Mr. Fox's claim to moral approbation. To counteract the effect which this uncandid mode of attack may have upon the minds of his readers, he cites, in full, the character he had drawn of Mr. Fox—a character which, as we shall see presently, some people think not altogether deficient in point of justice, and impartiality.

"Let it be remembered," says Sir Nath., "that the portrait here drawn, is not Mr. Fox of *Fifty*, such as we remember him, residing at St. Anne's Hill, a married man, leading a domestic life, in the bosom of letters and researches of taste: but, it is Mr. Fox at *thirty-two*, as he

was in 1781, living in St. James's Street, and still devoted to those gratifications by which he had impaired his health, ruined his fortune, and diminished his brilliant reputation, &c."

Now for the second set of judges.

"The friends of the late Mr. Fox," say the Quarterly Reviewers, "will alledge that Sir Nath. has been unjust to that eminent man: but we think that on this delicate subject, the opinion of Sir Nath. is not only sincere, but justified by the circumstances of Mr. Fox's life."

After inveighing against that statesman, for "the mischief of his public conduct, and his sacrifices to ambition," they add;

"We say nothing of his conduct in latter times. On that subject we confess, we ourselves could scarcely write impartially. But, with regard to the transactions that Sir N. Wraxall relates, we must do him the justice to say, that we think his bias against the politics of Mr. Fox, is not only just and reasonable; but that similar sentiments are common to the great majority of mankind."

Attention, reader! doctors will never cease to disagree.

"To apply," say the gentlemen of Edinburgh, not without indignation, "to apply such language as Sir Nathaniel applies to Mr. Fox, is indeed, to libel all his eminent contemporaries, and through them, the age and nation of which they were the ornaments."

Thus have we followed Sir N. Wraxall through most of the topics of his defence; and we are well pleased to see, that the historian of the *House of Valois* has so successfully repelled the calumnies levelled against him. He speaks like an honest man, who disclaims indirect means of defending a cause, the merits of which render it sufficiently strong. When he alludes to himself—to the anxiety which attended his inquiries, and the motives on which his decisions were founded, he employs the language of one, who wishes and deserves to be believed, and therefore we believe him.

Let it not, however, be supposed that our praise is to be unqualified. Successful as Sir Nathaniel has been in his general defence, there is one point, and that too of no small importance, in which he has failed; we mean the charge of sometimes selecting without a due regard to moral effect. Surely a man of Sir Nathaniel's good sense and experience in the world will not think it an adequate excuse to alledge that other writers have been culpable in the same way, and in a higher degree. That cause must be bad indeed, which needs an appeal, in such a case, to the example of Gibbon; and yet that example is urged in his defence. But who could have dreamt of his present Majesty's being brought forward as party to an immodest measure? Yet that is actually done.

“ Sir John Dalrymple by express permission, nay, under the sanction of His present Majesty, has published a Collection of Letters :” one of these letters from Charles the Second to Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, is “ exceptionable in point of delicacy ;” and therefore His present Majesty gave his express permission, nay his very sanction to Sir John Dalrymple to publish this very particular and individual Letter!! To what miserable expedients are those driven who undertake to defend what is indefensible !

To some of the points of accusation against Sir N. it might have been as well had he not given himself the trouble of making a serious reply—to the pleasantry of the Quarterly Review, for instance, in comparing him for incapacity and self importance to “ P. P. clerk of this Parish,” whose “ Memoirs ” furnish so much ludicrous entertainment in the works of Pope ; and to the charges of plagiarism from the pages of the Annual Register and Daily Advertiser. If, as he assures us,

“ Neither the praise nor the censure of his adversaries can operate beyond the moment ; that their weapons are not the arrows of *Teucer*, but the imbecile and harmless darts of Priam, *Telum imbecille, sine ictu*,” why tire his readers with the gleanings of their fretful pages? Why imitate the knight of La Mancha, in assailing every windmill that an accidental blast may put in motion?

The conclusion is just and good.

“ However great or numerous, as I admit, may be the defects of my work, it is characterized in every page, by Loyalty to the Sovereign, Detestation of French principles, Abhorrence of Bonaparte and all his fallen Jacobin gang, Attachment to the crown, and Reverence for the British Constitution.”

ART. XXI. *Steps to Sense Verses, or a set of English Exercises to be rendered into Latin Hexameters and Pentameters, for the use of Schools.* London : Law and Whittaker, 1815, pp. 60.

THE composition of Latin verses is considered by scholars as indispensably necessary to a correct taste. The practice itself is, in most cases, most excellent ; but the abuse of it has been strenuously combated, and severely reprobated, as existing in a very mischievous degree in our greater seminaries.

The advantages resulting from versification, especially in preparing pupils for understanding and relishing the beauties of the classics, are often inestimable. And it is to facilitate the acquisition of this branch of knowledge that the present little per-

formance has appeared. Select passages from the Latin poets are translated into the plainest and most literal English, that the pupil may render them into the language from which they are taken; as for example:

“Averse to studies, nor devoted to any muse,
The loiterer spends the long day in manifold art;
In the fresh morning, he takes the cold of the dewy field,
And the seventh hour is passed in the slow walk.
In the eighth, he seeks the grateful quet of the well-known tavern,
And in the ninth, he wanders to the placid waters of Isis.”

By means of such an arrangement of words as this, ample assistance is afforded to the mere beginner; a due exercise is at the same time given to the mind, and when the task is finished, the pupil has the advantage of comparing his own performance with the words of the original. On looking into this little volume, we saw another advantage attending the selection. The examples are chosen from authors whose works the pupil cannot easily procure had he a desire to do so.

The usual method in schools is, for the master to select and translate more difficult passages for such of his pupils as are the most advanced. But this practice is attended with inconveniences; to obviate which, the present series of exercises selected, as already hinted, from authors, some of them but little read in schools, is offered to the public.

ART. XXII. *Short Greek Exercises on an improved plan*, containing the most useful rules in Syntax; being a concise Introduction to the writing of Greek. By the REV. J. PICQUOT. London: Law and Whittaker. 1815. pp. 108.

“AWARE,” says the compiler of this useful little work, “that memory should be cultivated, but not overcharged; and that the shortest formulæ are best suited to the natural indolence of the youthful mind. many have attempted to condense the most elaborate and extensive treatises into a series of short and simple axioms. These elementary works may be considered as forming a new era in the annals of education; for at no period could there be found so many, and such easy methods of instruction, and never have the most abstruse subjects been rendered at once so familiar and instructive. Works framed on this plan have been eagerly adopted both by public and private instructors; and it is this success which has induced the compiler of the present work to attempt, for an useful and elegant language, what had been accomplished with so much success for the

sciences, and to offer to the public what he had intended for his private use. The compiler has ventured upon the task of rendering the study of the Greek language at once more easy and more agreeable to the student, by presenting him with short and simple rules of Syntax, illustrated by appropriate examples, and accompanied by exercises, framed on the simple and much approved plan of those found in Levizac's French Grammar."

The use of Latin Exercises has long been familiar in every school; but it was not until our own times that exercises on the Greek language came to be generally used. If, however, the surest method of perfecting a pupil in the study of Latin Syntax, be to furnish him with a series of exercises on the rules which he commits to memory, thus imprinting them more strongly on his mind by uniting practice with theory—certainly the same method must be equally eligible with respect to the Greek syntax.

We have looked over this little volume with some attention, and have reason to think that the compiler has fully accomplished the object he had in view. All the world is acquainted with the exercises of Huntingford, Neilson, &c. but, independently of their high price, the examples in them are not always strictly and exclusively adapted to the rules they are intended to exemplify. So rigorous has the present compiler been in rejecting every thing that did not seem to the purpose, that it may be objected by some, that the exercises are too short. They are short certainly; but they are long enough to imprint the rules on the mind of the pupil, who, if one be not enough, can, by an indulgent master, be treated with two or three. When these exercises are exhausted, he will be prepared to attempt some of a higher order—not rigorously adapted to particular rules.

We are happy to observe that the moral improvement of the pupil has not been neglected in the choice of the examples. Mr. Picquot informs us, that they have mostly been selected from the works of the two authors, who are allowed to have written with the greatest purity, elegance, and simplicity: viz. Isocrates, and Xenophon. On the whole, we are not aware that any collection uniting so many advantages as this does, has yet been laid before the public.

Miscellanea.

THE DRAMA.

A preceding number contained some reflections on the ancient Drama ; and a few remarks on the modern may not be unacceptable in this number.

The proprietors of the London winter theatres have their agents on the Continent, to furnish them with the dramatic novelties which the French and other theatres produce. Is there then such a miserable dearth of British genius, as to render this expedient necessary ? If not necessary, the caterers (i. e. the managers) insult their guests by setting before them unsubstantial foreign dishes—remarkable for nothing but their garnish.

It is notorious that, in this country, not genius, but encouragement is wanting—that British authors could well supply the British stage, if managers could but lay aside their prejudices. Having imbibed somewhat of the selfish principle of Colley Cibber, they sometimes return a manuscript unperused, in order to “crush the singing birds ;” and accept only of such pieces as are written expressly *for the performers*—though the same performers frequently appear in pieces (particularly that novel species called Melo-drames) which were never intended *for the English stage*. Thus curbed, neglected and supplanted, our *play-wrights* are rendered, in appearance at least, inferior to foreign dramatists, which must hurt the feelings of all who are enemies to partiality and innovation.

Every nation boasts of some peculiarities, which are more or less conspicuous in its literary productions. “Hamlet,” on the Parisian boards, is rendered a truly ludicrous play—sans ghost, sans grave-diggers, sans almost every thing characteristic ; and no doubt to many Frenchmen, this favorite tragedy appears equally ridiculous in its English dress. Indeed some of our best dramas could not, on account of their peculiarities, be successfully transferred to foreign stages ; and how is it to be supposed that Parisian trifles can always be rendered fit for an English theatre ?

A few years ago German pieces were imported by us, to the exclusion of native merit, and became so much the rage that some of our eminent dramatists condescended to *dress* them for representation. It will however be allowed that Mr. Sheridan derived more credit from his popular comedy of the “School for Scandal,” than from his alteration of “Pizarro ;” and that Mrs. Inchbald stamped her fame by “Every One has his Fault,” and not by *Lovers’ Vows*.” A translator cannot be styled an author any more than a compiler can be deemed a composer. German gravity, it appears, is now succeeded by French levity, of which

the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres have given ample proof. These *winter* theatres having closed in the *dog-days*, REOPENED in weather *equally as hot*, allowing the short interval of only about seven weeks for the *summer* houses; and threatening (by their annual encroachments) the total annihilation of the Haymarket theatre—long the field of genuine wit and humor.

The first novelty produced at Drury Lane, was — a *Magpie*—imported from France! Unfortunately for the proprietors this Magpie had *prated* on the Lyceum boards during the previous short season of the English Opera, so that the novelty of the thing was anticipated! The emulation of the managers consisting, in a great measure, in bringing forward these Parisian novelties in the *grandest style*, the Magpie appeared again on Covent Garden stage. Thus we have had *three* Magpies, though only *one* piece, which is not, indeed, an absolute death-blow to native genius, but certainly a mortal affront to it. Would not John Bull have been better pleased with three *real* novelties, two of them the product of his own country? There would have been no harm in *one* Magpie, in order to show him the summary proceedings of Gallic jurisprudence; and especially after being so liberally treated with *dogs, horses, and elephants*.

The proprietors acted well in not raising the price of admission to the pit, since they had resolved on bringing forward *second-hand* entertainments. It is not true that they are obliged to have recourse to expensive decorations, in order to insure full houses. Ever since the days of Rich, Covent Garden has been noted for Pantomimes and grand processions; but that house has always been crowded, when pieces of sterling merit, and not mere pageantry, have been represented. Macklin's Comedy of the "Man of the World," which is formed on the model of the ancient drama, the scene never varying throughout the five acts—has brought, at least, as much money to the theatre as "Timour the Tartar."

It is to be hoped that the new Committee of Drury Lane theatre will endeavour to raise the British stage to its pristine consequence; as its present deterioration has evidently proceeded from the want of good management, not of native genius. For some time past, show has been substituted for sense: and dialogue (formerly the soul of English Comedy) neglected for the sake of unmeaning meagre bustle, the chief ingredient of the French drama. The motto which Foote chose for his theatre—*Quid rides? De te fabula narratur*, would be preposterous if applied to a London audience gazing on the representation of foreign manners.

Public Affairs.

THE grand British problem, *Of saving ourselves by our firmness, and other nations by our example*, had for its author a man as much wiser than the wisest of antiquity, as these times are more enlightened than ancient times were; and as much more worthy the veneration of mankind than any of his cotemporaries, as it is evidently more meritorious to have invented, applied, and become a martyr to a grand salutary system, than either to have always opposed it, or at length abandoned it, or even to have been destined ultimately to maintain it. For a country to have defended itself so long and so successfully as this has done, against a power so gigantic and a spirit so vindictive as those of France, forms a proud distinction in favor of England: and to have effected so much good for our neighbours by a sublime example, is a trait in the national character not less honorable than the efforts by which we have saved ourselves, though it is not perhaps so generally recognised and admired.

But we have done more for our neighbours than merely demonstrate the importance of a high, resolute, unbending spirit. To some we have procured immunity from impending peril; to others we have afforded the means of deliverance from actual bondage. Sicily, through our efforts, scarce ever saw the oppressor or the instruments of his oppression, but at a distance. The Porte owes to our arms Egypt and Syria—perhaps all its dominions. To a series of victories as brilliant as to most people they were unexpected, Portugal and Spain are indebted for all they possess in either hemisphere. Russia was excited to resistance by the fame of our triumphs in the peninsula; and her resistance became effectual through the diversion occasioned by our operations in that distant quarter. And if Prussia is, or shall presently be constituted a formidable check on the ambitious projects of faithless France, Europe owes the advantages which may thence be derived, in a principal degree, to

the depth and comprehensiveness of the British system. What now shall we say of the infant kingdom of the Netherlands? What but that it is the creature of England—the result of her policy in the cabinet, the fruit of her valor in the field? It is not supposed that the high cares of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, are all about the fortunes and the happiness of the princes of the House of Orange—some of whom are happily blessed with more fortitude than had fallen to the lot of the rejected Duke of Anjou: yet, it is every way credible that but for H. R. Highness, that ancient house had not been by any means so much aggrandized as it has been in the course of the present year. Had there been no unwedded heiress to the crown of England, there would probably have been no king in Belgium. One powerful motive either to the cession of our conquests to France, or to the procuring of boons unexpectedly great for the illustrious family of which we speak, would have been wanting to our cabinet. The object, essential as it is, of raising up a formidable barrier against the periodic violence of the enemy, might have admitted of the diplomacy of England assuming a different complexion.

And what is to be England's reward for services in every good sense so extraordinary? In Turkey, there will be no partiality towards our government and country. We shall be admitted to the very same degree of trade which we should have enjoyed had we always been neutral, or even sometimes hostile to her: and, in political affairs, we shall have more or less influence, as our minister at the Porte may happen to possess more or less address and management. But far otherwise ought the case to be, between the powers of the peninsula and Great Britain. We have been their earthy saviours. They have often acknowledged their vast obligations to us, and often thanked us; but have not yet seen it meet to manifest their gratitude. The Americans, who are not ambitious of having much of our company, say we are to have the two Floridas—but that only proves that they would rather some other power had them. Spain and Portugal will probably act thus. Our commerce they will favor in every instance in which they can promote

their own : our foreign policy they will second, if they see a probability of gaining a favorite point for themselves : in their daily intercourse with one another they will pusillanimously depreciate our past transactions, and artfully misrepresent our future proposals : and, should an enemy assail our peace from without or from within, they will, from pure generosity, send to our aid—not a single man ! In spite of all Mr. Canning's eloquence, the Portuguese excused themselves the other day from marching against the French, who had so lately trampled them in the dust. The Spaniards have, however, made some movements ; and have been prevented from advancing through the unworthy apprehensions of the Duke D'Angouleme.—It will be by Russia and Austria, that Great Britain will be respected and honored for what she has so nobly said, done, and suffered. It will be by the King of Prussia and his Belgic Majesty, that a willing ear will be lent to her generous projects for the benefit of mankind ; and it will be by the imposing attitude which these sovereigns will be enabled to maintain, that the peace and happiness of adjoining nations will be prolonged. If so, her reward will be sufficiently gratifying.

We long to hear how Napoleon will brook confinement—whether he will submit with dignity, or give way, as he used to do, now to ungovernable passion, and then to testy humor. We shall be glad to be told what his ordinary pastimes are, and what his serious pursuits. An account of the former, if of a cheerful nature, will please some of our London and Westminster citizens of the world, who “ love their enemies,” and therefore wish Napoleon well with all their hearts : the latter, if he has any thing in him of that greatness which his admirers have so liberally attributed to him, may be useful both to himself and to society. But to be the one, he must *repent*, which nothing but the actual presence of death can induce him to do : to be the other, he must be what he is not, candid and benevolent. He is not a philosopher of any description. His want of taste and of extensive reading unfits him for treating of general literature ; and the gentlemen at Woolwich understand Gunnery just

as well as he does. In politics, a science which, if a man of veracity, he might handle so as to interest, instruct, and astonish the world, he is likely to produce nothing on which a prudent statesman can set any value. For if he narrate facts, he will think of what he used to call his *glory*, and that will lead him to distort them; if he affect to develop motives, a natural wish to palliate the vices of his system and redeem his forfeited character, will make him conceal some and feign others; so that in any work of his, nothing will be less seen than the real springs of action, nothing less felt than the force of genuine truth.—Yet no work can appear for which there would be so extensive a demand as for his, the attention of every nation on earth having been so frequently fixed on him through the infamy of his ambition; so large a space in men's minds having been filled by the rumour, or the sad experience, of his successes and his crimes.

But though Napoleon's account of his own policy could not be expected to gratify the curiosity of sensible men, his military life, written by himself, might be interesting. It doubtless would be so, but merely because he had been the author. For if he attempted to deliver the truth, nature would oppose him with all her might. And there is no civilized country in Europe in which there are not men far better qualified to write of the French wars, than he who conducted them with so high a hand.

All these things we say about Napoleon, because he perseveres in asserting, that *he certainly will write Commentaries*. But mark for what purpose he says he shall write them—the two-fold one of proving *the rectitude of his own public conduct, and the obliquity of that of the sovereigns by whom he has been overthrown*. The purpose would be commendable if it were not obviously unattainable. But being unattainable, the only good to be expected from an attempt will be, that he practise a little delusion on himself; confirm the bad opinion entertained of him by those who have always condemned his principles; and remove the prejudices of those unhappy mortals, who have often rendered themselves ridiculous by talking of him as if they had discovered something supernatural in his

resolves and actions. Hundreds of well-known military men are his equals in tactics, almost every Statesman in Europe his superior in policy. Would you know the amount of his sagacity in the cabinet, and the field? Recollect what he was three years ago; and then mark what he is now.

All accounts, public and private, concur in representing the state of France as lamentably perturbed. What else can be expected, while Jacobin Ministers tolerate the rankest jacobinism throughout all the departments. The removal of Napoleon was but the excision of one of the monster's many heads—any one of which is sufficient to poison human happiness. The new Chambers of the Legislature are about to be convoked, and it will be well indeed if they inspire the King with resolution to do his duty effectually. The disbanding, for a few months, of the military tools of despotism, is an important step towards a more settled state of things. If due discrimination be employed in officering and filling up the new levies—that is, if not one in ten of the officers, and very few of the petty officers of the army of the tyrant be recalled to the service; and if the more abandoned, even of the privates be excluded, while those who are admitted are mixed with a considerable majority of men of some character; the nation will be freed from terror, the King will sit secure upon his throne, France and Europe will enjoy a respite from toil and bloodshed.

But this happier state of things can be of no considerable duration, if jacobinism be not nearly uprooted; and if, on the allies retiring, striking memorials be not left of the vain-glorious soldiery of France having been not only beaten, but degraded and disgraced beyond any former example. Jacobinism is a pest, which never quits individuals but with life; and hence the propriety—the necessity of disposing finally of those who are the most deeply tainted. If the devils cannot be cast out, the possessed must perish. As to nations, the experience of mankind does not warrant them in believing, that jacobinism can be completely extirpated, in any one age; from any country where it has once been in vigor. It will lurk under every roof, and insinuate itself into every crevice, as well of the cottage, as of

the chateau. Mons. Fouché may therefore fumigate and white-wash as much as he pleases, but the mischief will recur, and unless very powerful remedies be adopted, prove fatal to myriads. These remedies, we repeat, will consist in occupying the principal fortresses on the side of Belgium and Germany—perhaps even some of the eastern provinces of France. By the occupation of such places, essential to the security of those who have suffered so much from the barbarous inroads of the French, the allies will be ready, on every critical emergency, to afford succour to Louis XVIII. who, served by armies newly modelled, and as faithful as Frenchmen can be expected to prove—who, well seconded in all his efforts by auxiliaries so stationed as to be able to act on the shortest notice, will have it in his power at least to suppress the spirit of anarchy, and prevent actual appeals to the sword.

It can admit of no question to whom the strong holds on the side of Belgium ought to be given. But the alienation of Alsace and Lorraine is a point not quite so plain. English Princes, we believe, never aspire to foreign possessions. And the English government is too solicitous about general accommodation, to lay in such claims for them—though no claims could be more easily justified than theirs, and though the inhabitants of those fine provinces might expect to enjoy more freedom and happiness under one of them, than under any other prince, at the same time that the balance of power would be less disturbed by this accession, than by that of any one else. In negotiation, England seeks for nothing but praise, persuaded, perhaps, “that it is more blessed to give than to receive.”—The cabinets of Europe, by the way, consider her as receiving whatever is granted to the house of Orange. As for the King of Prussia, a great deal—perhaps enough has been thrown into his scale; so that the two Emperors are the only candidates for the domains which it may be judged wise to separate from France. Ancient, though long lost possession, as well as contiguity, and perhaps the idea of resuming the title of Emperor of Germany, render Lorraine, &c. far more an object of desire to Austria than to Russia. Alexander would

much rather approach the mouths of the Danube, than the banks of the Upper Rhine: and Francis will not oppose his doing so, if his family receive an equivalent elsewhere. The reduction of the power of France (we speak not of the king's power—he has none) is an object of infinite moment; while no cabinet in Europe affixes the least value to the partial dismemberment of Turkey, except inasmuch as it may affect that distribution of influence among sovereigns, which it has been the business of the last twelve months to ascertain and allot. But we have supposed the existence of equivalents.

We are not sure that we should have nerve enough to enjoy the perusal of a *correct copy* of the British and Continental military bills of mortality for the present year. It would, however, be rather gratifying to be truly informed as to the gross amount of money expended by the allies—then as to what each has spent; and lastly, how much France has disbursed, voluntarily or involuntarily. She cannot have disbursed too much. Her subsequent poverty will be a sort of security for her keeping the peace: but the security will be complete, if after parting with some of her provinces and strong holds, the quantum of her force by sea and land be fixed according to some moderate standard. Her want of money and limited empire will also, when superadded to the consideration of her rifled museums and lost fortresses, be a constant memento of her folly and wickedness; and will teach her petit-maitres and military braggarts to address foreigners in a tone better suited to their fallen condition. One would also like to know, who is to defray the heavy expense that must be produced by Napoleon's retinue, civil, military, and naval. It is well known, that this country is comparatively very rich: but it will be superlatively generous, if its government shall undertake to ease France of a load which she ought unquestionably to bear. We could wish Napoleon to feel, that he is sustained by the bounty of the family he has sought to undo. But the probability is, that, after the money of which he robbed France at his departure is expended, his sustenance will be found by all the friendly powers,

France included, each paying in proportion to its supposed means.

When we turn away from France to our own sequestered island, we see ample cause for contentment with our lot. Second to no country in point of national character, Britain is the first in point of general prosperity. In the midst of perfect tranquillity, we enjoy a distinguished military renown. The measure of our civil and religious freedom is full. No commerce is so active, expanded, and beneficial as ours. And to crown all, Providence has just blessed us with a harvest at once abundant and rich.

At the eastern extremity of the empire there exists, however, one of those teasing wars, which accumulate expense, but do not alarm by their danger. Man is not an animal of prey; yet it is very plain that he is, in no stage of society, much averse to the shedding of blood. What reason the Napaulese have assigned for taking up arms against the India Company, we have not heard distinctly stated. The old argument of prior claims and rights to contiguous soil, amounts to little, or nothing, where occupancy has been long continued and uninterrupted. Where a native power has given offence without having received any, justice warrants both chastisement and indemnification; and it is plain that England, either through his Majesty's forces or the Company's, possesses ample means of effectually asserting its just pretensions. Witness the sudden subversion of the throne of Kandy, which had stood full twelve years too long. From Lord Moira, no project of ambition approaching to what a fastidious publicist would term usurpation, is to be apprehended. The Company's possessions are not, as when under Mr. Hastings's government, very narrowly circumscribed by powerful adventurous chiefs. His lordship, though not without self-importance, is not self-sufficient; nor is he debased by that attachment to a pitiful economy, which, without bringing the penalties of law upon a government, strips the governed of almost all they possess: he will, therefore, take advice and act with moderation. He could for ever crush his turbulent neighbours if he pleased; but the probability is, that not wishing to

do so, he will seize the first moment for honorable negotiation, which it is always wise to do where a good deal may be lost by occasional miscarriage, and hardly any thing acquired by the most complete success.

This, however, is a principle which it is possible to misapply; and it is said to have been misapplied on the occasion of the late treaty with the United States of America. We had contended for the safety of Canada, and succeeded. But we contended also for a better frontier, an object which, being left to negotiation, we shall never attain. We aimed, or seemed to aim, at the destruction of the little navy of the United States; and yet we left the greater part of it, together with the elements of a marine force, just as great as they choose to make it, in perfectly good order in their yards—at a time, too, when almost the whole British navy, full of troops, might, without interrupting any other service, have been sent across the Atlantic. A little more exertion, and a small additional expense, would have brought the contest to a satisfactory conclusion. But it will not be a little exertion, or a small expense that will suffice to terminate the next struggle with our old friends. When we left them anything of which to *boast*, we left to a people of their character the strongest of all incentives to constant and increasing enmity. Our government had the same powerful reasons for sending their ships into the air in the shape of smoke, which the allied sovereigns now have for insisting on the viler portion of Napoleon's leaders being laid in the dust.

September 20.

MONTHLY REGISTER

OF

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

* * The Conductors of the AUGUSTAN REVIEW request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publisher (post paid) before the 20th of the month.

I.

INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PROFESSOR BURCHOLZ has made a series of experiments on Tungsten and its combinations, with oxygen, ammonia, and other substances, to determine the accuracy of preceding researches, and to promote our knowledge of the substance. His memoir on this subject was published in the 3d volume of Schweigger's *Neues Journal für Chemie und Physic*; and has been translated for DR. THOMSON'S *Annals of Philosophy*; from which we have extracted the following

“Results established by the experiments related in this Memoir.

1. The statement of other chemists, and particularly of Richter, respecting the great difficulty, or even impossibility, of obtaining a pure yellow oxide of tungsten by treating Scheele's tungstic acid with nitric acid, is established.

2. The employment of an oxide of tungsten obtained by

the method described above is improper on two accounts. If we employ it after it has been exposed to a red heat, we obtain by means of it an apparently pure tungstate of ammonia; but for the extraction of the oxide of tungsten which it contains, an excessive quantity of ammonia is necessary; as by the red heat the oxide of tungsten is united with the undecomposed triple compound mixed with it, and forms a very cohesive compound, and therefore very difficultly acted on by ammonia. If we employ the oxide without exposing it to a red heat, we form, when we dissolve it in ammonia, a great quantity of a quadruple compound (the properties of which are given in experiment 10) consisting of oxide of tungsten, potash, ammonia, and muriatic acid; and only a very small quantity of tungstate of ammonia can be obtained. This shows us the necessity of

employing pure oxide of tungsten in the formation of tungstate of ammonia.

3. Besides the yellow and dark blue oxides of tungsten, there seems to exist another of a dark brownish red or reddish brown color. It may be obtained by the application of heat to the tungstate of ammonia, in consequence of the deoxidizing property of the ammonia. In respect to the degree of oxidation, it seems to lie between the yellow and the blue oxides.

4. The complete reduction of oxide of tungsten by the method above described is a much easier process than the fusion of the reduced metal. This holds likewise with molybdenum, manganese, and other difficultly fused metals.

5. It is exceedingly probable that the failure which different chemists have experienced in their attempts to reduce the oxide of tungsten, was owing to a mixture of the triple compound with the oxide employed by them.

6. The statement of the Elhuyarts and of Allen and Aikin respecting the specific gravity of this metal is confirmed. We may consider 17.4, the mean of preceding statements, as near the truth. The other statements respecting the color, lustre, hardness, and brittleness, of our metal, are likewise confirmed.

7. The presence of a portion of Scheele's tungstic acid in the oxide of tungsten prevents its complete reduction, and causes it to run into a slag."

The following property of acids is extracted from a Memoir on *Iodine*, by M. GAY LUSSAC. He observes, (See Thomson's *Annals of Philosophy*.) "It is very remarkable to see acids which are very different, both in the nature of their radical and the quantity of oxygen they contain, saturate the same quantity of alkali, supposing each to contain the same gaseous volume of radical. The following table shows this :

Chloric acid	{ Radical 1 Oxygen 2.5 }	saturates 2 ammonia
Iodic acid	{ Radical 1 Oxygen 2.5 } 2
Nitric acid	{ Radical 1 Oxygen 2.5 } 2
Nitrous acid	{ Radical 1 Oxygen 1.5 } 2
Sulphuric acid	{ Vapour of sulphur 1 Oxygen 1.5 } 2
Sulphurous acid ..	{ Vapour of sulphur 1 Oxygen 1 } 2
Hydriodic acid	{ Vapour of iodine 1 Hydrogen 1 } 2
Hydro-chloric acid	{ Chlorine 1 Hydrogen 1 } 2

It is very probable that hydro-sulphuric acid follows the same law.

Since different acids saturate the same quantity of base (supposing each to contain the same volume of radical,) ought we not to conclude that the saturating property of an acid depends principally upon its radical, as only the ratio of this radical to the alkaline base is constant?"

MR. PARKES, in his Essay on *Citric Acid*, states the chemical affinities of this acid, which were determined by BERGMAN and M. DE BRENEY, of the Academy of Dijon, to be in the following order. viz.

<i>Oxide of</i>	
Barytes	Cobalt
Lime	Copper
Magnesia	Tellurium
Potash	Arsenic
Soda	Mercury
Ammonia	Antimony
Manganese	Silver
Iron	Gold
Lead	Platina
and Alumina.	

The fatal accident which took place in consequence of the bursting of the hoops of a large vat, has given rise to an investigation of the strength required in structures of this kind. The following are the results which, however, are only correctly true, on the supposition that the resisting points are absolutely fixed. In actual practice, the forces will also be rather more equally divided.

1. If a flexible bar, equally loaded throughout its length, be supported at each end and in the middle by fulcrums perfectly fixed, the middle point will sustain $\frac{2}{3}$ of the whole pressure.

2. In order that a flexible bar, equally loaded, may rest equally

on each of the three fixed supports, their distance must be $\cdot 3472$ of the whole length.

3. If a flexible bar, equally loaded, rest on five fixed points, at the distance of $\frac{1}{5}$ of the length from each other, and $\frac{1}{10}$ from the ends, the pressures will be as 59, 52, and 58, or as 2107, 1857, 2071, 1857, and 2107; and if the middle support be removed, the pressure on the remaining points will be as 11 and 21, or as 1719, 3281, 3281 and 1719.

4. If a flexible stave, forming part of the side of a cistern, and supported only at its ends, the inclination at the top is $\frac{2}{3}$ as great as at the bottom.

5. If a stave be supported by three fixed fulcrums or hoops, one at each end, the other in the middle, the upper one will sustain $\frac{1}{4}$ of the whole pressure, the middle $\frac{2}{4}$, and the lowest $\frac{1}{4}$.

6. If a stave be supported at the ends, and by two intermediate hoops at equal distances, the respective pressures will be $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{2}{4}$, $\frac{2}{4}$, and $\frac{1}{4}$.

This method of investigation may also be extended to a greater number of points; and as this number is increased, the inequality of force on the neighbouring points will be diminished; and when the number becomes infinite, the pressure will be simply as the depth. See *Phil. Mag.* No. 208.

Observations have been made in order to ascertain the work done by various steam-engines in the county of Cornwall, from August 1811 to May 1815. The principal object was to ascertain the number of pounds weight of matter lifted one foot high for every bushel of coals consumed. Two gentlemen were appointed to the general superintendence of the whole: and the different proprietors and regular engineers engaged to give them all the assistance in their power. According to their first report, in August 1811, the average work done by the engines under examination was 15,760,000lbs. of water lifted one foot, for every bushel of coals. In the following December, the work amounted to 17,075,000 lbs. The January following it had increased to 18,200,000. In December 1813, to 20,162,000. And in May 1815, it was about twenty millions of pounds for every bushel of coals that were consumed.

Woolf's patent steam-engine was not included in this estimate; and according to the report of the same superintendants, the work performed by it in May 1815, was 49,980,882 pounds per bushel of coals; and in June, 50,333,000; so that the average work for May and June exceeded *fifty millions* of pounds lifted one foot for each bushel of coals consumed. This, perhaps, shows the superiority of Mr. Woolf's improved engine in a stronger light than any other fact which has yet been submitted to the public; and our readers will be able to form some estimate of this, when they are informed that, in one of

the large mines, the expense of coals for working the engines only amounts to about *twenty-five* thousand pounds sterling annually.

MR. LEE, about two years ago, obtained a patent for a new method of manufacturing hemp and flax; and he has established a manufactory for that purpose, in the neighbourhood of London. He obtains the flax directly from the plants, independently of the old method of steeping. The advantages stated to result from Mr. Lee's new method are very great, and are chiefly the following:

The expense of steeping and afterwards spreading the flax upon the grass to dry is saved; a much greater produce of flax and of a better quality, is obtained: the fibres are capable of being reduced to a greater degree of fineness; and the tedious and expensive process of bleaching is rendered unnecessary, as the coloring matter is only united with the fibres by steeping. The great value of the improvement must therefore be obvious.

M. VAN MONS of Brussels, in a letter to DR. THOMSON, observes:

"M. Dobereiner decomposed water in contact with mercury by means of the galvanic battery. Oxygen was evolved at the positive pole, but no hydrogen from the negative pole. Instead of it there was formed a solid amalgam of mercury, not decomposed by agitation; but, when heated, resolved into running mercury and hydrogen gas. Mr. Dobereiner considers hydrogen gas as a me-

tal dissolved in caloric, and constantly in a state of expansion. The absence of caloric, and the nascent state of the hydrogen, enable it in the above experiment to amalgamate with mercury.

"M. Doberiner has likewise made sulphur undergo considerable changes, having obtained it in the form of a blue powder, similar to ultramarine, by depriving it of its hydrogen by means of a process which he does not describe. Phosphorus changes into a scaly matter, having the brilliancy and color of gold, when burnt under a glass while exposed to the direct rays of the sun."

The same Chemist has also lately announced that there exists a native compound of mercury and sulphuret of carbon. He says, that when the ore is distilled, sulphuret of carbon is obtained. He likewise says, that sulphuret of carbon unites with all metals, and forms a new class of bodies.

A new species of ore has recently been discovered in Cornwall, and denominated *carbonate of bismuth*. Its color, fracture, and lustre, have great resemblance to those of the minerals which the Germans call *bismuth ochre*, but its specific gravity is less; that of a fragment which has been examined was only 3.0755, but it was mixed with clay.

The results of COL. BEAUFORT'S magnetical observations for July, 1815, are the following:

JULY	Morning	24° 15' 51"
	Noon	24 25 45
	Evening	24 19 42

Mean of the three	24	20	25
Mean for June	24	21	3
Difference	0	0	37

Hence, if these observations are correct, the declination of the needle has decreased 37° during July.

The rain which fell at Hackney Wick between noon of the 1st of July and noon of the 1st of August was 1.509 inches; and the evaporation during the same period 3.65 inches.

The following are the results of MR. LUKE HOWARD'S meteorological observations, made at Tottenham, from the 29th of June to the 28th of July, inclusive.

Prevailing winds westerly, and these for the most part N. W.

Barometer.

Greatest height	30.19 inch.
Least height	29.47
Mean of the period	29.961

The mean of the preceding period was 29.708 inches; and therefore the barometer has been higher, generally, during this last period than it was in the former by 0.253 or rather more than a quarter of an inch.

Thermometer.

Greatest height	90°
Least height	42
Mean of the period	61.96

The greatest height is the same as during the former period, but the least 4° higher, and the mean 1.26 greater than before.

The rain which fell in 23 days (from the 6th of July inclusive,) was 1.38 inches, and the evaporation 2 inches.

II.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The travels of Ali Bey, in Morocco, Tripoli, Cyprus, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey, between the years 1803 and 1807. Written by Himself, and translated into English. Ali Bey has been long known to Men of Science in various parts of Europe. The substance of these Travels has been read before the National Institute at Paris, and excited great interest there. The Work will make Two Volumes Quarto, illustrated by about One Hundred Plates.

Mr. Edmund L. Swift, Barrister at Law, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick, has in the Press, Waterloo and other Poems.

Travels to the Source of the Missouri River, and across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean. Performed by order of the Government of the United States in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806. By Captains Lewis and Clarke. Published from the official report, and illustrated by a Map of the Route, and other Maps. The second edition, in three vols. 8vo.

Walter Scott, Esq. has nearly ready for publication, in octavo, the Field of Waterloo, a poem.

General Alex. Beatson, late governor of St. Helena, has in the press, in a quarto volume, Tracts on various Subjects relative to St. Helena, written during a residence of five years; illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. H. K. Bonney, prebendary of Lincoln, has in the

press, a Life of Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Down, with an account of his writings.

John Connell, Esq. procurator of the Church of Scotland, will soon publish, in three octavo volumes, a Treatise on the Law of Scotland, with respect to Tithes and the Stipends of the Parochial Clergy.

Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolks, being a series of letters from the Continent, will soon appear in an octavo volume.

Shortly will be published, Paris during the Interesting month of July, 1815: a series of letters, addressed to a Friend in London. By W. D. Fellowes, Esq. Illustrated by Portraits of the Royal Family of France, *en groupe*; a present Likeness of Bonaparte, *en vignette*; and other interesting Plates, in one volume.

Early in the Winter will be published, elegantly printed in 4to, and illustrated by numerous Engravings, Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Volume the Fourth. By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D.

The Rev. E. V. Bloomfield, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, is preparing a Greek and English Lexicon, under the patronage of the university.

Mr. Chitty will soon publish, in three royal octavo volumes, a Comprehensive Treatise on the Practice of the Criminal Law.

Mr. J. H. Wishart, surgeon in Edinburgh, has in the press, a Treatise on Cataract, in octavo.

To be published in a few Days,

654 *Works preparing for Publication.*

in 8vo. Price 16s. boards, *An Inquiry into the Integrity of the Greek Vulgate, or received Text of the New Testament; in which the Greek Manuscripts are newly classed, the Integrity of the authorised Text vindicated, and the various Readings traced to their Origin.* By the Rev. Frederick Nolan, a Presbyter of the United Church.

A new edition of the *British Plutarch*, with considerable additions by Mr. Wrangham, is printing in six octavo volumes.

Dr. Henry is printing a new edition of his *Elements of Chymistry*, with very considerable additions and improvements.

Mr. John Faithorn will soon publish a second edition, considerably enlarged, of *Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints and Bilious Disorders in general.*

To be published on the First of March, 1816, in one large Volume 8vo., printed on a beautiful new Type, cast on purpose for the Work, and embellished with an accurately engraved Map, from the latest survey, *A Topographical History of Staffordshire: including its Agriculture, Commerce, Mines, and Manufactures; Pedigrees of Families; Biographical Sketches of eminent Natives; and every species of Information connected with the Local History of the County.* Compiled from the most authentic Sources, by William Pitt, Esq. late of Pendeford; assisted by several eminent Writers in the various Departments.

The Antiquary, a Novel, in three volumes, by the author of *Waverley*, will soon appear.

Mr. J. Coxe has in the press, *a Picture of Italy*, including a

complete guide to all the curiosities and antiquities of that country, illustrated by maps and other engravings.

Mr. Pontey, author of the *Forest Pruner's Assistant*, is preparing a work on the *Theory and Practice of Ornamental Gardening*, which will form a quarto volume, with numerous plates and illustrations.

Biographical Memoirs of Dr. M. Stewart, Dr. J. Hutton, and Prof. J. Robison, read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, with some additional notes by Prof. J. Playfair, are printing in an octavo volume.

Professor Jameson will soon publish a second edition of his *System of Mineralogy*, in three volumes.

In a few days will be published, *Conversations on the Duties, Advantages, Pleasures, and Sorrows, of the Marriage State.* Intended as an Accompaniment to the Letters lately published on the same subject, by J. Ovington. 12mo. 3s. bds.

A System of Mechanical Philosophy, by the late Dr. John Robinson, with notes and illustrations, comprising the most recent discoveries in the physical sciences, is preparing for publication by Dr. David Brewster, in four octavo volumes, with plates.

The Rev. Arch. Alison has a second volume of *Sermons* nearly ready to appear.

The Rev. Robert Morehead will soon publish another volume of *Discourses on the Principles of Religious Belief.*

Mrs. Bryan has in the press, a compendious *Astronomical and Geographical Class Book*, for the use of families and young persons.

Mr. John Mackenzie is preparing for publication, *Leisure Hours, or Speculations on Various Subjects.*

The Rev. P. Keith has in the press, a *System of Physiological Botany*, in two octavo volumes, with plates drawn and engraved by Mr. Sowerby.

Mr. James Wardrop will soon produce another volume of *Essays on the Morbid Anatomy of the Eye*, with numerous colored engravings.

The Fourth Volume of the *Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland* will soon appear.

Mrs. Cobbold, of Ipswich, will soon publish an *Ode on the Victory of Waterloo.*

The collected works of the Rev. Francis Wrangham, con-

sisting of *Sermons, Dissertations, Essays, and poems*, are in the press.

Mr. Donavan is printing his *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Galvanism*, which gained the prize of the Royal Irish Academy.

The Rev. H. Batten will soon publish, a *Report of a series of experiments in education*, showing that children will learn as much in one year by the interrogative system, as in four years by the ordinary methods.

Mr. S. Rootsey has in the press, a *Bristol Dispensatory*; intended to establish the nomenclature of pharmacy on a permanent basis, and to explain the advantages of a new method of expressing the composition of medicines.

III.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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Some Remarks on the Unitarian Method of interpreting the Scriptures, as lately exhibited in a Publication, under the assumed

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✎ We request the reader's attention to the article on the Reviewers. Writers really have not, for many years, enjoyed the benefit of an impartial administration of literary justice. They are brought before juries obviously not *select*, and under the direction of judges who are both the makers and the interpreters of the law. Judges of other descriptions sit in open court, and are subject to the controul of both the royal and the public opinion; but reviewers are not always visible and accessible, nor do they consider the *quamdiu se bene gesserint* as the condition on which their offices are held. No wonder then if the just claims of authors are sometimes withheld, their grievances sometimes even augmented.

THE Augustan Review.

NO. VII. FOR NOVEMBER, 1815.

r. I. *Specimens of the Classic Poets, in a Chronological series from Homer to Tryphiodorus, translated into English verse, and illustrated with biographical and critical notices.* by CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, author of a Translation of Hesiod. 3 vols. 8vo. London; Baldwin, 1814.

It is seldom that any sentiment has been universally and firmly established among mankind, without something like a foundation in truth. In nothing is this general consent more perceptible than in the judgment passed on the poets of antiquity; not by critics, but historians and philosophers, of whatever nation, being agreed in the assumed fact of a gradual decay of genius and taste, and coincided as to the particular times and authors illustrative of this decay. It must be confessed, that little credit for sagacity and acuteness can be obtained through such critical canons as, "That Virgil is a model of pure majesty; Lucan is full of tumid extravagance, and that Statius is obscure, tedious, and inflated." Ingenious men, therefore, have always been found, who catch at distinction by startling and paradoxical paradoxes: who find Virgil insipid: Lucan sublime: Statius dignified. These, or any opinions, may be defended by plausible arguments: and there is in all new assertions, a conscious air of superior discernment, which easily gains converts. In this state of hesitation and surprize, we may safely rely on the acknowledged authority of the best critics; such as Addison, Johnson, Home, and Blair: and we may console ourselves for the imputation of what the author now under our review terms "classic prejudice," by the concurrence of minds so exercised in reflexion, and matured in taste.

Mr. Elton is not absolutely insensible to the defects of those secondary authors, whom he seeks to place among the *Di majores* of his poetical pantheon; nor is he blind to all the beauties even of Virgil—he concedes to the latter the praise of being “a chaste and polished writer; a master of rhythmical harmony, and of all the refinements of expression; with a cast of melancholy tenderness, and a habit of moral reflexion that occasionally break out in pathetic turns of sentiment, and a perception of the beautiful in the works of nature and art, a delicacy of taste and elegance of fancy which peculiarly qualify him for the province of descriptive painting:” and of Lucan he confesses, “that he is too fond of glitter and antithesis; that his sublimity soars into bombast; and that his descriptions are sometimes over-charged and over-coloured, and want the sober reality of truth.” But he does not hesitate to place Lucan above Virgil, in all the grand requisites of an epic poet; in energy of thought and discrimination of character. We, for our parts, are little afflicted with these merits of Lucan. Our ear is loaded with laboured oratorical sentiments, with the rolling periods of the sophist and the declaimer; and his characters, however boldly discriminated, are more like those of a florid historian, than an inspired poet. Give us the jealous agitations and despairing frenzy of Dido—falsely supposed to be a copy of the Medea of Apollonius, who is a very different character; give us the glowing friendship and generous devotion of Nisus and Euryalus; the chivalrous spirit of Camilla, and the fiery magnanimity of Turnus; and we will resign to Mr. Elton both Pompey and Cornelia, both Cæsar and Cato.

This strong bias to subordinate poets is shown in no part of the series more strikingly, than in Quintus Calaber, and whose characters, we are told, “have a dramatic energy, a force and contrast which we desiderate in those of Virgil,” who is said “to have formed himself upon a more ancient, a more simple, and more vigorous school;” and who, we are assured, “often recalls to us the racy nature and pregnant fancy of Homer, in the strong pathos of his incidents, and the fertility of his images.” Quintus has certainly formed himself on a more ancient school, for he has followed Homer step by step: and although his supplement is extremely entertaining from the traditions of the Trojan war described in it, his genius in point of originality seems more questionable than that of Virgil, whom he is supposed to excel. His merit, after all, seems to be that of an elegant and lively imitator of Homer, whose similes and whose manner of dialogue and description he carefully copies.

The mention of Homer reminds us of a still more flagrant instance of this writer's fondness for critical opposition to established canons, in the scepticism with which he scornfully rebukes the unity, continuity, and completeness of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as entire poems. Arguing from *Ælian's* account, that the poems were sung under separate titles, and from the fragmentary manner of the rhapsodical recitations of Greece, he is not content himself with supposing that they were produced, as well as composed, in successive portions, as the occasion demanded, but boldly affirms, that, "the predisposition to divide the several parts into one concurrent plan, is the chimæra of the modern system:" and considers the *Iliad* as a chance compilation of rhapsodies, shuffled into epic connexion, we suppose, like the machine in *Gulliver's* flying island. More adventurous, than Bryant, who is satisfied with expunging the plains of Troy from the map of history, and peopling the brain of the poet with the whole host of Greeks and Trojans, he feels a strong inclination to reduce Homer himself to an anonymous atom, and conjures up a college of peripatetic bards as the useful co-proprietors of his immortal poems.

The air of original thinking, is by far the most pleasing feature of these critiques. A higher merit is their moral tendency. The closing remarks on *Ovid*, we would put into the hands of every youthful student.

Ovid has set an example, which has been followed with too much success by modern writers, of prostituting the elegancies of language to the purpose of seducing the passions, by heightened pictures of refined sensuality. The close of his life has, however, left us an antidote to the poison of his poetry. *Ovid* was not deficient in a knowledge of human nature: and seems aware how much a systematic, habitual and enervating voluptuousness, enervates the soul together with the body. (Of which he had the misfortune to furnish himself a practical instance. Let us be remembered by those who admire this 'prevailing gentle art' of dissuading our intellect, that *Ovid*, in his banishment, was sustained by a self-respecting consciousness: by no resources of a firm and philosophical mind: but sank at once into an abject prostration of spirit."

It is now time to say something of the work in a poetical style. Great names, who have gone before—the worthies of English translation, naturally force themselves upon our recollection: but we have no desire to damp the emulation or discourage the exertions of a writer, who feels a sufficient confidence in his own powers, to cope with *Dryden*, or wrestle with *Chapman*:

Laus erit, in magnis et voluisse sat est.

We do not think Mr. Elton at all suffers when compared with Pope in the celebrated description of Jupiter, in the first book of the *Iliad*: on the contrary, the calm majesty and noble simplicity of the original, as well as the sensible imagery of the head of Jove, are more successfully copied in the blank verse translation.

"He spoke: and awful bends his sable brows:
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate and sanction of the God:
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.
Swift to the seas profound the Goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of immortals wait
The coming God; and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heaven appear:
Trembling they stand while Jove assumes the throne." (Pope.)

"He spoke and bow'd his forehead, knitted stern
With darkening brows: the agitated locks,
Dropping ambrosia, round th' immortal head
Of heaven's king shook, and rock'd th' Olympian hill.
So their deep consult ended, they at once
Both parted: she from off the gilded mount
Leap'd headlong down into the depths of sea:
Jove pass'd within his palace. All the Gods
Rose, and stood up together from their seats
To meet the Sire of heaven. His coming none
Awaited there, but towards his entrance turn'd,
And stood: he pass'd, and sate upon his throne." (Elton.)

We consider also the arming of Achilles, and above all, the Battle of the Gods, as affording splendid instances of translation. But the most pleasing passages are those from the *Odyssey*. The romantic scenery of the cave of Calypso, and the dialogue between this enchantress and Ulysses, are executed with considerable talent of local painting; with unaffected and flowing language, and in well modulated verse. The same praise is justly due to the translations from Callimachus and Apollonius, and the Peleus and Thetis of Catullus. The version of the episode of Ariadne, which forms a beautiful and impassioned monodrama, is one of the most finished pieces in the collection.

But we may be allowed to wonder why Mr. Elton, who in his preface acknowledges the "terse emphatical character of rhymed measure, and its fitness to round a period of sententious morality," should have so stumbled in his judgment as to invest

n, his favorite Lucan, with the loose dress of blank metre. consequence might have been foreseen ; he succeeds in passages of gorgeous description, but in ambitious contrasts of character and in the swelling sentiments of stoical philosophy, Rowe is with far superior effect the point and antithesis of the poet.

Anacreon opens inauspiciously : though Sappho was all spirit and capture.

“ Love stood knocking at my gate :
 ‘ Who beats my door thus loud and late,
 And scares my dreams?’ ‘Tis I am here—
 Open—a child—you need not fear :
 I drop with wet : and gone astray
 Through moonless dark have lost my way,
 I melted, *as he begg’d so hard* :
 Rose, sprang a light, my door unbarr’d :
 A boy my threshold cross’d : *but lo !*
 With wings and quiver, and a bow.”

is heavy and halting ; the running of one line into the other obstructs the flow of lyric measure : and the whole is stiff and artificial. The remaining odes are executed with more freedom ; the following has the very air of Anacreon ;

“ On beds of tender myrtle leaves
 Where trefoil grass its carpet weaves ;
 Tis the passion of my soul
 To quaff the health-provoking bowl,

Love, his mantle thrown behind,
 With the flag of Nile confined,
 Shall near me ministering stand,
 The heady goblet in his hand.

As the chariot-wheel rolls on,
 Life runs, and as it runs, is gone :
 Soon to dust our bodies turn :
 Our bones are crumbled in an urn.

What avails the perfume thrown
 On cold earth or on a stone ?
 While I live let odours flow :
 Thick round my brows let roses blow :

Call the mistress of my heart :
 Love ! ere yet I hence depart
 To join the dance of ghosts below,
 I would scatter every woe.”

Elton is, we think, happy in modelling his Pindar on the pathetic chorusses of Milton. The elaborate attention paid to the sense of this author, and the easy perspicuity with which it is folded in simple yet numerous measure, render the versions of the second Olympic and first Pythian Ode, useful auxiliaries in familiarizing the young scholar with poetry thus figurative

and abstracted. The metre of the Orphean Argonautics will appear uncouth : but we are not sorry to have the twelve-syllable and fourteen-syllable verses of Chapman revived. It was perhaps unwise to reject entirely measures of such compass and weight. Homer is never so much Homer as in many of the numbers of Chapman's *Odyssey*. The magnificent hexameters of the Greek bard, when compressed into the couplet or resolved into the loose involutions of blank verse, seem, in many instances, to "pipe and whistle in the sound."

The extracts from the *Æneid*, with the exception of the death of Dido, are not very happily chosen : but perhaps Mr. Elton was piqued to make good his point of Virgil's length of narration and deficiency of striking incident and character. The descent of *Æneas* to the infernal regions, or the apparition of the deities during the conflagration of Troy ; or as Mr. Elton seems fond of soft and melancholy sentiment, the death of Euryalus, might have been thought to possess as much attraction as the interview of *Æneas* with Venus, and his introduction at the court of Carthage. The specimens of the *Georgics* are better chosen, and still better executed. The reader may compare the description of the snake of Calabria, in the third book, in the version of the most popular translator, with that of Mr. Elton.

" But when the dusty fen's wide clefts expand,
Wild with fierce thirst he leaps upon the land :
Lashes the earth beneath his iron fold,
And glares with flaming eye in frenzy roll'd.
Oh ! heaven avert that then in slumber laid
I stretch my limbs along the leafy glade :
When cast his slough, regardless of his young,
Radiant in prime of life he rolls along :
Or towering to the sun, erect in ire,
Vibrates his triple tongue, that streams with fire." (*Southey*.)

" When heat the marshes dries, and rives the ground,
He leaps to land and writhes his fiery eyes around.
Haggard with thirst he rages on his way,
Scared with the burning agony of day.
Ah ! may I not beneath the open sky,
Behind some wood on verdure slumbering lie ;
When his cast slough abandon'd in the brake,
Sleek in new youth rolls forth the glistening snake ;
Starts from his cavern'd eggs or scaly young,
Soars on the sun and forks his quivering tongue." (*Elton*.)

The latter has clearly the advantage in spontaneous facility, closeness and spirit.

In Horace's *Ode to Pyrrha*, no poet has succeeded so happily as Cowley, notwithstanding his conceits and his exuberance. Mr. Elton's version drags heavily as to lyrical cadence : his

a is in too stiff and sonnet-like a form (we beg Mr. Capel's pardon); it has not the soft transition of tone, the sweet tical fall of the original. The Ode to Licinius is more successful. That to Mæcenas might be read, if Dryden's could be ritten. Cowley has, also, among his fragments, the celebrated simile on procrastination from the Epistles. We shall set it with that of the present translator, as each is eminently good in its kind.

"Begin—be bold—and venture to be wise:
He that defers his work from day to day,
Does on a river's brink expecting stay,
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which runs, and as it runs, for ever shall run on." (*Cowley.*)

" ————— dare then to be wise:
Begin: the man who still postpones the hour
Of living well is like the clown who waits
Till the whole river shall have flow'd away:
The rolling river glides before his eyes,
And so shall slide for ever and for ever." (*Elton.*)

Propertius is evidently a favorite with Mr. Elton. He prefers him to Tibullus, though he allows the latter to be more un-
doubtedly elegant and tender: and he prefers him for the very
reason that would induce most critics to place him below his
as an amatory poet: for his sallies of bitter jealousy and
satire. The case is, that Mr. Elton's taste is, as we
are less susceptible of the more delicate and refined beauties
of sentiment than of bold and broad traits of passion or feeling.
There is more fire in Propertius than tenderness. The follow-
inganzas breathe an evident sympathy with the enthu-
siasm of the original: and offer a very favorable specimen of
the translator's success in amorous elegy:

"In me no arts can tardy love devise;
His foot can track no more the beaten ways:
Come ye, that draw the moon from charmed skies!
That bid the hearth in magic orgies blaze!
"Come! turn a haughty mistress' marble heart,
And change her cheek still paler than my own:
Then will I trust that stars obey your art,
And rivers rush, by nutter'd verse alone.
"Friends! that too late my sliding feet recal,
Some antidote to this my frenzy bear:
Bring steel; bring flames and racks: I brave them all;
But let me freely vent my fierce despair.
"Oh snatch me to the world's remotest shore!
Oh wait me o'er th' immeasurable main!
Where never woman may behold me more,
Nor trace my way, to sting with her disdain."

True to his system of contravening received opinions, Mr. Elton, who would not allow Horace to be witty, denies that Persius is obscure. Why, then, should his professed admirers have been at the pains of defending him from this charge, by ascribing the darkness of his style to political caution? We think, however, that the merit of this translator, both in Persius and Juvenal, is more decided, and of a higher kind, than he has exhibited in the extracts from the other poets, with the exception of Apollonius Rhodius. The passage which we select will enable the reader to estimate his powers in a different style of poetry.

"Here some foot-captain, whose shag'd breast is grown
With goatish hair, breaks in with huffing tone :
' My wisdom serves : nor am I such an ass
To bear, like Solon or Arcesilas,
A pack of troubles : walk with head awry ;
Glout on the ground with fix'd and leaden eye ;
With mumbled inward muttering, as would seem
Lunatic silence, or the talking dream
Of a sick dotard : weighing out grave saws
From blubber'd lip with mouthing self-applause ;
Whence " nothing can from nothing come," we learn ;
And that " to nothing nothing can return."
Is this the wisdom that should make you pine ?
And should a man for this refuse to dine ?
Through the stout ranks the hoarse horse-laughter grows,
And peals redoubling wrinkle every nose."

The following lines express, with considerable power, the indignant acerbity and awful energy of the original.

"Dost thou not blush with Natta's self to vie
In loose and thriftless prodigality ?
But vice has stupified his mental part :
Dull grossness cloaks the fibres of his heart :
No fault is his, thus senseless to his cost,
Who losing virtue recks not what he lost :
Plunged in the stagnant pool, of vice the sop,
He sinks, nor ever bubbles to the top.
Great father of the Gods ! in this alone
To savage tyrants may thy wrath be shown !
Oh when the lust of crime with venom'd stain
Infects their thoughts and burns upon their brain ;
Let them that virtue which they left discern,
And pine their loss though never to return !
Groan'd they more deep whom in the roaring void
Sicilia's bulls with lingering pains destroy'd ?
More fearful did the sword by wavering thread
Hang from gilt roofs above the wretch's head ;
Who clothed in purple sate ; than when suppress
In whispers issues from the guilty breast,
' I am undone, undone !' when conscious-pale
Not to his own fond wife he breathes the tale ?"

In the hunting and fishing poems of Oppian and Grattus Faliscus, he displays equal force and concinnity of expression. His genius seems naturally to lean to the satirical and didactic styles: yet to judge from his preface and his practice, he appears to distrust his own talents in rhymed verse, and seems glad of an occasion to escape from the wholesome restraint of rhyme into the lawless liberty of blank measure.

As a further proof of our position, may be adduced the versions from Claudian. Judging from the general tone of criticism in these volumes, we should have expected that this poet would have been raised above Virgil: but, to our surprize, he is pronounced artificial and tawdry, without either eloquence or nature. We concur in placing the latinity of Valerius Flaccus and Silius above that of Claudian, who betrays something of a barbaric cast in his phraseology: but his invectives possess eloquence, and eloquence of a very powerful kind, particularly in that against the eunuch-minister Eutropius; and a stroke of nature occurs to us in that very poem of the Rape of Proserpine, which Mr. Elton undervalues, because Claudian has availed himself of the established machinery of pagan poetry.

Succidui titubant gressus, foribusque reclusis
Dum vacuas sedes et desolata pererrat
Atria, semiratas confuso stamine telas
Atque interceptas agnoscit pectinis artes. lib. 3.

"She ventures in, and, through the quiet house
And silent courts with staggering paces goes:
And as she rolls around her heavy eyes
Th' unfinish'd purple in the woof espies." HUGHES.

With this distaste of Mr. Elton for Claudian, how can we account for his peculiar success in this author, but from his theory and his genius being completely at variance? The description of the Phoenix has all the smooth and florid brilliancy for which this poet is remarkable.

"Here far too blest the solar bird sublime
Dwells safe-embosom'd in the burning clime:
His lonely reign, untouch'd by birds that fly,
Or beasts that creep in frail mortality:
Free from the human world's contagious breath;
A bird, like heavenly beings, charm'd from death.
With stars endures the creature's vivid day:
His frame renew'd sees ages waste away.
No ripening dainties sate his hungering bill;
Nor with slaked thirst he tastes the gushing rill:
Nourish'd with sunbeams and the ocean spray
He sips aerial food and drinks the day,
Keen from his eyes the secret splendours break:
A fiery glory reddens round his beak:

His crested head a sun-like diadem rears
 Whose plume's ray'd light the parted darkness clears :
 His legs are tinged with crimson's Tyrian dye :
 His sweeping wings before the breezes fly :
 Cœrulean colors paint their feather'd fold,
 Blue as a flower and rich with sprinkled gold.
 From no seed quicken'd, no conception's fire,
 Son to himself, and of himself the sire,
 His life-worn body vegetates in death,
 Alternate funerals teem with vital breath.
 When thousand summers have their circuit wound,
 Winters rush'd by, and springs absolved their round ;
 Restoring to the culture-loving swain
 The foliage strew'd by autumn on the plain ;
 Weigh'd down by years the Phoenix feels at length
 The numerous lustres pressing on his strength :
 So the tall pine-tree, rock'd by many a gale,
 Stoops from the Scythian mountains to the vale,
 Drawn by its headlong weight, still downward bends,
 And tottering to a fall in air impends :
 Bow'd, by strong whirlwinds, riven with eating rains,
 Hollow'd with cankering age it topples on the plains."

To the selector of such a mass of classical poetry, neither industry nor versatility of powers can, in justice, be denied. These are shown not merely in the great diversity of authors referred to, but in the copious specimens exhibited of each individual poet. The work is not a selection of mere "beauties," but of characteristic extracts. That they are executed with a fair equality of spirit and talent will appear from a slight comparison of dissimilar specimens : for example, the "Syracusan Gossips" of Theocritus with his "Infant Hercules :" or the extracts from Lucretius with those from Tibullus.

The reader is also introduced to poets comparatively unknown even to classical scholars : such as Calphurnius, Nemesian, and Rutilius. So that, in fact, this compendium possesses an advantage which is wanting in the more voluminous collections of translators. We would advise Mr. Elton, in a second edition, to revise and invigorate such passages as he may have allowed himself to pass over with a careless or indolent hand ; to select some better extracts from the *Æneid* ; and to acquire something more of veneration for the epic muse of Virgil.

ART. II.—1. *Sarsfield; or, the Wanderings of Youth. An Irish Tale.* By JOHN GAMBLE, Esq. author of *Sketches, &c. in Ireland.* 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 656. London. Cradock and Joy. 1814. Pr. 16s. 6d. bds.

. *Howard.* By JOHN GAMBLE, Esq. author of *Irish Sketches*, *Sarsfield*, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 434. London. Baldwin and Co. 1815. Pr. 9s.

THESE two novels being the production of the same writer, who has frequently appeared as a candidate for the favor of the public, the same general notice may suffice for both; after which we shall present to our readers an analysis of each.

It will probably be allowed by all sound reasoners and correct observers, that, in order to challenge our respect and command our admiration, there is *one quality* which every character must possess, and wanting which all other qualities are without value and utility. That quality is Principle. Some call it Honour; and Pope, in his memorable line, has applied to it the homely term of *Honesty*, which now seems to be wholly appropriated to money-dealings between man and man. But, however named, this active love of goodness and repugnance to evil is the stamen whence must proceed all those ramifications which are to bear the fruit of credit or renown. This is what we look for in persons with whom we are to hold converse or have connection; and this quality is equally essential to a book professing to treat of men and manners, and which is said to be of a *good tendency*. Without this, stories and essays are "altogether lighter than vanity itself." They may float for a moment upon the stream of public opinion, as feathers sport upon the wave; but they will never bear a grand and profitable freight down the current of Time to the ocean of Futurity, firm and impregnable like the Norwegian timbers.

In the nomenclature of *moral* chemistry, wit has been assimilated to salt. It is, indeed, pungent; but we are not aware that it has any antiseptic properties. It often sparkles amid a corrupt mass which it cannot purify, and lends a deceptive glare to vice. But sterling good sense and integrity embalm whatever they are contained in, and defy the destructive power of Time. It is not the talent, but the virtue of Richardson which has enrolled his novels among the English classics, and spread them over the continent of Europe. His manner is tedious and diffuse, his style is inaccurate and feeble: but Truth and Nature sanctify his pages, and we venerate in them the laborious attempt of a good man to make mankind wiser and better. Such should be the aim of all those who step forward from the ranks of private society, and call upon others to observe the path they trace. Such should be the main spring and direction of every book which has not science for its subject.

Whether Mr. Gamble is impressed with this truth, his works do not afford sufficient evidence for us to decide. We certainly do not think they are calculated to enforce it. The virtues of charity, benevolence, and friendship, are indeed painted in the most glowing and inviting colors; and selfishness, cruelty, and tyranny, exposed to condign detestation; but all this is done in so rapid and desultory a manner, without any reference to first principles and first causes; our sacred duties are mentioned with so much levity; the agents introduced are rewarded or punished with so total a disregard to poetical and moral justice, and the inevitable consequences of good and bad actions; and there is so little care taken to enforce warnings and display examples to our minds; that although considerable ability appears in many of the pathetic passages, we doubt whether they will produce any permanent feeling and effect. All Mr. Gamble's productions seem to be written (as we are told no wise man ever does any thing) in a *hurry*. To dash from one subject to another, appears to be at once his pride, his pleasure, and his boast. The power of versatility is a good-enough thing; but the practice of it may degenerate into a very bad one. All the beauty of gradation is often lost by such practice; and contrast itself derives its force from previous continuity of tone. We are, however, far from recommending that Mr. Gamble should commit his works to the correction and alteration of friends. We who write know very well, when other people alter our performances, "what monsters they make of us." Mr. Gamble says very truly in the second volume of *Howard*, where he has chosen to put his *preface*, "All kind of criticism destroys that continuity of thought and manner in which the identity of an author consists." But we wish him to take time, and to think; for talent he need not seek, he has it already.

Howard is a child of enthusiasm and romance, something in the manner of Mr. Godwin's *Fleetwood*. He is an Irishman; but might as well, as the author justly observes, have belonged to any other country. Manners and habits can alone distinguish individuals of different climates. The passions are not indigenous to any particular soil; and although we do not mean to dispute the existence of national character; we do not think it impossible to find phlegmatic Frenchmen, liberal-minded Spaniards, vivacious Hollanders, or cool and deliberate Irishmen. The parents of *Howard* are good people, rather below the middling ranks of life. Mr. Gamble seems to have quite an antipathy to the higher classes of society; and seldom alludes to gentry or nobility, without some philippic against their vices and follies.

oward, to the misfortune of himself and others, is cursed with great deal of that vague, morbid sensibility, which, according to it is, or is not united to extraordinary powers of mind, makes Childe Harold, or a fool. He grows up, full of melancholy and romance, loving every body and nobody, sickening at reality, and expatiating amid ideal scenes of rapture. His conduct is, however, pure till he meets with a profligate young man, who leads him into vice; and, as the first step towards making him know the world, teaches him to forget his religious and filial obligations. He meditates on robbing and deserting his father, —the old man appears, and the heart of the son is melted into tenderness, and torn with remorse. He goes to London to seek his fortune; but we are not told how. Mr. Gamble is not quite so communicative as Dr. Smollet, whose *Roderick Random* is a compendium of useful experience. In the Liverpool coach Mr. Howard meets with a beautiful girl, whom he immediately recognizes as the original of the ideal portrait of his fancy, and accordingly he falls in love with her. On arriving in London his mind is, however, diverted from this pursuit by the necessary attendance on his patron, and the amusements of the town. By the consequences of a mischievous frolic on the part of his former companion, he is thrown again into the way of the young lady, and through the agency of a *confidant* of rather a singular description—an old man, a tradesman, and a friend of the father's—our hero continues to have frequent meetings with the object of his passion. He is desirous to marry her; but cannot give her a maintenance, and is certain of being refused by the father, who has forbidden his daughter to see him. Under such circumstances the lonely and frequent meetings of the lovers were not only imprudent but dangerous. They ended—as might have been expected. Howard, in absolute want of money, is obliged to tear himself from his beloved—to go abroad and fill an office which his patron had procured for him, but hopes to realise a sufficient property to return and marry the woman whom he loves with a sincere and ardent affection. Her letters to him betray anxiety, despondency, and even error. He at last discovers the fatal truth, and frantic with apprehensions for her life and reputation, returns suddenly to England. He traces her from London to the house of a relation in Litchfield, and is obliged to rest for a few hours at an inn, where the following scene occurs.

“ He was sitting melancholy and disconsolate, ‘of sorriest fancies his companions making,’ when merry notes of music reached his ear. He went to the window which looked upon the yard—he listened—they

came from the opposite wing of the inn—it was a ball-room—there seemed a gay and fashionable, as well as numerous assembly. The windows were large and clear, and he saw distinctly almost the entire length of the room. He heard equally distinctly the music's enlivening sound. The dance was just forming—the company walked up and down—the music changed—it struck up *The Conquering Hero*—the tall figures seemed to grow taller, in unison with the lofty sound. The grandeur of this tune has been often remarked—its character of profound melancholy, Howard did not fail to remark also. ‘Even in mirth,’ sighed he, ‘there is sadness. Alas! what is man, when joy even is joyless, and grandeur melancholy!’ The dance began—he stood a long while looking and listening—beautiful young women, in dresses brilliant as the rainbow's choicest hues, flitted past him like gay visions in the Elysian fields. Gentlemen in coloured clothes and uniforms, in brown, blue, and scarlet, were their delighted attendants, and elated partners, in pleasure's tumultuous maze.

“It was a scene of exhilaration; to many it would have been so: it was no scene of exhilaration to him. To him there was but one being on earth, and he wrapped every other in the shroud which he treaded awaited her. His heart sank the deeper at every burst of merriment and every tread of joy. They seemed to his gloomy imagination the senseless laugh of the idiot beneath the chariot-wheel which is about to crush him—the maddening tread of the sleeper, who unconscious approaches the frightful abyss.

“Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes!
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night.

“‘Poor, hapless, giddy creatures!’ exclaimed he, too much in earnest long to use any language but his own. ‘Poor, hapless, fluttering, unfortunate creatures, how I pity you, who have no thought nor pity for yourselves! Moving thoughtless in the wanton round and frantic whirl of the illusive present, ignorant and unthinking of the inevitable future that awaits you, of the changes that a few years will bring about in these erect, and graceful, and light, and bounding forms—ignorant and unthinking that instead of these essenced, and perfumed, and courteous, and smiling, and obsequious, and numerous partners; as in the death-dance of Holbein, one hideous partner, one inexorable skeleton, one grave-breathing and squalid spectre, will dance off in turn, reluctant or unreluctant, with you all—will have you in turn, reluctant or unreluctant all, to Death's own frightful ball-room, where, instead of that illuminated apartment dazzling the eye with its lustre, you will have the grave's everlasting darkness, and where instead of those gay dresses, fluttering to the air of your own light movements, you must throw off each costly ornament, and put on the soul-appalling shroud.’” “He was gazing and moralizing, if moralizing it may be called in this manner, when three or four officers burst into the yard, as from the dancing-room. They crossed the court, and entered a door of the side where he was standing; an instant afterwards he heard footsteps in the apartment underneath—he took no heed—he looked still on the dancers—he listened to their music, which, as if to make, what quick as lightning followed, more awful and impressive, at that moment struck up its most animated notes. Another sight glanced on his eye—another sound reached his ear—

"While antic measures beat the burthen'd ground,
And to the vaulted skies, the trumpet's clangors sound.

"A gleam of light fell on the opposite wall, which was accompanied by the report of a pistol, and instantly followed by a second report. A shriek of pain and heavy crash, as of something or somebody falling, instantly succeeded. He ran down, and went into the room. There were several people there. In one corner was a gentleman wringing his hands in an apparent state of distraction and despair. A little circle was round another, who was stretched on the floor: he looked, and saw by the dress it was an officer; a surgeon, or person who performed the office of one, endeavoured to staunch the blood, which streamed on the ground. The wounded man seemed not absolutely dead. He made a slight convulsive effort. He next attempted to raise himself, but fell helpless back. 'He wants air, perhaps,' exclaimed our young man, 'raise him.'

"He was raised half up—Howard bent forward—he started back—he eagerly bent forward again—his eyes did not deceive him, though much he wished that they had. It was a well-known face that he saw, distorted as it was by the agony of pain—by the agony of death I should rather say. It was a well-known form that he recognized; deformed as it was by convulsions, blood, and wounds.

"It was his friend the young officer, whom, a few months before, he had parted with elate and erect in youth and health, and whom now he saw so lowly laid—soon to be still more lowly laid.

.....

"As the room became cooler and quieter, the wounded sufferer came a little to himself. The dew stood in less deadly drops on his forehead. He unclosed his mouth—he half opened his eyes—they rested on his friend, who was anxiously bending over him. The poor man shuddered, and uttered a faint exclamation of surprise—of more than surprise. He groaned, and closed his eyes again. The tears of him who supported his drooping head dropped fast on his face. He could not see, but he felt them, and the force of sympathy drew them from his own eyes—they slowly trickled from underneath his drooped eye-lashes, and 'coursed one another down his neck in piteous chace.' He groaned again—again he half-opened his eyes—he essayed to speak, but was unable; a little wine in a tea-spoon was put into his mouth; it caused convulsions, and rested in the throat; it was at length, however, swallowed; another tea-spoonful was swallowed with less difficulty, and a third with still less. Howard now poured a glass full down his throat—delightful effect! the effect of wine on the dying man. For death and old age it is nature's own cordial, and treasured up resource. To them it may truly be said to sparkle, and to grow ruby-red. Pity that youth and health, which so little want it, should exhaust the fountain from which oblivion of their extremest sorrows and sufferings is to flow! The wounded man now drew his breath more easily. The colour came somewhat to his face; the lustre returned a little to his eye; he essayed to speak, and this time, though not without a strong effort, was able to do so.

"'I have led a foolish life,' said he, faintly, 'and to a foolish end am I come!' 'All our lives are folly,' sighed heavily our young man. 'What profit have we of all our labour under the sun? I envy almost him who is come to his end, whether it be a wise or a foolish one.'—'Forgive me!' exclaimed the departing sinner. 'Forgive you!' exclaimed Howard, wringing his hand, 'Forgive——' 'You may not think much of it—but I think of it now—in your youth I led you astray!—

'You could not have led me astray,' said the other, 'except by my own fault—I led myself.' 'You have more to forgive me,' said the dying man. 'Be it what it will,' replied Howard, pressing the clammy hand that he held, 'I forgive you as readily as I expect to be forgiven.' " Vol. 2. p. 58.

Howard, in spite of his urgent desire to proceed on his journey, and snatch all he loved from shame and sorrow, waits not only to close the eyes of his former companion, but in compliance with the request, that he had made, to attend at his funeral and give the sad tidings to his family. This piece of humanity proves his ruin. He reaches Litchfield *a day too late*. On coming near the town, he hears a number of people speaking of a young woman who had been drawn out of the river nearly drowned, in consequence, as it is supposed, of an attempt upon her own life. He dreads to enquire who it is,—the dreadful truth flashes upon his mind. It is the woman he loves, the wretched victim of his folly. The subsequent scenes are very highly wrought.—The unhappy father curses the destroyer of his child; the penitent sufferer writhes under the penalty of her crime; and the wretched lover abhors himself for having caused the misery of both.

Under every aggravation of shame, remorse and terror, the beloved of Howard, in consequence of the shock to her constitution from her attempted suicide, gives birth to a dead child. The mother survives, but heart-stricken and exhausted by contending emotions, falls into a lingering distemper, and just before the time fixed for her marriage with the hero of the tale, dies from the effect of mortification, on finding that her society is rejected by the women of character in the neighbourhood.

Of Howard we are told, that

"The bright form of existence passed from his view, and left nothing in its stead but a cheerless blank. His heart closed itself to joy, and if ever he felt a moment's pleasure, it was when on the solitary hill, or lonely mountain, he could shun mankind, and avoid communication with them; yet short-lived was the pleasure, for even here would reflection intrude. And while he saw himself a cheerless wanderer, he could not but remember that, were it not for his own fault, in the society of his wife, and of her and her children, he might have lived beloved and honoured. Yet for him, surely, there was some excuse. Passion prompted, and opportunity presented. His heart bled for the woes he had inflicted, and gladly would he have repaired them as far as he could. But for the world which wantoned in cruelty, which broke the bruised reed, and crushed the drooping lily—for the barbarous world, where is there an excuse?"

Such is the story,—but where is the moral? The catastrophe is brought on by the ladies, who declare that they will not

go to an assembly if a young woman who has been seduced from chastity be admitted. This is hard, but it is requisite; and we pity the victim to the laws by which vice is discountenanced, and decency maintained, while we reverence those laws, and deprecate any attempt to loosen their hold on the public mind.

Sarsfield, or the wanderings of youth, is a tale replete with interest and feeling, but overflowing with improbabilities and false reasonings. It bears more resemblance to the Bryan Perdue of Holcroft, than to any other fiction we are acquainted with. It is superior to Howard in composition, and the diction is less careless and defective; but it leads us back to our old objection against this animated and forcible writer, the want of a *moral tendency*. Sarsfield's misfortunes do not obviously arise from his faults, but from a mysterious *fate* which perplexes, counteracts, and at last destroys him. The pernicious doctrine of fatalism is the ebon wand round which Mr. Gamble delights to twine the blossoms of fancy. The story is artificially conceived but naturally told; the action is reduplicated, and the narrative, after the manner of epic poetry, begins in the middle. It is long before we find out *who* Sarsfield is, and longer before we discover *what* he is. Many passages in the work are so highly wrought as to hold the attention in breathless expectation. The epic lyre is powerfully swept, but not delicately touched, many a grating *discord* and unpleasing *flat* break the charm of continuous melody; the performer is for ever changing his *key*, and shews himself more *chromatic* than scientific; the passion for transition is in fact his bane. Some of the scenes are like a debauch painted by Hogarth—*horridly fine*. But although we do not pretend to be so fastidious as the fine ladies in the Vicar of Wakefield, who could not endure any thing *low-lived*, we must maintain that, in painting the manners and language of ruffians, there is a point which good taste cannot pass, and from which piety and decency recoil; nor can we excuse the author who sullies his page with blasphemies. There may be much, to be technically called *good writing*, which, nevertheless, ought never to have been written.

Sarsfield is first betrayed into guilt by an abandoned woman, he then flies from his parents, robs his master, and becomes a renegade and a sharper. In the midst of these evil courses he preserves a warmth of feeling, a good nature and something like *honor* which attach to him a young man of virtuous character, who attempts the desperate enterprise of his reform. Love for an amiable woman aids his endeavours, and he succeeds.—The eyes of Sarsfield are purified from the clouds of vice and

error, and opened to the "beauty of holiness,"—his reformation is complete. His father forgives him, his mistress welcomes him, and the story ends—No, we will not do Mr. Gamble the injustice of telling how the story ends.—Mr. Bayes piqued himself on his power to "elevate and surprise;" Mr. Gamble might have aspired to *elevate*—he chose only to *surprise* his readers.

ART. III.—*A voyage to Cadiz and Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean to Sicily and Malta, in 1810 and 1811, including a description of Sicily and the Lipari Islands, and an Excursion in Portugal.* By LT. GEN. COCKBURN. Two vols. 8vo. pp. 810. Harding, London, and Mahon, Dublin, 1815.

WHETHER we direct our attention to the events of past ages, or confine it to those of our own times, the southern part of Europe must ever present to us an interesting spectacle. The nature and succession of recent occurrences have conferred an additional interest upon all that relates to those regions; and insure a favorable reception for the labors of those who have lately traversed them, and either witnessed the transactions themselves, or surveyed the scenes where they took place.

Lieutenant General Cockburn sailed from Portsmouth, in the *Lively* Frigate, commanded by Captain M'Kinley, on the 16th of June, 1810; and arrived at Cadiz on the 8th of the following month, and sailed again on the 12th. This interval of four days he very industriously employed in examining whatever was most interesting, either in a civil, naval, or military point of view, in Cadiz and its neighbourhood. Cadiz was at that time besieged by the French, and was crowded with families from the interior, who had gone thither in consequence of the disturbed state of the country.

The author describes Cadiz as an extremely clean city, and all the women he saw as well made and handsome. Respecting the latter he observes: "They dress in black and wear veils till after the evening walk, when they put on white to go to the *Ter-tulia*:" several of which assemblies, with high play, take place every night. With respect to the Spanish gentry, he met many walking about the streets, who "looked like *Pero* in the *Pantomime*. Astley might pick up a dozen in half an hour ready equipped." "The men are stout and strong limbed, very brown and lazy. They lie about in the streets in heaps, fast asleep, particularly during the heat of the day."

On the 12th of July, the frigate sailed for Gibraltar, and anchored in the bay the same evening. On the 15th the *Lively* took charge of the convoy left by the *Philomel*, and sailed immediately for Malta; the termination of which voyage is thus described.

“ At 9 o'clock P. M. (Aug. 9th.) wind perfectly fair and a good breeze, we shall be in Valetta early to-morrow. Friday, 10th. What uncertainty in this world! a few hours ago we had every prospect of being safely in harbour at Malta by day light, but contrary to every probability, or almost possibility, were wrecked this morning, or rather in the night between Thursday the 9th and Friday the 10th. It happened in St. Paul's Bay, Malta, where that Saint is said to have been also shipwrecked.

The ship was entirely lost, but the crew and some of their effects were saved.

The time during which they were obliged to wait at Malta for a passage to Sicily, was spent in examining all that is curious, and best worth seeing in that singular spot, which has been the object of so much contention during a period within the recollection of most of our readers. General Cockburn terminates his observations on this island by a brief historical sketch of that extraordinary society of men, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which he says was “ born and fostered under superstition, and religious madness.”

On the 29th of August, the author sailed for Messina, on board the *Martha* transport. He was off Catania on the morning of the 1st of September, with a full view of Mount *Ætna*; and on the 2nd landed at Messina.

General Cockburn's appointment on the British staff enabled him to acquire the best information relative to the number and state of both the English and Sicilian armies, the strength of their positions, the actions between the English and French gunboats, which were constantly opposed to each other on the opposite shore of Sicily and Calabria; and of the attack made on our army by a part of Murat's forces commanded by General Cavagniac, on the 18th of September, 1810. “ Whatever was the object of this *expedition sans exemple* (as the French officers called it,) it entirely failed: and the whole number of prisoners made and embarked for Malta was 41 officers and 900 men.” The enemy's camp on the opposite shore entirely broke up about the end of the month; and General Cockburn was ordered, on the 4th of October, to take the command at Melazzo; but on the 24th of the same month, was obliged to quit the staff, on account of promotion. Respecting this circumstance, he observes, ..

“ Promotion, which in all other professions is an advantage, is often the contrary to the higher ranks of the army and navy. Mine to Lieutenant General removed me from the Sicilian staff; but before I heard of

it, Murat and his army broke up, and every idea of attack was over; it however left me at liberty to make the tour of this singular island. My situation and rank, as well as the kindness of our Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Stuart, who assisted me in my undertaking, gave me facilities which few Sicilian travellers have had; and I must not forget my worthy friend, the Sicilian Governor, General Danero, who obliged me with his advice and recommendations." Pref. p. viii.

General Cockburn sailed in a gun boat for Catania on the 7th of November, accompanied by Major Coghlan his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Sweeny of the 62nd regiment, an orderly dragoon, and a cook (Pascal). On the 8th they arrived at Catania, and on the following day, set out on their expedition to the summit of Mount *Ætna*, attended by a guide from the village of Nicolosi. After climbing the side of the mountain, sometimes over vast masses of lava, and at others almost up to the middle in snow, they arrived at the bottom of the steep cone, the top of which they reached a little before noon.

"This part is all covered with loose ashes and cinders, but, from the heat of the volcano, there is no snow at present, though in December and January, it is covered within a yard or two of the mouth of the crater. Here the difficulty of ascending and the labor and fatigue are very great. The air is so pure and rarified that it affects the lungs, and we lost our breath every five minutes. We were obliged often to scramble on all fours, slipping down frequently many feet in the loose ashes, so very steep is this latter part. The sudden view of this immense gulf is terrific at first, and really past description. The day was most favorable, except rather too much wind, which however blew from the crater. We were now amply repaid for the labor and delays of bad weather, and saw most distinctly the bottom of this wonderful and immense crater, which contains several minor mountains and their craters within it; some smoking like the most violent glass-house, or steam works. A descent into the crater, if the ground is as hard as it appears to be, would have been this day perfectly practicable; the crater often changes its form: on the side which we first approached, the descent was perpendicular, but the opposite side went down by a gradual slope. Our time in these short days did not admit of the experiment, or I should have made it. vol. 1. p. 136.

The following circumstance, however, we think would have made the stoutest tremble, when standing on the brink of this fiery gulf.

"I sat down at the top (says General Cockburn,) to date three or four letters, which I had promised some particular friends, they should receive from this elevated and extraordinary spot; I brought ink and paper for this purpose, as well as to note the degrees at which the thermometer stood at different heights as we ascended. I only wrote a line or two of my letters, which I finished at Nicolosi; but, while thus employed, we had a violent shock of an earthquake: I cannot describe the sensation, particularly at the mouth of such a volcano. However, I dated my letters, and wrote a part of them, sanding them with the ashes, but not without feeling a little nervous. On stirring the loose ashes, the smoke

comes-out, and the ground feels very hot, if scraped a little, so much so as to burn." vol. I. p. 138.

Having spent about an hour at the mouth of the crater, and collected various specimens of volcanic matter, the party descended, and reached the Convent of Nicolosi, after fifteen hours of extreme toil, and without having had any refreshment, except a little bread and onion.

Gen. C. sailed from Catania on the 16th, with a fair wind, for Syracuse; which he reached late the same night. After spending some days in visiting the objects most worthy of attention, in this celebrated town and its vicinity, among which are the Fountain of Arethusa, the Ear of Dionysius, the ancient Theatre, the Convent of the Capuchins, the Grecian Aqueduct, and the excavations in the vicinity, he returned to Catania; visiting Augusta in his passage. Having spent another week at Catania, he proceeded to Lingua Grossa, and thence to Franca Villa, Taorminum, Palma, Scaletta, and Messina. He remained at Messina till the end of January, when he visited Melazzo, and the Lipari islands. He went next to Tindari and Rometta; thence he proceeded to Palermo, where he arrived on the 14th of March. He left the latter place in the following month, and proceeded to the ancient Segesta, and Trapani, situated at the western extremity of the island. From this place he coasted along the southern shore, visiting Mazzara, the ancient Temples at Selinus, the city of Gergenti, and the Ruins of Agrigentum.

On the evening of the 17th of April, the author left Sicily for Malta, in a gun-boat, but on the 19th, when they were within sight of that island, contrary winds and stormy weather obliged them to put back, and run for the coast of Sicily, where they struck on rocks near the harbour of Scoglietta, a wretched fishing village, which carries on some smuggling trade with Malta. When the storm ceased, the gun-boat was got on shore, and repaired through the assistance of the English consul at Vittoria. Our author, however, impatient of delay, took his passage on board a sparnaros for Malta; but when within 20 miles of that island, they were driven back by contrary winds, and he returned once more to Scoglietta, after being nearly lost. On the 27th, he finally left Sicily, and reached Malta, where he remained three weeks, and examined such things as the shortness of his former visit did not permit him to do before. On the 14th of the following month (May), he embarked on board the Freya frigate, touched at Gibraltar on the 29th, and arrived at Lisbon on the 2nd of June. After spending some time at Lisbon, and visiting much of what was worthy of particular

attention in its neighbourhood, Gen C. made an excursion to Torres Vedras, Vimiera, Sabral, and Franca Villa, and returned thence down the Tagus to Lisbon. On the 23d of June, he sailed from Lisbon on board the *Diadem*, commanded by Captain Phillimore, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 18th of July.

Having given this brief sketch of our author's route, it may be necessary to observe, that his work is written in the form of a journal, and appears to have been principally composed at the time and on the spot where the occurrences took place, and the reflections presented themselves. This method possesses the advantage of enabling the reader to attend the traveller more closely, in his progress from place to place, and to become, perhaps, more familiar with the scenes and localities he describes. The work is, in general, written in an easy and perspicuous style, but not without a mixture of negligent expressions, and a few repetitions and vulgarisms. It is accompanied by an appendix, embracing remarks on a variety of subjects, more or less connected with the principal object of the work itself. The author has also subjoined a map of Sicily, and of the streights of Messina, with a plan of Franca Villa, and of the battle between the Spaniards and Austrians, in 1719. He has also added a series of well executed Vignettes and views, which confer much additional value on the work, and afford a lively and striking idea of the beautiful and romantic scenery, which almost every where meets the traveller's sight in these volcanic Islands.

The Vignettes are a view of the sea-coasts of Sindari, of Gibraltar, of the point of Ceuta, and of the Temple of the Giants at Gergenti.

The views in the first volume embrace Fort Gonzago, Bird's eye view of Messina, Scylla, Scaletta, Great Crater of Mount Etna, Etna from the Biscaris Garden, Catania and Etna from the sea, topography of Etna and Lingua Grossa, country at Taorminum and Mola; Taorminum with a distant view of Etna, Fort and Pass at St. Alessio, profile view of Scaletta and Volcano, castle of Lipari, Volcano from the baths of Lipari, winter view of Etna by moonlight, Rometta, and convent of St. Martin. Those in the second volume are Monte Pellegrino, temple of Segesta, Gergenti, Cape St. Vincent, Cintra, distant view of Etna, Murat's camp and Flotilla, Stromboli, and Castiglione from Franca Villa.

We shall now make a few extracts on detached subjects. The following shows the want of cordiality which subsisted between the court of Palermo and the English; and exhibits in the most

striking light the apathy of the Sicilian government in defending the country, when the enemy was encamped within sight of its shores, and even had actually made a descent upon its coast.

“The situation of the commander of the forces was certainly one of difficulty; for he did not meet with that assistance and cordiality from the court of Palermo, which he had a right to expect. Not even one regiment of infantry did the king contribute to the defence of this his last stake: a regiment of cavalry (the Val de Noto) and a division of Sicilian gun-boats (but rationed by England) was all the aid we could obtain. The repairs of the fortifications at Syracuse, Augusta, Melazzo, and Trapani, were defrayed by England. Every remonstrance from our minister Lord Amherst, or from Sir John Stuart, was useless.” Vol. i. p. 101.

The properties of the prickly pear tree, and the use made of it by the inhabitants of Mount Etna, to pulverise the hardest masses of lava, and change them into a fruitful soil, is very curious; and powerfully evinces the resources which nature possesses for altering the very constitution of her productions.

“The prickly pear has a peculiar quality; it absolutely changes the lava, in a manner, breaks it up, and, in process of time, pulverises it, though ever so hard; and then it forms the most luxuriant soil. They bring a little earth to any crevice of the lava, and plant a prickly pear tree; it spreads and splits the rocks in about seven years; a thick plantation is formed, and a very little earth being added, in about ten years more it is nearly pulverised for some inches in depth, so as to give a good soil” vol. i. p. 163.

The following is a specimen of kingly amusement in those countries, in defence of which so much British money and blood have been spent; and it can be exceeded in barbarous cruelty only by those tyrannical acts which the King of Spain has exercised towards many of his most meritorious subjects since his return from France.

“The amusements of hunting, shooting, or fishing, appear to have always formed the principal, and almost only, source of pleasure, for King Ferdinand: his relation, the late king of Spain, was equally attached to it. So far had they carried this *mania*, that I know from undoubted authority, there was formerly a regular weekly intercourse, by special messengers, carried on between the courts of Naples and Madrid, with an account of the slaughter of game, and the feats of these monarchs in the field. Perhaps they were better employed in this animal destruction, than in human slaughter.”

“The mode of hunting is, however, quite different from ours; hundreds of peasants drive the game from the woods into certain open parts; his Majesty stands within a railed fence, half a dozen men load for him, and he fires away, right and left, as fast as he can. In very bad weather, they have often collected a strange medley into a large riding-house, consisting of wolves, foxes, boars, dogs, cats, pigs, goats, deer, &c.; also owls, pigeons, haws, wild ducks, partridges, crows, &c. The animals in this promiscuous state begin a general fight, while the monarch, from a gallery, fires at them till they are all destroyed. An ignoble and cowardly pastime!” vol. i. p. 418.

Sicily, under a good government, might be rendered one of the finest, most productive and commercial countries in the world; but, according to our author, all is now wretchedness and misery. The roads are scarcely passable, even for mules, though no country has better materials, and great sums are levied every year for keeping them in repair; but these, instead of being applied to this purpose, are squandered upon favorites and spies. Agriculture and commerce are both neglected, and labor under the most oppressive restrictions.

"Nature is left to herself; no renovation of seed, or assistance to the ground, which, however, is naturally rich; law badly administered; the civil, criminal, and minor jurisdictions, bad as can be conceived. The clergy are as despotic as they dare be; but going down, yet still very powerful and profligate—any thing may be had or done in Sicily for money."

In a country of which it can be said, "to paint Sicily properly, it is enough to say, *every thing is as it ought not to be*," the moral portrait must wear a sombre hue; and such is its distinguishing characteristic. For Lieut. Gen. C. observes,

"That truth, morality, and even hospitality, are out of the Sicilian catalogue. Amongst the better orders, virtue is not respected, morals and even appearances are set at defiance. The higher classes are so far depraved, as not even to mind them." vol. ii. p. 89.

"With the middle and lower orders, though a man will be jealous of his wife, he will not hesitate to sell his sister or his daughter. The lower Sicilians are also an abstemious people; they do with little food, but eat any thing, even to the intestines of every animal killed." vol. i. p. 346.

"Their great faults arise from their government—ground by oppression, and ill-treated, they are dirty in the extreme, indelicate, and ready to sell themselves from their poverty. Most of the peasantry have arms—a man would not stir three miles without his musket. No individual ever mounts his mule to go a mile from his house without his arms. Whether, like the Turks, they go armed to the plough, I really never thought of inquiring. If forced to give an opinion, I should certainly say yes; but at all events, if they have not the musket with the plough, I am positive it is at no great distance, and most of them carry poniards and stilettos." vol. ii. p. 91.

The litigious disposition of the Sicilians is strongly exemplified in the following sentences.

"Notaries are in astonishing abundance. Such is the Sicilian distrust of each other, that they will not have the smallest transaction without a notary, except in the public market. If a man buys any thing considerable at a shop, or has any payment to make, a notary must be employed to witness the transaction, and the receipt for the payment." vol. ii. p. 95.

ART. IV. *The Flowers of Wit, or a choice collection of Bon Mots, both ancient and modern; with Biographical and Critical Remarks.* By the Rev. HENRY KETT, Author of the Elements of General Knowledge; Emily, a Moral Tale, &c. &c. &c. Two Vols. 12mo. pp. 438. Lackington and Co. 1814.

AUSTERE and rigid as we are sometimes compelled to be, we love a joke as well as the most facetious: and it is so rarely that we meet with any thing very exhilarating in the way of our professional labors, that we were disposed to give Mr. Kett a very cordial welcome. We accordingly screwed up our muscles to an unusual pitch; but our disappointment was sudden and severe. When we expected to be roaring with some country club of odd fellows, we actually found ourselves chopping logic with Aristotle, fighting with Agesilaus, and listening to the sayings of all the seven wise men of Greece in alphabetical rotation. We really were terrified. The most disastrous of our school days seemed to return in all their horrors. We looked again at the title page to see, if by some mistake, the bookseller had not sent us a new Greek Grammar. But on turning to the introduction, we discovered a solution of our difficulties, and found that the production before us was *no laughing matter*. Our readers cannot imagine our chagrin—for they are not reviewers.

The reverend author (now we have read his book we can speak of him with all due gravity) has, we find, included in his idea of wit good things of every description, from puns to dying exhortations. We do not wish to say much about his definition of wit—"wit is much the same talent as genius." From the examples, however, which he produces, it is plain that many of them are a very different kind of article from that which mankind in general would agree to regard as witty. Extraordinary wit is always genius, but extraordinary genius is not always wit. The excellence of Mr. Grattan's character of Lord Chatham, of the replies of Thales, and of the sayings of Anacharsis, does not surely arise from their wit. We might as well call Venice Preserved a witty tragedy, or Mr. Kett's "Elements of general Knowledge" a ludicrous performance. Such a misapplication of terms never could come within his intention. He has, we suspect, been misled by the scholastic nature of his pursuits, and, as sometimes happens, carries the dialect of the college into the club room. On this ground we forgive him; and we own that when a serious divine comes up to one smiling,

were laid Tom Warton was the author of it. The sceptics lost their bets, for it occurs in Ovid's Epistle of Hypermnestra to Lynceus.

A. If you quote mottos, I will pay you in your own coin.

Malone published a pamphlet to prove that the manuscripts produced by Ireland and attributed to Shakespeare were gross forgeries. Malone inserted in his title-page a part of the description which Virgil gave of the impious Salmonius, and applied it to Ireland with singular felicity:

*Demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum sonitu simulârat equorum!*

B. Dr. Joseph Warton made a good hit, when he heard that John the Painter was going to be executed on board the Arethusa frigate. "John, said the doctor, "may adopt the invocation of Virgil:

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem."

A. Felix Vaughan, an able barrister, was supposed to be implicated with Horne Tooke, Hardy, and others, who were afterwards tried for high treason. This matter was canvassed by the privy-council; and when it was ascertained that Felix Vaughan had cautiously stopped short of the risks which others had run, Mr. Dundas exclaimed,

Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum!

B. You recollect to whom Tibullus addressed the following beautiful lines. Louis Racine may be said to have consecrated them; he was a pious Catholic, and applied them to his crucifix.

*Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

A. I have kept back the application of a passage, as my *corps de reserve*, which I think will put you *hors de combat*. It is unquestionably the happiest allusion I ever met with.

You have doubtless heard of the famous cardinal Poole, archbishop of Canterbury. Sandolet, a learned man, advised him to apply himself to the philosophy of the ancients, giving it the preference to all other studies. "At the period," said the cardinal, "when the world was obscured by the darkness of Paganism, the philosophy you recommend did certainly excel all other pursuits; but since the mists of ignorance have been cleared away by the bright beams of the Gospel, Christian knowledge, derived from the study of the holy Scriptures, has justly gained the preference; in short, the Pagan philosophy you so much admire is now exactly as Tenedos was described by Virgil:

..... *Notissima fama
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant;
Nunc tantum sinus, et statio malefida carinis."*

The editor's more important cares have allowed some inaccuracies to escape him. Mrs. Siddons is called the "modern Thalia," (Vol. ii. p. 49.)—If Count Zenobio's "fondness for Bonaparte" (vol. ii. p. 108) be meant ironically, the jest will not be felt by every reader.

On the whole we think favorably of this publication; and recommend it as well calculated to afford rational amusement, with improvement of both an intellectual and a moral kind.



ART. V. *Some Remarks on the Unitarian method of interpreting the Scriptures, as lately exhibited in a publication under the ASSUMED title of an IMPROVED Version of the New Testament : to which are added Considerations on the manner in which the Gospel should be preached to be rendered effectual to its intended purpose. Partly delivered in a Charge, in June, 1815. By the Rev. CHARLES DAUBENY, Archdeacon of Sarum. 8vo. Rivingtons, 1815. pp. 65.*

THIS tract furnishes an antidote to two very opposite, although common and dangerous errors—*Unitarianism* and *Calvinism*. The first teaches a sort of philosophical infidelity, which tends to destroy all the peculiar doctrines of Christianity : the second inculcates a species of heartless quietism, which in reality exempts men from the absolute duty of *endeavouring* to perform their part of the conditions, which the Almighty has been pleased to hold out, as the terms on which he will impart to us justification through the merits of him by whose name alone man can be saved.

The circumstances which have given rise to this book of Mr. Daubeny's, are these. The present Bishop of London had, in his primary charge, given a brief, but very comprehensive sketch of the present circumstances of the church, in which, among other things, the great increase of Unitarianism drew his attention : reviewing the principal peculiarities of their tenets he maintained, that they bore a strong analogy to those of Deism. This charge was of course denied by the Unitarians : and the bishop was assailed in a large pamphlet of "Letters" by Mr. Belsham ; if not a distinguished, yet a zealous writer, in favor of Unitarianism. This was not done in the most ingenuous manner, for, as Mr. Daubeny has demonstrated, the "Letters" are replete with evasions of the point at issue ; nor yet in the most respectful manner, as is apparent from the motto, *ποιον τον μυθον ειπας* ; which, when translated into plain English, means, "what sort of a lie have you been telling ?" May we be permitted to advise Mr. B. in the next edition of his "Letters," to translate his motto for the benefit of such of his Unitarian brethren as may not have made the Greek language their study.

If the Unitarians be wise, they will suffer the controversy to remain in its present state ; since every endeavour they use to relieve themselves from the weighty charges brought against them, only seems to involve them in greater difficulties. They have already been laid in the dust of the literary arena, where they had expected to receive *doctarum hederas præmia frontium*.

The question is thus stated by Mr. Daubeny :

"If the doctrine of Unitarianism be Christianity, the doctrine of the Church of England most certainly is not. One side or the other then must necessarily give way; for the *Unitarian God of reason* and the *Christian God of Revelation*, cannot both stand on the ground of the same divine word. 'If,' as a Unitarian¹ has justly observed, 'the proper humanity of Christ be once established, the commonly received doctrine of atonement falls to the ground.'"

With regard to the doctrine of Christ's divinity, of course we cannot, in treating with an Unitarian, content ourselves with simply asserting that it is scriptural, and therefore true, because he denies the position altogether: but we may content ourselves with challenging him on two texts, which, even according to the Unitarian exposition, must prove the doctrine. The first is John, v. 23. "all men shall honor the Son even as they honor the Father." "He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." The question here to be asked is, how are we to honor the Father? Let Christ answer the question; "thou shalt *worship* (προσκυνῆσαι) the Lord thy God,"² "pray to thy Father which is in secret."³ But he also says, "him only shalt thou serve."⁴ Still, however, are we to honor the Son in a similar manner: Christ, therefore, can be no other than God. It is in vain to urge, as has been sometimes done in reference to other passages, where Christ is called ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ, or υἱὸς Θεοῦ, that here Christ is said to be the Son (of God) in the same sense in which virtuous men are sometimes called the children of God; because it is said, that "the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son,"⁵ which he hath not done to virtuous men; and because it never could, as the Socinians themselves will maintain, have been commanded, to honor virtuous men, even as we honor God. The other passage is John, x. 30. "I and my Father are one," or as the Greek words should be rendered, "I and *the* Father are one." Even if this passage be explained of *unity of consent*, as has been done by Schleusner,⁶ it will still prove the divinity of Christ. Mr. Belsham has, in a former work,⁷ represented

¹ Mr. Belsham. Mr. Daubeney has not given any reference to the part of Mr. B.'s works where this passage is to be found: this we particularly mention, because accuracy and minuteness of reference, is the only point in which Mr. D.'s admirable work is deficient: owing to which we have not been able to find passages in Mr. Belsham's works, which are voluminous. But this is among writers in general a very common fault.

² Matt. iv. 10.

³ Ib. vi. 6.

⁴ Ib. iv. 10.

⁵ John, v. 22.

⁶ *Lexicon Gr. Lat. in Nov. Test. Lips.* 1808. voc. *Eis*.

⁷ *Calm Enquiry into the person of Christ*, p. 447.

the “promised Messiah as a man constituted in all respects like other men, subject to the same infirmities, the same ignorance, prejudices, and FRAILTIES;” he elsewhere doubts whether Jesus was “through life wholly exempt from the errors and FAILINGS of human nature.”¹ This very doctrine, which, while it attempts to degrade the character of our Lord, admits that human nature is corrupt, furnishes us with an application of our argument. If Jesus Christ were such as he is represented above, his *purposes* and his *will* could not be the same with those of God: because God is a being infinitely wise, while the spirit of man is ignorant; because God is holy, while man is corrupt; because God hates iniquity, while man loves it. But Christ and God are here said to be *one* in consent: it therefore follows that Christ is not a mere man, but God.

We do not here appeal, as we might, to St. John, who says that “the word was God;”² that “God gave his only begotten son;”³ or to St. Paul, who tells the Hebrews, that “God hath spoken unto us by *his Son, by whom he made the worlds:*”⁴ that “he saith,” of him, “let all the Angels of God worship (προσκυνήσωσαν) him.”⁵ Nor do we cite Ignatius, a cotemporary of the Apostles, who must have known what their doctrine was, and who says,⁶ Δοξάζω Ἰησοῦν Χριστὸν τὸν Θεόν: ‘Ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦς ὁ Χρ. ἐκυφορήθη ὑπὸ Μαρίας:’ and who entreats the Romans⁷ to permit him, μιμητὴν εἶναι τοῦ πατρὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ. Eusebius tells us⁸ that the first person who denied the divinity of Christ, was one Theodotus, a tanner, who seems to have done it from the basest motives;⁹ and was in consequence ταύτης τῆς ἀπρησίτου ἀπειθείας, excommunicated by Victor; he also informs us that Justin, and Miltiades, and Tatian, and Clement, all believed in the divinity of Christ.¹⁰

On the doctrine of Atonement, we might perhaps assume the

¹ Daubeny's Remarks, p. 42.

² John, i. 1.

³ Ib. iii. 16.

⁴ Heb. i. 1, 2.

⁵ Ib. i. 6. For some able remarks on this subject, see Pretyman's Elements of Christian Theology, vol. ii. p. 116. sqq. ed. 1800.

⁶ Epist. ad Smyrn. §. 2. p. 20. edit. Oxon. 1708.

⁷ Ad Ephes. § 19. p. 52.

⁸ Ad Roman. § 7. p. 96.

⁹ Hist. Ecclesiast. l. v. c. 28. p. 252. ed. Reading.

¹⁰ Note b. to Euseb. p. 252. or Tertullian de præscr. adv. Hæret. c. 53. p. 405. ed. Paris, 1598.

¹¹ For more testimonies concerning the faith of the Primitive Church, see Knowles's Primitive Christianity, Bishop Horsley's Tracts in Controversy with Dr. Priestley, passim; and Pretyman's Elements of Christian Theology, vol. ii. p. 134.

reverse of Mr. Belsham's argument; and say, that if the proper divinity of Christ be once established, the doctrine of Atonement follows of course: but as the subject has been of late admirably treated, we content ourselves with referring the reader to Pretyman's *Christian Theology*,¹ and Dr. Magee's *Discourses on Atonement and Sacrifice*, besides Bishop Pearson's inestimable work on the Creed. On the importance of the doctrine of the Atonement, we may perhaps be permitted to transcribe a passage of the late Bishop Horsley's Sermon on Rom. iv. 25. in which, however, we have been anticipated by the Archdeacon.

"This doctrine of Atonement, by which the repenting sinner may recover, as it were, his lost character and innocence, and by which the involuntary deficiencies are supplied of his renewed obedience, is so full of comfort to the godly, so soothing to the natural fears of the awakened sinner's conscience, that it may be deemed a dreadful induration of the great obduracy of men, that a discovery of a scheme of mercy, which might have been expected to have been the great recommendation of the Gospel to a world lost and dead in trespasses and sins; the means of procuring it an easy and favorable reception, should itself have been made the ground of cavil and objection. And it is a still worse symptom of the hardened hearts of men, if among those who profess themselves disciples of a crucified Saviour, any may be found who allow no real efficacy to that blood which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."—pp. 17, 18.

To return to the charge of infidelity which has given rise to this discussion: Mr. Belsham, in his fourth Letter to the Bishop of London, has the following words. "There are three of the criteria which your Lordship mentions, of which, to whomsoever they may apply, I should without hesitation admit that they are certain marks of unbelief in the Christian Revelation. These are, "*bold*, and your Lordship must no doubt mean, *wilful*, perversions of the Christian Scriptures"—"indecent insinuations against the veracity of the inspired writers,"—and "*disrespectful reflections* on the person and actions of their Saviour." "Persons who are really liable to these charges, and against whom they may be proved, *are not Christians*."

To perceive that the Unitarians must, in the fullest extent, plead guilty to these charges, the reader need only turn to a very ingenious and learned work of Dr. Laurence's, the present Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford;² to Mr. Daubeney's *Remarks*;³ and to Mr. Belsham's own *Calm*

¹ Vol. ii. p. 146. sqq.

² *Critical Reflections on some important Misrepresentations contained in the Unitarian Version of the New Testament*, 8vo. Oxford, 1811.

³ p. 43—59.

Enquiry.¹ He will find that they reject the account of our Saviour's miraculous birth, for no better reason, than because it was omitted in the copies of certain early heretics, against whose opinions it directly militated, and who were proverbial for rejecting what did not fall in with their peculiar opinions; they having, like the Unitarians, formed a system of theology of their own—in aid of which the Bible was brought only when it could be done successfully. In this manner, and for this reason, some rejected the Epistles of St. Paul, and others the whole Old Testament, besides interpolating innumerable passages of what they retained. Dr. Marsh, however, has given complete proofs that these passages are genuine.²

Now “faith and infidelity are correlative terms. By faith we understand, the belief of things revealed on the testimony of the divine word. By infidelity consequently must be understood, the rejection of such belief on such testimony.”³—The premises being thus established, the consequence follows of course.

But while we oppose those, who reject the doctrine of salvation by the merits of Christ, unassisted by our own efforts and works; we must equally resist those who deny the necessity of our working together with God, by performing our part of the conditions of the Christian Covenant. Here, however, we must request not to be misunderstood. When we speak of performing our part of the Conditions, we do not mean to convey the idea of the absolute merit of good works; and when we talk of our working together with God, we do not intend to say, that our working is the cause of our salvation. We merely maintain the scriptural doctrine, that “not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of the Father which is in heaven.”

The scriptural doctrine appears to be this: that we are saved or justified solely through the grace of God, for the merits of our Lord, and not for our own works or deserts. But at the same time there are certain Conditions proposed to us, namely, repentance, faith, and obedience, which if we accept and conform to (and not otherwise) God will justify us, by making us

¹ Pp. 447. 451.

² Notes to his Translation of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament, vol. iii. pt. ii. pp. 130. 137. 140. and Lectures in Divinity, pt. ii. p. 55. 8vo. Cambridge, 1811.—See also Professor Rau's *Symbolæ ad quæstionem de authenticâ i. et ii. cap. Evang. Matthæi discutiendam*. Erlanga, 1798.

³ Daubeny's Remarks, p. 39.

partakers of the benefits of the death of Christ. Archdeacon Pott has set this matter in so clear a light,¹ that the reader will readily pardon us for delivering our notions in his words.

“The holy Baptist preached repentance, for none can be disciples of the Christian school, but such as will forsake their sins. Our Lord, when entering on his ministry, preached repentance and faith, saying, ‘the time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel.’ The same teachers instruct us how to build upon these foundations: accordingly, the Baptist says, ‘bring forth, therefore, fruits meet for repentance;’ for no one can continue Christ’s disciple, but such as will keep the precepts of their Master. Our Lord to the same effect declares, that ‘every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire:’ and in that solemn charge and commission which he gave to his Apostles, he says, ‘go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.’ St. Paul unites the several parts of the Condition, and declares at once the order and the substance of it, when he relates to King Agrippa, that his preaching ‘both to the Jews and Gentiles was, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.’—The baptismal vow, the particulars of which are repeated when the Christian Covenant is renewed at the table of the Lord, presents the same terms, and sets forth the same general obligations.”

“The benefit of pardon, grace, and glory, will arise as the purchased blessings procured for us by the blood and merits of our only Saviour, though the grant of those gifts be suspended on Conditions, which are calculated to our best improvement, and graciously adapted to a state of trial or probation, consistent with our present circumstances and capacity. It will still remain indubitably clear, that those unspeakable advantages are procured for us by the Saviour’s merits, they are bestowed only for his sake, and purchased at a price to which we contribute nothing; though the same gifts be coupled with such terms as are inseparable from the nature of a state of trial, and from the moral character of man.”²

“Thus, then, it is one thing to be the only valuable Cause by which salvation is procured, and it is another thing to be the Condition upon which that gift is graciously bestowed. From the former, that is, from the meritorious Cause, we exclude not only our own works of every kind, but repentance and faith also. Under the latter, that is, under the Condition, we find repentance, faith, and obedience, to be constantly required.—The distinction here proposed, is not a nice or a subtle thing. The simplest man may understand the difference between the Cause and the Condition of his hope.”³

¹ Considerations on the General Conditions of the Christian Covenant, 8vo. London, 1805, p. 1.

² Considerations, p. 12.

³ Considerations, p. 13.—Respecting the error of the Church of Rome concerning this point, see the same work, p. 94: and for a complete demonstration that the terms *Condition* and *Merit* have no connection, see p. 109.

When our Creed on this subject is thus explicitly and distinctly stated, surely we ought not to hear the unjust and unwarrantable charge which is so generally brought against the established Church by rash and uncandid men, that we hold the abominable doctrine of *merit*, a doctrine which we dislike as much as can the strictest Calvinist. Indeed, the only difference between us on the *mere point of justification*, is, that they hold *faith* to be the only part of the Condition which it is necessary for us to perform; while we believe our part of the Covenant to be, repentance, faith, and obedience: in other words, while they perform what we consider merely a part, we endeavour to perform what we think the whole.—We close our reflections in the words of Mr. Daubeny.¹

“Whilst pressing the necessity of those works of righteousness, which under the Evangelical dispensation are expected from man, for the purpose of qualifying him for the salvation which has been freely provided for him, he” (namely, the preacher of the Gospel) “will of course, as a snaster in Israel, in conformity with the doctrine of our Church, completely ‘shut them out from the office of justifying.’² In this view of the subject, the whole salvation of fallen man, from justification on his admission into a state of grace at baptism, through his successive sanctification by the Holy Spirit, to his final perfection in glory, will be uniformly represented as having its beginning, its continuation, and its ending, in Jesus Christ: ‘in whom, as we read, all the promises of God are yea and amen.’

“Should we indeed admit, that the works of righteousness required under the Gospel dispensation had been performed; for the performer of them to build his hope of salvation on the ground of his own personal merit, instead of placing it on the ground of that divine philanthropy, from which alone his title to it can be safely derived; is to tear up the foundation on which the Christian building stands. ‘Whereas,’ to use the words of the judicious Hooker, ‘the little part we have in holiness, it is, God knoweth, corrupt and unsound; we put no confidence at all in it; we challenge nothing in the world for it; we dare not call God to reckoning, as if we had him in our debt books; our continued suit to him must be, to bear with our infirmities, and to pardon our offences.’”

From all we have advanced, our readers will readily perceive the value of this Charge. We cannot, however, dismiss the subject, without wishing that it may be put into the hands of such as have not time or inclination to enter deeply into the controversies on which it treats. There can be no doubt but that it will occupy a distinguished place in the libraries of those, who are enabled, by leisure and opportunity, to study the subject in its different bearings; and who are well disposed to “fight the good fight of faith,” to “contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints,” and to worship the God of

¹ Remarks, p. 30- -1.

² See Homily on Salvation.

their fathers "in spirit and in truth," as delivered in the book of wisdom, which "came out of the mouth of the most High; and covered the earth as a cloud: which hath made doctrine to shine as the morning; and sendeth forth her light afar off: which will get from out doctrine as prophecy; and leave it to all ages for ever."

ART. VI.—*Chrestomathia Syriaca maximam partem ex Codd. manu scriptis collecta.* Edidit Gustavus Knös. Göttingæ. Small 8vo. pp. viii + 120 = 128.

WHEN we consider the great utility of the Syriac language, and also its extreme facility, we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that it has not been more generally cultivated. While Hebrew has been carefully studied, and, to say the truth, very tolerably understood; and while the difficult and copious Arabic has been made the subject of deep and accurate investigation, the Syrian has received but a very small portion of attention, and its real merits seem to have been entirely overlooked: it appears to have been forgotten, that it was the vernacular tongue of the great founder of our faith: and critics of eminence have ransacked the Hebrew, and resorted even to the Arabic, for a solution of difficulties, which a very slight attention to the Syriac idiom would have removed. Such has been the case, at least, in our own country: in Germany, it is true, it has met with better treatment. It is there made a subject for public lectures, and is a principal object of study among the candidates for orders. Michaelis, in his valuable *Introduction to the N. T.*,¹ has shewn its utility to an interpreter of the N. T.: and he says;² "a knowledge of the Hebrew and the Syriac (under which latter language he includes the Chaldeæ,) on account of the Syriasms which are not to be learnt from the Septuagint, is absolutely indispensable."

In the Syriac tongue there are works, which may be very useful to any one who turns his attention to Oriental History. Such is the *Chronicon Syriacum* of Bar Hebræus, which was published by Bruns and Kirsch; and many more interesting passages of the same kind may be seen in Asseman's *Bibliotheca*

¹ Vol. 1. pt. 1. p. 135. Ed. Marsh. 8vo. Lond. 1802.

² Vol. 1. pt. 1. p. 179.

Orientalis Clementini—Vaticana.—To those, who, like ourselves, are strongly interested in every thing which concerns the history of the East, we do not hesitate to recommend the little work before us, which contains among other things the following :

- I. Fata Nestorianismi in Persia.
- II. Elize Episcopi Mukanensis Memorabilia.
- III. Sabarjesu Damasceni Scholarum in Persia reformatio.
- IV. Imperium Arabicum sub primis Caliphis propagatum.
- V. Martyrum Homeritarum Historia.
- VI. Jacobi cujusdam carmen de Alexandro Magno, metro Jacobitico conscriptum.

M. Knös gives, in his Preface, the following account of his undertaking :

“Carmina ad apographa Parisiensia accurate exprimenda curavimus, non nisi manifestis erroribus sublatis. Puncta ad finem verum addita non omisimus, quamvis non semper indicent sensum esse finitum. Conservavimus etiam vocalium signa quamvis ea interdum sensui repugnare viderentur; diligenter caventes, ne quid temere mutaretur. Quæ vero incuria librarii forte fuerint omissa aut mutata, iis emendandis operam dabimus in libello, qui tum versionem latinam particularum ineditarum, tum notas criticas et philologicas continebit.” (Præfat. p. iv. v.)

M. Knös recommends to his readers the Syriac Grammar published by Professor Adler at Altona in 1784: here we confess that we cannot entirely agree with him. Adler was certainly an eminent scholar; and his work on the Syriac Versions is by far the most valuable treatise we have on the subject: but still the very reason, which induces M. Knös to recommend his Grammar, is the most powerful argument against it. It is very short, and contains scarcely any thing except the paradigms: but Michaelis in the preface to his own Grammar has shown, that a jejune grammar considerably retards the advancement of the pupil; and he makes it pretty plain that in six or even five months, a very respectable knowledge of Syriac may be gained by a student, “modo copiosam habeat et divitem grammaticam.”¹

We conceive it may be useful to give the following list of Syriac Chrestomathizæ :

J. D. Michaelis Syrische Chrestomathie, annexed to his Abhandlung über die Syrische Sprache. 8vo. Göttingen. 1783.

Selecta e Scriptoribus Syris, at the end of Adler's Grammatica Syriaca, Altonæ, 1784. 8vo.

¹ Præf. ad Grammat. Syr. p. 1. 4to. Halæ. 1784.

G. G. Kirsch *Chrestomathia Syriaca*, small 8vo. Hofz, 1789.

Selecta e Scriptoribus Syris, annexed to Tychsen's *Grammatica Syriaca*, Rostochii, 8vo. 1793.

Whoever possesses the above, with the one now before us, will have a very complete and valuable collection. Several copies of Michaelis' *Syrische Chrestomathie* have been lately imported by Priestley in Holborn, and some of Knös by Boosey, near the Royal Exchange.

ART. VII.—*A Classical Tour through Italy*, exhibiting a View of its Scenery, its Antiquities, and its Monuments ; with an account of the present state of its Cities and Towns, and occasional observations on the recent Spoliations of the French. By the Rev. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE. 4 Vols. 8vo. Third Edit. Mawman. 1815.

WE consider some apology due to our readers for this tardy notice of a work so important as the present : for who does not feel his appetite for information sharpened by reading the title of “*A Classical Tour through Italy*”—that land of poesy and arts—the bare mention of which always awakens so many pleasing recollections ? The epithet *Classical* sufficiently points out the character, and the object of the work—which is, to trace the resemblance between modern and ancient Italy, and to take for guides and companions in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the writers that preceded or adorned the first century of our æra. The author has, of course, made a free use of the incidents of ancient history ; and has dwelt with complacency on the finer poetical descriptions. The severity of criticism might, perhaps, be disposed to censure his citations from the Latin poets and historians as too profuse ; but it must be allowed that they are made judiciously, and seem to spring spontaneously from the soil he is treading.

In a *Preliminary Discourse* he offers a variety of interesting observations on architecture, medals, sculpture, painting, music, &c. chiefly intended for the information of young and inexperienced travellers. We cannot forbear an extract.

“ Nations, like individuals, have their characteristic qualities, and these, like the features of the face, are more-prominent and conspicuous in southern countries : and in these countries perhaps the traveller may

stand in more need of vigilance and circumspection to guard him against the treachery of his own passions, and the snares of external seduction. Miserable indeed will he be, if he shall use the liberty of a traveller as the means of vicious indulgence, abandon himself to the *delicious immorality* (for so it has been called) of some luxurious capital, and forgetful of what he owes to himself, to his friends, and to his country, drop one by one, as he advances, the virtues of his education, and of his native land, and pick up in their stead the follies and vices of every climate which he may traverse. When such a wanderer has left his innocence and his health at Naples; when he has resigned his faith and his principles at Paris; he will find the loss of such inestimable blessings poorly repaid by the languages which he may have learned, the antiques which he may have purchased, and the accomplishments he may have acquired in his journey."

The Tour opens with the author's departure from Vienna with Lord Brownlow (with whom he was travelling) and some other gentlemen. The reader is conducted from Munich to Saltzburgh, and after a view of the celebrated salt mines at this latter place, is led through a defile of the Alps to Inspruch. The passage of the Alps, in the way to Trent, affords Mr. Eustace an opportunity to display his powers of description, which, as the reader will have frequent opportunities of judging, are of no mean kind. In the second chapter we find the author at Verona, and with his description of this celebrated place, we will introduce him to our readers.

"Verona is beautifully situated on the Adige, partly on the declivity of a hill, which forms the last swell of the Alps, and partly on the skirts of an immense plain, extending from these mountains to the Appennines. The hills behind are adorned with villas and gardens, where the graceful cypress and tall poplar predominate over the bushy ilex and spreading bay tree. The plains before the city are streaked with rows of mulberry trees, and shaded with vines climbing from branch to branch, and spreading in garlands from tree to tree. The devastation of war had not a little disfigured this scenery, by stripping several villas, levelling many a grove, and rooting up whole rows of vines and mulberry trees. But the hand of industry had already begun to repair these ravages, and to restore to the neighbouring hills and fields their beauty and fertility. The interior of the town is worthy of its situation. It is divided into two unequal parts by the Adige, which sweeps through it in a bold curve, and forms a peninsula, within which the whole of the ancient, and the greater part of the modern city, is enclosed. The river is wide and rapid, the streets, as in almost all continental towns, are narrower than ours, but long, strait, well built, and frequently presenting in the form of the doors and windows, and in the ornaments of their cases, fine proportions and beautiful workmanship. But besides these advantages, which Verona enjoys in common with many other towns, it can boast of possessing one of the noblest monuments of Roman magnificence now existing; I mean its amphitheatre, inferior in size, but equal in materials and solidity to the Coliseum. . . . As it is not my intention to give an architectural account of this celebrated edifice, I shall merely inform the reader, in order to give him a general idea of its vastness, that the out-

ward circumference is 1290 feet, the length of the arena 213, and its breadth 129; the seats are capable of containing 22,000 spectators."

After passing through Padua, of whose public buildings and celebrated University an accurate description is given, our travellers embark on the Brenta, and arrive at Venice.

"The city was then faintly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and, rising from the waters, with its numberless domes and towers, attended, if I may be allowed the expression, by several lesser islands, each crowned by its spires and pinnacles, presented the appearance of a vast city, rising out of the very bosom of the ocean."

After enlarging on the beauty, the magnificence, and the glories of Venice, our author very feelingly laments, that liberty which raised these pompous edifices in a swampy marsh is now no more; that the bold independence, which filled a few lonely islands, the abode of sea-mews and cormorants, with commerce and an overflowing population, is at length bowed down into slavery. The cruelty of destroying a republic so respectable in history, he attributes to Bonaparte; and he inveighs with bitterness against the rapacity of the French, not only in robbing it of the most splendid monuments, but in breaking or disfiguring what they could not carry away.

"Highwaymen," exclaims Mr. Eustace with honest indignation, "highwaymen spare a seal, a ring, a trinket to indulge the feelings of the owner; housebreakers refrain from damaging furniture which they cannot carry away, yet such is the peculiar cast of this people, that their armies at Venice, in every town in Italy, and indeed in almost every country they have overrun, have uniformly added insult to rapacity, and have wounded the feelings, while they plundered the property, of the inhabitants."

Our author returned to Padua by the Brenta, and made an excursion to the tomb of Petrarcha at Arquato, a village situated among the Euganean mountains.

"His body lies in the churchyard of the village, in a stone sarcophagus, raised on four pillars, and surmounted with a bust. As we stood and contemplated the tomb by the pale light of the moon, we indulged the caprice of the moment; and twining a branch of laurel into the form of a crown, placed it on the head of the bust, and hailed the manes of the Tuscan poet in the words of his admirer:

'Deh pioggia, o venti rio non faccia scorno
All' ossa pie; sol porti grati odori
L'aura che'l ciel suol par puro e sereno.
Lascin le ninfe ogni lor antro ameno
E raccolte in corona al sasso intorno,
Liete ti cantin lodi e spargan fiori!'

ALESS. PICEOLONI.

Several of the inhabitants who had gathered round us during this singular ceremony, seemed not a little pleased with the whim, and cheered us with repeated Viva's as we passed through the village, and descended the hill."

Lago di Garda or Benacus, the river Mincius, and the promontory of Sirmio, are described with a classical enthusiasm peculiar to Mr. Eustace. Passing through Mantua, a name sacred to poetic recollection, our travellers pursue a circuitous route through Cremona, Placentia, Parma, and Modena, and reach Loreto. In the way thither a thousand beautiful passages of the Poets are happily illustrated by reference to the scenery of the spot. Mr. Eustace treats the legend of the *Santa Casa* at Loreto, with the contempt it justly merits; and when it is known that he is a Catholic clergyman, this mark of the liberality of his mind will entitle him to some admiration. Indeed the same unfettered spirit breathes throughout the whole work; and though he views every thing Catholic with enthusiasm, this enthusiasm never leads him into extremes, but imparts a character of warmth and earnestness which is every way desirable.

The neighbourhood of Placentia and the celebrated falls of the Velino furnish abundant matter for interesting description. But Rome is the promised land which is to repay our Author for all the toils of his peregrination; and we are induced to pass over much that might delight, between the Alps and this city, that we may expatiate amidst the monuments of ancient and modern renown by which it has been and is distinguished. At a few miles distance from Ostricoli, the Tiber first bursts upon the view of the travellers; and on the heights above Baccano the postillions stop, and, pointing to a pinnacle that appears between two hills, exclaim—"Roma!" That pinnacle is the cross of St. Peter's—the stately ornament of the Eternal City.

Our limits do not allow us to follow Mr. Eustace through the extensive range which he takes among the ancient ruins, as well as among the modern edifices, of Rome. He descends to the minutest particulars, so that to those who shall visit those memorable scenes, this work must prove invaluable. We cannot pass St. Peter's unnoticed—to do so would be impious.

"Alighting, we instantly hastened to St. Peter's, traversed its superb court, contemplated in silence its obelisk, its fountains, its colonnade, walked up its lengthening nave, and before its altar offered up our grateful acknowledgments in the noblest temple that human skill ever raised to the honour of the Creator. Next morning we renewed our visit, and examined it more in detail: the preceding day it had been somewhat veiled by the dimness of the evening; it was now lighted up by the splendours of the morning sun. The rich marbles that compose its pavement and line its walls, the paintings that adorn its cupolas, the bronze that enriches its altars and railings, the gilding that lines the pannels of its vault, the mosaics that rise one above the other in brilliant succession up its dome, shone forth in all their varied colours. Its nave, its aisles, its transepts, expanded their vistas, and hailed the spectator wherever he

turned, with a long succession of splendid objects and beautiful arrangement; in short, the whole of this most majestic fabric opened itself at once to the sight, and filled the eye and the imagination with magnitude, proportion, riches, and grandeur."

An entire chapter is devoted to a minute and elaborate description of the Basilica Vaticana, and to this succeeds an account of the pontifical service, the papal benediction, and the ceremonies in the holy week. We are much mistaken if, in England, the knowledge of these august rites will not be equally new to the Catholic and the Protestant. Before we extract a part of the description of these ceremonials, it may not be irrelevant to observe, that the traveller who enters a Roman church, and gazes on this "pomp and circumstance" of public worship, should conceive himself carried back to ancient times, and expect to hear the language and behold the stately manners of the Romans of the four first centuries. They loved parade and ceremony, and they introduced it into all the branches of public administration, whether civil, military, or religious. This taste was infused into Christianity as soon as it became the religion of the Empire, and with Christianity it has been transmitted to the moderns. Bishop Warburton has observed, that "it would be difficult to attend at a high mass performed by a good choir, in a great church, without sentiments of awe, if not of devotion." The following is Mr. Eustace's description of this rite, as performed by the Pope at the high altar of St. Peter's.

"The pontiff proceeds in great pomp through the chancel, and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir chaunt the *Introitus*, or psalm of entrance, the *Kyrie Eleison*, and *Gloria in Excelsis*, when he lays aside the tiara, and after saluting the congregation in the usual form, *the Lord be with you*, reads the collect in an elevated tone of voice, with a degree of inflection just sufficient to distinguish it from an ordinary lecture. The Epistle is then read, first in Latin, then in Greek; and after it some select verses from the psalms, intermingled with Allelujahs, are sung, to elevate the mind and prepare it for the Gospel. The pontiff then rises, gives his benediction to the two deacons that kneel at his feet with the book of the Gospels, and, resigning his tiara, stands while the gospel is sung in Latin and in Greek; after which he commences the Nicene creed, which is continued in music by the choir. When the creed and the psalm that follows it are over, he descends from his throne, and approaching the altar, he receives and offers up the usual oblations of bread and wine, fumes the altar with frankincense from a golden censer, and then washes his hands; a ceremony implying purity of mind and body. He then turns to the people, and in an humble and affectionate address begs their prayers, and shortly after commences that sublime form of adoration and praise called the *Preface*, because it is an introduction to the most solemn part of the Liturgy, and chaunts in a tone supposed to be borrowed from the ancient tragic declamation, and very noble and impressive. The last words, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies,'

&c. are uttered in a posture of profound adoration, and sung by the choir in notes of deep and solemn intonation. All music then ceases, all sounds are hushed, and an awful silence reigns around; while in a low voice the pontiff recites that most ancient and venerable invocation which precedes, accompanies, and follows the consecration, and concludes with great propriety in the Lord's Prayer, chaunted with a few emphatical inflections. Shortly after the conclusion of this prayer, the pontiff salutes the people in the ancient form, 'May the peace of the Lord be always with you!' and returns to his throne, while the choir sing thrice the devout address to the Saviour, taken from the Gospel, 'Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.' When seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture: the anthem after communion is sung, a collect follows, and the deacon dismisses the assembly."

Before taking our leave of Rome we must acquaint the reader, on the authority of Mr. Eustace, that this unrivalled temple, the masterpiece of modern skill, was, during the late French invasion, made an object of avaricious speculation, and doomed to eventual and certain ruin. A company of Jews were ordered to make an estimate of the value of the metal on the outside and the inside of the building; but Providence graciously interposed. Before the abominable act of sacrilege could be committed, the French army, alarmed by the approach of the Allies, retired with precipitation; and St. Peter's still stands!

We hasten on with the author to the end of his journey. He is at Naples.

"Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst upon me when I awoke next morning. In front, and under my windows, the Bay of Naples spread its azure surface smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided in different directions over its shining bosom; on the right the town extended along the semicircular shore, and *Pausilipo* rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines, scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till, sloping as it advanced, the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left, at the end of a walk that forms the quay and skirts the sea, the *Castel del Uovo*, standing on an insulated rock, caught the eye for a moment; while beyond it, over a vast expanse of water, a rugged line of mountains stretched forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages, and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices, and at length terminated in the Cape of Minerva, now of Surrentum. Opposite, and full in front, rose the Island of *Capree*, with its white cliffs and ridgy summit, placed as a barrier to check the tempest and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene, illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition which nature, perhaps, presents to the human eye; and cannot but excite in the spectator, when beheld for the first time, emotions of delight and admiration that border on enthusiasm."

We would willingly accompany the author in his excursions

to the tomb of Virgil, to the grotto of Posilipo, the Lago d'Agnano, and the voluptuous scenery of Puteoli, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Pæstum; but, from want of leisure, we are forced to refer the anxious reader to the volumes themselves. On his return from Naples, Mr. Eustace revisited Rome; and this second view of the mistress of the world fills him with a veneration greater than that which he had before felt. He leaves Italy by the way of Florence, Leghorn, and Genoa. The picture which he draws of the neighbourhood of Florence is one of the happiest and best executed in the work. The Arno, Fiesole, Vallombrosa, and all that succession of enchanting scenery, which is supposed to have suggested to Milton his notions of Paradise, are painted with all that fervour and realizing accuracy of which Mr. Eustace is a master.

The tour is followed by a dissertation on Italy in general, and on the character of the Italians. We have to regret that many of our books of geography and travels are filled with declamations against Italian idleness, cruelty, and profligacy; and that these topics are instilled into the minds of youth, to the serious prejudice of their maturer judgments. Mr. Eustace enters with warmth into a defence of the Italian character and morals, and endeavours, not unsuccessfully, to counteract the effects of those gross misrepresentations. The work closes with an Appendix, which abounds with interesting particulars respecting the nature of the papal government, the domestic habits and public duties of the sovereign pontiff, and the functions and privileges of the body of cardinals. The following account is given us of the present Pope.

“ Pius VII. is of a noble family, Chiaramonte by name, and became early in life a Benedictine monk of the abbey of *St. Giorgio*, at Venice. His learning, virtue, and mildness raised him above the level of his brethren, and attracted the attention of the late Pope, by whom he was raised to the purple. His career in this splendid line seems to have been marked rather by the mild and conciliating virtues than by the display of extraordinary abilities; we accordingly find him esteemed and beloved by all parties, and respected even by the French generals, and by Bonaparte in particular. On the death of Pius VI, the cardinals assembled in conclave at Venice, and unanimously proclaimed Cardinal Chiaramonte Pope. We may easily conceive the joy of the people on this happy occasion. The scene was unusually splendid; but it owed its splendour, not to the opulence of the sovereign, but to the zeal of the subject. The guard that lined the streets and escorted the pontiff consisted of a numerous body of young patricians; and the triumphal arches and decorations were supplied by the Roman people; and the equipage of the pontiff himself was the voluntary homage of the generous *Colonne*, a prince truly worthy of the name of Roman. In fact, the Pope was personally as poor as the Apostle whom he succeeds, and like him, brought to his flock no-

ing but the piety of the pastor and the affection of the father. The
ope is of a middle stature; his eyes are dark, and his hair is black and
irly; his countenance is mild and benevolent, expressing rather the
anquil virtues of his first profession, than the sentiments congenial to
is latter elevation. However, it is whispered by those who are more in-
mately acquainted with his character, that he can, on proper occasions,
splay great firmness and decision."

We may be allowed to add, that since the above was written,
long train of personal grievances, and a protracted captivity
y the orders of Napoleon, have called forth the latter qualities
nto exertion; and that the conduct of the pontiff has amply
stified the expectations of his friends, and exhibited at once
he determined man and the sincere Christian.

Mr. Eustace informs us

" That this Tour was undertaken in company with Philip Roche, Esq.
young gentleman, whose virtues, it was hoped, would have extended
heir influence through a long and prosperous life. But these hopes were
ain, and the author is destined to pay this unavailing tribute to the me-
mory of his friend and companion."

We are sorry to have to discharge a similar duty to Mr. Eus-
ace himself, who died a short time since of a fever at Naples.
le was about to return with the fruits of a *second Tour*, which
he public will, in due time, enjoy, as well as the contents of
several valuable manuscripts.

Of the production which we have just noticed with such sa-
isfaction, we cannot but observe that, considering the subject as
mconnected with the political feelings and occurrences of the
lay—and ushered into the world by a man till then unknown,
xcept to a narrow circle of friends, no work ever experienced
more rapid diffusion, or procured for its author a more sud-
len and unexpected reputation. It exhibits an extensive ac-
quaintance with classical and polite literature, and evinces a well
cultivated and refined taste. But there is a spirit that breathes
hrough the works of Mr. Eustace, which stamps a high value on
hem—a spirit of sound morality and Christian benevolence.
his Letter to the Bishop of Lincoln is a satisfactory proof that,
ven in controversial writings, gentleness and candour may con-
stantly prevail; that argument may be exempt from pedantry,
nd freedom of discussion untinctured with acrimony. Mr.
Eustace was a native of Ireland, and a Catholic from conviction.
Those who were so happy as to enjoy his confidence could not
out perceive, that his religion was equally that of the heart and
of the head.

" Sincere and undisguised in the belief and profession of the Roman
atholic religion, the author (Mr. Eustace) affects not to conceal, because

he is not ashamed of, its influence. Yes! he must acknowledge that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic church, made an early impression on his mind; and neither time nor experience, neither reading nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened that impression, or diminished his veneration. Yet, with this affectionate attachment to the ancient faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy, as well as his own, depend upon sincerity and charity, he leaves them and himself to the common Father of all, who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and our defects with more indulgence than mortals usually shew to each other. In truth, reconciliation and union are the objects of his warmest wishes, of his most fervent prayers: they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen; and if a stone should happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that stone shall speak of peace and reconciliation."

ART. VIII.—*Souvenirs d'Italie, d'Angleterre, et d'Amérique, suivis de Morceaux divers de Morale et de Littérature, par*
 LE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1815.

IN a former number we had occasion to speak with approbation of M. Chateaubriand's *Essay on Ancient and Modern Revolutions*, and in our last we dwelt with no common satisfaction on his *Moral Tale of the Two Martyrs*. All the writings of this author evince a warm and vivid imagination, and are not less remarkable for their picturesque colouring, than for a train of energetic ideas, ingenious comparisons, and original turns of expression, which confer on them a peculiar charm. No writer of the present day has more completely attained the art of connecting literature with morals: this happy talent is displayed in every page of the *Beauties of Christianity*, and eminently prevails in the volumes before us. They contain a variety of interesting observations made during his tour through Italy, and his temporary residence in England and America; together with several detached Essays that appeared in the *Mercure de France*, before the unhappy period when the spirit of this respectable journal was perverted, and its influence employed to promote the despotic views of the French ruler.

It is always curious, and not unfrequently instructive, to hear a foreigner's observations on England and English manners. Let us listen to a remark or two of M. Chateaubriand's.

"Le principal défaut de la nation Anglaise, c'est l'orgueil, et c'est le défaut de tous les hommes. Il domine à Paris, comme à Londres, mais modifié par le caractère Français, et transformé en amour-propre. . . . Les passions, en général, sont plus dures et plus soudaines chez l'An-

glais ; plus actives et plus raffinées chez le Français. L'orgueil du premier veut tout écraser en un moment ; l'amour-propre du second mine tout avec lenteur. En Angleterre, on hait un homme pour un vice, pour une offense ; en France, un pareil motif n'est pas nécessaire. Les avantages de la figure, ou de la fortune, un succès, un bon mot suffisent."

The following portrait is coarse, but is it not correct ?

" Est-on ce qu'on appelle un *gentleman farmer*, on vend son blé, on chasse le renard ou la perdrix en automne, on mange l'oie grasse à Noël, on chante le *Roast beef of old England* ; on se plaint du présent, on vante le passé, qui ne valait pas mieux, et le tout en maudissant Pitt et la guerre, qui augmente le prix du vin de Porto ; on se couche ivre, pour recommencer le lendemain la même vie."

This harshness is amply atoned for, by the following pleasing description.

" L'éducation commence de bonne heure en Angleterre. Les filles sont envoyées à l'école, dès leur plus tendre jeunesse. Vous voyez quelquefois des groupes de ces petites Anglaises, toutes en grands maillots blancs, un chapeau de paille, noué sous le menton avec un ruban, une corbeille passée au bras, et dans laquelle sont des fruits et un livre ; toutes rougissant, lorsqu'on les regarde. Quand j'ai revu nos petites Françaises coiffées à l'*huile antique*, relevant la queue de leur robe, regardant avec effronterie, fredonnant des airs d'amour et prenant des leçons de déclamation, j'ai regretté la gaucherie et la pudeur des petites Anglaises : *un enfant sans innocence, est une fleur sans parfum.*"

We are next presented with criticisms on the works of Young, Beattie, and Shakspeare ; and M. Chateaubriand's observations evince considerable critical acumen, and an intimate acquaintance with English literature. The following remarks on Young's Night Thoughts strike us by their novelty, as well as their justice.

" Avancez un peu dans ces Nuits, quand l'imagination, éveillée par le début du poète, a déjà créé tout un monde de pleurs et de rêveries, vous ne trouverez plus rien de ce que l'on vous a promis. Vous voyez un homme qui tourmente son esprit dans tous les sens pour enfanter des idées tendres et tristes, et qui n'arrive qu'à une philosophie morose. Young, que le fantôme du monde poursuivait jusqu'au milieu des tombeaux, ne décède, dans toutes ses déclamations sur la mort, qu'une ambition trompée. Point de naturel dans la sensibilité ; point d'idéal dans sa douleur. C'est toujours une main pesante qui se traîne sur la lyre."

We are sorry we cannot give the same praise to his criticism on Shakspeare ; amidst some just and original remarks, is mingled no small share of national partiality and unworthy prejudice. Racine is pronounced more natural than Shakspeare ; and it is considered as literary treason to place our dramatic colossus by the side of Corneille. Nay, were this all, we could forgive the partiality that dictated the opinion ; but when our author thinks proper to term the irregularities of Shakspeare's

genius *monstrosities*, and to brand the poet himself with the epithet of *Barbarian*, we must be cold indeed not to feel something like either indignation—or contempt.

In the portion of the work that relates to America, M. Chateaubriand informs us, that the object of his visit to that country was, to decide, by a land investigation, the great question of a passage from the South Sea into the Atlantic by the north. It is known that, in spite of the efforts of Captain Cook, and subsequent navigators, this point has always remained doubtful. Our author then proceeds to describe the plan of his journey. It was his intention to remunerate the savages for all he received at their hands ; for, he adds with laudable feeling, “I would have renounced all ideas of traversing the deserts of America, if it would have cost the simple inhabitants a single tear.” It was the author’s intention to have set out directly towards the west, and, proceeding along the Lakes of Canada, to have explored the source of the Mississippi. Then, descending by the plains of Upper Louisiana as far as the 40th degree of northern latitude, he would have resumed his course to the west, so as to have reached the coast of the South Sea, a little above the head of the gulph of California. Following the coast, and keeping the sea always in sight, he would next have proceeded due north, and, if no new discovery had altered his resolution, have pursued his course to the mouth of Cook’s Inlet, and thence to the river Cuivre in 72 deg. north lat. Such was the long and perilous journey which M. Chateaubriand proposed to his government to undertake for the service of his country, and indeed of Europe ; but his government paid no attention to the overtures, and the project was abandoned. The journey which he performed in America, was therefore solely for his own amusement and information. He watched the manners of the savages with the eye of a philosopher and Christian, and his beautiful tale of *Atala* was the result. We regret that the description of the Cataract of Niagara is too long for insertion ; never was that sublime scene painted with a more masterly and realizing pencil. We must, however, make room for the description of a night amidst the wilds and solitudes of these savage regions. He had joined a party of Indians, who were seated round their evening fire.

“ La conversation devint bientôt général, c’est-à-dire par quelques mots entrecoupés de ma part, et par beaucoup de gestes, langage expressif que ces nations entendent à merveille. Un jeune homme seul gardait un silence obstiné ; il tenait constamment les yeux attachés sur moi. Malgré son visage défiguré, on distinguait aisément la noblesse et la sensibilité qui animaient son visage. Combien je lui savais gré de ne pas

n'aimer ! Il me semblait lire dans son cœur l'histoire de tous les maux dont les Européens ont accablé sa patrie. La conversation mourut par degrés et chacun s'endormit dans la place où il se trouvait. Moi seul, je ne pus fermer l'œil ; entendant de toutes parts les aspirations profondes de mes hôtes, je levai la tête, et, m'appuyant sur le coude, contemplai à la lueur rougeâtre du feu mourant, les Indiens étendus autour de moi et plongés dans le sommeil. J'avoue que j'eus peine à retenir des larmes. Européens, quelle leçon pour nous ! Ces mêmes sauvages que nous avons poursuivis avec le fer et la flamme, recevant leur ennemi sous leurs huttes hospitalières, partageant avec lui leur misérable repas, leur couche inféquentée du remords, et dormant auprès de lui du sommeil profond du juste ! La lune était au plus haut point du ciel ; on voyait çà et là, dans de grands intervalles épurés, scintiller mille étoiles. Tantôt la lune reposait sur un groupe de nuages, qui ressemblait à la cime de hautes montagnes couronnées de neige ; peu-à-peu ces nues s'allongeaient, se déroulaient en zones onduleuses de satin blanc, ou se transformaient en légers flocons d'écume, en innombrables troupeaux errant dans les plaines bleues du firmament. Une autre fois la voûte aérienne paraissait changée en une grève où l'on distinguait les couches horizontales, les rides parallèles tracées comme par le flux et le reflux régulier de la mer. La scène sur la terre n'était pas moins ravissante ; le jour céruléen et velouté de la lune, flottait silencieusement sur la cime des forêts, et descendant dans les intervalles des arbres, poussait des gerbes de lumières jusques dans l'épaisseur des plus profondes ténèbres. L'étroit ruisseau qui coulait à mes pieds, s'enfonçait tour à tour sous des fourrés de chênes-saules, et reparoissait un peu plus loin dans des clairières tout brillant des constellations de la nuit. Au loin, par intervalles, on entendait les roulemens solennels de la Cataracte de Niagara, qui dans le calme de la nuit, se prolongeaient de désert en désert, et expiraient à travers les forêts solitaires. La grandeur, l'étonnante mélancolie de ce tableau, ne sauraient s'exprimer dans les langues humaines ; les plus belles nuits en Europe ne peuvent en donner une idée. Au milieu de nos champs cultivés, en vain l'imagination cherche à s'étendre, elle rencontre de toutes parts les habitations des hommes : mais dans ces pays déserts, l'âme se plaît à s'enfoncer, à se perdre dans un océan d'éternelles forêts ; elle aime à errer, à la clarté des étoiles, aux bords des lacs immenses, à planer sur le gouffre mugissant des terribles cataractes, à tomber avec la masse des ondes, et, pour ainsi dire, à se mêler, à se fondre avec toute une nature sauvage et sublime."

We shall close this article with an anecdote, which bears testimony both to the firmness of M. Chateaubriand's mind, and the integrity of his character. The late ruler of France employed every artifice to draw him into the circle of his slaves and sycophants, but in vain. He was, however, induced, after much persuasion, to become a member of the first literary body in France. He was obliged, in compliance with custom, to pronounce on his admittance, the funeral oration, or rather, the panegyric of his deceased predecessor, M. Chenier—always a task of great delicacy, and sometimes of considerable difficulty. It was peculiarly so, it seems, on the present occasion. The deceased academician had indulged in some philosophic invec-

tives against Christianity, and his successor thought himself obliged to notice and condemn his conduct in that respect. The friends of M. Chenier, knowing how much his memory had to fear from the eloquence of M. Chateaubriand, insisted that his speech should be communicated to the *Institut* before it was delivered. Our author was too high spirited to comply; and was therefore refused admittance as a member. The speech was secretly copied by all Paris; and in these volumes we are presented with it at full length. We must be allowed to make a few extracts. The comparison with which it opens, displays much ingenuity.

“ Lorsque Milton publia le *Paradis Perdu*, aucune voix ne s'éleva dans les trois royaumes de la Grande Bretagne, pour louer un ouvrage qui est un des plus beaux chefs-d'œuvre de l'esprit humain. L'Homère Anglais mourut oublié, et ses contemporains laissèrent à l'avenir le soin d'immortaliser le chantre d'Eden.

“ Est-ce là une des grandes injustices littéraires dont presque tous les siècles offrent des exemples?—Non. A peine échappés aux guerres civiles, les Anglais ne purent se résoudre à célébrer la mémoire d'un homme qui se fit remarquer par l'ardeur de ses opinions dans un temps de calamités. ‘Que réserverons-nous,’ dirent-ils, ‘à la tombe de celui qui se dévoua au salut de l'état, si nous prodiguons les honneurs aux cendres du citoyen, qui peut, tout au plus, demander une généreuse indulgence? La postérité rendra justice aux ouvrages de Milton; mais nous, nous devons une leçon à nos fils; nous devons leur apprendre par notre silence, que les talens sont un présent funeste quand ils s'allient aux passions, et qu'il vaut mieux se condamner à l'obscurité que se rendre célèbre par les malheurs de sa patrie.’ Imiterai-je, Messieurs, ce mémorable exemple, où vous parlerai-je de la personne et des ouvrages de M. Chénier? Malheureusement les ouvrages du dernier, quoiqu'on y remarque le germe d'un talent distingué, ne brillent ni par cette simplicité, ni par cette majesté sublime: ses écrits portent l'empreinte des jours désastreux qui les ont vu naître. Trop souvent dictés par l'esprit de parti, ils ont été applaudis par les factions.”

This speech, which by its awakening eloquence and intrepid spirit, quite astonished the *Institut* and the government, (for every body read it), closes with the following powerful appeal to the feelings.

“ Ici, Messieurs, finit la tâche que les usages de l'académie m'ont imposée. Près de terminer ce discours, je suis frappé d'une idée qui m'afflige. Il n'y a pas long-temps que M. Chénier prononçait sur mes ouvrages des arrêts qu'il se proposait de publier; et c'est moi qui juge aujourd'hui mon juge. Je le dis dans toute la sincérité de mon cœur, j'aimerais mieux encore être exposé aux satyres, et vivre en paix dans la solitude, que de faire remarquer par ma présence au milieu de vous la rapide succession des hommes sur la terre, la subite apparition de cette mort qui renverse nos projets et nos espérances, qui nous enlève tout-à-coup et livre quelquefois notre mémoire à des hommes entièrement opposés à nos sentiments et à nos principes. Cette tribune est une

spèce de champ de bataille où les talens viennent tour à tour briller et accourir: que de génies divers elle a vu passer! Corneille, Racine, Boileau, La Bruyère, Bossuet, Fénelon, Voltaire, Buffon et Montesquieu! Qui ne serait effrayé, Messieurs, en pensant qu'il va former un anneau dans la chaîne de cette auguste lignée! Accablé du poids de ces noms immortels; ne pouvant me faire connaître à mes talens pour héritier légitime; je tâcherai du moins de prouver ma descendance par mes sentiments. Quand mon tour sera venu de céder une place à l'orateur qui doit parler sur ma tombe, il pourra traiter sévèrement mes ouvrages; mais il sera forcé de dire que j'aimais avec passion ma patrie, que j'aurais souffert mille maux plutôt que de coûter une seule larme à mon pays, que j'aurais fait, sans balancer, le sacrifice de mes jours à ces nobles sentiments, les seuls qui donnent du prix à la vie, et de la dignité à la mort."



ART. IX.—*The Universal Cambist and Commercial Instructor; being a general Treatise on Exchange; including the Monies, Coins, Weights and Measures of all trading Nations and Colonies: with an account of their Banks and Paper Currencies.* By PATRICK KELLY, LL. D. Master of the Academy in Finsbury Square, London; and Author of different works on Book-keeping, Exchanges, Spherics and Nautical Astronomy. 2 vols. 4to. Pr. 4l. 4s. London: Lackington and Co.

AMID the variety of books laid before us for the purpose of being noticed in the present number, is the one whose title we have just given:—a book already so well known to the public, that, although *to a new journal every thing is new*, yet we might have abstained from giving any direct account of it, had there not appeared something at once novel in its plan, and valuable in its contents and execution. Our sketch of the work shall, however, be as short and plain, as the detail of it is long and laborious.

To an English ear the title of the book sounds rather oddly, and without the author's explanation of its meaning, would be wholly unintelligible to most readers: there seems, however, to be a good authority for it.

The word *Cambist*, he observes,

which is made the title of this Work, may require some explanation, as it is of recent adoption in England, though long known on the Continent. *Cambiste* in France, or *Cambista* in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, signifies a *Banquier* or Exchange Merchant. It is derived immediately from *Cambio*, which, in Italian, Spanish, and other modern languages, means Exchange, and which comes from the Latin *Cambium*, Exchange; rather from *cambio*, to exchange:—This, according to *Ainsworth* is derived from *καταμίσσω*, per syncopen, *καμίσσω*.

It may be further observed, that *Cambist* is not only a word of legiti-

mate derivation, but is also a term much wanted in the English language, as there is no other to express the same meaning, except *Exchanger*, which seems too general and indefinite."—p. i. note.

This treatise comprises almost every subject curious or useful relating to commercial transactions; and any one who thoroughly understands its multifarious contents, may be considered as already furnished with the knowledge the most essential to the mercantile profession. Dr. Kelly very truly remarks that there is no other complete treatise on this subject in the English language, and that the want of such a thing has been seriously felt and greatly deplored by many persons well acquainted with the commerce of the country. Sir John Sinclair in particular, in a passage selected from his *Letters to the Governor and Directors of the Bank of England*, not only asserts and laments the existence of this evil, but also points out the remedy. It was in consequence of the hints received from this public spirited gentleman, that the author of this work was induced to set about a translation of the *Hamburgh Contorist*, the only work which, in Sir John Sinclair's opinion, "explains the subject in a complete and satisfactory manner," and which is "a book of such merit and utility, that the city of Hamburgh have given the author a pension for writing it."

"In consequence of this suggestion, several proposals were made for translating Kruse; but none of them met with encouragement until the year 1804, when a Prospectus of the present publication was submitted to the Governor and Directors of the Bank of England, who approved of the plan, and patronized the work. Their example was immediately followed, in a most liberal manner, by a Court of Directors of the East India Company; and also by the Board of Trade, and by many of the first Mercantile Houses in London.

Several eminent merchants further engaged to assist the undertaking with such information as their experience might afford; and the Bank Directors likewise granted the author access to the Bullion Office, for the purpose of selecting coins; and permitted Mr HUMBLE, the chief of that office, to give such assistance as his extensive knowledge of monies enabled him to bestow—a permission which has proved of great advantage to the Work. At the same time Mr. BINGLEY, the King's Assay Master of the Mint, undertook to determine the weight and fineness of the coins; which he has gratuitously performed, with equal zeal and scientific accuracy.

In addition to these arrangements, the author employed an able mathematician and linguist to assist both in computing and translating; and established besides a foreign correspondence, in order to obtain the most authentic information. He likewise procured the most approved publications in different languages on the subject of his research; and though these works have been consulted and compared on every proper occasion, yet no articles of importance have been finally committed to the press, without the inspection and approbation of experienced merchants of the different countries to which those articles respectively related.—p. iii.

But though a good deal of what is contained in the present work has been extracted from the above-mentioned publication, it is not merely as a translator and an editor that Dr. Kelly has a claim to public approbation. Much will be found by the intelligent reader to be original, the fruit of his own unremitting diligence and laborious research. None but those who are well acquainted with the nature of the subject, can be fully aware of the immense labor and application which such a work demands; and consequently none but they can justly appreciate the merits of its author. The extensive information it required—the infinite number of books and persons of different nations and languages to be consulted—the continual caution necessary in order to avoid mistakes in the intricate calculations to which the construction of the tables and many other parts of the book, gave rise—together with the difficulty of making a proper selection from the apparently endless and often perplexing and contradictory materials which his researches might procure, and of making a proper arrangement of his materials when selected—this combination of alarming circumstances would have deterred any person of moderate industry and capacity from so arduous an attempt. The great expense also, necessarily incurred in the prosecution of a work so extensive, and composed of such costly materials, would have prevented most men from ever bringing it to a termination. On all these accounts the mercantile world are the more indebted to him, whose industry, talents, and opportunities have been found competent to an undertaking of such magnitude.

We transcribe one of the notes to the preface for the purpose of giving the reader some idea of the labor which the author must have undergone before this work could be completed.

“The following are the principal authors whose publications have been consulted in composing the present work. They are here classed under four heads: viz.

“*I. General Treatises. On Exchanges, Monies, Weights, and Measures.*

“Kruse of Hamburgh; Ricard of Amsterdam; Benaven of Italy, (*Caissier Italien*), Marien of Spain; Gerhart of Berlin; and Dubost of London.

“*II. On Exchange only.*

“Corbaux, Ruelle, Giraudeau, and Reishammer of France; Senebier of Geneva; and Bewicke, Teshemacher and Bonhote of London.

“*III. On Coins only.*

“Bonneville of Paris, and Fide of London, on Coins in general; and on English Coins, Locke, Harris, Sir Isaac Newton, Lowndes, Snelling, Fulkes, and Lord Liverpool.

“*IV. Works which have been consulted with advantage; especially on Weights and Measures.*

“ Paucton's *Metrologic*; Postlethwayt's and Peuchet's *Commercial Dictionaries*; Oddy's *European Commerce*; Dr. Hutton's *Mathematical Dictionary*, and *Recreations*; and Dr. Young's *Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts*.

“ Here it may be observed, that of late years the subject of Exchange has excited more than usual interest, and has undergone very able investigations and discussions, particularly in two Reports of Committees of the House of Commons, with their Minutes of Evidence: the first in 1804 on Irish Exchange, and the second in 1810 on the High Price of Gold Bullion.

“ Numerous publications on the principles of Money and Exchange have followed the above Reports, chiefly by Lord King, Messrs. Thornton, Parnell, Forster, Wheatley, Smith, Ricardo, Mushet, Blake, Sir Philip Francis, Sir John Sinclair, Sir James Stewart, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Bosanquet; also by Messrs. Hill, Grenfell, Lyne, Cock, Atkinson, and Chalmers. To which may be added, occasional Dissertations on Political Economy in the *Edinburgh Review*.”—pp. iii, iv.

The more this work is circulated and read, the more will its utility and excellence be acknowledged, and the more readily will the claim of its author to the character of a public benefactor be allowed. It is useful as a commercial vade-mecum, as a book of reference on mercantile subjects, by the frequent consultation of which our less experienced men of business may become somewhat expert in their profession, and be protected from those hazards and frauds to which the unskilful are at all times liable. It is useful even to the most experienced merchants, inasmuch as it contains valuable and necessary information, which cannot be committed to memory, which does not often occur in the regular routine of business, and which is not to be found in any other single treatise; and all this is so arranged, that it can be resorted to with equal facility and precision. It may, in fact, with great propriety be called the *Encyclopædia Mercatoria*; and we do not hesitate to say, that it is such as to answer any reasonable expectation which the author may have formed, or the public entertained. Of many of the subjects discussed, it may be said, that in them it is impossible to arrive at entire freedom from error, unless the various nations of the world could be brought to agree more nearly than they do at present on certain points. “ All therefore,” says our author,

“ that can be expected from the most diligent research is an approximation to accuracy; and if the present tables be more correct than any that preceded them, (which it is presumed they are) an important step is gained. Some future author may approach still nearer to universal correctness; which, if at all attainable, can be effected only by the progressive and aggregate labor of many men, in many ages.—p. vii.

To this extract, in which the author modestly disclaims all

pretensions to infallibility, we will add another from the concluding paragraph of the preface in which he makes a kind of apology to the public, which we are sure will be kindly received.

"The labor and attention which this work required will not be easily estimated! nor should the number of years spent in the performance be ascribed to any neglect or unnecessary delay, but rather to diligent and persevering research, in collecting materials, procuring information, and comparing authorities. In short, where numerous corrections and additions were continually to be made, deliberation was indispensable: and in many cases even long delays proved highly advantageous. This was particularly experienced where foreign Merchants were to be consulted; and it should not be forgotten, that without their help, no Individual, however skilled in commercial science, could hope to succeed in so extensive and laborious an undertaking.

"The Author cannot conclude these remarks without expressing his most grateful acknowledgments to the many intelligent Merchants and other able and eminent persons who have honored him with their assistance in the progress of his work. He would also wish to mention their names and specify their important services, but the list would be inconveniently numerous, and might not be entirely approved. He begs only to add, that the valuable time and attention which they have so liberally bestowed, and the zeal which they manifested on the occasion, besides impressing him with gratitude, constantly stimulated him to new exertions to render the work worthy of such honorable aid and distinguished patronage. How far his endeavours have been successful, he now, with all due deference, submits to the decision of the Public." p. viii.

ART. X.—*An Essay on Immortality. By the Author of a Review of First Principles of Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart. Longman, and Co. 1814.*

THE object of this tract is to illustrate the moral argument for the immortality of man, as grounded on the unequal distribution of human happiness. For this purpose the author forms a contrast between the two orders of beings, namely, that which is gifted with reason, and that which is guided by instinct; and makes an estimate of the comparative sum of happiness resulting in this life from the constitution of each. The result of his investigation is, that the advantage lies on the side of that order of beings which is endued with instinct; and, consequently, that whoever believes in the existence of an all-good and just Governor of the world, must take his goodness as the ground of assurance, that he would not have laid the greater load of misery on the superior order of beings, had they not been destined to some-

thing better than a mere earthly existence. The object is good, and the subject affords fair and ample scope for the exercise of an enlightened mind. What more pleasing office can there be than, by arguments drawn from the comparison of two different orders of beings, to urge the individuals of the higher order to virtue, and to a grateful consideration of the blessings prepared for them in a future state ?

We are obliged to state, that the author is far from doing justice to the proposed subject. He speaks familiarly of Newton, and Locke, and other philosophers, but he seems an utter stranger to the habits of profound reflection, and close reasoning which distinguish their writings. Every page of his work bespeaks him a novice in the art of logic.

To attempt an analysis of a treatise of such a desultory, inconclusive nature as the present, would be a vain task. We shall therefore give only the outline of it—with a few quotations to convince the reader, that this author, who thinks himself competent to treat of the doctrine of immortality, has yet hit upon no certain method of ensuring immortality to the offspring of his own brain.

He divides his work into three parts ; the first contains “ considerations which tend to prevent a general comparison of *Human Life*, with *Instinctive Life*—considerations which have operated upon those who have noticed the comparative fact, and prevented them from applying it—a test of the ground of the present moral argument, and a general reason for the probation of man.” The second comprises, “ the illustrative moral argument, containing a comparison of the two orders of minds—continuation and conclusion of the illustrative moral argument.” Part the third consists “ of a due estimate of the happiness, or misery, of civilized man—and of the proximate design of creating man, as an order contradistinguished from Brutes.”

Such is the outline of the work ; and if our readers can clearly discover its meaning, we shall give them credit for a sagacity which we do not possess. But if they are unable to make the discovery from the author’s plan, they may, perhaps, do so from his conclusion, which is as follows :

“ In taking leave of my subject, I trust it may now be claimed with the fullest confidence,

FIRST.—That the proved amount of ANIMAL happiness diffused over the earth, is a vast manifestation of GOODNESS ; which attribute, we find, is often disputed upon a view of the *Human species only*, and without proving which, no moral argument can exist.

SECONDLY,—That the result of the comparison of the TWO ORDERS, is a moral indication far beyond the objections drawn from *general laws* ; and

therefore, of vastly greater extent, or philosophical value, than can be furnished by *any view of the Human Species*.

Now to show this was the object of the undertaking!"

We will now give a few extracts from the body of the work :

"Accident," says this writer, "accident, which brings us upon so many new truths and opinions, has subjected to my actual observations in various parts of the world, a pretty extensive view of *free animal life*, under circumstances certainly very favorable to such a comparison as we are now considering. Had this experience been limited to any one district or country, I think it probable, it might not have led me to a *serious* comparison, any more than such an extent seems to do with people in general: but the local diversity of situations in which the facts have come under my view, has awakened the consideration of *generality* in this matter, and the extent of the whole has impressed my imagination much more deeply, than I think is likely to follow a man's observing only a small part of animal nature, and reading accounts of all the other parts."

One would imagine from this preface, that the author had made some important discoveries in the history of civil society or in the philosophy of the human mind. He has travelled much; and the reader shall not be disappointed of a portion of the acquisitions made during his travels—none of which, however, tend in the slightest degree to illustrate the subject of which he treats. The second part opens in what we should think quite a *poetic style*, ill adapted, certainly, to a serious philosophic disquisition. He tells us, but doubtless does not suppose that any body will believe him, that "his theme is sober truth, and not poetic flight." The reader must determine the point.

"Scarce had Ocean gathered up his mantle vast, which whole the earth had erst o'erspread:—scarce had the earth a breathing time, to suck in store of nectar from the sun; when man like some o'erladen steed impatient of the load, shook off his galling reason, and set up to *brew*. The scripture tale is simply told, and bears internal witness of the truth; or so do men, e'en now, and ever since.—Thus mariners, from shipwreck abruptly snatched, fly straightway to red Bacchus coffers with a fixed resolve: nor joy they less to have from reason scaped, than now from fate. Cheated of their cares by magic poison, mark their witless gladness in their eyes,—those portals stern, where moody leaden Reason, watching it. But Reason (*thanks to Reason*) ship-wrecked like ship, lies drown'd; and they are *doubly free*. E'en Hell himself may roar, and Horror look ghast: they jeer the fun and crack rude jokes with Destiny: shakingully Danger by the beard; and teasing growling Fate, as 'twere a tender's pup, full impotent as mad."

Attend now to his description of a shipwreck :

"How easy 'tis to cleave the yielding brine! Hath no man marked the sea-pressed merchant, poring through the gloom of future with his care-aught, beamless eye? pent up in noisome vessel frail, and leaky prisoned close; his fate bawled loud by ruthless elements, his melting hopes dashed less by every wave: his dismal deep funeral knell beat heavy by

the murmuring billows on the body of his once stout bark, made now the groaning coffin of a gallant crew. None but Heaven can save him: nothing in his sight, but the capacious boundless arms of Proteus danger, now arrayed in foaming Ocean's form; embracing close, and to his horrid bosom pressing the affrighted ship. How oft at such an hour hath this poor human sport of elements beheld the playful porpoise rise, in myriad legions far as eye can reach. In saucy daring to the surface close, they slanted oft. Then *turning tail* in independence proud (to others giving place) were off again; as if in sportive mock at awkward man's distress." He speaks of "Adam's becoming wholesome drunk with pearly intellectual dewy nectar, shot in sun-beams warm from Eve's sweet April eye, as deep she drank the affection of her Lord."

But the reader must be tired of such effusions, and wonder that bombast like this should have been admitted into a volume bearing the imposing title of "*an Essay on Immortality*."

ART. XI.—*The Belgian Traveller, or a complete guide through the United Netherlands; containing a full description of every town, its objects of curiosity, manufactures, commerce, and inns; the mode of conveyance from place to place, and a complete itinerary of the intermediate country. To which is prefixed, a brief sketch of the history, constitution and religion of the Netherlands; the general appearance, productions and commerce of the country; and the manners and customs of the inhabitants.* By EDMUND BOYCE, Esq. translator of Labaume's narrative of the campaign in Russia. Embellished with a large map, and a plan of Brussels. London. Leigh, 1815. pp. 272. Pr. 8s.

THE splendid events of the late campaign in the Netherlands have rendered every thing respecting that part of the world peculiarly interesting, and as this little publication is calculated to introduce its readers to a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the component parts of that country, we should think that it will be a good deal called for. The title-page is so explicit that it forms a very good *table of contents*. We shall therefore do little more than merely give a short extract from the preface which will explain the author's views in writing, and the method in which he has proceeded.

"It has been the earnest wish of the author to render the present volume what it professes to be,—a complete guide through the kingdom of the United Netherlands.

"In addition to extensive and careful personal observation, he has availed himself of every authentic source of intelligence, and gratefully acknowledges considerable obligation to Mr. Syphorien's '*Voyage historique et pittoresque dans les pays bas*,' and the '*Itineraire complet de l'Empire François*.'

* The author has first given a concise history of the Netherlands, their constitution, religion, commerce, productions, character and manners, that the tourist may be enabled to form some general and correct idea of the people and country which he intends to visit. He then conducts his reader by the most practicable and pleasant routes, through the various provinces of the kingdom, noticing every object of curiosity, and even the most inconsiderable towns.

"The account of the various modes of travelling, the necessary cautions on the road, the principal inns at each town, the time at which the different stages and vessels start, the productions, manufactures, and commerce, of every place, and the complete table of coins, are important features of the work."

A knowledge of the particulars mentioned in the preceding extract will be desirable to all who turn their attention to the affairs of the Netherlands; but more especially to those who may at any time think of travelling through those provinces, or of residing in them. The volume is very small, which is a great recommendation of it. It is neatly printed; and the matter contained in it is both well arranged and clearly expressed. We ought by all means to add, that it contains, not only a good plan of Brussels, but a large map of the whole surrounding country, more accurately laid down and better executed than any that we had before seen.

ART. XII.—*On Gun-Shot Wounds of the Extremities, requiring the different Operations of Amputation, with their After-Treatment: establishing the Advantages of Amputation on the Field of Battle to the Delay usually recommended, &c. &c. &c. With Four explanatory Plates.* By G. J. GUTHRIE, of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; Deputy Inspector of Military Hospitals. 8vo. pp. 384. London: Longman. 1815.

THE peninsular war, while it has added so much to the glory of Britain, and led directly to the overthrow of French tyranny, has afforded an ample field for both the improvement and the display of surgical talent: and a vast debt of gratitude is due to the medical staff of our army, whose unremitting exertions have contributed much to the successes we have obtained; exertions which, in civil life, are little understood, and much too lightly appreciated.

The perusal of the present work will afford much gratification to the general reader, as well as the professional man, from the proofs it furnishes that the efforts of British surgeons in relief-

ing the miseries necessarily attendant on war, have been as pre-eminent as the feats of their brethren in arms have been brilliant. The author has presented us with a valuable store of information, founded in an extensive acquaintance with the casualties of war—the melancholy effects of which he has been greatly instrumental in mitigating; and he has completely succeeded in laying down some important rules of practice on grounds which cannot again be disputed. He has principally labored to prove the necessity of early amputation in those injuries which, from their nature, evidently require the removal of the limb; and to point out the proper moment for the operation. His observations are highly judicious, and mark a thorough knowledge of the economy of the human frame.

“ During the course of the peninsular war, the success of amputations performed on the field of battle became so notorious, even among the soldiery, that the anxiety expressed by them to have these operations executed with as little delay as possible, has frequently been prejudicial; for as much attention must be paid to avoid operating too soon, as too late, and perhaps for a reason quite contrary to that usually received as legitimate for not operating, viz. that the sufferer may have time to recover from the shock of the injury, and approach as near as possible to a state of health; and the farther he is from this state of health, the greater the chance of a fatal termination. If a soldier at the end of two, four, or six hours after the injury, has recovered from the general constitutional alarm occasioned by the blow, his pulse becomes regular and good, his stomach easy, he is less agitated, his countenance revives, and he begins to feel pain, stiffness, and uneasiness in the part: he will now undergo the operation with the greatest advantage, and if he bears it well, of which there will be but little doubt, he will recover in the proportion of nine cases out of ten in any operation on the upper extremity, or below the middle of the thigh, without any of the bad consequences usually mentioned by authors, as following such amputations. If, on the contrary, the operation be performed before the constitution has recovered itself, to a certain degree, from the alarm it has sustained, the additional injury will most probably be more than he can bear, and he will gradually sink under it and die. At the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo I amputated a thigh in a convent close to the breach, within an hour after the accident, at the anxious desire of the patient, the leg having been destroyed by the explosion of a shell. There was not more than the usual loss of blood, or of delay in the performance of it; my patient did not, however, recover the shock of the operation, and at day-light I found him dead, without the bandage being stained with blood. At the battle of Salamanca I had two men brought to me during the action, laboring under great anxiety: one had his arm carried away close to the shoulder, and his breast considerably grazed by a cannon-shot; the other had the greatest part of the leg torn away close to the knee; this was about four in the evening. These men, like many others in the like situation, were particularly low, and the constitution seemed to sympathize more with the injury. They were laid in a ditch, without any covering over them, and a very small quantity of rum and water given them during the night. At day-light, five in the morning, they were much recovered, the countenance was less

ghastly, the pulse regular and good, the stomach not irritable, and what is of essential importance, the wound was becoming stiff and painful. The disposition for inflammation was forming, and would of course have been very great, from the laceration and incurable state of parts, if I had not prevented it, by removing the whole of the seat of the injury, leaving a clean, incised wound, the greater part of which healed by the first intention, with little comparative fever or constitutional derangement. Instead then of inflicting an additional injury on the original one, and increasing the general symptoms of irritation in those persons, I relieved them completely. They became calm, tranquil in mind as well as body, gradually recovered something more of their natural appearance, took some light nourishment and slept. If these men had suffered amputation when they first came to me, I think their recovery would have been less certain; and I have, under such circumstances, seen more than one case die on the table."

The following tables afford so fine an illustration of part of Mr. Guthrie's argument, that we offer no apology for making them more public.

" RETURN of the capital Operations performed at the Hospital Stations between the 21st of June and the 24th of December, 1818, of the Army under the Command of his Excellency Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington; being a period of Six Months, from the advance of the British Army from Portugal, until its establishment in winter-quarters in front of Bayonne.

	<i>Number operated upon.</i>	<i>Of which died.</i>	<i>Discharged cured.</i>	<i>Under cure.</i>
Amputation of the upper } extremities - - - }	296	116	105	75
Lower extremities - - -	255	149	65	41
Total number of operations	551	265	170	116

" The operations at the shoulder joint not included.

" RETURN of the Capital Operations performed in the same period on the Field of Battle, and for the most part kept in Regimental and Divisional Hospitals.

	<i>Number operated upon.</i>	<i>Of which died.</i>	<i>Discharged cured.</i>	<i>Under cure.</i>
Amputation of the upper } extremities - - - }	163	5	64	94
Lower extremities - - -	128	19	43	66
Total number of operations	291	24	107	160

" The cases marked 'under cure,' in both statements having passed the period of danger, are considered as recovered; and from this it will appear that the comparative loss, in secondary or delayed operations, and primary or immediate operations, is as follows:

	<i>Secondary.</i>	<i>Primary.</i>
Upper extremities - - -	12 - 19	- 1
Lower extremities - - -	3 - 10	- 1

“ This difference is certainly very remarkable, and it is so well known to all the surgeons of the British army, as a constant occurrence, that there is no longer among them any doubt on the subject ; and the following statement of operations performed on officers and soldiers, in consequence of the battle of Toulouse, will probably be even more satisfactory ; as the medical duties, both in the field on the day of action, and in the hospitals afterwards, until the final evacuation of Toulouse, were more immediately under my observation and control.

“ PRIMARY OPERATIONS in the FIELD of BATTLE.

	Number operated upon.	Of which died.	Cured.
Upper extremities	- 7 - - -	- 1 - - -	- 6
Lower extremities	- 40 - - -	- 8 - - -	- 32
Total of primary amputations	47	9	38

“ Of the eight that died of amputation of the lower extremity, three were shortly after the operation, which was performed as high as possible in the thigh by the circular incision.

“ SECONDARY OR DELAYED OPERATIONS in GENERAL HOSPITAL.

	Number operated upon.	Of which died.	Discharged, cured, or considered out of danger when transferred from Toulouse
Upper extremities	- 15 - - -	- 3 - - -	- 12
Lower extremities	- 36 - - -	- 18 - - -	- 18
Total of delayed or secondary amputations	51	21	30

By early amputation, in addition to the many advantages resulting from the operation, the injurious effects of crowded hospitals are in a great degree diminished. We are convinced that the benefits of this plan might be increased, by encamping a large portion of the wounded, when circumstances permit, near the scene of action. This might well have been done after the battle of Waterloo, the season being favorable to the experiment, and the victory so complete, as entirely to do away all risk of the field becoming again the scene of contention. We have no doubt but that the mortality would thus have been greatly diminished. For, although a considerable portion of the wounded recovered rapidly, it is a fact, that many of those who were obliged to remain several weeks in the hospitals at Brussels, fell victims to fever ; and that almost all the operations which were performed at a late period proved fatal. Now this mortality arose, not from the nature of the injury, or from any want of skill or attention, but from the contaminated atmosphere, and the diseased habits always produced by a large num-

ber of wounded and unhealthy objects being crowded together. We do not speak this in the spirit of reproach. In this country abuses are always corrected by slow degrees. But when the injurious effects of a practice are so glaring as in the instance before us, the discontinuance of it becomes an imperious duty. On this subject we purpose to speak more at large hereafter.

It was hardly necessary for the instruction of the British surgeon to dilate on the advantages resulting from an attempt to heal wounds by the first intention; but as the author frequently alludes to the opinion of foreign writers, and as this volume will doubtless become a work of standard authority on the continent, diffuseness on this point is not an act of supererogation.

It is a fact, that from the adoption of contrary practice, the wounded French have been, beyond all proportion, longer in recovering under their own surgeons than under ours—so much so, that at Vittoria it became necessary at the end of several weeks to take those who survived, from the care of their own surgeons, and place them under the superintendence of the English. We shall not attempt to follow the author through the description of particular amputations, but refer the professional reader to the work, in every page of which he will find useful information.

Mr. Guthrie has deserved well of humanity by establishing, as he has done, the propriety and success of amputation at the hip joint. But here we must caution the young surgeon not to be led away by the *éclat* of operative surgery, so as to neglect the more numerous, though less conspicuous, duties of his department—duties more important, because far more frequently required. It is, indeed, to be lamented, that young men at public hospitals are apt to overlook the medical treatment, and to fancy that a proficiency in anatomy and surgery constitutes the whole knowledge of an accomplished practitioner. From this cause it has happened that the therapeutic treatment is at this moment much neglected in army practice—a circumstance which we have heard surgeons confess and lament. In this particular Mr. Guthrie's work will prove a corrective, as it furnishes many proofs of highly judicious medical treatment, and of the confidence he occasionally reposed in it.

The work is not without a few faults. But they are of little moment, and can easily be corrected in a future edition. The table of sick and wounded is unsatisfactory from the want of returns of the whole army; and the lists of sick in the hospitals appear immense, from the author's having omitted to note the number of times each patient was admitted.

ART. XIII.—*A New Conspiracy against the Jesuits detected and briefly exposed*; with a short Account of their Institute; and Observations on the Danger of Systems of Education independent of Religion. By R. C. DALLAS, Esq. 8vo. London. Ridgway. 1815.

WHAT Mr. Dallas should give this title to his book is more than we can well conceive. We have heard of no new conspiracy against the Jesuits, nor does he tell us of any in these pages. It would be absurd to suppose that he alludes to the Voltairian school of theists and atheists, who have for so many years been resting from their labors. He cannot surely mean that those members of our parliament who oppose the unbounded claims of the Irish Roman Catholics, or that the sovereigns of Europe and their ministers, who lately sat in congress at Vienna, are conspirators against the Jesuits. After saying everything else, he gives us the following passage, from which it would appear that Sir John Coxe Hippisley, and somebody who once published a letter in a newspaper, are the guilty persons in questions.

“It is not to be denied, that the restoration of the order of Jesuits has excited alarm; for we already see a new conspiracy formed against it, possessing all the malignity, if not all the talent, or power, of the old one. But who are the persons alarmed? They can be only such as have a similarity of spirit and of views to those of the former enemies of the society (Sir John Hippisley nevertheless excepted, whose alarm must have a very different spring); men, who have already dared to warn the clergy of England against instituting schools, in which children are to be instructed in the national religion, because of the hostile feelings which will be excited between them and the children of the anti-church institutions; jacobinical philosophers, materialists, votaries of reason and eternal sleep, and, perhaps, some clergy, as before, of their own communion, whose interest may be affected, and who have not penetration and virtue enough to see and enjoy the motive and the justice of their restoration to religion and to letters.” p. 255.

One fact is universally admitted, that the order of the Jesuits was an engine in its structure, its mode of acting, and the force it possessed, at all times unequalled. Even its origin was singular. A man who had been bred in a court and accustomed to slaughter in the field, sought to satisfy his conscience by devoting himself to the austere duties of religious retirement; and in his privacy, laid the foundation of the order. Its power increased with astonishing rapidity; and it retained its influence for nearly three centuries, during which it sent forth into the world more men of learning and talents, imparted more human

knowledge, made more converts to Christianity ; but, at the same time, practised darker arts, spread deeper alarms, prompted to greater cruelties ; in short, from motives always suspected—sometimes suspicious, it achieved more good and perpetrated more mischief, than did any religious association ever known among Christians.

Ignatius, the founder of the society, being a fanatic, who, like the senseless fanatics of other countries and other times, had been accustomed to have dreams about *inspiration*, was fit enough to compose what they called the *Spiritual Exercises* of the Society ; but the *Constitutions*, and the *Monita Secreta*, both of which are founded in a deep insight into the propensities, frailties, and passions of mankind, owe the strongest and the most forbidding of their features to his two immediate successors. These were men of the world, well versed in the science of government ; who seem to have had no difficulty in determining the most effectual means of rendering their religious institution a powerful instrument in their hands against all unfriendly civil governments, and of increasing both the number and the importance of their dangerous privileges. The higher orders of the Jesuits were, so far as their *Monita* were concerned, the prototypes of the brethren of the German clubs of Freemasons who were of the first degree, and also of the profounder of the French Jacobins : and the spirit of the *Monita Secreta* resembled the mysteries of masonry, and the pure principles of Jacobinism. Each has in its turn been applied on the continent in the same mysterious manner, though with different degrees of success, to the overthrow of all whom they judged their foes. Each has in its turn been an invisible hand formed to wound the unwary and unguarded.

This same Society of Jesus, ushered into the world under such extraordinary circumstances, was dreaded from its birth. The Pope Paul, whose sanction Ignatius lost no time in soliciting, suspected that mischief lurked under the institution ; and instead of readily giving his sanction to it, referred the consideration of it to an assembly of cardinals—who pronounced it at once useless and dangerous. But about that time, the doctrines of the Romish Church were attacked from various quarters, and alarming schisms were every day taking place, so that Paul, on ascertaining that the Jesuits might be rendered a strong prop to the church—and that without any demand being made for their support, granted his bull. By this deed he confirmed to the institution all the privileges it claimed, added others of an extensive and commanding nature, and nominated Ignatius,

otherwise called Loyola, the General of the Order. A Church Militant naturally looked for a General. Paul's concession was tardy, because it could not be obvious that the project of the Jesuits was a safe one, much less that they would one day become so powerful as they have done all over the world, or that, in the possession of such incalculable power, they would always retain the same attachment to the Holy See which they at first professed.

It is rather more than 40 years since an apparently fatal blow was given to Jesuitism. That blow, deemed effectual at the time, is now found not to have been finally so—for the order has revived through the agency of the present Pope, and his Most Catholic Majesty. Nay, we do not know whether the piety of the beloved Ferdinand has not outrun that of his Holiness; and whether we ought not to consider him as the enlightened St. Ignatius, and the Pope as the St. Paul, of the age. However this may be, one thing is remarkable—that Pius VIIth is actuated by motives closely resembling those of his predecessor—the experience of resistless attacks on his power, and the apprehension of farther schisms in the church. And it cannot be denied, that if the preservation of the tenets of the Romish Church—and of the dominion of the Sovereign Pontiff, be the main object at which his Holiness ought to aim, he has acted with great wisdom. It has been alleged, and with some appearance of truth, that had the order of Jesuits not been suppressed, even the French Revolution would not have convulsed Europe when it did. Were this allegation known to be true, there would be good reason for regretting the fall of the order. At all events its transactions, productive of extraordinary consequences in every region of the earth, have rendered it an object both of attention and of admiration. It is nothing less than venerable, from the men of letters and science which it has produced; and it inspires the most grateful recollections from the learning which it has diffused; and the conversions which it has made to the true religion, of every denomination of pagans.

D'Alembert had stated that “the Jesuits had been teaching philosophy two hundred years, and yet had never had a philosopher in their body;” and our author says,

“In the meaning of these writers, the charge must be fully admitted. Never did Jesuits harbour within their walls the maxims or the doctrines of modern sophisters. They acknowledged no philosophy, that appeared to infringe on revelation or morals; but not on that account did they forego a modest claim to the title of philosophers. Those among them, who best deserved it, were actively employed in detecting, exposing, and

refuting the fallacies of the modern Voltairian school; and, without affecting the peculiarity of the name, they were satisfied with being philosophers in the ancient acceptation of the term; that is, while they inculcated respect for divine revelation, and for established authority, they never ceased, during two hundred years, to furnish a succession of professors, who unfolded the principles of natural and of moral knowledge. And what branch of human science was banished from their schools? Their public lessons might be called *elementary*, by deep proficient; but they were accommodated to the capacity of the bulk of their youthful auditors; their object was to awaken in them the love of science, to lay the foundation on which the edifice of deep knowledge was afterwards to rise. It is allowed, that the most distinguished scholars in every branch, in past times, generally had been trained in the Jesuits' schools; and can it be said with truth, that none of the masters, who had taught them, ever rose to eminence; that none of them were philosophers? That they never affected to assume the title is allowed: their philosophy was more circumspect. On their first principle they accepted, and they taught others to accept, without hesitation, the oracles of the Church of Christ; they never blushed for their faith, or, as it was miscalled, their credulity. They believed sublime truths, that surpassed comprehension, because they feared God who attests them, and knew that he cannot deceive. Fixed in this first principle, they conceived no incongruity in joining to it eager researches into the secrets of nature, steady pursuit of improvement in every human science. If eminence in these justly confers the title of philosopher, it is strange that the doctors of the new anti-christian school should have over-looked the names of innumerable Jesuits in every branch of science, who were respected as philosophers, until faith in divine revelation was reckoned to depreciate all literary merit. It would be tedious to rehearse the multitude of names, which might be adduced; but I must observe, that the succession of them was never discontinued; and that, in the very last state of the society, there were men among them revered and consulted by the most eminent professors and academicians, who disdained to be mere disciples of Voltaire and D'Alembert. The best mathematicians of Italy bowed to the names of Riccati and Lecchi. The most eminent astronomers frequented the observatories of the Jesuits at Rome, Florence, and Milan, directed by the Fathers Boscovich, Ximenes, and La Grange. Fathers Meyer and Hall were celebrated through Germany, and the Polish Jesuit Poczobut, the royal astronomer at Wilna, was known wherever astronomy was cultivated. The celebrated M. La Lande, and our own astronomer, Dr. Maskelyne, did not disdain his correspondence. La Lande, in particular, in his writings, mentions these Jesuit philosophers with honour.

"It is the remark of M. Chateaubriand, that, without any prejudice to other literary societies, the Jesuits were truly styled *gens de lettres*, because the whole circle of sciences was more or less cultivated among them. It was a rare case to meet with a Jesuit devoid of scientific knowledge. Their reputation, in this point of view, contributed much to the esteem in which the society was formerly held, before the strange concurrence of causes, which has not been hitherto explained, had operated upon the Catholic Princes to discard them, and, in so doing, to open volcanos beneath their thrones." pp. 240—244.

We would have our missionary societies mark well how judiciously, and therefore successfully, the Jesuits proceeded.

While they were teaching religion, often before they commenced their pious lessons, they gave instruction in general useful knowledge. Knowledge always accompanied their zeal; and hence the vast multitudes of proselytes which they made to their system of faith and worship, in every quarter of the globe—not of other denominations of Christians, but of savages and barbarians, who had never heard the name of Jesus Christ.

“With respect to missions, the Jesuits might truly apply to themselves the verse,

‘*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*’

“Their perseverance in this field of zeal was universally admired; it secured success during more than two centuries; and the latest missionary expeditions of their society proved, that the original spirit was not decayed. Whoever had caught it from the institute of Ignatius, was a scholar without pride; a man disengaged from his own conveniences; indifferent to his employment, to country, to climate; submissive to guidance; capable of living alone, and of edifying in public; happy in solitude, content in tumult; never misplaced. In a word, great purity of manners, cultivated minds, knowledge without pretensions, close study without recompence, obedience without reasoning though not without reason, love of labour, willingness to suffer, and, finally, fervor of zeal; such were the qualifications, which Ignatius’s discernment directed his successors in government to seek, to select, or to form; and it is an acknowledged truth, that, at every period of the society, they always found men of this description to lead out their sacred expeditions to the four quarters of the world. These men planted Christian faith in the extremities of the east, in Japan, in the Molucca islands; they announced it in China, in the hither and further India, in Ethiopia and Caffraria, &c. Others in the opposite hemisphere appeared on the snowy wastes of North America; and, presently, Hurons were civilized, Canada ceased to be peopled only by barbarians. Others, almost in our own days, nothing degenerate, succeeded to humanize new hard-featured tribes, even to assemble them in Christian churches, in the ungrateful soil of California, to which angry nature seems to have denied almost every necessary for the subsistence of the human species. They were but a detachment from the body of their brethren, who, at the same time, were advancing, with rapid progress, through Cinalea, among the unknown hordes of savages, who rove through the immense tracts to the north of Mexico, which have not yet been trodden by the steps of any evangelical herald. Others, again, in greater numbers, from the school of Ignatius, with the most inflexible perseverance, amidst every species of opposition, continued to gather new nations into the church, to form new colonies of civilized cannibals, for the Kings of Spain and Portugal, in the horrid wilds of Brazil, Maragnon, and Paraguay. Here truly flowed the milk and honey of religion and human happiness. Here was realized more than philosophy had dared to hope, more than Plato, in his republic, or the author of Utopia, had ever ventured to imagine. Here was given the demonstration, from experience, that pure religion, steadily practised, is the only source of human happiness. The new settlements, called *Reductions*, of Brazil and Paraguay, were real fruits of the zeal of the Jesuits. Solipsian empires, and gold mines to enrich the society, existed only in libels.

"The Jesuits were advancing, with gigantic strides, to the very centre of South America, they were actually civilizing the Abiponian barbarians, when their glorious course was interrupted by the wretched policy of Lisbon and Madrid. The missionaries of South America were all seized like felons, and shipped off, as so many convicts, to the ports of Old Spain, to be still farther transported to Corsica, and, finally, to the coasts of the Pope's states."

Mark now the effect produced on Mr. Dallas's mind, by a contemplation of those pious efforts.

"Having formerly occupied my thoughts on the subject of promoting the knowledge and practice of religion among the Negroes in the West Indies, I was naturally led to inquire into the means, which had been successfully adopted in the Catholic islands. I traced them to the enthusiastic labours of the clergy in general, particularly the Jesuits. The conduct of the fathers of that society in South America not only excited in me admiration, but the highest esteem, veneration, and affection, for that enlightened and persevering body in the Christian cause, who had spread over the immense regions of that continent, more virtue and real temporal happiness than were enjoyed by any other quarter of the globe, as well as a well founded hope of eternal felicity, by the redemption of mankind through Christ. This undeniable merit made such an impression on my mind, that I never gave credit to the horrors, which have been attributed to the society."

In this incredulity, there is a good deal, we apprehend, too much charity. The Jesuits might be, and they were, the best of missionaries: but that they made some mistakes, and were guilty of some offences; that they possessed improper means of annoying secular governments; that they mortally hated all reformation in religion, and every enlargement of the bounds of civil liberty; has been proved a thousand times. Our good opinion, therefore, of the order, as it once existed, is not without some alloy. Yet we cannot say that we object to the recent restoration of the order—on the contrary, we, on the whole, much approve of it. In former periods the Jesuits did far more good than harm to the world: for a long time to come they may do an infinity of good, while, from the quick and just sense which mankind now have of their social rights and duties, it really will be next to impossible for them to do mischief, were they ever so ill disposed. They can and will guard their religion against dangerous innovations; and, for the sake of their religion, they will strive to uphold the thrones by which sacred truths and divine worship are protected. They were much wanted just before the French Revolution began: but they are much more wanted now, when the prevalence of an audacious infidelity threatens the world with heavy calamities. Their ancient systematic opposition to religious reformation, and to the improvement of civil rights, was, on most former

occasions, a fault: such an opposition, after what Europe has experienced, will, on most future occasions, be a virtue. The Pope, in recalling the Jesuits to that distinguished post in which they can (to a degree which no other religious order can reach) both watch and defend the interests of Christianity, has done right—but perhaps only because he cannot do wrong; king Ferdinand too is in the right, but it is, in all probability, only from accident.

The author states his object with sufficient plainness.

“I trust that the following exposition will unfold enough of the injustice, which has been so unfeelingly and indefatigably heaped upon the Jesuits, to convince every unprejudiced man, that the suppression of the order has been injurious to society, and that the revival of it, far from being dangerous, must be beneficial. I am not afraid, that this expression of my sentiment will draw upon me any suspicion of disaffection to the state, or the established church; my sentiments are well known to my friends, and have been more than once publicly professed. The benefit, which I think will arise from the restoration of the society, will consist more particularly in the active and zealous cultivation of Christian virtues, and a spirit of Loyalty among the catholics of all countries, whether protestant or catholic; and, unless we mean to say, with some of the furious reformers, that the religion of the catholics is to be extirpated altogether, it is absurd to say, that they shall not have their best and most active instructors.”

Such is Mr. Dallas's object. His plan will appear from the following quotation, which we make with the more alacrity, as we shall thereby save ourselves the trouble of following our usual practice of giving an analysis of the work.

“If there were a question, whether there should be a change in the religion of the state, or whether the sceptre of Great Britain were better placed in the hand of a protestant or a catholic prince, my voice, slender as it is, should eagerly profess my attachment to the monarchy, and to the church of England. But no such question exists, or is likely to exist, in the contemplation of British subjects, of any persuasion or denomination whatever. It is with this conviction on my mind, that I have resolved to publish the result of my inquiries respecting the Jesuits; and to show, that they do not merit the virulent slanders with which they have been attacked, or the treatment, horrid and inhuman, which they were made to suffer. A violent pamphlet, entitled “A brief account of the Jesuits,” lately republished from a newspaper, shall serve to direct me over the mass of abuse which I purpose to clear away in such a manner as to enable the reader to proceed, without prejudice, to the perusal of the following letters, to which partiality might otherwise be attributed. They are replies to some of the charges of the writer of the pamphlet, and they also appeared in a newspaper, with the signature of Clericus, the assailant having assumed that of Laicus, which I mention, as it may be convenient for me to use these names occasionally.

“I purpose, 1st: to make some remarks on the objects of the author of the pamphlet, in his attack upon the Jesuits, and on his mode of conducting his argument: 2dly: to examine the character of the authorities against the Jesuits, called by the writer historical evidences; and

of those in favor of them: and to notice some of the charges against the society: 3dly: to give a brief account of the order, and of the fundamental character of it, with the prominent features of the Institute of Loyola, contrasted with the libellous *Monita Secreta*: and, 4thly: to conclude with observations arising out of the preceding subjects, and on the necessity of making religion the basis of education."

This plan the author has executed with ability and good effects. His book is clearly and ably written. His facts are judiciously chosen, and not unskilfully arranged—though there is rather a super-abundance of them. His general argument tends directly to the support of sound morals, regular government, and pure religion—for that which he commends in the Jesuit code, would be laudable in the code of any other denomination of Christians. On the whole we think well of his performance, and recommend it to the notice of our readers; with this short observation, that its praise of the Jesuits is sometimes not sufficiently qualified.

We quote him again on the important subject of Education.

"It is unfortunate that the nature of man will not permit the spirit, and even the outward forms, of a religion so adapted to the actual condition of the human species to be universal; and, that the different views taken of the text, by the variance of the human understanding, should diverge into incongruous systems, and excite religious dissensions. But, however this may be deplored, it is still more deplorable, that it should ever enter into the mind of man to establish systems of education, in which that which should be the foundation of it is totally excluded from it; that the end of knowledge should be separated from the means of it; that the rudiments of instruction should be devoted solely to the acquisition of worldly arts, of which the operation is to be left to the direction of ignorance and selfishness. It is astonishing, with the experience men have so lately and so dearly gained, that there can be found one to approve of a system, in this country, the archetype of which has desolated Europe and ruined France. In attributing the explosion of the French revolution to the deistical and atheistical philosophers, I do not hesitate to attribute the long continuance of it to the change that took place in the forms of education; to the universities of Buonaparte,¹ to the confining of men's interests to the duration of life. In this country, there is a system in full operation, and patronised by some of the first characters of the state; by which a very large portion of the people will, in a few years, consist of persons able to read, write, and keep accounts, who will have no knowledge, or an erroneous one, of the duties and sanctions of religion, and whose morality will consequently be dependent on their reasoning faculties; and I am very much mistaken

¹ By his edicts on this subject, the youth of France were to be brought up at his schools throughout the empire; these schools, in every town and village, were all dignified with the appellation of university, the masters of which were appointed by the principal of the school at Paris, and to be under his control. The mathematics and a military spirit were ordered to be the chief things attended to: all boys, of whatever age, wore uniforms and immense cornered hats.

if those faculties will not lead to similar conceptions and similar effects as those produced by the reasoning faculties of 1788 and 1789. This opinion cannot be mistaken for one of intolerance.

“ I am an advocate for the toleration of conscientious scruples; but there is one thing which I think no government ought to tolerate, and that is public schools openly professing to banish religious instruction, for they must prove seminaries of malcontents and democrats.

“ The luxury and aristocracy of a few well educated rich atheists and deists afford no objection: it is of the low and of the indigent that these schools are formed, of persons who may be rendered the most valuable or most pernicious part of the community.

“ We must at first have guides, and, to borrow the pithy expression of the famous bishop of Down, Jeremy Taylor, “ if our guides do not put something into our heads, while children, the devil will.” The arts of reading and writing are mere mechanical instruments: to render them a blessing the soul must be fashioned into a spring of thought and action, and it behoves the fashioner to temper it justly. How desirable soever it might be, that the rising generation, enjoying the same constitution, should be united in the same mode of worship, yet, as that blessing seems unattainable in the present state of the world, it would be some consolation, if the various dissenters from the established church would hold themselves bound to insist upon the christian religion, according to their own views of it, being taught in the new schools; and, I am free to confess, that the dissenting ministers in general are not deficient of zeal in impressing their religious principles on the minds of their followers; and it is but justice to say, that the world at large have been indebted to many of them, to Watts, to Hartley, and to others: nor do I think, that the generality of the dissenters can possibly approve of that plan, which, assembling poor children to be taught reading, writing, and figures, sends them to learn the relation between the Creator and his creature, the corruption of human nature, and the means of salvation, in a garret or a cellar, where want and ignorance, or low debauchery, are to be their preceptors.

“ It is impossible to contemplate the advantages arising to our fellow creatures and to society from Dr. Bell's system of education for the poor without delight and without grateful feeling, to the author. and, I may add, the still active director of it. Thousands upon thousands will bless him, while he lives; and millions will revere his memory after he shall have gone to partake of those joys which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

This performance is dedicated to Mr. Canning, known not to be professedly a catholic—nor yet supposed to be, in his heart, either a catholic or a Jesuit; though we would not undertake to answer for his not being, through means of this book, suspected and accused of both weaknesses. His name has been chosen to adorn the work, because “ among the services which he has been active in rendering to his country, in her legislation and letters, he has been the liberal advocate of the catholic body in general.” And the author says of him,

“ You are on the spot, Sir, where the Jesuits were persecuted with the greatest violence; a circumstance, to my apprehension, not the most favorable to the investigation of truth as it may well be imagined,

that the prejudices, which were raised by the unprincipled and unrelenting minister of Joseph I. of Portugal, have too strongly enveloped it to be easily removed: but there are minds gifted with a discernment approaching to intuition, and, if any man can unweave the web, which has been spun around this unfortunate society, to your penetration may it be trusted." *Dedication.* p. 6.

But we doubt much whether Mr. Canning will judge it expedient to search for such documents as may enable him, or Mr. Dallas through his means, either to prove the truth of all that has been said for the order of Jesuits, or to disprove what has, for centuries past, been alleged against them. His public duties, to be sure, do not at present press very hard upon him.

ART. XIV.—*A Month at Brussels. A Satirical Novel, in three Volumes.* By the author of "A month in Town;" "Rejected Odes;" "General Post Bag," &c. Iley, London. 1815.

IN point of interest and variety, the present work certainly surpasses "A Month in Town," though the plan, the style, and general execution are similar. "The author," as he tells us in the preface, "has fixed the time of his actions completely within the range of every recollection, and his scene on a spot, which not he, but one of the events to which he alludes in his work, has immortalized." This great event is the Battle of Waterloo; and the most careless reader must readily conceive who the illustrious personage is, that is represented under the title of the DUKE of LAURELS. Several others of the *fabulæ personæ* are equally pointed, and must be recognised by the politicians, though perhaps not by the *Polly Honeycombs* of the day. The author has endeavoured, by the occasional introduction of new characters, which consequently lead to additional incidents, to encrease the interest of each volume successively; and by filling the work with love and intrigue, to gratify the taste of the numerous class of novel-readers. Satirical works of this kind are only of a temporary nature; for, when the facts which give them birth, are forgotten or out of date, they are consigned to perpetual oblivion. That candor, impartiality, and fidelity, which render *histories* valuable, are not the characteristics of a satirical novel. Instead of candor and impartiality, Satire takes the liberty of exaggerating, and de-

lights in dwelling rather upon *vices* than *virtues*. Though the Satirist be provided with a ground-work from Truth, still he has recourse to Imagination, which puts Fidelity out of the question.

The quantity of matter contained in these three volumes (which is hardly sufficient to fill *two* volumes of tolerable size) evinces the author's hurry "to catch the manners as they rise," and perhaps also to catch the profits as they come in; and, as may be expected in hurried works, probability is sometimes violated.——The first volume closes with a dreadful conflagration.—Lady Mary Bellegarde, standing at a window, at a considerable height from the ground, is in a perilous situation—a long ladder is provided, and an English soldier requested to save her from the impending danger,—the soldier *pauses* in the act of ascending the ladder, and is stimulated, not by humanity, to succour the lady, but by the voice of his commander, and the promise of a "princely reward." When the soldier gets into the window, the ladder, consumed by a flame from the window underneath, snaps and falls into the yard. Blankets, sheets, bedding, and straw, are *then* piled to a considerable height, and at a signal from his grace, Lady Mary heroically jumps from the window, and alights without sustaining the slightest injury! The soldier is afterwards seen ready to make a spring, but the flames burst out violently from the window below him; he is appalled, and the author, for the purpose of introducing his orphans in the succeeding volume, leaves him to perish. If absolutely necessary that the poor soldier should fall a victim, why was it not in the noble act of rescuing the lady, and becoming *bonâ fide*, her deliverer? The author however has made the lady a *soldier*, and the soldier a *lady*.—*Risum teneatis?*—The fall of this *gallant* Englishman, (who had not the courage of a woman) produces an admirable dialogue between Sir Phillip Pedant and Count D'Abbeville in the second volume, wherein the former is an advocate for English bravery, and the latter for French heroism. This scene is written with some *Shandean* humor, and is the only part of the work worthy of being extracted.

"'He was a noble fellow,' said the Count, dashing away with the cuff of his coat a tear which strayed down his face; 'an Englishman is capable of noble actions, and perhaps more so than any other nation in the world, if we except the French. I think there is more of the vigour of heroism in the French character.'"

"Sir Phillip looked at the Count a moment, to see if he was in earnest; nothing appeared to give the lie to his words.—'Then you think a Frenchman is superior to an Englishman? Why, the *petits maîtres* stood like stocks and stones in the yard, and heard the poor lady cry out

most bitterly for assistance, but she might have perished for aught they cared, if the party of English soldiers had not made their appearance just at the critical moment.' "

" 'That was certainly an exception from the gallantry of the French in general,' replied the Count, striking the toe of his boot with his cane—'but I have led a French battalion to the mouth of a line of cannon; I have marched them to storm a battery and escalade the walls of a town,'—and here the count rose, and shouldered his cane, and marched up and down the apartment with an agitation the most powerful imaginable. 'I have led them in the face of death in a thousand and in the most horrible shapes; yes, almost to certain annihilation, and I do and will maintain it to my last breath,'—and here his voice rose higher,—'that a Frenchman——' "

" 'Is a very bold fellow,' interrupted Sir Phillip, rising in his turn, and placing his hands in his breeches' pockets, and walking up and down the room in an opposite direction.—'Yes, yes,' he continued, 'I grant you that a Frenchman will go where he is led, even to the devil; for Bonaparte has been employed for many years past in leading them thither; but, Count, you forget yourself, when you place them above Englishmen, who are universally acknowledged——' "

" 'To be excellent soldiers,' interrupted the Count in his turn, advancing to meet Sir Phillip, and placing himself across his way. 'They are very excellent soldiers, none can deny it. They are bold, enterprising, and heroic; they despise death, and are brave under all privations. War has made them so.' "

" 'And it was war which made Frenchmen soldiers,' returned Sir Phillip; 'practice makes perfect in every profession. An experienced butcher will cut you up calves with much more dexterity than his apprentice. A Catholic will not starve half so soon as a Church of England man. A wood-cutter will stand out twice the cold that a smelter of metals will. But a Frenchman is actuated by no reason nor reflection, like an Englishman. He is more easily hurried into excesses.'

" 'Excesses! my dear fellow,' resumed the Count—'excesses are the common sources of enthusiastic genius. I would sooner lead an army of such ardent spirits into action, than your cold, phlegmatic, dull plodders, who waste, in deliberation, those precious moments which Frenchmen give to action. If Alexander had run into no excesses he would never have been great. If your own Cœur de Lion had not been a mad enthusiast, his name would not have been remembered with veneration by posterity; for fame and glory are the children of excess. Bonaparte's excesses will live in history as traits of——' "

" 'Villainy, scoundrelism,' interrupted Sir Phillip. 'What was the massacre of his prisoners in Egypt? What was the poisoning of his sick at Jaffa? What was his treatment of Captain Wright, of Pichegru, of Georges, of the Duc d'Enghien, of Palm, and all the other victims of his tyranny? I'll tell you, Count, what history will say of Bonaparte,'—and here Sir Phillip put the fore-finger of his right hand through one of the button holes of the Count's uniform,—'history will say that he was a murderer, a plunderer, a perjurer, an enemy to religion and morality, a traitor, an apostate, an incendiary, a renegade, and a coward.' "

This volume concludes with a ball given by the Duke of Laurels, which is interrupted by the approach of the enemy. The third volume is filled up with alarms—a sister discovering her

brother in a wounded soldier, and afterwards in the same predicament a lover, who had previously paid his addresses to her friend—a duel, prevented by a neglected, but frail wife, and the wonderful reconciliation of her cornuted husband and noble gallant. The chief merit of this motley work is correct language, which is not always to be found in temporary productions. By making the glorious battle of Waterloo, the groundwork of a *satirical* novel, the author had determined, it seems, to verify his motto,

“Difficile est satiram non scribere.”

Those, however, who think, as many no doubt do, that the subject is not the fittest for the keen pen of the satirist, will be apt to parody the motto, and say,

Sed facile est satiram non legere.

ART. XV.—*An Account of the Ceremonies which took place at Dumfries, on the 5th of June, 1815, at the laying the Foundation-Stone of the Mausoleum to be erected over the Remains of Robert Burns.* Dumfries. Munro and Co. 1815.

THERE is a general and very natural propensity to over-rate the productions of uneducated writers. When we discover a considerable portion of taste or genius subsisting with indigence and illiteracy, we are led by our disposition to the marvellous, to exaggerate the merit which appears under such unfavorable circumstances; and to cherish the wonder till it rises in our imagination to the magnitude of a prodigy. Blind poets, negro minstrels, and rhyming servant-maids, have swelled the catalogue of modern prodigies, and wisely profited by this over-credulous disposition. It is very proper to laugh at the patronage so often and so ridiculously bestowed on the abortive efforts of scribbling ploughmen and smiling milkmaids, who are dragged by silly patrons from their useful labors, to become the gaze of the village and the wonder of the day: but it ought not to be forgotten, that if such patronage rears a race of mere poetasters, it also smoothes the way for poets of genuine sterling desert. Such a genius appeared in the person of Robert Burns. Born in the condition of a peasant, he rose to distinction through those energies which had been called into action by the applause and patronage of his admiring countrymen. Of his productions, which have been so often printed, and so generally read, it would be superfluous to enter into a critical examination. The object of

the present article is to notice the zealous, though, it must be confessed, tardy exertions that have lately been made, or are now making, to raise a monument to the memory of this gifted individual.

But before entering on any detail, it may not be improper to try to counteract an unfavorable impression that some have attempted to make on the public mind. Much invective has been poured out against the ingratitude of his countrymen, and more especially the opulent inhabitants of the district where he closed his days. Men have at all times delighted in inconsiderate censure of those who have the means of patronage. Juvenal is loud in his lamentations over the unrewarded genius of Statius; and the names of Otway and Chatterton have inspired many a pathetic, many a pointed and satirical verse. Far be it from us to attempt either to abate the general sympathy felt for the miseries of genius, or to excuse the hard-hearted disregard of dignified sufferings which the opulent could often relieve. But upon an impartial examination of the present case, there will, we think, be found more reason to lament the unhappy misconduct of Burns himself, than to blame his patrons for any want of munificence. The subscription to his works was liberal; it placed him in a situation which might be considered as comparative opulence; and the situation which his friends procured him at Dumfries would, had he conducted himself with prudence, have yielded him a comfortable subsistence, and in all probability have led the way to future advancement. For any higher active employment he was unfit. He had been unsuccessful in the situation in which his zealous friend and patron, Mr. Millar, of Dalswinton, had placed him. He was too far advanced in years to acquire the knowledge of a profession; and had he been placed in any more elevated station, his indiscretions would have rendered his misfortunes more pungent. We again repeat, that from our actual knowledge of the particulars of the case, Burns was not neglected by the opulent of the neighbourhood in which he lived, and where his ashes now rest. Let it be remembered, that an indiscriminating generosity would have taken away the few restraints imposed on his faults by the fear of poverty, and ill have deserved the name of patronage. The patron, who points out any road to success but that of prudence and regularity of conduct, will find his liberality not, in the whole, beneficial, but destructive to an inconsiderate man of talent. The laws of nature have given no man a dispensation from the necessity of regulating his conduct by the established

rules of society, and of learning to rely chiefly on his own exertions.

But we proceed to the contents of this little volume. Monday, the 5th of June, was chosen to lay the foundation-stone of the mausoleum to be erected over the remains of Burns. The poet had belonged to the order of free-masons, and accordingly a procession was formed by the various lodges of the brethren, and of the gentlemen and magistrates of the place. They repaired to the grave of Burns, escorted by the Dumfries yeomanry cavalry, and preceded by bands of music, among which the native tones of the bag-pipe were not the least audible.

“ On the arrival of the procession at the church-yard, the different lodges halted, and opened to the right and left, making way for the provincial grand lodge to pass to the front. The foundation was then laid in due form by William Millar, Esq. the provincial grand master, who performed the ceremonies usual on such occasions, and deposited in the hollow of the stone two glass bottles, the one containing gold and silver coins of the kingdom; the other the Latin inscription, written upon vellum, as quoted below; a copy of a small edition of the poems of Burns; the resolutions of the committee, with the names of the members, and some of the newspapers of the day. After this Mr. Millar addressed the spectators in an elegant and appropriate speech to the following effect:

“ ‘ Gentlemen and Brethren,—Having performed a duty resulting from the situation which I have the honour to hold, under the most worshipful the grand lodge of Scotland, it will probably be deemed incumbent upon me, in my official capacity of provincial grand master, to offer a few remarks on the nature and duties of the masonic institution, especially upon those in which we have now been more immediately employed. But, it being bound to perform this task, I feel too deeply sensible of my own inability, not to confine my observations within the narrowest possible limits.

“ ‘ There are, gentlemen, many and important secrets, of which the masonic body has long been considered as the only safe and lawful depository; these must for ever remain a mystery to all but initiated brethren. Many of the more prominent features, however, of our ancient and honorable institution appear unveiled to every eye, and with modest and becoming aspect court the affections of every sound and honest heart. Of these, truth, charity, and forbearance, form the most prominent and conspicuous; and as the principles of free masonry have been widely diffused over all nations, and eagerly embraced by all sects, and by every persuasion, we, as masons, without arrogating too much to our own labours, may indulge a reasonable hope that we have been neither idle, nor altogether unsuccessful, in promoting the object and in extending the sphere, at least, of practical Christianity.

“ ‘ It is the peculiar province of free masons, when it is required of them, to give their advice and assistance on all occasions, calculated to advance the progress of the arts, or to promote the general interest and welfare of society.

“ ‘ You, gentlemen, have this day been engaged in performing a solemn duty at the grave of your favourite and lamented Bard, who, having long devoted his extraordinary talents to adorn the literature of an ad-

airing country, has now bequeathed his fame and reputation to the tutelage of an enlightened posterity. We, gentlemen, as masons, while we have been occupied in the discharge of a duty prescribed to us by our own professions, have, at the same time, been rendering a last tribute of respect to the memory of an illustrious brother. Illustrious—not from birth, nor from those brilliant achievements which lead to speedy wealth and certain honours, but from an assemblage of those rare and splendid endowments which Nature, in her partial moods, bestows but on her favoured few. The language of truth compels us to confess that Burns was not without his frailties; but what man, alas! is free from every fault? The rigid critic, and the stern moralist, in the vigilant exercise of their faculties, may, while pondering over his manifold beauties, discover and select passages not altogether unexceptionable or blameless. Yet, if they temper their severity with justice, though they may find something to reprove, they will find much to applaud, almost every thing to admire.

“ ‘It is equally foreign to my intentions, as it would be repugnant to your feelings, to breathe a censure, however light, which might disturb the slumbers of the peaceful grave; and it will not be expected of me, and in this place, where every heart in silent eloquence offers to his memory the homage of its admiration, it cannot surely be necessary to pronounce the eulogium of the much lamented but unfortunate Burns—yet indulge me, gentlemen, with a single observation.

“ ‘In the natural course of events we may rest persuaded, that the mausoleum of which we have this day laid the foundation-stone, will successfully resist, for ages yet to come, every attack which may be made upon it, by the dilapidating hand of time. It needs ~~not~~, however, I think, the gift of prophecy to foretel, that when the labours of our hands shall have mouldered into decay, Burns, in the effusions of his vigorous mind, and powerful and energetic fancy, will still be found to have reared a monument to his own glory, which will endure while taste and genius hold their empire over the human mind. In an age of Roman sincerity, well might he have applied to his own labours the language of the illustrious Roman poet,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

“ ‘Although the committee of management connected with the business of this day has not yet received any monumental inscription commemorative of the character and writings of Burns, yet, while the genius and liberality of a Campbell, a Scott, or a Byron, continue to support and illustrate the annals of our literature, it need not fear the want of some appropriate memorial, at once redounding to the honour of the dead and of the living poet, and which will serve to communicate to after times a feeling of the refined and polished taste, which so eminently distinguishes the remarkable æra in which it is our lot to live.’ ”

The ceremony was closed by the provincial grand chaplain with the following prayer:

“ Almighty God, Father of Lights, from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift! we thank thee that thou hast cast our lot in an age so enlightened, and in a country where useful learning and the means of moral and religious improvement are placed within the reach of the lowest of the people. We intreat thee to bless all our endeavours in promoting the best interests of society, and especially to grant that the tribute we now pay to departed genius may be the means of exciting and

fostering the talents and mental powers with which thou hast endowed thy rational creatures, and of directing them to the advancement of all that is great, and noble, and excellent in human nature. Above all things we pray that thou mayst cause these powers and talents to unite in promoting the interests of pure and undefiled religion; and that thou mayst hasten the happy time, when all mankind shall consider the accomplishments of genius and learning as only valuable, in so far as they may contribute to the glory of thy holy name, the interests of thy son's kingdom, and the eternal happiness of the human race."

After this, the following poem, composed by Mr. W. Joseph Walter, was recited by him, and received with enthusiastic applause.

Hail to the day! that sees, though long delayed,
To Coila's bard the rites of duty paid;—
That sees the pious zeal, which stands confest
In every eye, and glows in every breast;
To hush the stranger's keen reproach, and raise
A fond memorial to the Poet's praise.
Hail to the day! that sees those honours done,
Which he conferred on hapless Fergusson;
E'en now I see him, fir'd with generous shame,
To find no stone record a brother's fame—
No votive verse to mark the sacred spot
From vulgar earth, which honour halloweth not;
E'en now I view him, from his scanty store,
Wiling each day some pious pittance more,
Till thro' his generous zeal, and his alone,
Dunedin's Bard no longer sleeps unknown.

Nor shalt *thou* sleep unknown! O Burns, thy zeal
Has taught each heart a kindred warmth to feel.—
To thee the votive tablet shall arise,—
For thee the Mausoleum seek the skies;
With growing years to bid thy memory grow,
Till nature cease to charm, or Nith to flow.
Then ages hence—when still encreasing fame
Shall make each clime familiar with thy name—
Full many a pious pilgrim shall repair
To drink fresh draughts of inspiration there:
For still thy grave poetic warmth inspires,
'Still in thine ashes live their wonted fires!'
Tho' mute the lyre, the music from whose string
Was soft as gales that fan the waking spring;
Tho' mouldered into dust the tuneful tongue
Whose notes thro' Clouden's bowers so sweetly rung,
Yet, not unconscious of these honours paid,
Still hovers round the spot thy gentle shade.

To aid this noble cause—see every hand
With pious prodigality expand!
The parent whose fond breast has glow'd when led
To view the scene that marks his Cottar's shed;
Where the good sire, with 'lyart haffets bare,'
Spreads the 'ha'-bible' wide, and pours the artless prayer.

The warrior, whose fierce pulse has kindled high
When Wallace call'd to death or victory—
(For 'tis the poet's magic verse must shed
Glory's bright halo round the hero's head :)
The love-sick maid, who, o'er his varied lay,
Entranced, has charmed the wintry gloom away,
Smiled at his wit, or shed the tender tear,
When wept his verse o'er Highland Mary's bier;
All—all with pious ardour shall combine,
And heap their tribute on the Poet's shrine.

“ Nor yet is Nature mute the while, I ween,
But fondly sympathises in the scene,
Well pleased to see the grateful temple rise
To him, the warmest of her votaries.
How burst thro' clouds and gloom this morning's ray !
How evening lingers on yon heathery brae !
What gleams of more than common radiance shone
On Queensbro's height, and Criffel's mountain throne !
The merle and mavis, sporting on the spray,
New plum'd their wings, and trill'd a livelier lay ;
The glad Nith wafted from his passing wave
A sweeter murmur to the Poet's grave ;
While every conscious daisy on his side
Flush'd with new bloom, and spread her starry pride.
Perchance 'twas fancy all !—for she, forsooth,
Oft decks her witcheries in the hues of truth.

“ Nor be you last to meet deserv'd applause,
You who stand foremost in the pious cause ;
You who the memory of the Bard revere,—
Who hold his genius and his merits dear ;—
Who to his fame, as to your country's, just,
Plan the proud dome and honorary bust.—
Had I one spark of his immortal flame,
The verse should flow and give the deed to Fame.—
Enough—a nation's gratitude will pay
The deed that marks this memorable day ;
Enough—your generous efforts will afford
A proud, a conscious, and a full reward.

“ Well have ye fix'd our Sovereign's natal day,
This debt to genius and the muse to pay ;
Tho' now, alas ! in darkness 'tis his doom,
To sit, and bear the mind's more chilling gloom,
Yet he has ever been the Muse's friend,
First to reward, to cherish, to defend.
The arts have flourished in our happy isle,
And genius bloom'd beneath his fostering smile :
To him the Muse, this humble tribute brings ;
THE BEST OF PATRONS, AS THE BEST OF KINGS.
Then let us gratefully his worth proclaim,
And call fresh blessings down on George's honoured name.”

A chaste and elegant design has been chosen by the Committee, which is to be executed in marble, and is intended to

* The ceremony took place in the evening.

fill the interior of the Mausoleum. It is from the hands of Mr. Turnerelli of London; the subject is judiciously chosen from the Poet's own words, which occur in the dedication of his poems to the gentlemen of the Caledonian hunt, an association which is composed of the greater part of the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland. The words of Burns are these :

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ A Scottish bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? *The Poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic Bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me.* She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.”

Mr. Turnerelli has endeavoured, and we think very successfully, to embody the striking idea marked in Italics. Burns is represented as standing between the shafts of the plough; with drapery floating gracefully on the breeze; and the genius of Poetry is figured as descending and spreading her mantle to cover him. One hand of the Bard is on the plough; and he is supposed at that moment to have caught a view of the aerial figure. Under the other hand he holds his bonnet, which, overcome with feelings of awe and veneration, he is pressing respectfully to his bosom. To mark another memorable event in the Poet's life, the ploughshare is represented as just severing in two a groupe of mountain daisies; a circumstance which will not fail to call to mind Burns' exquisite poem on that subject.

We are pleased to see that the Prince Regent has promoted and patronized this national object; and His Royal Highness's example will no doubt stimulate others to contribute their mite.

The following is a copy of the Inscription, inclosed in the foundation stone.

In Aeternum Honorem
ROBERTI BURNS,
Poetarum Caledoniae sui aevi longe principis,
Cujus carmina eximia, patrio sermone scripta,
Animi magis ardentis, vique ingenii,
Quam arte vel cultu conspicua,
Facetiis, jucunditate, lepore, affluentia,
Omnibus litterarum cultoribus satis nota;
Cives sui, necnon plerique omnes
Musarum amantissimi, memoriamque viri,
Arte Poeticâ tam præclari, foventes,
HOC MAUSOLEUM,
Super reliquias poetae mortalis,

extruendum curavere.
 Primum hujus aedificii lapidem
 Gulielmus Miller, Armiger,
 Reipublicae architectonicae apud Scotos,
 In regione australi, Curio Maximus provincialis,
 Georgio Tertio regnante,
 Georgio, Walliarum Principe,
 Summam imperii pro patre tenente,
 Josepho Gass, armigero, Dumfrisiae Praefecto,
 Thoma F. Hunt, Londinensi, Architecto,
 Posuit,
 Nonis Junij, Anno Læcis 7400000000.
 Salutis Humanae 18000000.

TRANSLATION.

In perpetual honour of
 ROBERT BURNS,
 Decidedly the first Scottish Poet of his age,
 whose exquisite verses, in the dialect of his country,
 distinguished for the vigour of genius and a powerful mind,
 more than for polish or learning,
 are admired by all men of letters
 for their humour, pleasantry, elegance, and variety ;
 his townsmen and others, who love polite literature,
 and cherish the memory of so eminent a genius,
 caused this Mausoleum to be erected
 over the mortal remains of
 THE BARD.

The first stone of this edifice,
 planned by Thomas F. Hunt, of London, architect,
 was laid by
 William Miller, Esq.
 Provincial Grand Master of the Southern District,
 of Free Masons in Scotland,
 In the reign of King George III.,
 During the regency of George Prince of Wales,
 Joseph Gass, Esq. being Provost of Dumfries,
 On the 5th day of June,
 In the year of light, 5815,
 Of our Lord, 1815.

ART. XVI. *Carpe Diem, or the True Policy of Europe, at the present Juncture, with regard to France.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Stockdale, 1815.

THE phrase chosen for the title of this book, was originally employed by Horace to invite his mistress *to drink heartily*, and not to leave till the morning, what should be done at night. But it is used for a better purpose in this pamphlet, both the intention and the execution of which are good. We doubt, however, whether it did not appear too late to be very useful—whether the Allies and Louis XVIII. had not finally decided what they should, and what they should not do, before they were thus invited to use the golden opportunity which they had for a time enjoyed.

The writer earnestly recommends to them to see that the Jacobins be set aside as speedily and as completely as possible; and that the Bourbons be secured on the throne of France, as the best means of insuring the repose both of that country, and of Europe; and he says,

“As the subversion of the throne of France must evidently prove fatal to the repose of Europe; the powers of Europe have an undoubted right to do whatever is necessary for the preservation of that throne.”

He thinks that

“The Allies must protect the royal authority in France, not merely by defending the House of Bourbon against all revolutionary attacks, but by securing the succession to the Gallic throne, according to the fundamental laws of the monarchy. They must, by solemn treaty, guarantee that succession against all attempts to disturb it, from whatever quarter they may proceed. Any interruption of that succession would be a practicable breach in the ramparts of social order, through which the host of Jacobins would storm their way, again to carry war and desolation to the extremities of Europe.”

Finally, he contends that some of the French fortresses, ought to be occupied by the Allies: but he does not say, whether permanently, or not.

His description of Jacobinism is well drawn: the whole performance, indeed, is clearly conceived, and well expressed.

“Jacobinism, it should be ever remembered, is a perfect Proteus. It can borrow any form, it can assume any character, to effect its purpose. It can wear the garb of royalism for the destruction of royalty. It can declare for the House of Bourbon, in the hope of dividing that house

against itself, and thereby ensuring its fall. It can extol the virtues of the king, or of a prince belonging to a collateral branch of his house, with the intention of hereafter urging the want of those virtues, as a reason for disturbing the succession, and in order to break in upon the dynasty. It can even admit, that the king is recalled to his throne by the voice of his people. This is one of the most subtle of its artifices. An artifice which is calculated to impose even upon the sovereign himself, to whom it cannot but be grateful to consider himself as possessing the affections of his people, and as the object of their choice. But the Jacobins are aware that the fact of a choice, though conceded to-day, may be disputed to-morrow; when they will take advantage of a momentary recognition, by the friends of monarchy, of a right to choose, as necessarily implying a right to reject—proving in this as in so many other instances, that they concede only with a view to ensnare.

“The element of Jacobinism is anarchy, towards which it is always impelled by the resistless force of instinct. The constant object of its hostility, is regular and stable government; and it well knows that the only solid basis of government, is a clear and legitimate title to the sovereignty, according to fixed and fundamental laws. When, therefore, the times are not favorable to a direct and open attack upon the existing government, the Jacobins put on a mask—they boast of their loyalty,—they shout *Vive le Roi*. But all this while they carry on their attack upon the principle of legitimate title, in order to undermine the very foundations of government. Their grand weapon for this purpose, and that which they have constantly in use, is the insidious principle,—*that the people have a right to choose their government*.”



ART. XVII.—*A Historical Sketch of the French Revolution: with Original Anecdotes.* Part I. From the taking of the Bastille, to the breaking up of the National Convention. By ROBERT THOMSON, an eye witness to the Events. 8vo. pp. 182. London. Button and Son. 1815.

WE are accustomed to say of a thing, *that we would rather see it than hear of it*. And certainly, for the historian of a mighty event to have seen what he is about to record—to have borne a part in the transactions he is to describe, is of high importance, though not, in every instance, absolutely necessary. None of the historians of modern times—none at least, of those whose names stand high in the lists of fame, have had to record either their own exploits, or those of eminent persons with whom they had acted. Our statesmen and commanders-in-chief are not eminent writers.

The performance before us is on a small scale. And Mr. Thomson draws attention not so much by saying what happened, as by telling what he actually saw. He appears to have seen more of the French Revolution than most people; and, no doubt, he both heard and read a good deal concerning it. The interest excited by that great event is not nearly so strong now as it once was; yet any new account of it, especially if written, as the present is, with freedom and spirit, must have some attraction.—The mere narrative of the French Revolution has been given by others in a much fuller manner than is now done; the anecdotes, however, with which this little affair is interspersed lend it a considerable interest. Some of them are original.

“I had been strongly recommended to the well known Colonel Oswald, a Highland officer in the French service, who received me well, and treated me as a friend, although we differed on every subject of common sense. On hearing the general beat, a few days after the names were thus exhibited, I went to the coffee-house he frequented, and found him in full uniform—neck and breast exposed, Jacobin fashion, with his sword under his arm. We held but a short conversation: ‘What is the meaning of this alarm, Colonel?’ . . . He answered me, with great composure—‘There is to be a general massacre; to begin by a majority of the Convention.’ ‘At what o’clock?’ . . . ‘At one, when they are all met.’ ‘Is Tom Paine of the number?’ . . . ‘Certainly, old fool, of what use is he?’ ‘Where are you to be, Colonel, in this frightful scene?’ . . . ‘At the head of my regiment’ (the 14th battalion of pikes, of his own forming) ‘to direct the destruction of aristocracy.’ ‘What am I to do?’ . . . ‘Buy every thing you want for two days, and keep at home till all be over.’—This intended massacre was planned by the Jacobin Club, of which the Colonel was a favourite member, and even a good speaker. The proscribed deputies discovered the too glaring plot; and by keeping from the assembly that day, it failed.

“A few words on the character of poor Oswald: he was formerly a captain in the 42nd regiment, under Colonel McCleod. He was a professed atheist—and carried about with him a Bible, on purpose, and with talents, to hold it up to ridicule—for he was educated in the College of Edinburgh, with an original stock of no common understanding.

“He would eat nothing that had been killed, and was of a robust constitution, living entirely on vegetables, fruit, eggs, &c. But he was no bigot on this—frequently inviting his few friends to dine with him at a good eating-house—begging them to choose their dishes—doing the same himself, without a word on the subject of his opinion. He was sober, seldom gay or trifling, and of a very generous disposition.

“His creed was short, pithy, and clear: no God, no governors, none higher than another—ergo, no palaces, no towns, no commerce, no arts, no sciences: to thin all populations, and the survivors to live as they could according to their art and cunning—according to the doctrine of Spinoza.

“We accompanied him out of Paris at the head of his regiment, on his departure for the Vendee. He was melancholy as he marched along—saying; ‘I should march cheerfully if I were going against the infamous

House of Austria—but I am going against Frenchmen, whose countrymen have given the signal against European despotism. And I am going to battle in some wood—to be shot at from behind a tree, and to die like a dog.' . . . Which, alas! was realized on the 14th of September, 1793.

"Poor man! his intellects were greatly out of harmony. He is the author of a little work, intitled, 'The Cry of Nature in favour of Animals,' published by Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard."

The style in which this production is written, is well calculated to depict the uninterrupted succession of horrible events, which marked the progress of the French Revolution. Mr. Thomson, it seems, was once a violent revolutionist. But his sentiments are changed, and he justifies the change in the following manner.

"I am considered," he says, "by some of my old acquaintance, as apostate from democratic principles; that is, because, instead of going ~~down~~ in apostacy to the cause of bondage, under a Corsican despot of 1815, I continue firm to my republican love of liberty of 1791. The cameleon changes colour, or, in different positions of the light, reflects green, blue, white or yellow—is the change in the animal, or in the gazer's eye? Does it follow that because I admire *white*, I must also admire *red*? that because I *then* admired freemen promising reform, I must *now* admire perjured slaves dashing in pieces every human right?"

Now, though we in general dislike what they call tergiversation, yet, in the present instance there is nothing to blame, but ~~something~~ to praise. Who is there among the earlier revolutionary advocates, who is not ashamed of his partiality to the disturbers of the world? If Mr. Thomson's political friends were good Christians (which democrats never are) they would rejoice at the improvement of his sentiments—aware that there ought to be great joy over a sinner that repenteth.—The following is his account of the fall of the infamous Robespierre.

"On the 8th Thermidor—25th July, 1794—Robespierre pronounces a discourse in the Jacobin Club, that warns them of a blow he is to strike in the Convention next day. Those who are to be the first victims, wait for him with impatience. Collot d'Herbois is one of them, and he is president; with a list before him of the conspirators, who only are to speak. St. Just, Couthon, Lebas, and others, arrive. The curtain rises, and Robespierre enters with the bloody roll of proscription in his hand. The writer of this was present. St. Just prepares the attack, but he is soon silenced—Couthon's voice is drowned—Lebas is thrown down from the tribune. 'I demand to be heard,' cries Robespierre. 'In your turn,' answers the president—Billaud Varennes, against him, speaks—Tallien eyes him with his blood-stained countenance, and exclaims, 'They are tearing away the mask, I perceive,' and flourishes a dagger

before him. 'I demand to be heard,' cries Robespierre—'You have spoken enough,'—they cry on every side—'Down with the tyrant! Down with the triumvirate!'—Robespierre was foaming at the mouth with rage to be heard—'The blood of Danton chokes you,' they said to him—'I demand leave to speak, or death!'—'You deserve it a thousand times,' they cried."

"On the 16th Thermidor—28th July—the two Robespierres, Coutton, St. Just, Henriot, the general of Paris, Fleuriot, the mayor, Dumas, president of the Tribunal, Simon, the jailor of the Dauphin, Payan, the national agent, with 13 more, were guillotined on the spot where the monarch fell, amidst the loud shouts of 'The Republic for ever!' and, which would have been pain of death before, 'The Nation for ever!'—The execution of Robespierre and his accomplices was, literally, a public festival. From the disasters of the Commune, they made a most pitiful figure in the carts. Many of their colleagues were in the crowd to insult them as they passed. Robespierre was the last executed. He made an effort to stand erect, while the executioner was tying him to the plank. The operation of tearing the rags from his head was painful, and rendered his head, when exposed, the most frightful they had ever seen."

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Miscellanea.

THE REVIEWERS.

REVIEWERS are self-constituted arbiters. A mysterious and intangible authority veils their proceedings. Whatever be the nature and extent of their individual responsibility, their incorporation in the various and opposite classes they have formed, and the anonymous character of their compositions, shield them alike from equal attack, and from just retaliation. With such dangerous prerogatives, it was to be expected that they would not bear their faculties very meekly; and that numerous instances would occur of unmerited eulogy, and indiscriminate censure. The fact is too notorious to need any particular illustration. "Who that hath ears to hear," has not heard of works distinguished by their original information and beneficial tendencies, being laughed out of notice by the wit or the sneer of a critical satirist—while sufficient proof has been afforded,

through the misrepresentations or the ignorance of the satirist, ~~that~~ he had examined neither the work nor the subject? His knowledge of the author had been confined to the title-page, and the table of contents; a single sentiment found out by chance and incidentally brought forward, had enabled the *soi-disant critic* to guess at the creed or the party of the writer—some dashing common-places in the style of calumny and abuse, arise out of this fortunate discovery; the volume is consigned to oblivion or contempt; and this effusion of political antipathy, or religious intolerance, is entitled—*a Review!*

It has not unfrequently happened, that a philosophical hypothesis, or a theory in moral or physical science, admired and applauded in one place, has, from its mere locality, been condemned under another meridian! An university becomes the nucleus of a party; and in a review their transactions are recorded, their principles defended; and through it their periodical asperities are conveyed to all around them. A metaphysical dissertation by a disciple of the school of Reid, is answered in the southern metropolis before it can be read, and condemned before it be comprehended. If a work be announced by some well known character, whether it be poetical, political, philosophical, ecclesiastical or religious, nothing is so easy as to predict in what journals it will be censured, in what admired. It is natural indeed for Reviewers, as well as other men, to have their own opinions on questions of literature, politics, and theology; but the ferocity of intolerant partisans, and the harsh, unsparing invectives of newspaper declamation, ought not to degrade and disgrace the repositories of criticism.

Why are not reviews reviewed? Can any reason be assigned why *they* should be exempted from regular investigation? There really is nothing in their nature or design to prove, that the writers of them are not fitter objects of animadversion than any class of authors whatever. Their number, their clanship, their severity, and above all their invisibility, imperiously require that *they*, in their turn, should be candidly noticed: and some of our readers will not be displeased to find, that it is our intention to undertake the periodical exposure of

critical injustice in the conduct of our own intermeddling cap-
tious fraternity. In the arrangements we have made for this
purpose, we have two objects in view—the reparation due to
individuals who have been wantonly traduced; and (what we
consider a still more important obligation) the counteracting of
the effects of those prejudices and misconceptions, which have
originated in the partial statements of modern criticism.

To this project the old adage may be applied, “Physician
heal thyself,”—and we declare, that we shall most willingly
include our own contributors, whenever there shall appear
proofs of their delinquency. If it be further inquired, “Who
gave us authority?” we will answer, that it is derived from
the same source in which the authority of all Reviewers takes
its rise, ~~and~~ as others do not doubt the legitimacy of theirs, we
shall respect our own. We are liable we know, to a similar
scrutiny; and we assure *all whom it may concern*, that, if the
interests of truth be at any time promoted by subjecting our
proceedings to inquiry, we will not only commend honorable
motives, but rejoice in the success of well intended efforts.

Public Affairs.

WHEN we turn our eyes to the continent, we are astonished at the prodigious change which a few years have effected. We behold the despotic arbitress of the fate of nations suing—not for dignified alliance, but here for protection—there even for mercy—and from those very powers over whom she had often most capriciously tyrannised. Her folly had brought on disorders, her criminality had provoked punishment, through which she is at length so miserably exhausted and enfeebled, that if the leading governments of Europe employ but a moderate share of prudence, they will have nothing to fear from her power for a whole age.

It was the military success and fame of France that placed her, for many years, so far above her neighbours. And has ~~this~~ her proudest distinction also been destroyed? What less could be expected? The blood of millions “cried unto heaven;” Europe was incensed; and the tide of success, which had flowed so long, at length ebbed—leaving the general foe in the presence of hostile armies—naked and defenceless—without means and without hope. Yet, none commiserated the condition of the French, all being of opinion, that no people had ever so grossly abused the favors of fortune.

It so happened, that even those who studied war as a profession, had no ground left for regretting that the French were no longer to give them lessons. The schemes of domination formed by that ambitious people had already obliged them to develop all their military science: and the principle of self-defence had led those whom they had injured, at first to borrow their maxims, and finally to improve upon them so as to employ them for their utter discomfiture and disgrace. We ourselves have been in the arena long enough to learn much more of the art of war, than a people uniformly fortunate can possi-

bly know. And, were it not for that presumption which original low breeding and a defective education generate, there is not a fellow in the French army who could hold up his head in the presence of any foreign officer of distinction.

The subversion of the almost unlimited power of France was, however, preceded by the loss of her acknowledged superiority in the regions of fashion. There her influence was unequalled; and it was universally admired and cheerfully supported, because, unaccompanied with guilt, it always contributed somewhat to human enjoyment. It was the ferocious spirit of the republic, that robbed France of her polished manners and refined conversation—which at once barbarised the persons and brutalized the minds of her inhabitants. The empire of fashion France may, from her central position, one day recover: but it will not be absolute; for scarcely can anything be conceived as essential to elegance or ornament, that is not sufficiently known and generally adopted in other countries.

Their revolutionary policy, and their military enterprise are gone. Let them go—the one was most unprincipled, the other most flagitious. Let even their skill in engaging manners prevail or decay as caprice may direct; the world can do without it. But this indifference does not extend to everything French. We sincerely wish to see the men of letters, the artists, and the philosophers of France, once more moving uninterruptedly in their proper spheres—mingling a pleasing morality with romance, with politics, with philosophy; and enlarging the bounds of chemical and mathematical science. The awful vicissitudes which they have witnessed, cannot have unfitted them for atoning, in some degree, for the guilt of their country. The desolate appearance of the Louvre, must not dishearten them. It is not likely, indeed, that it will, so kind has nature been in putting into their power the oblivion both of monstrous crimes, and of their degrading penalties.

By way of easing his country of its host of liberators, Louis has thought proper to form a new administration, and to come to terms of accommodation with the allies. This administration, it is well known, is not attached to the principles either of the jacobins or of the late tyrant. It possesses the prominent features of a genuine

Bourbon ministry; and with these features many people in this country are so well acquainted, that they will probably think it easy to predict the future policy of France. Calling to mind the system of the court of Versailles for ages—that system which never was known to admit of any relaxation in the spirit of general aggrandisement, or any abatement of jealousy towards this island—they will fancy that they discern the seeds of bitter, though somewhat distant enmities. May we not, however, reasonably enough reckon upon the effects of a higher wisdom, and of a juster policy, in that court? Putting gratitude out of the question, may we not hope that France, if not induced to abstain from hostile acts by a sense of the value of our friendship, will at least be restrained by a conviction of the danger of provoking farther hostilities? “The French people,” says the Duke of Wellington in his well-timed, sensible, simple letter to Lord Castlereagh, “are already convinced that Europe is too strong for them, and have been made to feel that, however extensive for a time their temporary and partial advantages over one or more of the powers of Europe may be, the day of retribution must at length come.” Happen what will, it is well for mankind at the present hour, that the jacobins have been thwarted, and the grand oppressor crushed. With the exhaustion of the recent contest, and the precautions which the allies have taken, twenty years will elapse before any Bourbon government can be in a condition to engage in an extended warfare. But as the spirit of the jacobins is only suppressed, not subdued, less than one-fourth that time—reckoning from the removal of the present restraints—will be quite sufficient to enable them to rear their heads and wrap the continent in a flame. What is it to them, whether, or not, their country be again conquered, and its capital a third time taken? They have beheld no series of punishments calculated to deter hardened offenders—only one of a thousand notorious culprits having yet suffered. Exile to such men is not a terrible punishment. They are citizens of the world—*ubi sint ibi patria*; and whether in their own country, or in any other, they will retain

———“th’ unconquerable will,
The study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.”

The remedy is obvious—*continue the restraints* on France. If they are to be removed when a certain sum of money is paid to the allies, that money will soon be produced. The jacobins will be found wonderfully prompt in their contributions; and the royalists, with whom the Buonapartists will presently and artfully coalesce, will be ashamed of being outdone, and hasten to find their quota. Hate of the government, and love of it, will have similar effects; and in process of time the allies will feel acutely the folly of that culpable weakness, which some people have chosen to call *magnanimity*.—Louis the 18th's reign will never be undisturbed: his throne will be secure only so long as the allies shall remain to guard it. Were they now to consider the affairs of France so well composed as to admit of their recalling the whole of their forces, in one year we should witness the fatal catastrophe of the King—in spite of all that his newly modelled army could possibly achieve.

One would imagine, that mankind must have been so completely sickened of revolutionary movements, that the British public would be appalled at the very idea of another conflict between the governors and governed of any civilized country. And yet the tidings that lately reached us on the subject of the opposition made to the Spanish government by Porlier, excited no disquietude throughout the country. To what is this quiescence of mind ascribable? Not to indifference about Spain—for there is no country to which we still turn our attention with more alacrity; none for which we have breathed more good wishes; none on which we have lavished more of our means.—We have purchased it with the blood, and nourished it with the bread, of our children. After all, we can, it seems, look on with composure, and see it in danger of being torn to pieces by intestine violence. No ordinary cause can account for so extraordinary an effect. Yet the cause is readily comprehended by all who have marked the occurrences of the last twelve months at Madrid.—When the people of France rebel, we join our neighbours in trying to reclaim them, for we have an immediate interest in doing so. But now that Napoleon's empire has come to a close, a conflict in Spain might not be

thought likely to affect us, and therefore it is highly probable, that, were such to take place, the Prince Regent's ministers would take no part in it. They could not oppose the Spanish people; and to support them, would be to menace the stability of the power of a prince whom we had, but the other day, striven, with the eyes of the whole world upon us, to replace on his throne. We trust that the vast numbers of jacobins who have lately flown across the Pyrennees to offer their assistance, will not succeed in causing their principles to predominate.

Omitting, for a while, the consideration of both France and Spain—the one odious for its infidelity and anomalous freedom, the other despicable for its fanaticism and proneness to slavery, we beg leave to glance, in our usual way, at some of our own dominions. Of these, the most extensive, the most populous, and most important, as well in a political and military, as in a commercial point of view, is India—respecting which, we shall enter into no particulars now, meaning to deliver our sentiments at length, in a series of papers in subsequent numbers. To them we refer without hesitation, believing that they will be found to be no indifferent exposition of the institutions, of the administration civil and judicial, and of the general interests, of our vast oriental empire—an empire, the resources of which bear a greater proportion to those of Great Britain, than the resources of Brazil do to those of Portugal.

Ireland, it seems, again engrasses the cares of both its own government and ours, by the lawless conduct of considerable bodies of its inhabitants. The diversity of human character in that island is extreme—one set of men excelling alike in the arts that humanise and the sciences that ennoble, while another, and unhappily the more numerous one, really is no better than a race of robbers and cut-throats. None of the ages denominated dark and barbarous, ever exhibited more lamentable proofs of gross ignorance, and contempt of the laws of both God and man, than does the present age in the instance of the Irish malcontents. Would to heaven that the learned leaders of them, at least, were with their Father the Pope, or with general Buonaparte, or any where but where they are. The union was intended—

and was well calculated, to impart sounder principles and better manners to the mass of the Irish; but, while designing, mercenary demagogues are consulted—while there exists a religion which flourishes most in the midst of ignorance, and which permits one half the crimes which a man can commit, and grants him absolution for all the rest, no considerable improvement of any kind is to be expected. Rigorous discipline may do some good among the dissatisfied of the sister island, just as it does among soldiers and sailors. For five years, it seems, the allied armies are to prompt the French banditti to something like moderation and common honesty: for seven years, at least, the demeanour of the seditious Irish ought to be regulated solely by the wise provisions of the Mutiny Act; and during that period the Neys, and the Fouchés, and the Carnots of Ireland, ought to have full justice done them.

What can be the meaning of those rumours so frequently circulated at Vienna (some of them semi-officially) of the 'Turks forcing certain points on the Danube, and of the great apprehensions of danger to his states felt by the emperor? The Servians alone are nearly a match for the Turks, who desire nothing of their neighbours but *peace*: and if so, what can the Austrians have to fear, especially since they must be assured that, in any contest with the Porte, they shall be supported not only by the Servians, but by the Russians. Still both the imperial courts affect alarm, and powerful bodies of their troops are pressing on to the southward. Of the views of those courts, it will be impossible to form a rational and satisfactory conjecture, till the terms of the new treaty with France be made public. It is obvious, however, that a storm is brooding, and that some of the Ottoman provinces are destined to pass into new hands. The recent aggrandisement of Prussia will enable that power to view, without concern, the spoliation of Turkey by its rivals.

MONTHLY REGISTER

OF

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

••• The Conductors of the AUGUSTAN REVIEW request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publisher (post paid) before the 20th of the month.

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INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

M. DE SAUSSURE communicated, in 1812; a curious and important paper to the Geneva Society, *on the Absorption of the Gases by different Bodies*. This paper was published in "Gilbert's Annalen des Physick," in July, 1814; from which it has been translated by Dr. Thomson, and a part of it published in the 34th number of his "*Annals of Philosophy*." As these "*Observations*" possess much importance, in a chemical point of view, and our best information on the subject is still very deficient, we

shall extract the principal results, referring to either of the above valuable works for an account of the experiments and processes by which they were obtained.

M. de Saussure arranges his experiments under three heads, or sections; the *first* contains his experiments on the condensation of pure and unmixed gases by solid bodies; the *second*, those on the absorption of mixed gases by solid bodies; and the *third* consists of observations on the absorption of gases by liquids.

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SECTION I.

Absorption of pure Gases.

The experiments which gave the following results, were made between the temperatures of 52° and 56° ; and under a barometrical pressure of $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches of mercury; and the numbers, which refer to the volume of charcoal, considered as unity, were almost always means of several experiments.

Charcoal of box-wood, after a contact of 24 or 26 hours, absorbs of

	Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	90
Muriatic acid	85
Sulphurous acid	65
Sulphureted hydrogen.....	55
Nitrous oxide	40
Carbonic acid	35
Olefiant gas.....	35
Carbonic oxide	9.42
Oxygen	9.25
Azote	7.5
Oxy-carbureted hydrogen	5
Hydrogen	1.75

The charcoal from which the above results were obtained was dry; but when it is moistened with water, the absorption of all those gases which have not a strong affinity for water is diminished; and the time of saturation is also greatly increased. Heat is disengaged by the condensation of gases by means of charcoal; and barometrical pressure has likewise great influence on this condensation. When the charcoal was freed from its atmospheric air by means of the air pump, the absorption was

nearly as great as when heat was employed for that purpose.

The property of condensing gases is common to other porous bodies besides charcoal; though not in so high a degree. M. de Saussure also made experiments with the Spanish stone denominated Meerschauin, which afforded the following results, at the temperature of 59° , and under a pressure of 28.74 inches: viz. the absorption was, of

	Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	15
Sulphureted hydrogen.....	11.7
Carbonic acid gas	5.26
Nitrous oxide	3.75
Olefiant gas	3.7
Azotic gas	1.6
Oxygen gas.....	1.49
Carbonic oxide	1.17
Oxy-carbureted hydrogen	0.85
Hydrogen	0.44

The same author also made experiments with the following substances. A volume of adhesive slate of Menilmontant, when deprived of its air by means of the air-pump, absorbed, at the same temperature,

	Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	11.5
Carbonic acid	2
Olefiant	1.5
Azotic	0.7
Oxygen	0.7
Carbonic oxide	0.55
Oxy-carbureted hydrogen	0.55
Hydrogen	0.43

2. Ligniform Asbestos from the Tryol and Rock Cork, when deprived of their air by means of the pump, absorbed the following proportions of gas, when at the temperature of 59° : viz.

	Ligniform Asbestos. Volumes.	Rock Cork. Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	12.75	2.3
Carbonic acid	1.7	0.82
Olefiant	1.7	0.82
Carbonic oxide	0.58	0.78
Azotic	0.47	0.68
Oxygen	0.47	0.68
Oxy-carb. hyd.	0.41	0.68
Hydrogen	0.31	0.68

Saxon Hydrophane and Quartz from Vauvert, absorbed the following proportions: viz.

	Hydrophane. Volumes.	Quartz. Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	64	10
Muriatic acid	17	
Sulphurous acid	7.37	
Carbonic acid	1	0.6
Olefiant	0.8	0.6
Azotic	0.6	0.45
Oxygen	0.6	0.45
Hydrogen	0.4	0.37

Sulphate of lime, the specific gravity of which was 0.96, imbibed the following quantities of gas.

	Volumes.
Oxygen gas	0.58
Azotic	0.53
Hydrogen	0.50
Carbonic acid	0.43

The proportions imbibed by swimming carbonate of lime, or Agric mineral, were also the following: viz.

	Volumes.
Carbonic acid gas	0.87
Azotic	0.80
Hydrogen	0.80
Oxygen	0.67

Experiments were also made with different kinds of wood, and the proportions absorbed were as follow:

	Hazel.	Mulberry.
Ammoniacal gas	100	88
Carbonic acid	1.1	0.46
Olefiant	0.71	
Oxy-carb. hyd.	0.58	
Hydrogen	0.58	0.46
Carbonic oxide	0.58	
Oxygen	0.47	0.34
Azotic	0.21	0.18

With fir-wood and linen-thread the absorptions were, of

	Fir.	Linen- thread
Ammoniacal gas		68
Carbonic acid	1.1	0.62
Olefiant		0.48
Oxy-carb. hyd.		0.35
Hydrogen	0.46	0.35
Carbonic oxide		0.35
Oxygen	0.34	0.35
Azotic	0.18	0.33

The absorption of gases by raw silk and wool was as follows: viz.

	Wool.	Silk.
	Volumes.	
Ammoniacal gas		78
Carbonic acid	1.7	1.1
Olefiant	0.57	0.5
Oxygen	0.43	0.44
Carbonic oxide	0.3	0.3
Hydrogen	0.3	0.3
Azotic	0.24	0.125

JOHN MURRAY, M. D. F. R. S. Ed. has published a very ingenious and interesting paper, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the Diffusion of Heat at the Surface of the Earth. In this paper the learned author's principal aim is to ascertain the manner in which heat is communicated to our planet, and the circumstances under which it can escape from it,

and be diffused over the regions of unlimited space. This inquiry furnishes him with the following conclusions, which may be regarded as a brief summary of the whole.—*First*, ‘That there is a tendency to equalization of temperature over the whole surface of the earth.’ *Secondly*, ‘That this continues to operate in such a manner, that in the progress of time the difference at different parts must become less than what existed at a preceding period; and that ultimately, a temperature nearly uniform shall be established over the whole.’ *Thirdly*, ‘The temperature of the globe must, from the mode in which heat is communicated to it, rise, and at the same time, as it advances, must become more equal over the whole surface. And this rise has its limits; there cannot be either unlimited increase of heat, or indefinite refrigeration; but the final result will be a state of permanence and uniformity, the continuance of which is secured by the very circumstance, that, if it is deviated from, the deviation must check itself.’

Dr. Murray has also analysed the mineral waters of Dunblane and Pitcaithly, an account of which was read to the same society, in November, 1814. The waters of Dunblane have been lately discovered, and consist of two springs of the saline class, called the North and South springs. The specific gravity of the water of the North spring is 1:00475; and it does not suffer any change in its sensible qualities from exposure to the atmospheric air. A careful analysis

of one English pint of this water afforded the following ingredients, as the result: viz.

	Grains.
Muriate of Soda	24
Muriate of lime	18
Sulphate of lime	3·5
Carbonate of lime	0·5
Oxide of iron	0·17
	<hr/>
	46·17

The same quantity of water taken from the South spring, the specific gravity of which was 1·00419, yielded the following results: viz.

	Grains.
Muriate of soda	22·5
Muriate of lime	16
Sulphate of lime	2·3
Carbonate of lime	0·3
Oxide of iron	0·15
	<hr/>
	41·25

The proportions of the saline ingredients in an English pint of the Pitcaithly water, are, according to the Doctor's analysis,

	Grains.
Muriate of soda	13·4
Muriate of lime	19·5
Sulphate of lime	0·9
Carbonate of lime	0·5
	<hr/>
	34·3

To which the following aerial ingredients are to be added: one cubic inch of carbonic acid gas, and half that quantity of atmospheric air.

ALEXANDER WALKER has published, in the last number of Dr. Thomson's *Annals of Philosophy*, “*An Attempt to Systematize Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology.*” After pointing out the confusion and obscurity

in which these sciences are involved for want of system, he presents the following, as the general outlines of his plan.

“ In viewing, then, the organs in a general manner, a class at once obtrudes itself, from its consisting of an *apparatus of levers*, from its performing motion from place to place, or *locomotion*, and from these motions being of the most *obvious kind*. A little more observation presents to us another class, which is distinguished from the preceding by its consisting of *cylindrical tubes*, by its transmitting and transmuting liquids, or performing *vascular action*, and by its motions being *barely apparent*. Further investigation discovers a third, which differs essentially from both these, in its consisting of *nervous particles*, in its transmitting impressions from external objects, or performing *nervous action*, and in that action being *altogether invisible*.

“ Thus each of these classes is distinguished from another by the **STRUCTURE** of its parts, by the **PURPOSES** which it serves, and by the greater or less **OBVIOUSNESS** of its motions.

“ The human body, then, consists of organs of three kinds. By the first kind, motion from place to place, or mechanical action, is effected; by the second, nutrition, or vital action, is maintained; and by the third, thought, or intellectual action, is permitted. **ANATOMY** I therefore divide into three parts; namely, that which considers the mechanical or locomotive organs, that which considers the vital organs, and that

which considers the intellectual organs.

“ Under the mechanical or locomotive organs, I class, first, the bones, which support the rest of the animal structure; second, the ligaments, which unite them; and third, the muscles, which move them.

“ Under the vital organs, I class, first, the external and internal absorbent surfaces, and the vessels which absorb from these surfaces, or the organs of absorption; second, the heart, lungs, and blood-vessels, which derive their contents (the blood) from the absorbed lymph, or the organs of circulation; and third, the glands and secreting surfaces, which separate various matters from the blood, or the organs of secretion.

“ Under the intellectual organs, I class, first, the organs of sense, where impressions take place; second, the cerebrum, or organ of thought, where these excite ideas; and third, the cerebellum, where volition results from the last.

“ In order to arrange animal **PHYSIOLOGY**, it is only necessary to substitute the term ‘functions’ for ‘organs;’ and that science will likewise involve, in application, the physiology of mineral and vegetable bodies, and be in its turn capable of instant adaptation to medical science.

“ Thus the functions also are divided into mechanical, vital, and intellectual.

“ The mechanical functions are subdivided into that of support, that of connexion, and that of locomotion.

"The vital functions are divided into that of absorption, that of circulation, and that of secretion.

"The intellectual functions are divided into that of sensation, that of mental operation, and that of volition."

"In order to arrange PATHOLOGY, for the term "healthy functions," the subject of physiology, it is only necessary to substitute the term "diseased functions."

"The classes of disease are, therefore, like those of anatomy and physiology, three; namely, diseases of the mechanical or locomotive functions, diseases of the vital functions, and diseases of intellectual functions.

"The orders of the first class, as affecting the functions of the bones, the ligaments, and the muscles, are three, viz. diseases of support, diseases of connexion, and diseases of locomotion.

"Those of the second class, as affecting the functions of the absorbent, the circulating, and the secreting vessels, are likewise three, viz. diseases of absorption, diseases of circulation, and diseases of secretion.

"Those of the third class, as affecting the functions of the organs of sense, of the brain, and of the nerves, are also three, viz. diseases of impression, diseases of judgment, and diseases of volition.

"The genera under each order consist of diminished, depraved, and increased, functions."

"Precisely in the same way would I class the articles of the MATERIA MEDICA; first, as ope-

rating upon the mechanical, vital, or intellectual, organs; and then as either increasing, rendering regular, or diminishing their action." See *Ann. of Phil.* No. 34.

STROMEYER states that starch is so delicate a test of iodine, when in an uncombined state, that one *four hundred and fifty thousandth part* of iodine, is sufficient to cause it to assume a perceptible blue color, when present in the liquid which is examined. The blue composed of iodine and starch was first made known by MM. Colin and Gaultier de Claubry.

DR. THOMSON has lately examined a substance resembling the color of a watch spring, and possessing little metallic lustre, which is sublimed during the operation of burning London bricks. It is found in a crystallized state in the form of long slender needles; but its texture is so delicate, that it can scarcely be collected without falling to powder. Dr. Thomson considers this substance to be gelena, or sulphuret of lead; and ascribes its sublimation to that of sal-ammoniac, which is sublimed during the same process of brick burning.

COL. BEAUFOY has published, in the last No. of the *Ann. of Philos.* a description of a machine for measuring and registering the rise and fall of the tide, during the whole flow and ebb. But we must refer for the description of this instrument, and

the plate by which it is accompanied, to the above-mentioned scientific Journal. Respecting its application, this ingenious writer remarks,

“As this instrument marks the ascent and descent of the water every ten minutes, sufficient datum will be given for finding the nature of the curve described by the tide: and if a register of the strength of the wind, and the point of the compass it blew from, was also kept, it might determine whether the wind most affected the velocity or the altitude of the tide. If instruments of this description were used in different parts of the world, and tables of the flux and reflux of the tide preserved for a period of 18½ years, the length of time in which most of the lunar irregularities of motion take place, little doubt can be entertained but that as accurate tide tables might be made for the rest of the world as have been calculated for Liverpool by Mr. Nolden, and for the Thames by Capt. Huddart.”

Col. Beaufoy has also subjoined the results of some experiments on the resistance experienced by bodies moving through air and water, which differ considerably from those which have been given by former observers. The different shaped bodies which the Col. used with respect to air, were the plane, cylinder, cone, and wedge, the latter two moving both with their bases and vertices first. Respecting the resistance of air, he observes,

“By looking at the experiments, it is evident that the bases of the cylinder, cone, and wedge,

are less resisted than the plane; and that the cone and wedge, when moving with their bases foremost, are less resisted than the cylinder; therefore a mere increase of length decreases the resistance to the plane, but not so much as by altering the shape of the hinder extremity. With respect to the resistance to the apex of the cone and wedge, it is evident that the resistance to the former figure is not widely different from the resistance to the plane reduced in the proportion of radices to the sine of the angle of incidence 45° : and, could experiments be made free from errors, the resistance would decrease precisely as the log. sine of half the cone's angle; but with the wedge it is otherwise, the resistance decreasing in a greater proportion.

“Experiment also proves that the most advantageous angle for the sail of a windmill to be set in motion in is 60° , instead of $35^\circ 16'$, reckoning from the plane of its motion, or the wind should strike the sail at an angle of 30° , and not $54^\circ 44'$; and the most advantageous angle for the rudder to make with the keel, when the impulse of the water is given, I believe to be 30° . After the impulse is given, and the vessel turns, the angle should be altered, if the rudder coincides with the curve described by the stern, because then it is evident the rudder would be of no use.”

From his experimented resistances of water to a plane, at the depth of 6 feet below the surface, a table of which he has given, Col. B. calculates the resistance

of the water to a second rate man of war, which draws 24 feet water, and sails with a velocity of 20 feet per second, to be 21979 lbs. or rather more than nine tons; and adds, "but in fact this additional resistance to the division of the fluid must be far greater, as a vessel when coppered is, comparatively speaking, a very uneven surface; and any contrivance for diminishing the friction would be very desirable."

After the table of the friction of water at the mean depth of 6 feet, Col. B. observes; "from these experiments, it is evident that the resistance a body meets with when moving in water consists of three parts—the head resistance, the minus pressure, and the friction."

The results of COL. BEAUFOY'S magnetical observations for August, 1815, are the following:

Morning	24°	16'	01"
Noon	24	24	07
Evening	24	18	22
<hr/>			
Mean of the three	24	19	30
Mean for July	24	20	26

Difference 0 0 56

According to these observations, therefore, the declination of the needle has diminished 56" during the month of August.

The rain which fell at Hackney Wick, between noon on the 1st of August and noon on the

1st of September last, was 1.845 inches; and the evaporation during the same period 3.42 inches.

The following are the results of the Meteorological Journal kept by Mr. Luke Howard, at Tottenham, in Middlesex, from the 11th to the 26th of August inclusive.

Barometer.

Greatest height 30.02 inch.
Least height 29.35

Thermometer.

Greatest height 79°
Least height 44
Rain (in 16 days) 1.74 inches.

The Thermometer was the highest on the 24th of the month and lowest on the 11th.

The results from the 27th of August to the 25th of September inclusive were as follow.

Winds light and variable.

Barometer.

Greatest height 30.11 inch.
Least 29.46
Mean of the period 29.892

Thermometer.

Greatest height 79°
Least 31
Mean of the period 57
Rain 0.57 inch.

The greatest height of the Thermometer took place on the 14th, and the least on the 6th of September.

II.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

A Genealogical Account of the Royal House of Stuart, Kings of Scotland, North Britain, from the year 1043. By T. W. K. Waterhouse, Esq. The whole faithfully compiled from ancient charters, and other official documents and authentic Authors. Will speedily be published, in 8vo.

The Representative History of Great Britain, comprising a history of the House of Commons; and a history of the counties, cities, and boroughs of the United Kingdom. By T. H. B. Oldfield, Esq. In 6 Vol. 8vo, dedicated to the Hampden Society.

A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Literature; translated from the German of A. W. Schlegel. By John Black, Esq. In 2 Vol. 8vo.

Mr. W. H. Pyne is preparing for the press, **Annals of the Royal Residences of Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Kew, Kensington, Buckingham-house, St. James, Frogmore, and Carlton-house, to be embellished with 100 coloured engravings.**

Dr. Tho. Fuller will soon publish, **an Introduction to Prudence, or directions, counsels, and cautions, tending to the prudent management of affairs in common life.**

Mr. Charles Sylvester, of Derby, has in the press, **an Account of some Improvements in Domestic Economy, adopted at the Derbyshire General Infirmary, in**

a quarto volume, illustrated by ten plates.

The Rev. T. Pruett, of Aldbourn, Wilts, has in the press, **an Illustration of the Liturgy and Service of the United Church of England and Ireland; with an introductory sketch of the history of the British church.**

A series of fifteen years' correspondence of the late David Hume, esq. has lately been discovered, and is preparing for publication. The letters are addressed to the countess of Boufflers and the marchioness de Barbantini, two of the most distinguished ladies in France, between the years 1760 and 1776.

The Beauties of Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, arranged under various heads, and printed in a beautiful type, will soon appear.

An edition of the Sermons of Martin Luther, with a full-length portrait of that great man, from the large German print, is expected in the course of the month.

A new edition of the works of the Rev. Richard Cecil, with a memoir of his life by the Rev. Josiah Pratt, is in the press.

Rudiments of the Hebrew Language, with exercises exemplifying the rules; and a Key to the book of Psalms: containing the true pronunciation, different significations, and grammatical analysis of every word. By Joseph Samuel C. F. Frey, author of a Hebrew grammar, of a Hebrew-English-Latin Dictionary,

766 *Works preparing for Publication.*

and editor of Vander Hooght's Hebrew Bible.

The leading Heads of twenty-seven Sermons, preached by Dr. Philip Doddridge, at Northampton, in the year 1749, and never before printed. Will speedily be published, in 8vo, price 5s. in boards.

Cursory Remarks on the physical and moral History of the Human Species, and its connection with surrounding agency. By L. S. Boyne. 8vo.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, Vol. VI. 8vo.

Speeches of the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke, 8vo.

Sketches of Character, or Specimens of Real Life, 3d edition, in 3 Vols. 12mo.

A Treatise on some practical points relating to diseases of the Eye. By the late John Cunningham Saunders. Illustrated with eight engravings, and a portrait of the author, 2d edition, 8vo.

Monastic and Baronial Remains, by J. G. Parkyns, Esq. in 2 Vols. royal 8vo. Illustrated by upwards of 100 engravings.

The entire Works of Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder. Containing much new and curious matter, with notes, critical and explanatory, &c. &c. By G. F. Nott, D.D. F.S.A. late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

Mr. J. B. Sharpe, Member of the College of Surgeons, is reprinting the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Mad-houses; and for the great convenience of the reader

has arranged each subject of evidence under its distinct head.

Mr. Alex. Nicoll, of Balliol college, Oxford, will soon publish a Critical Dictionary of the Greek Language, translated from the German of Schneider into English, with additions and improvements.

Mr. W. P. Scargill is preparing for publication, an Etymological Dictionary of such English words as are derived from the Greek and Latin languages.

Essays on Practical Education. By Maria and R. L. Edgeworth. In 2 Vol. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of M. L. Ramsey, of Charleston, printed from the American edition, edited by Dr. D. Ramsey, will soon appear.

Mr. T. J. Arniger, of the royal college of Surgeons, has in the press, Rudiments of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body, designed for the use of young students.

Mr. Carpue's work on the Nasal Operation, with plates, will soon appear.

Mr. Rippon Porter will soon publish, in two duodecimo volumes, Love, Rashness, and Revenge, or tales of three passions.

The ninth volume of Dr. Shaw's General Zoology, being a continuation of the Birds, will appear in the course of a month.

The Rev. Brooke Bridges Stevens will soon publish, a Sermon preached at Great Coggeshall, Essex, in the behalf of the National Schools.

Mr. Bernard Mitchell, of Dublin, has nearly ready for publication, the Universal Penman, or

the beauties and utility of Writing truly exemplified.

Mr. James Harnett will soon publish, *Waterloo*, a poem, in which the principal incidents of that glorious battle are described.

A volume of *Practical Sermons*, by the late Dr. Scott, rector of Simonbourn, will soon appear.

Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, will soon publish, the *Present of a Mistress to a young Servant*, consisting of friendly advice and real histories.

A *Key to the Almanack*, explaining the fasts, festivals, saints' days, and other holidays in the calendar: with the astronomical and chronological terms, &c. &c. arranged alphabetically, for easy reference. By J. Bannantine. Will be published on the 2d of November, price 2s. 6d.

A 3d edition corrected and enlarged, with new preface, &c. of *a Month in Town*, will be ready for publication in the course of this week.

A new satirical *Novel* from the pen of Mr. Hedgehog, the

author of *a Month in Town*, *Rejected Odes*, *General Post Bag*, &c. &c. will be published in a few days, entitled, *One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen*, in 3 Vols. 12mo.

The Antiquary, a novel, by the author of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, in 3 Vols. 12mo.

Select pieces of early popular Poetry, Edited by E. V. Uttersson, Esq.

The Rev. Joseph Fletcher, A.M. of Blackburn, intends to publish, by subscription, price 7s. in crown 8vo, *Lectures on the principles and institutions of the Roman Catholic Religion*.

Mr. Elton is preparing an elegant and much improved edition of his translation of the *Works of Hesiod*.

Mr. Roby will shortly publish a poem, entitled, *Sir Beogram*.

Mr. Isaac Wilson of Hull, is about to publish his *Catalogue of Books*, comprising upwards of 12000 Volumes, and including many rare and valuable articles in Ancient and Modern Literature.

III.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Tenth and Last Volume of *General Biography*; or, *Lives, Critical and Historical*, of the most Eminent Persons of all Ages, Countries, Conditions, and Professions, arranged according to Alphabetical Order. By John Aikin, M.D. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

A *Biographical Memoir* of the late Sir Peter Parker, Bart. Captain of his Majesty's Ship *Menelaus*, of 38 Guns, killed in Action while storming the American Camp at Bellair, near Baltimore, on the 31st of August, 1814. 4to. 12s. boards. A few Copies, with a Proof Impression of the Portrait, Price 15s.

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The New Annual Register; or, General Repository of History, Politics, and Literature, for the Year 1814. To which is prefixed the History of Knowledge, Learning, Taste, and Science in Great Britain, during the Reign of George III. 1814. 1l. boards—1l. 1s. h. bound.

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ERRATA IN No. V.

- Page 503, line 14. For induction *read* invention.
 504, ——— 26. For Barlam's *read* Barlow's.
 ——— ——— 36. For induction *read* invention.
 505, ——— 29. For Holyday *read* Holliday.

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THE
Augustan Review.

NO. VIII. FOR NOVEMBER, 1815.

Public Affairs.

VOLTAIRE says that the ancient Gauls *stood very much in need of being conquered by civilized nations*. The historian of the present age will affirm, that the modern Gauls, the other day, stood far more in need of being conquered than ever did their rude ancestors. They have been conquered; but not so as to prevent them from again appearing on the theatre of Europe, as a very powerful, and therefore very dangerous, people. The Allied Sovereigns had declared (we know not whether from conviction, or from a chivalrous spirit that delights in enterprises such as those with which France has more than once amused them) “That it is for the interest of Europe that France should continue to be great and powerful.” Widely different, however, are their ideas of the being who for many years inspired the French with a disposition to surpass all other created beings in refined wickedness;—who wielded beyond the limits of his mighty empire, a power which long bid defiance to all resistance; who managed a people committed to his care by no right divine,

with such consummate art, that most of them respected him, many even loved him, while they all confessed that he had allowed to none of them the secure enjoyment of property, of liberty, or of life! Tacitus could not, by a single stroke, have sketched the character either of such a people or such a chief.

The fate of Buonaparte becomes every day less interesting. He has done his worst, yet the world is happy. The voyage which he makes is *per undas irremediabiles*—it is to a spot so ingulphed in the wide ocean, that he may, without much impropriety, be said to have been expelled the earth. His satellites are, at length, of far more consequence to mankind than he. They are skulking among those whom they lately braved and trampled in the mire; but, closely pursued, justice must overtake many of them. It is of consequence that it should do so speedily; for if, through an excess of humanity, the more abandoned of them be suffered to escape, they will not do as they have been done by: the new lights burn within them; they are modern philosophers possessing no humanity; and, as occasion requires, the devoted servants of anarchy or of despotism. Had the allies found it possible to act unanimously on all recent occasions, they might have erected an insurmountable bar to French transgression of a public nature: but for this purpose, they must have subjected to condign punishment the whole of the more powerful and active instruments employed by the fallen tyrant: they must have insisted on the forfeiture of the property of all clearly convicted of treason, which property the crown could either have retained or bestowed on the ancient rightful owners: and, if their sense of future peril did not point to the occupation of the whole of any of the conquered provinces, their prudence would at least have suggested the propriety of holding in perpetuity every place of strength from Dunkirk to Strasburgh, and thence to the Bay of Biscay. This done, France might not have been always tranquil; but other countries would have been secure. The worst that could have been up

pretended would have been that the Parisian parties, pent up together like wild beasts freed from the presence of their keepers, would have set to work in good earnest, and have worried one another.—This, by the way, is the policy which was recommended to our government when the French Revolution first burst on mankind. But, at that time, it would have been both illiberal and inhuman, neither of which it would be now. Our chief regret is, that, in the case of the French again indulging their propensity to bloodshed, it will not be practicable to compel those to bear the miseries that may ensue, to whose erroneous decisions they will be attributable.

The Louvre is stripped of its stolen goods, and in that act the Parisians will read, in emphatic terms, the Marshal Blücher's moral lessons, on which the Duke of Wellington has commented so neatly. Certain fortified towns—nay, Paris itself, *unsafe in the hands of Frenchmen*, are garrisoned by foreigners; and France is constrained to pay a large sum of money for the erection of fortresses obviously and avowedly to thwart her own ambition! The consideration of these humiliating circumstances would effectually lower the crests of the ruffians who have lately been beaten and disarmed, could any species of disgrace possibly do so. But all this really is not enough. In no great space of time, the strong holds will be re-occupied; and from their nature and position, they will be a full counterpoise to any that we can suppose will be erected on the opposite frontier. In this case, the French, who never dread war from the miseries with which it is fraught; and who, under any form of government, will be able to assemble a great army much sooner than their neighbours, will have it in their power to do much mischief before they can possibly be checked. It has been fully proved, that it is not necessary to reduce every place of strength between the Rhine and Paris in order to reach that city: nor will a French commander think it necessary to get possession of such places as may be erected to cover Berlin and Vienna. Besides,

jealousies may arise among the friendly sovereigns. Austria and Prussia may quarrel, in which case one of them will either join France, or agree not to throw obstacles in her way. The King of the Netherlands may, in process of time, have fewer allies than he now has; Louis XVIII, or his successor, may contrive to have more. Envious, illiberal America, will join any power by which England is likely to be oppressed. The family compact with Spain may revive: for French address and intrigue are not extinct; and the court of Madrid is not one whit less senseless than it was when Napoleon deigned to visit the Peninsula. On the whole, to have insured safety to Europe, it was requisite, not only that the projected Belgian fortresses should be erected, but that the greater number of those on the northern line of France should either, as already stated, be held in perpetuity, or be completely rased—and the plough made to pass over the ground on which they stood. Among the Frenchmen of the present age, striking examples may be of some use, the wisest precepts can be of none.

Joachim, the last of the kings of Corsican creation, has been emulating the conduct, both of Napoleon, who actually forced his way to the throne of France with 600 men, and of Count Bentinck, who, the other day, made a gallant attempt to recover some territory which he had lost in Germany, with the aid of just *nine* bayonets! The force which Joachim brought against the armies of the King of the Two Sicilies, amounted to something less than *three-score* men including officers, which being insufficient either to advance or retire, fell into the hands of the invaded, who shot King Joachim without delay and without remorse. The promptitude with which his doom was sealed, ought to make the rulers of France blush for their culpable indecision. Dastards that they are, they studiously planned Napoleon's escape; and suspicions are not wanting, that British naval officers were instructed to look out for him, and to receive him as we all know Captain Maitland did. Had he been executed, some trouble to govern

ments, some anxiety to the virtuous portion of the French, and the expense of a good many thousands sterling per annum, would have been saved. And why was he not seized and instantly put to death? Was he less deserving of capital punishment than the desperate adventurer his brother-in-law? No: but the French were less disposed than even the Neapolitans to prove themselves the benefactors of mankind. They seem at present incapable of evincing any true greatness of mind; and their erroneous conduct is likely to cost them dear. Already have they had a false Napoleon among them. Their knowing that the fellow lives, and observing how tardy their government has been in bringing his accomplices to justice, will give rise to other pernicious reports—perhaps to some actual enterprise, so that France will long be kept in a ferment. Who will assert that the majority of its inhabitants as yet deserve the blessing of repose?

Did we not agree with the bishops and the poets, that *kings are from above*, we should, from what we have seen, conclude that Louis XVIII has appeared on the throne of France either too late, or too soon,—by a whole age. Nature had not fitted him to personate the despot; and through insidious advice his clemency has been grossly abused. Ney, who, relying on the favour of those who had participated in his crimes, has disdained to seek safety in flight, is that base offspring of the revolution which has lately engaged the attention of mankind. Excelman's acquittal was but an ambiguous indication of the fate that awaited this culprit. The members of the tribunal by which the former was tried, actuated by the prevailing egotism of their time, would have acquitted a devil, or condemned a saint, to gratify the emperor—for whom they already looked; and the court-martial that sat on the latter, actuated by the same sordid principle, would have endeavoured to secure the friendship of the king's government by acting justly, had they not dreaded to unveil their own guilt. In both cases the accused were equally guilty; the judges equally corrupt. The chamber of

peers, it is hoped, will discharge their duty more faithfully, so that there will soon be "a traitor less in the world."

The number of Frenchmen who have deserved death of their country is immense. It has been computed, that the most expert of the revolutionary executioners (and some of them, God forgive their employers, are wonderfully expert) could not blow a reasonable time for the sacred, and, among such villains, multifarious duties of a confessor, and render substantial justice to all the individuals regularly brought before him, in less than seven years, even if occupied day after day, from sun-rise to sun-set. We have no desire to hear of the dexterity of such an active citizen having been tried, and therefore only observe, that the very least that the millions of our fellow-creatures who have suffered from the French Revolution have a right to expect from Louis and his government is, that a regard to their own preservation, as well as to the general safety, should forthwith produce a few suitable examples of unquestionable retributive justice: to both the existing generation, and posterity, such examples would be most salutary. Caulincourt and Carnot ought to stand first on the list of the devoted, (Fouché has turned King's evidence) and then we would take the acquitted felon Excoeur, and Davoust, and Drouet, and Vandamme, and Clausel, and Soult, and Suchet, with the two traitors from the West Indies, and any other notorious culprit on whom the lot might fall, so as to make just a round dozen of the villains.

The proceedings at Vienna had apportioned the dominions of the congregated princes to the full satisfaction of all. Buonaparte's late usurpation, however, has suggested the necessity of additional securities against French aggression; and Prussia and the Netherlands have received accessions of territory which were not then contemplated; while the Emperor of Austria has received scarcely any accession, the Emperor of Russia none. These august sovereigns have sought to purchase the countenance of England to their future measures, by aggrandising the hour

of Orange (no idea of uniting the courts of St. Petersburg and of the Hague by a matrimonial union could then exist;) and by way of propitiating Prussia, they have agreed to her power being increased much beyond what she deserved, or even desired. Alexander's manners are the mildest imaginable; his policy, like his demeanour, is uniform and smooth; and withal, it is deep. Something of the same nature may be said, if not of Francis, at least of his cabinet. Now, what do their imperial majesties get in consideration of this remarkable instance of self-denial? Nothing—but permission to help themselves to what they please of the dominions of Turkey. This ill-governed empire, it is well known, has long subsisted on mere sufferance—a virtue that has arisen, not out of moderation, but of mutual jealousy. No European government respects, or can respect, the Porte: Russia has again and again, on occasions the most critical, had just cause to hate it. All Europe knows, that, in the year 1812, when Russia had to defend herself against Napoleon and his numerous vassals, Turkey was the invader's willing ally; and that when the restless tyrant left Elba, and Murat marched into Tuscany, the senseless Ottomans, under pretence of chastising the Servians, were once more up in arms. Murat has paid the penalty of his offence; and so, in due time, must the Grand Seignior.

But to what does Alexander aspire? To just as much of the Turkish territory as will render him secure from that quarter in the case of his again having to fight the battles of Europe? The continental writers say, that being of the Greek Church, and having learned of his grandmother that a spirit like that which once animated the Greeks might be revived, did the Russian sway extend over Greece, he is anxious to become the head of their church, and to exhibit them once more as patterns of elegance and wisdom. Few princes have been more praised than Alexander: few indeed have been more justly entitled to praise. But we cannot say that he is *præter laudem nullius aversum*: for we do not believe, that considerations about religion and social

improvement have a predominating influence on his determinations. Like a prudent monarch, he doubtless wishes for a certain number of square miles contiguous to his southern possessions, with some millions of souls on the same—though, in military governments, human bodies are more valued than human souls, Moldavia and Wallachia, with the free navigation of the Dardanelles, and a convenient port in the Mediterranean, are his objects; and they will satisfy him, unless the Porte act very imprudently. We remember a time when England and Prussia flew to arms, although the views of Russia were infinitely less aspiring than they are at present. But circumstances are altered. Of the weights belonging to the European balance, some have been thrown away, as if corroded through time; and their equivalents have been thrown into the scale with some of those that are to be retained. Even the notions which we had from our fathers about mercantile rivalry have undergone a remarkable change—such a one that, knowing that nothing but colonies can create an extensive foreign commerce, and that without commerce with distant colonies, there can be no formidable navy, England will not be alarmed should Russia obtain actual possession of all Greece. But if this would occasion no uneasiness, much less will the occupation of the Turkish provinces north of the Danube. And as to Austria opposing such occupation, nothing is so little to be apprehended—every project of the kind having, no doubt, been amicably settled. Besides, Austria will herself lay in a claim to no inconsiderable boon—to Belgrade for instance, and the whole district west of the Drin. And why should Great Britain be denied the recompense of her generous acquiescence? An island in the Levant might be acceptable; and we know quite as much of the ancient Greeks, and can lend a polish to the minds and the manners of their posterity just as well as the Muscovites. We thus speak of the Greeks of this day as being the descendants of the men who were once the light of the world. But be they who

they may, their condition will presently be improved, if it be true that their country has such attractions for Alexander; and if Francis be so anxious, as we are told he is, to see Dalmatia closely connected with his hereditary states. In this case, no apology, no ordinary concession will be sufficient to appease the Imperial courts. It is not a slight affront, or a trivial offence, that is to be atoned for, but serious aggressions and injuries which can be neither forgotten nor forgiven; and now that fair pretexts have been found, ample redress will be demanded in peremptory terms, as soon as the parties can assume an imposing attitude.

How can the Greeks brook the idea of becoming the subjects of a Northern power—of having Scythians for their instructors in the liberal arts? Their pleasure will not be consulted. But if it should, they will rejoice at the prospect opening upon them. They know well, that neither they, nor the Russians, are what their forefathers were a few centuries ago—that the Russians have risen as much above both the moral and the political condition of their progenitors, as *they* have sunk beneath those of *their* progenitors. Besides, the idea of a change—without considering well whether for the better or the worse, will delight most of them. They will view it as a translation, if not assuredly to a happy state, at least from one that is wretched. No where is the Turkish yoke borne with patience. And if the Asiatics are sick of it, and the Egyptians sometimes spurn it from them, how can we expect the Greeks to endure it?—We are very desirous to see a people called by such a name, and inhabiting such a country, placed in favorable circumstances. We are not convinced that the Russians are the fittest nation on earth, to civilize and instruct them: but they are fit enough to do so. Before the French Revolution, there could be no difficulty in pronouncing who were the people whose manners, and taste, and pursuits bore the closest resemblance to those of the accomplished Athenians. The Russians are, in some strong

points of character, downright Spartans. They have not been so much celebrated as some other nations for their skill in the fine arts, their productions in the belles lettres, their metaphysical researches, or their philosophical discoveries; but the manners of their gentry are polished, their knowledge of general literature is considerable, they study modern languages assiduously and successfully, and they are able statesmen well acquainted with the interests of nations. We need not add that they are good soldiers. It would be a blessing to the whole of Turkey to come under the government of any country as powerful and enlightened as Russia is; though the general policy of Europe will forbid the occurrence of such an event. The Russian discipline would tame the Janizaries, and prevent massacres; a more rational mode of living might obviate the plagues; and the knowledge of affairs that would be introduced would stimulate industry and promote national prosperity. We care but little who become lords of the degraded nations over whom the Sultan reigns, provided that the sovereigns who have for a time held in their hands the destinies of Europe, manage so as not to disturb the equilibrium they have been striving to establish.

The transition from Greece to Italy was always natural to one at all acquainted with books. But it is not, at yet, Greece or Athens, of which we ought to speak, but Turkey or Constantinople—where the measures of a feeble government often take their tone from the influence of the Janizaries; just as the policy of Rome will, by and by, do from the influence of the society of Jesuits. Nothing, however, can be more dissimilar than the characters of these two extraordinary bodies of men. In the one we see rudeness and ferocity—such as become soldiers who feel no impulse but that of interest or revenge; in the other, extreme civility and smoothness of deportment. The individuals of the one are untutored and ignorant; while those of the other are respectable for their learning and varied knowledge.

The first, like the nation to which they belong, possess great physical power, but are *vis experts consilii*: the last, like the religion which they profess but do not always practice, have great spiritual power, and can cause their counsels to be felt where they themselves do not appear. Now this, which is the most striking trait in their character, is the one to which we have the most rooted dislike. Studied concealment is suspicious in any case, but studied systematic concealment in the religious practice of a Christian is abominable, as it is both unnecessary, and savours much of what infidels have been happy to have opportunities of terming *pious fraud*. To inquire whether the system of the Jesuits be good, would be to examine almost the whole—certainly the more latent part, of the Catholic order, which we cannot conveniently do; nor would we, were we free from avocations, persuaded that the task will be ably performed by Mr. Fletcher in his lectures. That is the best religion for a man's self, of which his reason and his conscience the most fully approve; and that is the best form of religion for a state which, *extensis peribus*, tends the most to maintain its civil constitution, and to facilitate the administration of its laws. It deserves to be remarked, that the Jesuit branch of the Papal church, is a constant, zealous, firm friend, not to any one of the Papish governments exclusively, but to all of them wherever they exist: and were we convinced, that it is capable of preventing, for 20 or 30 years, such revolutions in those governments as may affect our island, we should feel no desire to make a single proselyte from their body—did we believe it practicable (which we do not) for human art to convert an experienced Jesuit. Their attachment to the faith they profess, their zeal, and their constancy, are worthy the imitation of all Christians. And if they really are among the securities for the stability of Catholic thrones, they must be a security, in a peculiar manner and degree, for that of the Papal chair; and the Pope has at length found a trusty ally. Unhappy man! his misfortune in his grey hairs

have excited compassion in the breasts of thousands, who little wished to see his spiritual power restored. It is not indeed two years since he, or any human being, supposed that it ever would be restored: yet venerable Rome, about to be re-adorned with her stately monuments, sees him again in his palace, and in plenary possession of all his prerogatives spiritual and temporal.

Wherever there are rich possessions and superior power, there will be incentives to the cupidity and the jealous fear of adjoining governments. The Rajah of Napaul, who is already reduced to his sober senses, took up arms against the India Company, because he and some of his neighbours had persuaded themselves, that the time was come when they might co-operate successfully. It is believed that the movements of the Rajah were far from displeasing to the unwarlike sovereign of China; and no doubt is entertained of some of the Princes of Hindostan having agreed to act in concert. Now, on this subject we are to observe, that if Lord Wellesley's masterly system had not been exchanged for the pinching, petty proceedings of the government that succeeded his, the recent movements would not have taken place. Some of the Indian powers would long since have been disabled—the rest deterred—from entering the lists with the Company. But what is it that must be done, after the course that has been taken, to render our eastern possessions secure? Just what Marquis Wellesley proposed doing, and what Lord Moira has, in part, done—the Company's frontiers must be thrown forward in several directions, and some of its most troublesome neighbours fixed in the back ground. All wise governments aim at a safe frontier—one either very strongly fortified—or far removed from the seat of empire. For what else have the Dutch and the English lately agreed to sink so much money? This was a principal object with the Prussians in the late grand struggle; and with ourselves in our last petty contest with the Americans. But no where can a well-defined

frontier be of greater importance than in India—where some Princes are apt to be swayed by a European policy not at all British, where all are faithless, and where most of them possess territories which nature has raised so high above the level of our maritime settlements, that they can descend upon us at pleasure, and, when seriously menaced, steal back through their loopholes—calling upon us to follow them at our peril. It seems, however, that perils do not dismay our troops; and Lord Moira has taken care that there shall not in future be occasion for their prowess being tried on the side of Napaul.—In adverting to this subject, we must take leave to say, that it is fortunate for the India Company that the Directors were not within a few posts of Calcutta last winter; or, unquestionably, they would have insisted upon an immediate accommodation of all differences. In such a case, the public would have had no satisfaction but that of being assured, that gentlemen had been appointed to arrange matters—just as other gentlemen are now arranging matters somewhere on the river St. Croix. Lord Moira's just views of things have led him to employ vigorous, effectual means, not merely for the immediate honour, but for the ultimate security of the Company's possessions; and the Directors have the happiness to know that an enlightened policy has been successfully acted upon, although they had thought it wise to proscribe it. Their Governor-General has, however, manifested no culpable passion for war. As moderate in his political principles, as he is conciliating in his manners, he will be found to have sought, on all proper occasions, for peace—not war—the former of which, however, is sometimes by far the greater evil.

In the southern peninsula of Europe, scarcely does any thing now occur capable of exciting a lively interest. The dead calm that succeeds the storm, resembles and is congenial to the habits of the nations who live there; they have it, and seem disposed to enjoy it. Portugal, very insignificant, except for its pure air,

its port wine, and the discipline which we have infused into its army, is overlooked in most of our daily conversations: and, but for the unfortunate Porlier, Spain would now have been as little noticed by foreigners as her sister kingdom. The fate of that man, who deemed it better to die like a Roman, than live like a Spaniard, is very affecting—his conduct having been marked by great boldness, and his noble enterprise ascribed to motives every way worthy. But if the cause in which he died was good, his management of it was, almost beyond precedent, bad. He acted most improvidently: nothing was concerted with a view to friendly and effectual co-operation; nothing provided as the indispensable sinews of war. It would appear as if he had judged of the state of other men's minds by his own; and flattered himself that he had only to say *Give us back our Cortes*—to induce all Spain to join in the call. He ought to have known his countrymen better. Murat's descent on Naples was just as well planned and as well executed as Porlier's insurrection. Rashness will lead to failure, whether it be the offspring of black despair, or of a generous enthusiasm. Whatever our wishes for the success of Porlier's enterprise may have been, we have no desire to hear of any other Spanish patriot soon taking up the common cause. No man ought to presume upon finding a great nation unanimous on any public question; and, where they are not unanimous, or nearly so, an attempt to innovate must provoke resistance, and resistance lead to civil war. If we speak truth, we cannot speak well of his Catholic Majesty. But he has been but a short time on the throne; and is said to err, not from want of native goodness, but through pernicious counsels. Let us then hope that he will banish from his presence all wicked counsellors. Porlier's project is said to have already disposed him to adopt vigorous, yet conciliatory, measures; and if so, how fortunate for his country and himself! How much better for any people to have their rights graciously conceded, than to be obliged to extort them by main force!

II.—1. *The Field of Waterloo* ; By WALTER SCOTT, 5s.

Waterloo ; by EDMUND L. SWIFT, Barrister at Law. 5s.

Waterloo, an Heroic Poem, by the author of “*The General t Bag*,” “*Rejected Odes*,” &c. &c. 4to. 1l. 5s.

The Heroes of Waterloo, an Ode, By W. S. WALKER, of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1s. 6d.

The Battle of Waterloo, by GEORGE WALKER. 8vo. 3s.

Wellington's Triumph, or the Battle of Waterloo, by WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, Esq. 8vo. 1s.

Ode on the Victory of Waterloo, by ELIZABETH COBB. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

difficulty of celebrating contemporary actions and familiar facts, has been long felt and universally acknowledged. It flows from an obvious cause. We all know that to enable us start any high interest to poetry, a certain degree of illustration is necessary. Objects or events founded on matters of which many readers have been witnesses, and with the details all are acquainted, can afford the poet no scope for exercising his powers of invention, and but few opportunities of recurring to the playful sallies and enchanting play of fancy. If, in describing a recent event, the poet ventures to indulge enthusiasm, he will be in great danger of exhibiting—and exaggeration in matters where the cold reality before the eyes of a reader, will seldom fail to excite ridicule. Moral, political, or military events may be compared to ruder productions of art, which on a near inspection appear coarse, rugged, and mis-shapen; but when surveyed at a proper distance, lose their harsher features, and are seen to possess symmetry and just proportion. To be seen to full advantage, they must be contemplated through the medium of poetry, enriched by various associations: they then become softened and softened; the harsher points of the prospect are smoothed, and it assumes a tone like that of the landscape illuminated by the mild beams of the autumnal moon.

Addison's ‘*Campaign*’ could not escape the censures of an ancient critic, who characterised it as a mere gazette in rhyme, much have we to fear for the poets of our own day? Forbid it, they have no fear for themselves: the reader has but

to glance at the list which heads this article, to see how many have come confidently to the task of celebrating an achievement, as far superior to that commemorated by Addison, as his poem is to any of those which it is our present business to notice.

Of these efforts, the principal in point of interest and merit of execution, are Walter Scott's, Swift's, and that of the Anonymous Author of the Heroic Poem.

Scott's Field of Waterloo possesses the peculiarities of his former productions. It displays the feeling and tenderness, the picturesque and realizing effect, which he knows so well how to impart to his incidents and descriptions.

Mr. Swift is far from being an indifferent poet. His poem is short, and contains but little immediately descriptive of the deeds of Waterloo; yet that little is full of vigour and interest. We think, however, that the public will have reason to complain of the price at which they must purchase pamphlets of such a thin airy form as those just mentioned. Scott has five and thirty pages, Swift only sixteen, and yet *five shillings* is the price of each—a sum quite sufficient for both. Had we been consulted on this point we should have exclaimed, with Dryden:

‘Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown.’

The ‘Heroic Poem’ is characterized by a kind of turgid vehemence, a confusion of metaphor, a constant endeavour to unite images and things which no laws of association permit to come together; and the author loses himself completely in some of his attempts to attain sublimity—*professus grandia, turget*. It is right to apprise the reader, that the extracts we have given from this author are among the best parts of his poem.

The two first of the above writers have entered but little into the dreadful ‘pomp and circumstance of war.’ They have pursued a more pleasing course by dwelling on the softening recollections of the bloody scene; by hailing its present, and anticipating its future beneficial results to Europe and to mankind. On the contrary, the Author of the ‘Heroic poem,’ though not a minute chronicler of what happened in the field, has descended to a more detailed account of events.

The following extracts will be found to be so arranged, as to give the reader an idea of the merits of these productions, and at the same time to present a tolerably correct view of the principal features of the ever memorable scene.

Walter Scott's poem opens with a view of the scenery and present appearance of the field of battle. The poet asks;

"Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been?—

A stranger might reply,
'The bare extent of stubble plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
And yonder sable tracts remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest-home was nigh.
On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
As Teniers lov'd to draw:
And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame,
To dress the homely feast they came,
And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame
Around her fire of straw!
So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems:

But other harvest here
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.

No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Fell thick as ripen'd grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

Aye, look again—that line so black
And trampled, marks the bivouack,
Yon deep-grav'd ruts the artillery's track,
So often lost and won;
And close beside, the harden'd mud,
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on.

These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell—
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That carnage has replenish'd there
Her garner-house profound."

This is in Scott's best manner; nor do we consider the following picture given by Swift of the assemblage of the kings as inferior in spirit and energy:

"They come!—The world in arms!—The nations come;
Strong in their quarrel, in their danger strong:
From every clime they strike the distant drum,
From every clime they call the countless throng,
To vindicate the Right, and quell the Wrong

The tillers of a thousand plains are here,
 Flashing on high the brand and bayonet;
 The woodman and the hunter grasp their spear,
 The fisher of the rock, the hardy mountaineer.

“ Prussia!—Thy war-worn sons their line array,
 Eagerly straining for the strife renewed;
 Their wrath of memory broods o’er Jena’s day,
 That rent thy sceptre—not thy soul subdued.—
 Stern Blucher smiles on the awaken’d feud,
 How glad again the soldier-garb to wear!
 The Landwehr spreads its lengthening multitude;
 The sable standard leers aloft in air,
 And every head is plumed, and every sword is bare.
 But oh, the Island Band!—When march they forth,
 Chaunting aloud their lay of battles won?
 When from the West, the South, the rugged North,
 Shall Erin green and dusky Caledon,
 And snow-white Albion blend their strength in one?—
 Lo! there their Arthur’s pennon proudly shines,
 That erst the crimson band of Victory spun:
 There the red rose, the redder cross entwines,
 And in their sanguine stream the war incarnadines.
 Short season this, when at the war-note’s swell
 All Europe gathers on the tented plain,
 Short season for our timid muse to tell
 Of Belgic, of Bavar, of Russe or Dane,
 And legions stretched beyond her eye’s last strain;
 Their vanguard glimmering like a distant star.—
 And thither speed the impatient sons of Spain;
 And, rushing from its ridgy Alp afar,
 Helvetia!—there descends thine Avalanche of war.”

The conflict is thus described by the anonymous author
 the Heroic poem.

“ Hark to that crash!—was it tempest born
 And rolls it down from the arch of heaven?
 Is it some rude rock by earthquake upturned?—
 And why is the welkin red and riven?
 The welkin is red with the cannon’s breath,
 The welkin is riven with the voice of death,
 And many a hand the sword is grasping,
 And many a gallant form lies gasping.
 The storm roars loud; swift speed the fires
 That light a thousand funeral pyres,
 The altars of the dead;
 The drooping glade is wet with blood;
 The spot where erst the valiant stood,
 Is now the hero’s bed.
 By the dear memory of the past,
 Intrepid Prussia, stand thee fast!

By mighty triumphs won,
On—as thou lovest a conqueror's name,
By all thy hopes of fire and fame;
By all thy laurels—on!
Britons be bold! your fathers stood,
In Cressy's field, breast-high in blood;
Oh, emulate their fame;
Let not Aboukir's wreaths be torn,
Nor Maida's blooming laurels worn,
Mixed with the leaves of shame.
Stand, gallant guards; intrepid host,
Though dangers thicken round your post;
The morn is big with spoil.
Renown unlocks her sacred spring,
And richest wreaths shall evening bring
To crown a day of toil.
Be stout of heart, and strong of arm:
Let terror fly and hope be warm.
Repel the rebel foe;
For mad with impotent disdain,
They rush impetuous o'er the plain
To court their overthrow.
Swift at the word, the steel has sped,
And rais'd a rampart of the dead;
They fall, they reel, they fly:—
Renew the charge:—the torrent flood
Rolls back its reeking stream of blood;
That shout was victory.
On gallant guards, for by your side,
The Highland band, brave Scotland's pride,
Undaunted brave the fray;
On, brave Macdonnell, give the word,
Unloose the vigour of thy sword,
And win the glorious day.
Great was that charge—hurrah! they yield!
France trails her lines across the field,
Her lofty eagles fly:
As erst when Moskwa lock'd her streams,
And frozen death rode on the beams
Shot from an hostile sky."

Blucher's perilous situation entangled under his dead horse,
and his hair-breadth escape, are told with much spirit:

"New aids arrive, the strengthen'd foe
Gives back the fatal overthrow;
Now, Blucher, spur thy steed;
Furious and drunk from many a wound,
Thy hot pursuers tear the ground;
Thy life hangs on thy speed.
He falls:—'protecting power that spread
Mists round the trembling Trojan's head,
His buckler and his guide—
Heaven hears th' unfinish'd prayer; the storm
Sweeps harmless round the veteran's form;
On rolls the battle-tide.

Now, Prussians, as ye love your chief,
 Drive back the charge, give prompt relief:
 'Tis done :—with firm recoil,
 Wheel back the bands, so lately riven,
 With shouts that rend the vault of heaven,
 And glory crowns their toil."

The particulars of the fall of Sir W. Ponsonby are not, we believe, very generally known. He led his brigade against the Polish lancers, to check a destructive charge aimed at the British infantry. He was separated from his men, and, accompanied only by his aide-de-camp, was crossing a newly-ploughed field to join his comrades. The ground was so soft, and the soil so tenacious, that his horse stuck fast. At this instant a body of lancers approached him at full speed. Sir W. aware of the event, was in the act of giving a picture and his watch to the aide-de-camp to be delivered to his family, when the lancers came up and instantly despatched both. His body was afterwards found lying by the side of his horse, pierced with no less than seven deep wounds. The author alludes to this sad event in lines full of tenderness.

" Now curse upon thy base-born steed,
 Whose mettle flags in time of need ;
 And curse upon the soil !
 By the strong share too newly riven,
 And moisten'd by the rains of heaven,
 In peril fraught and toil.
 The hollow hoof the moisture drinks,
 Bootless the pointed spur—he sinks !
 In vain the warrior plies ;
 Steedsman and steed their toil have done :
 Now, Fortune, aid thy gallant son,
 For Hope, apostate, flies.
 One glance to Heaven the hero cast ;
 One glance of anguish, and the last,
 Affliction's parting throe ;—
 'Tis done ; they sink beneath the storm,
 While o'er each mute and mangled form
 Exults the savage foe."

The tribute to the illustrious Duke of Brunswick is short but emphatic :

" But woe to tell ! the setting sun
 Show'd rich stains on the laurels won,
 When perish'd Brunswick's pride ;
 Reckless of life, he nobly stood,
 Amidst a wilderness of blood,
 Beat back his foe, and died."

Ages unborn shall proudly tell
How well he fought, how greatly fell ;
And consecrate his grave :
And time shall bear his honour'd name,
Unfaded, to the porch of fame,
The temple of the brave."

We have been informed that about 5 o'clock an aide-de-camp came to state to the Duke of Wellington, that the fifth division was reduced from 4000 to little more than 400, and that was impossible for them to maintain their position. 'I cannot help it,' said the chief ; ' they *must* keep their ground, I so must I to the last : Would to God that night or Blücher were come.' It has been asserted that the Duke was advised by some of his officers to think of effecting a retreat, as there did not appear any reasonable expectation of a successful issue. It is at least certain that a momentary doubt prevailed, not only in the French, but in the British army. It was about 6 o'clock when a brisk firing heard by the British in the rear of Bonaparte's right flank, announced the attack of the Prussians, who had been prevented from coming earlier into action by the difficulties of the march through the defile of St. Lambert. This critical posture of affairs is well described by Scott in the following stanzas :

" Is there no hope ? look out again ;
Huzza ! a squadron sweeps the plain ;
They must be here anon :
Then cheer ye, drooping messmates, cheer !
Renew the charge, support is near,
And glory urges on.
Swift through the lines the message flies,
And hope, and strength, and heart supplies ;
Again they grasp the steel.
A second charge the bugle blows,
Again the gallant legions close,
The rebel columns reel.
They come ! 'Tis Blücher takes the lead !
I know him by his English steed ;
I know him by his shout :
Fired with a warrior's ardent flame,
I hear him cry—" On, on, for fame ;
Complete and crown the rout."

Viewing the havoc and dismay attending this retreat, W. Scott thus addresses Napoleon :

" But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leav'st the fatal hill,
Back on yon broken ranks—
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, as on the troubled streams
When rivers break their banks,

And to the ruined peasant's eye,
 Objects half seen roll swiftly by,
 Down the dread current hurl'd—
 So mingle banner, wain and gun,
 Where the tremendous flight rolls on
 Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
 Defied a banded world.
 In one campaign, thy martial fame,
 Thy empire, dynasty and name,
 Have felt the final stroke;
 And now, o'er thy devoted head
 The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
 The last dread seal is broke."

We cannot better gratify our readers than by presenting them with a part of the pathetic lines with which the same poet concludes his beautiful, and impressive, little production.

"Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
 Ere from the field of fame we part;
 Triumph and sorrow border near,
 And joy oft melts into a tear.
 Alas! what links of love that morn
 Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
 And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
 Thou canst not name one tender tie
 But here dissolved its reliques lie!
 O when thou seest some mourner's veil
 Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
 Or mark'st the matron's hursting tears
 Stream when the stricken drum she hears;
 Or see how manlier grief, suppress'd,
 Is labouring in a father's breast,—
 With no enquiry vain pursue
 The cause, but think on Waterloo!
 Period of honour as of woes,
 What bright careers 'twas thine to close!
 Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
 Redoubted Picton's soul of fire—
 Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
 All that of Ponsonby could die—
 De Lancy change Love's bridal wreath,
 For laurels from the hand of death,
 And Cameron, in the shock of steel,
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
 And generous Gordon in the strife,
 Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.
 Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
 Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
 Fate not the less her power made known,
 Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!"

The other poems, as being of minor importance, we shall dismiss with only a few words. The Ode to the Heroes of

Waterloo, by W. S. Walker, of Trinity College, possesses considerable spirit and elegance. A single stanza will bear testimony to this :

“ Oh Wellesley ! on thy conquering sword
 Their tears the rescued nations shed ;
 The thanks of thousand hearts are pour'd
 Around thy many-laurell'd head.
 Roused from his nest by battle-cries,
 Pyrene's eagle screaming fled,
 Thy standard wav'd in Gascon skies,
 It glittered on Toulouse's head :
 It seem'd that glory then might close
 Her eagle wing, and check her flight ;
 But fate hath waked her from repose,
 And wing'd her to a nobler height ! ”

Alike in name, but very dissimilar in poetic merit, is the author of the ‘ *Battle of Waterloo*.’ But if he has not the genius of some poets, he has at least more than the assurance of most of them. He thinks it ‘ vain to expect shelter from the rich and the great, in competition with such names as Scott, Byron, Southey, Swift, &c.’ yet he premises ‘ its being possible that this little poem may descend to posterity, when the incidents of so unparalleled a battle shall be only matter of history.’ Now what is this poem of which such great things are prognosticated ? The following is part of it.

“ Thirty six thousand British there,
 With Dutch and Belgians too ;
 Brunswicks and Hanoverians share
 The fight of Waterloo.
And there was Major Robert Cairnes,
 A man of much tried worth ;
 Ellis and Hamilton and Packe ;
 Curson of noble birth.
And there was Ferrier of the Guards ;
 Eleven times on, or more,
 He boldly led the furious charge,
 Though wounded deep before.
 Then rallying up the Belgic troops,
 His hat he waved on high ;
 ‘ Come on ! ’ he cried, ‘ Come on, my boys !
 ‘ Among them now *let fly ! !* ’
 Here Captain Kelly of the Guards
 A colonel fought and slew,
 Commander of the Cuirassiers ;
 He clove his head in two.”

“ So sung the Bard, whose lays for years expressed
 The honest hatred of a patriot breast.
 The *Muses*’ prophecy’s complete at last,
 Thy reign, detested Cornish, is past ! ”

This is a fair specimen of the song of William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq. author of *Wellington's Triumph*, whose name would never want praise, could her patriotism be viewed apart from her poetry.

The last effusion that we have to notice is an Ode on the Victory of Waterloo, by Eliz. Cobbold. Gallantry positively forbids that we should in any degree censure this well meant production of a female pen! The Lady's talent for poetry is very respectable; and she never fails from want of genius. The following stanzas have considerable merit:

“ And when the stillness of the night,
 Scarce broken by the dying groan,
 Or wounded warrior's feeble moan,
 Succeeded to the clang of fight,
 The clouded moon, with sickly gleam,
 Glanced on the field her coldest beam,
 And shuddering look'd, with aspect sore,
 On corpses, scatter'd arms, and stagnant pools of gore.
 Then, o'er the bloody plain,
 As Victory stretch'd her eagle wing,
 And wav'd her wreath on high,
 A tear from Pity's holy spring
 Stood trembling in her eye;
 She mourn'd her many heroes slain,
 But wept amidst her joy.
 That tear embalm'd the mighty dead,
 It deck'd with flowers their altar-bed,
 And thence celestial odours rise
 In blood-atoning sacrifice;
 And Victory's humid eyes
 Are raised to heaven with Seraph glance
 Of glorious and extatic trance,
 As on her raptured vision press
 Bright scenes of future happiness.”

It is requisite to acquaint the public at parting, that the Poems of Walter Scott, and Elizabeth Cobbold, are published for the benefit of the Waterloo Subscription—an instance of rare disinterestedness in the one, of amiable feeling in the other.

ART. III.—*The Church in Danger; a Statement of the Cause, and of the probable means of averting that Danger attempted; in a Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Liverpool,*

By the Rev. RICHARD YATES, B.D. and F.S.A.
Chaplain to his Majesty's Royal Hospital Chelsea, Rector of
Ashen, and Alternate Preacher to the Philanthropic Society.
8vo. pp. 226. London. Rivington. 1815.

THE work which we are about to notice, possesses a peculiar claim to the attention of the public. We have perused it with a mixture of pleasure and regret,—pleasure at seeing an excellent remedy proposed for a great evil, and regret at perceiving the extent of that evil. Mr. Yates's exposition of it is one for which we were not fully prepared. We had indeed been accustomed to apprehend some danger to our establishment, and from the quarters to which our attention is directed. But we certainly had not felt that the danger was so overwhelming as it is now represented; that the assailants were so nearly at our doors; and that the call for resistance had become so loud and urgent. Respectable characters had occasionally desired us to beware of this or that Society—of this or that Sect—as inimical to our religious institutions. But none of them, it seems, embraced the whole of the question; in their eagerness to expose one source of danger, they overlooked that which is the greatest of all.

This important publication is an address to the Earl of Liverpool, enforcing the necessity of an immediate interference on the part of the Legislature in favor of the Church established in this country, which Mr. Yates states to be in great and imminent danger; and showing the means through which such interference may be rendered practicable and effectual.

It bears the title of *The Church in Danger*, for the triteness and suspicious nature of which the author thinks it necessary to offer an apology. He confesses that the cry—*The Church is in Danger*—has often been set up by interested men to serve the purpose of a political party and to “conceal the real tendency of proceedings inimical to the public welfare:” yet he insists that it is possible a patriotic or useful purpose may be developed in an address under that title. Of his purpose we hasten to observe, that nothing but patriotism and philanthropy of the purest kind could either have dictated it, or have guided him in the execution of it. His apology is continued thus: “That I
“ have upon this occasion ventured to make use of a phrase which
“ has borne a dubious import, and been employed for sinister
“ purposes, originates solely in a strong conviction of its literal
“ truth and deep importance, in the application intended to be
“ given to it in the following pages.” p. 1.

No subject indeed can be more important, or more interesting to every lover of his country, to every friend of virtue and religion, than the one thus brought under consideration. It is not to the feelings of Churchmen alone that the author appeals. The facts recorded in his statement are calculated to interest every good and benevolent man, whatever be his religious opinions. The object in view is not to assert the cause of the Church of England, as distinguished from, or opposed to, any other religious society; but to assert the cause of morality and religion, as they may be affected by the prosperity or decay of that Church. And it is obvious, that if the assertion, that the interests of religion and morality are so connected with those of the national Church that they must prosper or suffer together, can be made out; every friend of religion and morality would be interested in upholding the Church.

Mr. Yates's endeavour being to state the necessity of a Legislative—not to propose a Doctrinal Defence of the Church of England, he has carefully abstained from all those disputed points not immediately and necessarily connected with his subject.

“I beg therefore,” he observes, “to take it for granted that the end and purposes of the Social Union are promoted,—obedience to human Laws enforced,—and the consequent domestic peace, harmony, and prosperity of the State secured, by an established Religion.

“And by your Lordship, and all who admire, respect, and venerate the British Constitution, it will also be readily admitted, that the Established Church of England is admirably adapted to attain all these important purposes. That its pious, doctrinal, and scriptural Liturgy is second to no merely human composition. And that its tolerant principles, as developed in the practical administration of its policy during the last two hundred years, are the best demonstration of the friendly aspect it bears towards the just liberties and rational happiness of mankind.” pp. 9, 10.

“From these remarks it is not intended to infer, that the general excellence of our Church Establishment should lead us to plead for the absolute and permanent perfection of every particular part; but, that it is one of the most important duties of the Legislature, in affording to the Church the just and adequate support of Law, to supply the means of correcting those weaknesses and imperfections which the lapse of ages may occasion; and to provide that its powers and capacities of conferring its advantages may be assimilated to the discoveries of experience,—to the augmenting population of the country,—to the progressive improvements of Society,—and to that increasing intelligence, and surely I may add, that more rational piety, which its own judicious institutions have so largely contributed to disseminate and call into action.

“From the numerous incidental notices that have been in various ways for some time past occasionally thrown before the public, I have long hoped that some more powerful and energetic statement might have called the observation of the government to the impending and increasing

danger of our Ecclesiastical Establishment. But as nothing sufficiently distinct and particular has, to my knowledge, yet appeared, and as the humblest instrument is sometimes permitted under the blessing of Providence to be productive of good; I have thought I could not better express that deep sense of filial and devoted attachment, which I shall ever rejoice in an opportunity of evincing for our truly venerable and apostolic Church, than by entreating your Lordship's attention to a circumstance, originating in the defective Legislation, and the rash and intemperate measures, that unhappily dimmed the lustre and lessened the benefits of the blessed and glorious Reformation. A circumstance which from the operation of the causes just noted has now increased to an extent, and assumed an appearance, so threatening and dangerous to the Established Church, that an adequate and effectual remedy can only be supplied by the wisdom of Parliament, which hath hitherto not been efficiently directed to the subject, either from an imperfect perception of the growing evil, or perhaps from a reluctance to touch even with the finger of supposed innovation so august and venerable a fabric." pp. 11—13.

The alarm respecting the safety of the establishment which has so generally prevailed, has been kept up by the writings of well-meaning men, by whom various causes of danger have been assigned. The chief of these are Bible Societies, Lancasterian Schools, the active exertions of Sectaries, and the increase of Methodism; and, in consequence of these, the daily defection from the Establishment. Let us state at once, in an abridged form, what the author shall presently express at length, that he does not believe, either that any, or all of these taken together are the cause of the growing evil, or that the suppression of them all would remove it.

"In the following pages it will be attempted not only to trace out the real cause of this Defection, but also to prove that a controuling power is possessed by the Government, and that upon the due exercise of that power the safety of the Church may depend." p. 16.

"To remove these prevalent apprehensions from the theoretical and inefficient causes to which they have been assigned; and to ascertain, and fix the attention upon a more real and more decidedly operative source of danger: it is now proposed as a most satisfactory and decisive method, to appeal to the direct evidence of Fact, as deduced from a document of allowed and indisputable authority—the last Parochial Returns of Population, as laid before the House of Commons, and published by order of Parliament.

"To give the extracts from this work their intended bearing upon the question, in ascertaining the chief ground, and indicating the probable means of averting the apprehended danger, it will be necessary that they should be preceded and accompanied by some illustrative observations, comprizing the following chief Points, to be considered in elucidation of this subject.

"The Mode in which the benefits of the Established Church are educed and communicated.

"The Provisions appropriated for that purpose.

“ The Legislative Defect which is supposed to have occasioned the present danger of the Church.

“ An induction of particulars from the Parliamentary Reports, showing the injurious effects which appear to have resulted from that Defect.

“ The Inferences from this statement of Facts,—tending to prove

“ That Bible Societies not being the chief cause of injury, their restraint or suppression would not remove the danger.

“ That the increase of Sectarian Methodism is not the cause, but a Consequence of the present state of the Church.

“ That the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the establishment of National Schools, though admirable auxiliaries, are not, and cannot of themselves be equal to the task of averting the threatening danger.

“ That the recent Acts relating to the residence of the Clergy, and the employment of Curates, have not reached or even touched upon the source and cause of Danger.

“ That the proposal for erecting one large Parochial Church in each of the present Parishes must be found a very inadequate remedy.

“ And that a Legislative enactment prescribing a Distribution of the Population into appropriate Divisions,—supplying the means of public worship,—and providing for the useful and efficient discharge of the Pastoral offices, in districts not hitherto so provided,—is the most certain and only probable means of securing the stability and prosperity of the Established Church.” pp. 17—19.

The means by which the benefits of the Established Church are to be communicated are, *religious instruction*, which must be received by the mass of the People chiefly through the medium of *Public Worship*. But “ to give Public Worship its full and beneficial effect, the necessary Duty devolves upon the State, of providing for a proper Division of the Country into Parishes, a regular Ministry appointed and supported by Law, and the Erection of sufficient and convenient Structures for the celebration of Divine Service.”

A ministry *appointed* and *supported* by law. What does this mean? Mr. Yates’s usual perspicuity seems here to have failed him. The English clergy are appointed *according* to law—not *by* law. But the expression *supported* by law, is still more ambiguous. Does it not mean *protected* rather than *maintained*? If the former, the new clergy will be precisely on a footing with the ministers of private Chapels: if the latter, they must be beneficed; and who can afford to do this? The consideration of this alternative leads to another consideration, which is of supreme importance, and to which we shall direct our attention before we close this article. It is this: Supposing a great accession to be made to the number of the officiating clergy, will it be advantageous to the cause of sound religion that they should subsist on permanent incomes grafted by the state, rather

than on such as may annually be derived from those who compose their auditories?—We go on with our author, whose general object, and whose personal worth, give him a claim to a full hearing.

“Under the ascendancy of the Roman Catholic form of Religion in this Country, no deficiency in these respects appeared; so far otherwise, that it became necessary to the welfare of the Community to restrain the misguided piety and zeal of those ages, and rescue the industry and productive exertions of the country from the torpid and benumbing effects of a superstitious and ignorant devotion, displayed in Expensive and External Forms.

“But it is much to be lamented that, in applying a remedy to these evident and injurious abuses, an avaricious and sacrilegious violence was suffered to usurp the offices of justice, wisdom, and temperate reform. The possessions of the Church were torn from it with such an unsparing and indiscriminating hand, that many extensive Parishes were left totally destitute of the allotted maintenance and support of Persons and Places necessary for Public Worship.

“And what is still more to be lamented, the Legislators of that day—in their haste to cast the mantle of legal authority over the atrocious excesses of plundering cupidity, and to sanction the spoliation and demolition of what was then thought the too numerous structures of Religion, totally neglected to make any proper provision to supply the necessities consequent upon any change in the situation, or future increase in the Population.” pp. 21, 22.

“An Act was passed in the ninth year of Queen Anne to provide for the building of fifty new churches. But this wise and benevolent law, from some deficiency in the enactments, or rather perhaps from the building being conducted on too expensive a scale, failed of its intended effect, and only about one fifth of the number, even then thought necessary, were completed. Since that period this defect in the original formation of the national church has been daily becoming more apparent.

“An increase of habitations and an augmentation of population have been gradually accumulating around the metropolis, and in many other districts, without any corresponding arrangements to secure for the established church the due administration of its offices. The parishes immediately surrounding the City of London, long after their original boundaries had been given to them, though of considerable extent, contained only a village population of one or two hundred souls, with a village church of sufficient capacity to accommodate the whole, under the care of a rector or vicar, whose personal knowledge of his flock rendered the discharge of his official duties advantageous both to them and to the state; his instructions beneficial, and his residence a blessing.

“These parishes remaining for the most part the same in superficial extent, have increased in population to the almost incredible amount of thirty, forty, fifty, and in one instance upwards of seventy thousand souls, and no concomitant alteration has been made to provide for the instruction and superintendence of the established church.” pp. 29—31.

This last paragraph contains a truth every way worthy the attention of the legislature. And here we think that we see much of the cause of that danger which has been ascribed to so many

other causes, and of which so many partial and insufficient remedies have been proposed. To obviate some part of the inconvenience arising from the want of churches, which had long been felt and complained of in almost every populous neighbourhood, the chapel system was introduced. This system is shown to be in some respects injurious to the established church, and in no respect an efficient remedy of the existing evil.

“The chapels are built and conducted wholly as pecuniary and commercial speculations. The first object of the proprietors is to obtain the highest possible rent for the pews. Those who can pay liberally are accommodated; the poor are universally and wholly excluded.” p. 34.

“The due administration of divine worship and pastoral offices depends more upon the *number of the inhabitants* than upon the extent of the district, and the ENORMOUS AND INCREASING DISPROPORTION of the numbers of inhabitants to the accredited means of instruction, may be ascertained with sufficient accuracy from the last parochial population returns made to Parliament; and it may give the statement the more satisfactory and undoubted authority, and remove from it every appearance of a confined or partial effect, if the review be extended to the several counties forming a circle of about 100 miles semi-diameter around the metropolis.

“The average of each county being taken, will supply the easy means of forming a general average of the number allotted to each minister by the Church of England, according to its general practice, in those parishes that have not materially changed their character and circumstances during the last two centuries.” pp. 35—37.

An account of each county would occupy too much space; but as a specimen of Mr. Yates's method of calculation, and especially as it is necessary to the understanding of what follows, we shall transcribe what he says respecting the county of Middlesex, and then give his recapitulation of the average numbers to one church in each of eighteen counties.

“Middlesex: the total return is 130,615 houses, 953,276 inhabitants. To afford an idea at all approaching to accuracy, with respect to the *proportional provision for public worship*, this county must be considered in three parts: one comprising the country parishes; one the City of London; and one the parishes of augmented population, to be separately noticed as forming the increased part of the metropolis district. What may be termed the country parishes are contained in the three hundreds, Elthorne, Spelthorne, and Gore; returning 6,106 houses and 35,660 inhabitants, in 33 parishes: average, 185 houses, and 1,080 inhabitants to each parish.

“The City of London, within the walls, returns 8,158 houses, 55,484 inhabitants, in 97 parishes; but six being united to others, only 91 churches; average 90 houses and 610 persons, to each church.

* Recapitulation—Average Numbers to One Church in each of the 18 Counties of

	HOUSES.	PERSONS
Herts . . .	150	827
Beds . . .	108	570
Berks . . .	149	799
Bucks . . .	109	588
Hants . . .	110	622
Sussex . . .	95	609
Dorset . . .	86	462
Oxford . . .	153	916
Northampton . .	94	469
Rutland . . .	64	314
Huntingdon . .	78	410
Cambridge . .	109	640
Norfolk . . .	72	405
Suffolk . . .	72	456
Essex . . .	97	572
Kent . . .	126	746
Surrey . . .	147	867
Middlesex . .	185	1080
City of London	90	610

“ These nineteen considerable divisions of the country taken together, give a GENERAL AVERAGE OF ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND TEN HOUSES, AND SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY PERSONS, to one Parish Church. This may therefore be taken as the general opinion or rule of the Church of England in its present practice, expressing the proportion of population allotted to one church, one minister, and one set of parish officers, in those districts where the population has not been immoderately augmented since the time of the reformation. pp. 42—44.

The next thing is, to show how nearly the average numbers to one church in those districts, where the population has so enormously increased, corresponds with the average he has thus arrived at.

“ These new and insufficiently provided districts are to be found in many parts of the country. But my present examination will be directed only to ascertain the extent to which these dangerous effects are produced in the district generally included under the term of the metropolis.

“ This, according to Mr. Rickman's statement in the Appendix to the Parliamentary Enumeration, includes all the parishes whose churches are about eight miles distant from St. Paul's Cathedral. And this circle is estimated to contain, according to the last return, including a twenty-fifth part added for fluctuating population, ONE MILLION, TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND Inhabitants.”

The City of London, he observes, is amply supplied with churches, ministers, and parish officers.

“ The present population, therefore, of the City of London, 55,484, with the addition of one twenty-fifth, making together 57,700, must therefore be deducted, leaving ONE MILLION ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED Inhabitants in the surrounding parishes to be the subject of present consideration.

“ In this estimation the number of parishes is not specified, but it appears intended to include in this remaining part of the metropolis, the district irregularly divided into the four following compartments:—The Village Parishes not within the Bills of Mortality—The City Parishes without the Walls—The City of Westminster—And the Out Parishes.

“ This circle, according to the present distribution, includes sixty-four parishes in Middlesex, twenty-one in Surrey, four in Kent, and four in Essex; making together 93 parishes. This computation extends in

several points somewhat beyond the eight miles from St. Paul's; and therefore gives the total number of parishes larger than a rigid accuracy might warrant.

"A general average outline may be drawn with sufficient precision for the present purpose, if we allow that these **NINETY-THREE PARISH CHURCHES** can each accommodate **TWO THOUSAND PERSONS**, which is much more than the fact, in regard to many of them. Upon this supposition the means of parochial worship will be afforded to **One Hundred and Eighty-six Thousand** only; leaving a surplus population in this district alone of **NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX THOUSAND WITHOUT THE MEANS OF PAROCHIAL COMMUNION WITH THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND!** If from this number we deduct **Thirty Thousand**, for the wealthier members of the community who may attend divine service in chapels, there will then remain in this comparatively small space **NINE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX THOUSAND SOULS**, without any accommodation in a parish church, or any knowledge of a parish minister, without any participation in the instructions of our Liturgy, and therefore probably without any regard or attachment to the Established Church.

"That this statement may not be thought to be founded in fallacious principles, or to be traced with the pencil of exaggeration, it may be expedient to take a more detailed review, by an inspection of the state of each individual parish. For this purpose they may be examined in regard to the subject of public worship, and in their relation to the Established Church, by considering them as forming *Two Concentric Circles* around the walls of the City of London; one of less condensed, and one of more condensed population.

"The more distant and exterior circle containing the less compressed population may be first noticed, comprising four villages in Kent, four in Essex, ten in Surrey, and twenty in Middlesex; not any of them included in the county averages.

"The total population of the four parishes in Kent is 53,834, and if 2,000 be allowed to each church, it will leave a surplus population of 45,800 in these four parishes without the means of parochial communion with the Church of England. The total population of the four parishes in Essex is 20,628, and that of the ten parishes of Surrey is 36,451. The number of inhabitants in twenty village parishes in Middlesex is 70,969,—to which if the totals of the ten Surrey, and the four Essex parishes be added, it will give a total for these 34 parishes of 128,048 persons; and if 1,500 be allowed to each parish church, which, as they are chiefly mere village churches, is many more than can be accommodated in most of them, there will remain a surplus population of 77,048 in these 34 parishes, which, added to the 45,800 of the four Kent parishes, gives a total surplus population in the 38 parishes of this exterior circle of villages of *one hundred and twenty-two thousand eight hundred persons* without the possibility of parochial communion with the Established Church.

"Recapitulation of the Exterior Circle:

	Parishes.	Persons.	Accommodated.	Surplus.
Middlesex . . .	20	70,969	36,000	40,969
Surrey . . .	10	36,451	15,000	21,451
Essex . . .	4	20,628	6,000	14,628
	—	—	—	—
	34	128,048	51,000	77,048
Kent . . .	4	53,834	8,000	45,834
	—	—	—	—
	38	181,882	59,000	122,882

The author next considers the interior circle, containing the more compressed population that immediately surrounds the City of London. And here the same method of calculation is observed as in the preceding instance ; but we can give to our readers only the results. The state of the population in each particular parish is first ascertained from the same authentic sources as before, and each parish church being supposed to contain 2,000 persons, the difference between this and the number of the inhabitants in the parish is assumed as the number of persons who cannot be accommodated. We need not insist upon the correctness of these calculations in order to convince any one of the magnitude of the evil complained of. Allowing an error of many thousands to have been made, there will still remain enough to answer every purpose the author has in view. In the following recapitulation of the interior circle, it is understood to consist of 55 parishes, which are distributed among seven large divisions.

“ Recapitulation of the Interior or Second Circle; and the Totals of both Circles.

	Parishes.	Total.	Accommodated.	Surplus.
Finshury Division .	4	85,261	8,000	77,261
Tower Division .	12	229,963	24,000	205,963
City Parishes with- out the Walls . }	10	64,949	20,000	44,949
Surrey	11	179,705	22,000	157,705
Kensington Division and Westminster }	11	195,143	22,000	173,143
Holborn Division .	7	215,647	14,000	201,647
<hr/>				
Interior Circle . .	55	970,668	110,000	860,668
Exterior Circle . .	38	181,882	59,000	122,882
<hr/>				
Metropolis District .	93	1,152,550	169,000	983,550 p. 74.

“ The result now arrived at is a surplus population in the 93 parishes enumerated of NINE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE THOUSAND persons without the means of parochial communion with the Established Church : from which number, if THIRTY THOUSAND be deducted as those who attend divine worship in chapels,” there is found to remain, within a circuit of about eight miles around the City of London, “ *after allowing to each church a portion more than sufficient to fill it, and quite, if not more, than equal to the parochial cure of the clergy at present allotted to the charge,*” “ NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE THOUSAND without the possibility of partaking the advantage of parochial worship, and consequently without that regard and attachment to the Church of England which can only be formed by a sense of benefits conferred and received.”

“ In this computation no estimate has been made of the probable number of Christians dissenting from the Establishment. But the number will not be found materially to affect the present argument, as it bears a very small proportion to the aggregate just stated; and as it has been made evident that the separatists could not be received even if they were

desirous of joining the present congregations of the Church of England."

The next paragraph is so striking and conclusive that we cannot forbear inserting it.

"This number (953,000) EXCEEDS, by upwards of 6,000, the ENTIRE POPULATION of the NINE COUNTIES, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, Dorsetshire, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, and Cambridgeshire, containing *sixteen hundred and fifty-two parish churches*. If we suppose the surplus population of the Metropolis District just noticed, to be so distributed as actually to occupy the entire space of these nine counties, and to be left without a Church, without a Minister, without any instruction for either adults or children, without any Divine Worship, without any Parochial Communion with the Established Religion of the State; your Lordship certainly will be of opinion that such a circumstance must attract great attention, and excite a proportionate astonishment and alarm."

No Christian will deny that it was the will of the founder of our religion that his Gospel should be preached *universally, and especially to the poor*; or assert that this is now done, to a sufficient extent, by the established Church. Every intelligent person must agree, that on the morality of the lower classes depends, in a great measure, the prosperity and stability of the state. In their good conduct every individual is personally concerned; since every man, whatever be his rank or character, whatever be his own practices, would wish that his neighbours in inferior conditions should be sober, honest, and industrious. It is an absurdity peculiar to modern times, to assert, that the good conduct of any class of men is not most effectually secured, by exciting in them a serious religious spirit. We may confidently appeal to the experience of other countries, if not of our own, in attestation of the fact, that where there is no *religion*, there is no *virtue*, no *philanthropy*, no *patriotism*.

To observe the signs of the times is often the employment of the pious and reflecting mind. It is an useful, though sometimes a melancholy task, to watch the finger of providence directing the progress of events so as to make all things subservient to the great designs of his mercy and justice. It has been our lot to perceive those designs advancing to their completion amidst the rage and havoc of war, and amidst the tears of a world groaning under severe trials and afflictions. The storm has subsided into peace; but all is not tranquil here or elsewhere. Whatever be the cause, the licentiousness of the lower classes has risen to such a height in many of the more populous districts of this country, as frequently to have set at de-

fiance all the usual means of restraint. Some powerful, practicable corrective is evidently wanted; and it is worth the while of those who are in possession of power and influence to inquire, whether that which Mr. Yates has pointed out be not of that description.

If a period should arrive, when the populace shall have begun not only to disregard, but to deride the restraints both of religion and morality, what a deluge of crimes will burst in upon us! It is high time for the Legislature to consider, whether it is prepared with means adequate to the stemming of such a torrent. It cannot hereafter plead the want of information on the subject as an excuse for not applying a suitable remedy.

But is not our establishment in Church and State equally in danger from the immorality of the rich, and from that of the poor? We do not positively know. Immorality is very dangerous to society, in what class and under what form soever it appear. But the effects arising from the misconduct of the rich are widely different from those produced by the misconduct of the poor. The immoralities of the great affect the state chiefly by means of the corruption which their example produces. The rich are under no temptation to commit many of the crimes by which the safety of individuals, and the public tranquillity, are frequently endangered. They have no interest in disturbing the existing order of things; in introducing innovations into either the legislature or the laws. On the contrary, a change in the established system would tend to abridge their enjoyments, and to weaken the tenure by which they hold their means of enjoyment. Here and there a man may be found among them weak or wicked enough to think of building his greatness on his country's ruin; but such a man must find many abettors in the lower classes, or his machinations will be futile and unavailing. But with an abandoned licentious populace the case is different. They have nothing to lose by a reverse of fortune but their lives, of which they are usually prodigal enough; and if they succeed they have every thing to gain. When once a man—especially a poor man, has lost his character, and with it that esteem of himself upon which it was founded, he also loses all his affection for that state of things, and that government, which countenance and protect men only while they lead quiet, inoffensive, honest lives. “The world is not his friend nor the world's law.”

To what order in society do those chiefly belong whose lives are the most frequently forfeited to the laws, or those whom our places of confinement are not large enough to hold, or

those of whom it is so often necessary to rid the land by transportation? By whom are those robberies and murders committed, which seem to elevate to a disgraceful pre-eminence in wickedness the present period—by whom but by those for whom the legislature has neglected to provide the benefits of religious instruction? To the class of the neglected poor they obviously belong—as also do those 800 youthful depredators whose case is particularly noticed by Mr. Yates. An investigation into the condition of the poor, in several of the populous parishes in the metropolis, has been the means of ascertaining that, “besides an incredible number of idle, vagabond, un-
 “structed children, there are at the present time in three or
 “four of those districts not less than EIGHT HUNDRED, be-
 “tween the ages of nine and fourteen, in regular training as
 “thieves, to assist their parents in plundering the community:
 “fifteen of these unfortunate premature criminals are (at the
 “time of writing these words) in the prison of Newgate, and
 “three of them under sentence of death.” p. 85.

There is a circumstance too which at a time like this is fraught with too much peril to be overlooked. Many of the inferior classes, owing to the pressure of the times, are unemployed, and in distress, and consequently exposed to feel the full force of those temptations which the friends of anarchy and irreligion will not fail to throw in their way: and the number of them is increased by a multitude of disbanded soldiers and seamen, who have to seek for employment which really is not to be found in a sufficient measure. And have no symptoms of violence shown themselves great enough to awaken public apprehension?—A fearful danger overhangs us; and it would surely be much wiser to meet it, than to wait till the calamity approach. We grant that these observations seem to apply rather to the State than to the Church: but it should be recollected that, though it has been disputed whether the downfall of the Church would involve the downfall of the state, it has never been doubted that the destruction of our civil constitution would prove that of our religious establishment.

The remedy of present grievances, and the antidote to future evils, plainly are, to provide religious instruction for those persons from whom danger can be apprehended. No one, who has perused the preceding ample extracts from Mr. Yates's Letter, can doubt the fact, that no sufficient provision for that purpose has yet been made. An immense majority of the poor cannot go to Church were they so inclined. They are unwelcome guests in our Churches as well as our Chapels. Into

our Chapels indeed, it is wholly impossible, while the present system is acted upon, that they should gain admission. In all populous places continual encroachments are made on those parts of the building which were formerly appropriated to the poor, in order that those who are looked upon as intitled to a larger share of respect and consideration, may be accommodated with pews. In some Churches, not more than one-third the original space is continued to them: and in others as well as Chapels of ease, where (though the ancient parochial system is generally adhered to) the seats are let, this abuse is carried to a most reprehensible extent. In them the system of exclusion is pursued almost as rigorously as in the Chapels which owe their existence to private speculation. We have seen persons, who (though in tolerable circumstances) could not afford the high rental of a pew, overlooked in the most galling manner by the officers of the Church, and exposed to the most mortifying inconveniences. Let us now consider for a moment what is the probable consequence of thus forcing a great multitude to desert the service of the Church, and to desert it too with a feeling of indignation towards the society which authorizes and permits such exclusion. They must either seek from sectarists that religious instruction which the Church denies them; or habitually spend in disreputable places, that time which ought to be devoted to pious purposes.

“The visible and tremendous effects [to use the strong language of Mr. Yates] of such powerful demoralizing causes have been in our times (and are likely to continue to be) so severely felt that the mind shrinks from the contemplation of such a concentrated mass of exclusion, separation, and necessary disaffection to the Established Church.—Shut out, in fact, from the pale of the Church, from all participation in its benefits, these numbers are necessarily driven to join the ranks of injurious opposition, either in Dissent, and Sectarian enthusiasm;—or in the infinitely more dangerous opposition of Infidelity, Atheism, and ignorant depravity. Such a mine of Heathenism, and consequent profligacy and danger, under the very meridian (as it is supposed) of Christian illumination, and accumulated around the very centre and heart of British Prosperity, Liberty, and Civilization, cannot be contemplated without terror by any real and rational friend of our Established Government in Church and State: and is surely sufficient to awaken the anxious attention of every true patriot, every enlightened statesman, every sincere advocate of suffering humanity, and every intelligent and faithful Christian.” p. 51 to 52.

Nor are the mischiefs, arising from the want of accommodation in religious edifices in some populous neighbourhoods, felt only by the poor. Many, even of those who can and would gladly pay the price of a seat, after repeated applications to the proper persons, are told that *next half year* they may, or may

not be accommodated. Among our Christian countrymen who are not of the Church, no want of structures for religious purposes is discoverable. *They* have accommodation for all who want it. Their ancient buildings are enlarged, or new ones erected, as if by a species of magic, without any apparent difficulty, whenever occasion calls for them—often long before it does.

Let us now hear Mr. Yates's epitome of the means of rectifying these abuses, and of "cleansing the fountains of this baneful stream of vice." For this purpose he recommends the restoration of "the wise and judicious *parochial organization* established by our ancestors, and necessary to produce the beneficial effects of the national Church."

"It is the division of the population into such moderate and appropriate parishes, that the numbers allotted to one minister may be reasonably commensurate to the powers of individual superintendence: it is such divisions of the population, each supplied with a Parish Church, a Parish Priest, a Parish School, and the usual and established succession of Parish Officers, that will give to our excellent Liturgy, to its Catechism, and to its Parochial Services, their full efficacy and their full effects on the minds and conduct of the general population.

"This it is that will call into existence and maintain in force those religious and moral impressions, and those religious and moral habits, which it is the end and purpose of a national religion to produce; which can alone insure to it the love, veneration, and attachment, that are absolutely necessary to its stability; and which (I doubt not) your Lordship is fully convinced are more powerful and energetic agents, than all the other instruments and means of government united. They are therefore most worthy of the first and deepest attention of those to whom the safety of the State is intrusted."

[To be concluded in our next.]

ART. IV.—*A Narrative of the Events which have taken place in France, from the landing of Napoleon Bonaparte, on the first of March, 1815, till the restoration of Louis XVIII. with an account of the present State of Society and public Opinion.* By HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. London. Murray, 1815. price 9s. 6d. pp. 390.

OUR expectations had been highly raised by the promise of a work on a subject of such universal interest, from the pen of a writer so eminently qualified by every circumstance of talent, experience, and local information, to do justice to the theme, and they have been amply realised. We do not fail to recollect, that there was a time when Helen Maria Williams indulged

in all the fair, deceptive theories of republican virtue, disinterested fraternity, and a government resting solely on the polished shafts of reason and philosophy. The experiment of building a republic from the shattered ruins of a corrupt and absolute monarchy, was tried on the most vigorous and enlarged plan. We have seen the result, and are now probably all convinced, that the severe virtues of republicans, their self-denial, patience, moderation, and ready submission to partial evil for the sake of general good, are only to be found in early states, which the arts of luxury have begun to polish, not to corrupt; and that although monarchies, under whatever name, always succeed to republics sooner or later, a durable republic can never succeed to a great monarchy. Neither the land of despotic France, nor of Imperial Rome, when once overgrown with the rank weeds of oppression, bribery and perfidy, and moistened with the blood of tyrants or of slaves, could ever become the soil to which the tree of liberty was indigenous.

The work under our consideration is arranged in the form of letters; and the first which relates the progress of conviction in the mind of the writer, being of a more familiar and didactic nature than the rest, which are devoted to narrative and description, shows how much Miss Williams excels in that mode of composition.

We confess, that having entertained the belief that few persons of sound taste, after the romantic period of *sixteen*, held in much veneration those *variations on Ossian* which we owe to Macpherson's lyre, we were rather surprised at being gravely told by Miss Williams that one of the motives of her former admiration of Napoleon, was her having been assured that he was "an enthusiastic admirer of Ossian; and when I found that he united to a noble simplicity of character, and a generous disdain of applause, a veneration for Ossian, this circumstance filled up the measure of my admiration. I did not then know that Bonaparte valued Ossian only for his description of battles, like the surgeon who praised Homer only for his skill in anatomy." p. 9. Among a number of traits which excite our abhorrence and even contempt of the principal actor on the stage of Europe, whose disgraceful exit we have lately witnessed, we think it but just to point out the following anecdote, which certainly does great credit to his temper and good sense: at least, it shows that he had the wisdom to "assume a virtue, if he had it not."

"The Elbean band, which had hitherto since its landing been wandering among the mountains of the Var, and the departments of the lower Alps,

was now swelled into the appearance of an army, by the junction of the troops at Grenoble. General Marchand, invited by Bonaparte to retake his command, answered, that during his reign as Emperor, he had served him with fidelity, that, released from this duty by his abdication, he had sworn allegiance to the existing government; and, presenting his sword, surrendered himself as a prisoner, declaring that he would never be a traitor. 'General,' said Bonaparte, 'I acknowledge your services. I have always looked on you as a true soldier; I see your position, and do not wish you to act contrary to your conscience. Take back your sword, go to Paris, and tell your king, that I shall soon visit him in the capital, and will treat him with all the consideration due to his virtues and his rank.'" p. 21.

The following passage is perfectly consonant to the conviction impressed upon the minds of those, who had the opportunity of frequent and familiar conversation with the general officers of Napoleon, during their detention in England as prisoners of war.

"A numerous class of the French army, under the influence of those immoral habits, (which he had permitted) felt that Bonaparte's banishment had been the death-blow to their hopes and their enjoyments. With fond regret those heroes of the eagle looked back on the auspicious days in which, till interrupted by the return of peace and the Bourbons, plunder and carnage had been the business of their lives. "Their occupation now was gone—all pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The whole of the military were thoroughly imbued with the idea that they alone constituted the nation, that they were the first, if not the only, order in the state, and that the rest of the population were the *Ilotes*, or in the modern military phraseology, "*péquins*." These Spartans now found themselves sunk in importance, thrown by as incumbrances, and saw with indignation that their profession was dishonored by the *péquins*, who under the name of national guards had devoted themselves to the protection of their country as armed citizens. This military civic spirit, encouraged by the government, had only served to increase the discontent of the regular troops, so that it required no extraordinary effort in Bonaparte's agents to inspire them with the hopes of the return of Saturnian times."

The measures which Napoleon employed to secure his unimpeded march to Paris in the beginning of March, 1815, the dispositions of the bulk of the people concerning him, the manner of his entry into the capital, and the circumstances of his reception, are all detailed with a vivacity and precision which

"I am sorry," said a minister to Marshal L—"that, after having long waited for you, we are seated at table before you arrive." "I should have come earlier," replied the Marshal, "but I have been detained by some *péquins*." "*Péquins*!" exclaimed the company, "what are *péquins*?" "Oh, you know," rejoined the Marshal, "we call *péquins*, all that is not military." "Yes," said the minister, "*comme nous autres, nous appellons militaire, tout ce qui n'est pas civil*."

brings before the eye of the reader every motive and every scene. Of the women, who have always been allowed to be distinguished political agents among the Gauls, it is said,

“ With the exception of a few ladies of Napoleon's court, which, on account of its military composition, might have been properly called his camp, and a few of the lowest class, the women of France were unanimously royalists. Every sentiment of female nature might indeed be naturally supposed to be adverse to a system of tyranny and blood; but these feelings belonged not, in this instance, to a vague, general opinion. The women of France had found tyranny brought home to their very bosoms; ‘ its iron had entered into their souls.’ They had felt it poisoning the sweetness of domestic life, shedding bitterness over all its charms, and blasting all its enjoyments. Who had not wept for a brother, an affianced lover, a husband, or a son? Who had not lamented the years of youth wasted without hope, or those of mature age without consolation? How many Rachahls mourned for their children, and would not be comforted because they were not? Conscription—what a terrible word!—How little can you feel, or comprehend all its meaning! oh, no! it has drawn no tears from your eyes—it has awakened no anguish in your bosom! They only understand it well, whose children have been exposed to its savage grasp.” p. 65.

The gradual and total degradation of Napoleon, from that vast elevation to which his talents, his successes, and the enthusiastic temper of the French had raised him, and which received its first blow from the cruelty and cowardice of his conduct after the campaign of Russia, and which successive traits of selfishness and perfidy shook to its very foundations, is placed in a clear and philosophical point of view.

We cannot refrain from giving to our readers the following anecdote which bears every mark of authenticity.

“ A Polish regiment, forming part of the advanced guard of the Russian army, after expelling the French from Troyes, marched upon Fontainebleau. The troops were foraging in a neighbouring village, and were about to commit disorders, which would have caused considerable loss to the proprietors, without benefit to themselves; such as piercing the lanks, or forcing the sluices of some fish-ponds. While they were thus employed, and their officers looking on, they were astonished to hear the word of command bidding them to cease, pronounced in their own language by a person in the dress of the upper class of peasants. They ceased their attempt at further spoliation, and drew near the stranger. He represented to the troops the useless mischief they were about to commit, and ordered them to withdraw; the officers coming up were lectured in their turn; and heard with the same astonishment, the laws of predatory warfare explained to them. ‘ When I had a command of the army, of which your regiment is a part, I punished very severely such acts as you seem to authorize by your presence, and it is not on those soldiers, but on you, that punishment would have fallen.’ To be thus tutored by a French farmer, in their own language, in such circumstances, and in such terms, was almost past endurance. They beheld the peasants at the same time

taking off their hats, and surrounding the speaker, as if to protect him in case of violence; while the oldest among their own soldiers, anxiously gazing on the features of the stranger, were seized with a kind of involuntary trembling. Conjured more peremptorily, though respectfully, to disclose his quality and his name, the peasant, drawing his hand across his eyes to wipe off a starting tear, exclaimed, with an half stifled voice, 'I am Kosciusko!'—The movement was electric. The soldiers threw down their arms, and falling prostrate on the ground, according to the custom of their country, covered their heads with sand. It was the prostration of the heart. On Kosciusko's return to his house in the neighbourhood of this scene, he found a Russian military post established to protect it." p. 148.

This "I am Kosciusko!" can only be paralleled by the "*Je suis Belisaire*" in Marmontel's beautiful tale bearing the name of that ill-requited warrior. After attentively reading all that Miss Williams says concerning the confidence of Napoleon in the potency and influence of his *star*, or, what he calls his *destin*, we cannot decide whether he was actually liable to superstition, or, being a very close and penetrating observer of human nature, believed in supernatural agency as an engine wherewith to move and direct the minds of men. We incline to the latter opinion.—Napoleon is an adept in the mathematics, and no proficient in that science ever was a visionary or a bigot to any system of faith. We particularly recommend to the perusal of all persons of cultivated taste, all lovers of the arts and friends to artists,—(and "who's here so rude, who would not have *Virtù*!") that part near the close of Miss Williams's book, consisting of about forty pages, in which with great judgment and feeling, she relates and comments upon, the coercive spoliation of Paris in conformity to the immediate *claims*, but in some instances *not* clearly ascertained *rights*, of nations. The indignant feelings of the common people of Paris, are finely portrayed: They are the lively, the enthusiastic, the mutable Athenians; We, the severe Spartans. We doubt whether one tear would roll down the hard faces of our soldiery, porters and mechanics, if all our Museums were stripped of their exotic treasures, and Mr. West's impressive pictures converted into the tilts of waggons to carry them off! The *pour* and the *contre* of this question of *right*, which has, in the style of Alexander the Great (of Macedon) been carried by the sword, are fairly stated by our ingenious author. The Ministers of four over-ruling nations, who call themselves *Europe*, will approve: military heroes will exult; but Artists who are of no country, or of all countries, the children of peace and tranquillity, will hang the head in silent sorrow, or burst into deep and unavailing lamentation.

ART. V.—*Paris ; during the interesting month of July, 1815.*

A Series of Letters, addressed to a friend in London. By
W. D. FELLOWES, Esq. London. Gale and Fenner. 1815.
7s. 6d. pp. 165.

WE are become a nation of tourists. Few stay at home, but those whom hard necessity binds to the counter or the desk. Many of those who travel write, most of those who write publish ; and, although in our cooler moments, we are all aware that no correct image of any visible object, much less of the effect of a great number seen at once, was ever presented to the mind by any description, however vivid, we go on to tell of palaces and *spectacles*, of pictures and *coup d'œils*, and our “home-keeping” countrymen read and doze over our pages with complacent good-nature, sometimes thinking they are amused, while they are merely dazzled. But those who are really smitten with the wandering mania, who pant for the “vine-covered hills and gay vallies of France”—the impatient aspirants to exotic fame and pleasure, rarely find that they can gratify their curiosity by deputy, or “cloy the hungry edge of appetite, by bare imagination of a feast.”—This is not a political, a philosophical, a classical, a sentimental, or a picturesque tour ; it is a clear, light, amusing little book, containing a rapid sketch of passing events and local scenery, apparently written with impartiality, and certainly by a gentleman.

It is decorated with three colored engravings, representing the five principal personages of the Bourbon family in minute profiles ; a Grenadier of the Imperial Guard, a Mamaluke of the Imperial Guard ; and also an outline portrait of the celebrated man, whose ambition desolated Europe, while his *victories* dignified and embellished Paris. Mr. Fellowes appears little solicitous for the praise of fine writing, and seldom allows his feelings or his fancy to run away with him : but whenever he does oblige us with a few reflections, they are given in a spirit of benevolence and freedom which does credit to himself and to his country. He says in his Preface,

“The author of the following letters arrived at Paris last year, at the interesting period of the King's restoration ; and when the allied troops, headed by their respective sovereigns, entered the capital of France.

“Being anxious to witness the second entry of the allies into that city, which it was to be expected would take place after the great battle of Waterloo, the author proceeded to Calais, as soon as the communication was opened ; and he had the good fortune to be again present at the extraordinary and splendid scenes which presented themselves in Paris during the month of July last.

814 Fellowes's *Paris ; during July, 1815.*

“ The remarks, which he had an opportunity of making at that time, on the state of the public feeling, after the sudden changes which had so recently taken place, have been confirmed by subsequent events in France. Considering the bustle and confusion of such a city as Paris, crowded with the troops of a victorious army, it was extremely difficult to write down the daily occurrences with that order and accuracy so desirable; especially as they were often committed to paper at a late hour of the night, and after the fatigues of the day. Some of the most interesting observations of the preceding year are referred to, or incorporated in these Letters, written to a friend in London in July, 1815.

“ From the unsettled state of France, and the suspense and anxiety of every class as to the result of affairs, added to the difficulty of obtaining information, it was not possible to enter into a full detail of events; but they are shortly described as they occurred, the Author having written his remarks at the moment, according to the impressions which they made upon his mind.” *London, Oct. 11, 1815.*

This work is printed with some degree of elegance, but we cannot help wishing that greater attention had been shown in the correction of the press, especially with regard to the lines of French which are interspersed. We occasionally meet with a sentence, which, by the omission of one syllable or letter, is rendered unintelligible; and we are inclined to suspect, that some of the *inscriptions*, where the greatest degree of exactness was requisite, have been inserted from memory: this, however, is the fault of the author. We were rather shocked to find *cotillons* written, according to the slipslop idiom, *cotillions*.—It is impossible to read an account of the classic magnificence of modern Paris, without feeling some admiration of that lofty mind, by which its recent decorative and useful institutions were organised. We are not persuaded, however, that any mercantile man, of any country, will admit, with a speaker on a late interesting occasion in our own capital, “ That Napoleon taught commerce to derive dignity from science, and science to draw utility from commerce.”—From a work consisting of brief and simple description, it is not easy to fix on satisfactory extracts, and an analysis of its contents would be impracticable, as nobody can tell Mr. Fellowes's story in fewer words than he has himself employed. We will, however, offer a sample of his manner.

“ During the long continuance of the French encampment at Boulogne, the troops had formed, as it were, a romantic town of huts. Every hut had a garden surrounding it, kept in neat order, and stocked with vegetables and flowers; they had hedges, fowls, pigeons, and rabbits, and these, with a cat and dog, generally formed the household of every soldier. During the preparations that were made at Boulogne for the conquest of England, in order to amuse and keep up the spirits of the troops, the company of the theatre of the Vaudevilles were ordered from Paris to the army thus encamped. Several plays were composed for the

occasion, and performed, in which the Germans were represented as defeated, and the English begging for peace *on their knees*; the Emperor of the French granting it upon condition, that one hundred guineas, ready money, should be paid to each of his soldiers and sailors! Every corps was admitted *gratis* to witness this exhibition of the end of all their labors, and none but those who are acquainted with the fickle and inconsiderate character of the nation, can form an idea of the effect. Ballads, with the same predictions and promises, were written and distributed among the soldiers, and sung by the women sent to the coast. All productions of this sort were, as usual, liberally rewarded by the Emperor's orders; and they poured in from all parts of the empire. As a specimen of the abuse which some of these hired French poets bestowed on the English nation, to flatter and inflame the vanity of the French troops, one of them is made to sing:—

“ A Londres on vit briller d'un éclat éphémère
Le front tout radieux, d'un ministre influent;
Mais pour faire pâlir l'étoile d'Angleterre,
Un soleil tout nouveau parut au firmament,
Et ce soleil du peuple Français,
Admiré de l'Europe entière,
Sur la terre, est nommé Bonaparte le grand.” p. 7.

These lines (which we translate,*) are extravagant nonsense, as adulatory stanzas, and time-serving songs, usually are. But we cannot discover that the English are very grossly abused in them, and that they must be ready to exclaim with Phœbe, “ call you this railing!” The details concerning the prison of the Temple, and of the imprisonment, *torture*, and murder of the gallant captain Wright, are highly interesting. We refer the reader to the work itself, which is lively and amusing, and neither bulky nor dear.

Our formidable friends the Cossacs, with whom we hope never to have a visiting acquaintance *en masse*, are thus characterised:

“ It is a curious fact, related to me by an officer of distinguished rank in the Russian service, that the Cossacs were not informed of their being out of the territories of the Emperor of Russia, until they were crossing the Rhine to enter France, otherwise they would have immediately commenced their usual system of plunder, even in the country of their allies.” p. 65.

Mr. Fellowes gives a spirited account of the review of the allied troops on the 24th of July, 1815. We close our extracts with the following passage:

* In London once shone with ephemeral beam
The brow of a Minister ruling the State,
But to make England's star shed its last fading gleam,
Soon a new Sun of Glory was granted by Fate—
To France it was given in splendor supreme,
And on earth it is named *Bonaparte the Great.*

for human errors and frailties, and as a eulogist of the finer affections of our nature, he once had no equal.

As we wish to imitate his charity, we shall say nothing of his political creed, or his parliamentary failures.—All who knew him will unite in agreeing that he has rendered his profession most important services. His high sense of honour, his manly spirit of independence, his undaunted assertion of the rights of the bar, have raised its character, and shed over it a lustre which will not speedily be dimmed.

The present essay will not, it cannot, add to a reputation that stood so high. Mr. Erskine ought always to have spoken. A habit of pleading is not favorable to composition for the press. The styles are essentially different, and cannot be made to assimilate. In one respect, indeed, this production has given us considerable pleasure; as containing a decided approval of the late glorious struggle to dethrone the base usurper whom so many pretended friends of liberty, among us, paradoxically insist on admiring. His Lordship thinks that Mr. Fox would, on this occasion, have agreed with the ministry; but we are inclined to hold a contrary opinion, especially when we look at many passages in the speeches to which the letter is appended. Not to mention that a leader of opposition might have felt himself inclined to think that wrong which ministry thought right, we can discern in Mr. F. a blind prejudice against every contest in which blood could be shed, however valuable the object to be secured—a kind of Quakerism which he would not have laid aside, had all the ribbons which the Prince Regent has given away during the last twelvemonth been presented to him at once. We are happy, however, to lay before our readers some of the sentiments of the noble author, in the expression of which they will trace something of the beauty of his eloquence—though the fiery spirit is wanting.

“But when this vague system of warfare was at last abandoned, when peace was offered upon the ordinary principles of security, when the treaty of Amiens was actually made, and when (without at all discussing the immediate principles of its short continuance) Buonaparte more manifestly began to pursue the most audacious, unprincipled and unbounded system of ambition; when he conducted himself with such violence and injustice to Holland, that to use Mr. Fox's own words, *“were he master of the use of colours and, could paint with skill, he would use the darkest to delineate his conduct:”*—when, to use his own words again, as to the oppression of Switzerland, from which he said *“by treaty as well as upon every principle of justice, he was bound to withdraw his troops, to leave the country to itself even under the miserable government he had given to it, and to respect its independence; he nevertheless had established a dominion utterly repugnant to the principles and odious to the feelings of that people:”*—when, afterwards by a complicated, system of fraud, trea-

chery, and violence, he overran and butchered the Spanish nation, endeavouring after ages of darkness to assert and vindicate her own independence, and the general cause of freedom:—when, to leave details which serve only to weaken the view of his odious and unprincipled plans of universal mischief, he became in his own person what it had been before absurd to predicate of a nation—the whole principle and character of the war was altered. Its *origin*, politicians might still continue to remove it from themselves and cast it upon their opponents; but its *prosecution* was no longer matter of choice but of painful and cruel necessity. For a long and dreadful interval, France continued to be the proud, revengeful, and desolating assailant; whilst the surrounding nations, discomfited by their unsuccessful contest when they were in the *wrong*, had not yet acquired the just confidence which always belongs to those who are in the *right*—hence, they were every where overthrown; and if, after the subjugation of so many kingdoms and the defection of others from the confederacy, he had stopped short in his hostile career, when the independence of France and his own security had been asserted by his unparalleled exertions, his dynasty, whatever might have followed from it, would, in all probability, have been as well established as any other in Europe or in the world.—By his divorce from Josephine and his marriage with Maria Louisa of Austria, he appeared for a while to have adopted this peaceful policy; but the restless and unprincipled character of his mind betrayed him—he was an evil spirit at variance with the social spirit of the world, and persisted without due reflection in his pernicious course:—how else could he have hoped to enforce his Napoleon system, which demanded of all nations the surrender of every source of their prosperity? Men will submit to evil systems of government, while they are left in possession of their property, and with the free and necessary intercourses of the world: but they will not consent to be starved by an arbitrary system of unmitigated restriction and exclusion, imposed upon them by a foreign force, directed to no object in which they have an interest, and of which they cannot but be the victims.” pp. 22—25.

After proceeding to argue that Buonaparte could never have been overthrown but by his own insane ambition, Lord Erskine draws the conclusion at which he aims, viz. that Mr. Fox's predictions respecting his invincibility and that of France were not ill-founded; and that had he been living “his sagacity would have predicted the event” by which all the speculations of opposition have been overthrown! Many people regretted and still regret the loss of Mr. Fox; but had he been spared we do not believe that any of his friends would have desired to see him deal any more in prophecy.

The rest of the letter is occupied in a defence of some other of Mr. Fox's opinions, and in giving a sketch of his character. The latter is the best, because it treats of things at home. Expanded national subjects are not quite suited to Lord Erskine's genius. Having no hopes of ever seeing his lordship again in a situation where the public can profit from his labours, we wish him a long enjoyment of the pleasing recollections which past exertions must afford him. But we also wish that those

who have called themselves Mr. Fox's friends would be pleased to renounce the worst parts of his system as frankly and fully as his noble eulogist has at length done.

ART. VII.—*Supplement to the Memoirs of the Life, Writings, Discourses, and Professional Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt.* late President of the Royal Academy; comprising additional anecdotes of his distinguished contemporaries. By JAMES NORTHCOTE, Esq. R. A. London. Colburn, 1815. 4to. pp. 155.

MR. Northcote is in possession of a theme which will never pall upon the taste of his readers. As long as literature and the fine arts shall be venerated in Britain, the name of Reynolds must possess a charm which will continue to attract attention and command respect. The public has already been laid under considerable obligation to the author of this work, for the instruction and amusement afforded by his life of Reynolds; and this supplement, containing many valuable reminiscences, will prove an acceptable present to the man of general taste, as well as to the student in the graphic art. When the *matter* of a book is extremely interesting, it becomes us not to betray fastidiousness concerning the *manner* in which it is conveyed to us: the biographic lamp may shed a useful ray upon the path of departed genius, although it stream not with the burnished splendour that shines through the pages of a Currie; and provided a medal exhibit the correct portraiture of the features it records, we will not quarrel with the sombre copper of the die. Mr. Northcote does not possess either the grace and fervour of a glowing and redundant style, or the nervous brevity and point of a close and severe manner. But the tenour of his writings supplies a copious list of negative commendations: it is not affected, it is not pompous, it is not trivial, it is not exaggerated. He constantly appears equal to the task he has chosen; and we doubt whether so much zeal and ability could in any other person have been found united to such advantageous opportunities of intimate acquaintance with the eminent character he celebrates. He had for many years been the inmate and successful pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he also enjoyed the benefit of a considerable share of his confidence and friendship.

¹ See *Aug. Rev. No. V. p. 451.*

The five first pages of the appendix are filled with the reasons of the author for giving it to the world ; and with anecdotes of a Devonshire artist, Thomas Rennel, a sort of painting *Dermody*, who perversely chose to live and die in poverty and obscurity, although he possessed talents fitted to ensure celebrity in any art or science to which he might have applied. Reviewers, although they are privileged even to *think* for the public, ought but seldom to presume to *speak* for themselves. We cannot, however, forbear this opportunity of deprecating the falsehood of the pernicious notion, that *a great genius* must necessarily be *an idle slovenly fellow*. Genius is the power of intense, rapid, expansive thought, and whatever airs of carelessness a *genius* may assume to puzzle and amaze inferior capacities, we are convinced that excellence can never be attained but by continued strong exertion of the faculties of the mind.—The memoranda of Sir Joshua Reynolds on pictures which he saw in Italy, fill a considerable number of the pages of this work. Elementary precepts and observations can seldom afford much entertainment to superficial readers ; but the reflections of a Reynolds are a store-house of information for students in the art which he adorned. We think the following passages excellent.

“ The manner of the English travellers in general, and of those who most pique themselves on studying Vertu, is, that instead of examining the beauties of those works of fame, and why they are esteemed, they only enquire the subject of the picture, and the name of the painter, the history of a statue, and where it was found, and write that down. Some Englishmen, while I was in the Vatican, came there, and spent above six hours in writing down whatever the antiquary dictated to them ; they scarcely ever looked at the paintings the whole time.” p. xi.

“ Most of our portrait painters fall into one general fault. They have got a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately ; the consequence of which is, that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings ; and if they have a history or a family-piece to paint, the first thing they do, is to look over their common-place book, containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures ; then they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print, and another from a second, but never take the trouble of thinking for themselves : on the contrary, the painter, who has a genius, first makes himself master of the subject he is to represent, by reading, or otherwise ; then works his imagination up to a kind of enthusiasm ; till he in a degree perceives the whole event, as it were, before his eyes, when, as quick as lightning, he gives his rough sketch on paper or canvas. By this means his work has the air of genius stamped upon it, whilst the contrary mode of practice will infallibly be productive of tameness, and of such pictures as will have the semblance of copies. After the painter has made his sketch from his idea only, he may be allowed to look at the works of his predecessors for dresses, ornaments, &c. of the times he intends to represent.” p. xviii.

We are sorry to find among the miscellaneous matter of this valuable work, any observations of a tendency to diminish that high esteem which the name of Samuel Johnson justly claims from his enlightened countrymen; and which it will continue to claim as long as the language which he cultivated and embellished shall be the organ of science, patriotism, and genius. Far from agreeable to us is the task of rending from his image in our minds, the sheltering veil which time has cast over his very few and very pardonable failings. Nor can we admire the skill which directs the barbarous effort of the graver, to give permanence to those transient shades of passion and asperity, which cannot surely alter or deform the grand outline of many a moral grace and many a Christian virtue. If we must be reminded of the weaknesses and prejudices of this "Leviathan of Literature," let us bear in mind our debt of thankfulness to him who "gave ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

Mr. Northcote says, "to determine, like Johnson, to go through life, and to resist all patronage whatsoever, may indicate a proud and unsocial spirit!" p. xxiv. Was it not then worth while to toil for years in solitude, to have the pleasure of writing the letter which Johnson wrote to Lord Chesterfield? Of rising superior to a neglect which had chilled, a pride which had insulted him! "Johnson ought to have reflected, that much of the prosperity of Sir Joshua and Garrick was a natural consequence of their virtues as well as of their abilities; and of an application incessant and untired, even to the injury of their constitutions, in order to become eminent in the departments they had adopted: whilst he was loitering away his time in idleness, and feeding at another man's table, whose profession or trade he held also in utter scorn. No wonder Johnson was not rich!" p. lviii.

We add, that he was always surrounded with a crowd of poor dependants, whom he supported with money which he gained by toil uncongenial to his inclinations and habits, and which he gave with a generosity prompted solely by the pure spirit of benevolence and charity. He gave not to youth, to beauty, or to talent; but to age, to obscurity, and not unfrequently, to peevishness and ingratitude.

Here is a curious story of Mr. Gill, the pastry-cook of Bath, which tells as little to the credit of the filial piety of his son, by whom it was related to Mr. Northcote, as to that of the integrity of the man of tarts himself.

"Mr. Gill, senior, the noted pastry-cook of Bath, was a stout, well-

made, athletic man, that might intimidate, even by his appearance only; and as he was travelling once in a post-chaise alone, on the road between London and Bath, it was his chance to espy a highway man making his way up to the chaise with an intention to rob him. At this, Mr. Gill's heart failed him; and in order to get the fearful business over as quick as possible, he took out his purse in readiness to deliver it to the highwayman, even before it was demanded; and when the robber approached near to the chaise-window, Gill, not being very deliberate in what he did, and eager to shew his willingness to comply with any demand that should be made, thrust his head through the window, not perceiving, in his hurry, that the glass was up, and broke it into shivers. This violent act alarmed the highwayman, who concluded it must be the result of invincible intrepidity; and accordingly he turned about his horse, and immediately rode off, thinking it best not to have any thing to do with such a lion-hearted fellow, but Gill, still apprehending danger, thought the robber would take him by surprise, by firing his pistol at him through the back of the carriage; and therefore, to be the more secure, he instantly laid himself down at the bottom of the chaise, and thus continued his journey." p. liv.

The delicacy which ought to have sealed the lips of *young Mr. Gill*, would certainly have deprived the world of a laughable anecdote; but it could not have withheld a serviceable document from the *life of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, with which this and many other good stories have nothing in the world to do. Some of the *bon-mots* attributed to the illustrious subject of the memoirs are below mediocrity. He never desired or expected that his familiar sayings would be recorded. He always rated his colloquial powers lower than they deserved; and Mr. Northcote himself mentions his unaffected surprise at finding himself classed among a party of wits, wholly disclaiming his title to the appellation.

We are rather surprised to find that Sir Joshua, in answer to a question concerning his estimate of the poetical talents of Dr. Goldsmith, said, "that Goldsmith, as a poet, he believed, was about the degree of Addison." lxxvii.

The Traveller and *the Campaign!* who quotes from the one, who does *not* quote from the other?

Most of Mr. Northcote's opinions on literature, when he over-steps the biographic pale, are justly conceived and well expressed; and he gives to us, in a note, a very interesting detail of the transactions concerning an offer made by the Royal Academy to decorate the cathedral of Saint Paul, with paintings on sacred subjects by living artists. The measure was strenuously advocated by the enlightened Bishop Newton, and failed for want of the concurrence of Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, who gave his refusal in these words: "I will never suffer the doors of the metropolitan church to be opened for

penetrates into the obscurity of times long since departed—times which no benevolent cosmopolite could wish to recal; we cannot help regretting that a writer of the taste and judgment of the Honorable William Herbert, should have devoted his time and attention to the cultivation of a cold and hungry soil, which, having no spontaneous fertility, produces no blooms but from the exotic grafts of his luxuriant fancy, nor any indigenous fruits of serviceable properties or grateful flavour. The poetry of the Scalds may indeed gratify the researches of the antiquary; and Madame de Staël, for whose magic pen no subjects are too lofty or too remote, has, in her Essay on general Literature, done more than justice to the *Poésie du Nord*. But the bare, crude, wild and improbable fictions of infant states, cannot long regale or satisfy that intellectual thirst, which has banquetted on the brilliant imagery of the polished and ingenious Greeks, or even the exuberant and glowing fictions of Persic or Hindûstaneë lore.

The talents and learning of Mr. Herbert have, however, already established his claim to the respect and attention of the public; and what he has in this instance attempted, he has executed with considerable ability. His preface will explain the purport and motives of his work.

“The following poem, which has remained for several years in an unfinished state, was commenced soon after the publication of the translations which I made from the relics of ancient Icelandic or Scandinavian poetry. I was at that time forcibly struck with the poetical images which the manners and religion of the northern nations appeared to present; and, feeling that I was prevented from giving them full effect by the fidelity which I deemed necessary in the translation of writings which derived their principal interest from their antiquity and peculiarities, it occurred to me that, by undertaking an original poem of which the scene might be laid among the ancient Scandinavians, I should be able to illustrate their manners, and religion, and superstitions, in a form that would be more pleasing to the reader, and to avail myself of a wide field for poetical composition, which had been as yet untouched by any writer, except in a few short and unconnected translations. My attention was afterwards withdrawn from the undertaking by other pursuits; and the poem, which had long been neglected, has been lately completed and revised. The foundation of the tale is historical; in what respects I have altered it, will be stated in the notes. The poem, will, I hope, be found to contain a faithful picture of the manners and superstitions of the period which it represents. I have attempted to give it the coloring of poetry, and to temper with chaster ornaments the rude wildness of Scaldic fiction.”

Many readers peruse a poem merely for the sake of the story contained in it. For such readers, we presume, Mr.

Herbert does not write; and the prose analysis of an ornamented tale clothed in the rich and flowing drapery of the Muse, and sparkling with the gems of fancy, must bear about the same degree of resemblance to the original, that a meagre and desiccated mummy does to a beautiful and healthful human figure, moving erect and graceful in the majesty of its Maker's image. We will therefore merely say, that the machinery of this poem, in which we imagine the author modestly considers the chief merit to consist, is skilfully interwoven with human agency; the characters are well sustained; and the operation of a *spell* or *charm* on the physical and moral frame of the heroine, is beautifully described, and evinces a close observation of the construction and susceptibility of the reasoning and sentient faculties. We select as a sample of the author's talent for versification, the following passage from the opening of the seventh and last canto.

"Say, when the spirit fleets away
 From its frail house of mortal clay,
 When the cold limbs to earth return,
 Or rest in proudly sculptured urn,
 Does still oblivion quench the fire
 That warm'd the heart with chaste desire?
 Do all our fond affections lie
 Buried in dark eternity?
 Or may the souls of those we love
 In darkness oft around us move,
 Float on the gently sighing air,
 And haunt the scenes where once they were?
 It may not be that flame so bright
 Should ever sink in endless night;
 And if, when fails the transient breath,
 The soul can spurn the bonds of death,
 Love's gentle spirit ne'er shall die,
 But dove-like with it mount the sky!
 O 'tis not sure the poet's dream,
 Sweet fancy's visionary theme.
 Where'er the fleeting soul shall go,
 Still will our pure affections glow!
 If sense of good and ill remain
 Though life's frail thoughts are past and vain,
 Death's arm, that conquers all, shall ne'er
 From the delighted spirit tear
 The memory of a mother's care!
 That fond remembrance still shall cling
 In heaven to life's immortal spring!
 And thou, whose chaste and beauteous form,
 Clasp'd to his heart with rapture warm,
 Oft wakes the humble poet's eye
 To more than mortal ecstasy,

commend any boldness of design, which attempts reformation of manners at the hazard of wounding the ear of delicacy and chastity. We can hardly imagine a case in which a man should "do evil that good may come of it." If the argument be good, why have we laws for the suppression of indecent pictures and immoral publications?—their own grossness, according to a certain class, will be a sufficient corrective. A truce with such sophistry. Juvenal abounds with peculiarities, which his translator dares not attempt to exhibit in his native tongue and idiom. No—he has translated Juvenal almost entire, but has avoided his grossness. He has made the Satirist speak as he would have spoken, had he now lived in England—when, corrected by the refinements of the age, he would have launched the thunder of his verse against lasciviousness, but still have paid attention to taste and *décorum*.

It is always reasonably expected, that the last translation of a work should be superior to any that preceded it : and if we mistake not, Dr. Badham will, on most occasions, be found to have surpassed his predecessors in rendering those more interesting passages in which they were the most ambitious to excel.

Our first specimen shall be from the close of the 10th Satire ; the original of which is too well known to render its insertion necessary.

" Say then, must man, depriv'd all power of choice,
Ne'er raise to heaven the supplicating voice?
Not so ; but to the gods his fortune trust :
Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
What best may profit or delight they know,
And real good, for fancied bliss bestow ;
With eyes of pity they our frailties scan ;
More dear to them, than to himself, is man.
By blind desire, by headlong passions driven,
For wife and heirs we daily weary Heaven ;
Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know,
If heirs, or wife, will bring us weal or woe.

" But, that thou may'st (for still 'tis good to prove
Thy humble hope) ask something from above ;
Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer.

" O Thou, who see'st the wants of human kind,
Grant me all health of body, health of mind ;
A soul prepar'd to meet the frowns of fate,
And look undaunted on a future state ;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care ;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides' toils, and cruel pains
Superior to the feasts, the wanton sport,
And morbid softness of th' Assyrian court.

"This, though to give thyself may'st well suffice;—
The only path to peace through virtue lies.
O Fortune, Fortune! all thy boasted powers
Would shrink to nothing, were but prudence ours;
But man, fond man, exalts thee to the spheres,
And clothes thee in the attributes he fears." Gifford.

Mr. Hodgson's version is more compressed, and, upon the whole, fully as good as this, which, however, evinces a very chaste, cultivated taste.

"Shall man then, nothing ask?—This rule receive—
The choice of blessings to the Giver leave:
He grants us happiness, and not our will,
Even when we hate ourselves, he loves us still.
By a blind impulse violently driven,
We claim a wife, a family, from Heaven;
But heaven knows best how vile our wife may be,
How shameless our ungrateful family.
Yet to that God on whom our hopes depend,
While with deep awe, with righteous zeal we bend,
Be this our prayer—'Oh, let thy creatures find
A healthful body and a healthful mind;
With a brave soul that, yielding up its breath
Mid nature's kindest presents places death;
That, soaring far o'er all terrestrial cares,
Smiles on the load of life it briefly bears:
That tempering each rebellious passion's fire,
Too firm for fear, too holy for desire,
Prefers Herculean toils to lazy sports,
And fields of danger to voluptuous courts.'

"This thou canst give thyself, and only this
Can lead thy footsteps to the path of bliss.
Be virtue then, be prudence still thy guide,
And every power shall arm upon thy side;
But thy weak vows in Fortune's temple rise,
And Folly wafers their incense to the skies."

We now come to Dr. Badham's version, in which there is a faithfulness and a resemblance to his author, which incline us to prefer it to that of either of his competitors.

"What, then, does life supply no object—none;
Is there no good to ask, no ill to shun?
Nay, but do thou permit the Gods to choose
What it is meet to grant, and what refuse;
Giving whate'er is good, they oft deny
What only seems so, to our erring eye;
Dear to himself is man, but far more dear
To them who mark how passion wins his ear;
A wife, a home, and sweet domestic peace,
These boons he seeks with prayers that never cease;
They, to whose altars and whose shrines he runs,
Discern the future wife, the future sons!
Yet, that thou may'st not want a ready prayer,
When the slain victim tells thy pious care,

Ask, that to health of body may be join'd,
 That equal blessing, SANITY of MIND :
 'Gainst which life's various cares in vain conspire,
 And strange alike to anger and desire ;
 Which views the close of life, from terrors free,
 As a kind boon, O nature, given by thee ;
 Which would the soft Assyrian's down resign,
 All his voluptuous nights and all his wine,
 For brave and noble darings ! Mortal, learn,
 The boon of bliss thyself alone can'st earn ;
 To tranquil life one only path invites,
 Where virtue leads her pilgrim and requites.
 No more a Goddess, were thy votaries wise,
 Whose fond delusion lifts thee to the skies,
 Thy place in Heaven, O Fortune ! we bestow,
 Divine we call thee ; AND WE MAKE THEE SO !"

The terrors of a guilty conscience have never been painted with more terrible energy than by Juvenal towards the close of his 13th Satire. Gifford renders the passage as follows :

" For in the eye of Heaven, a wicked deed
 Devis'd is done : what then, if he proceed ?—
 Perpetual fears th' offender's peace destroy,
 And rob the social hour of all its joy :
 At table seated, with parch'd mouth he chaws
 The loitering food, that swells beneath his jaws,
 Spits out the produce of th' Albanian hill
 Mellow'd by age ; you bring him mellowed still,
 And, lo, such wrinkles in his brow appear,
 As if you brought Falernian vinegar !
 At night, should sleep his harass'd limbs compose,
 And steal him one short moment from his woes,
 Then dreams invade ; sudden before his eyes,
 The violated fane and altar rise ;
 And (what disturbs him most) your injur'd shade,
 In more than mortal majesty array'd,
 Frowns on the wretch, alarms his treacherous rest,
 And wrings the dreadful secret from his breast.
 These, these are they who tremble and turn pale
 At the first mutterings of the hollow gale !
 Who sink with terror at the transient glare
 Of meteors, gleaming through the turbid air !
 Oh, 'tis not chance they cry ; this hideous crash
 Is not the war of winds, nor this dread flash
 Th' encounter of dark clouds, but blasting fire
 Charg'd with the wrath of heaven's insulted sire !
 That peal at a safe distance dies away ;
 Shuddering they wait the next with more dismay,
 As if the short reprieve were only sent
 To add new horrors to their punishment.
 Yet more ; when the first symptoms of disease,
 When feverish heats the restless members seize,
 They think the plague by wrath divine bestow'd,
 And feel in every pang th' avenging God.

Rack'd with the thoughts, in hopeless grief they lie,
And dare not tempt the mercy of the sky :
For what can such expect ! what victim slay
That is not worthier far to live than they !”

This is a fair specimen of Mr. Gifford's fine talent for translation, but it yields to the ease and energy of Dr. Badham.

“ For he the Sin that meditates alone,
Its guilt incurs—what then if it be done !
Farewell, a long farewell he bids to peace,
His soul's alarms shall never, never cease :
With feverish mouth, with tongue for ever dry,
To gulp the joyless, tasteless meat he'll try ;
Large and more large it swells, and now he sips,
Then casts the wine untasted from his lips :
The precious age of Alba's richest store
Seems void of flavour, and can please no more :
His brow to wrinkles drawn, which scarce the juice
Of harsh Falernum's vintage might produce.
At night, if care permit a brief repose,
Nor longer o'er the couch his limbs he throws,
Forthwith the altar and th' insulted fane,
And (what inflicts more aggravated pain)
While copious sweats betray the secret storm,
Before his eyes still flits the angry form !
Greater than human stalks his bed around,
And rends anew the never-closing wound.
These, these be they whom coward terrors try,
With every cloud that growls along the sky.
Pale at each flash, and half extinct with dread,
When the dark volume bellows o'er his head ;
No storm as nature's casualty they hold,
They deem without an aim no thunders roll'd.
Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought
Full charg'd with wrath, with Heaven's high vengeance fraught.
Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear
And greater dread the future storm they fear.
Its burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep,
In this distemper'd frame if fever keep,
Or sharp pleuritic pains their rest prevent,
They deem that every God his bow has bent !
That pains and aches are stones and arrows hurl'd
At bold offenders in this nether world !
Nor crested cock, when languid on his bed,
They dare not vow, nor bleating quadruped,
For what can sickness hope, with sin conjoin'd,
Or than itself what viler victim find !”

The masterly picture of old age in the 10th Satire has never been rendered with such fidelity as by the present translator.

“ In youth a sweet diversity we find,
And various loveliness with force combin'd ;
But age is all alike ; the limbs deny
To bear their load, the accent seems to die

Upon the faltering tongue :—the scalp is bare,
 And the moist nose of infancy is there !
 His bread the wretch must break with boneless gum,
 So grievous to his dearest friends become,
 That Cossus,—with the will before his eyes—
 Might with disgust be taken by surprise !—
 That torpid palate can no longer taste,
 Or food or wine,—the banquet's joys are past !
 Another organ fails, and sing who may,
 Or strike the chord, he hears no more the lay."

Some of the couplets are remarkable for their terse and vigorous brevity ; witness the following :

" Mors sola fatetur
 Quantula sint hominum corpuscula."
 " Death, death alone makes thoughtless man confess
 The humbling secret of his littleness."

And again :

" Summum crede nefas animam preferre pudori,
 Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas."
 " Virtue for mere existence ne'er betray,
 NOR BASELY BARTER LIFE'S GREAT END AWAY !"

These extracts are sufficient to give the reader an idea of the manner in which Dr. Badham has executed his task. It will be acknowledged that he is not deficient in the principal qualities requisite for a translator ; and he certainly has struck out beauties which were overlooked by his predecessors. But there are parts of his work in which he has not been fortunate, but must yield the palm to some of his rivals. It was due to him to point out his merits ; it is due to the public to notice his defects.

The description of a gradual decay is one of Juvenal's most exquisite passages :

" Festinat enim decurrere velox
 Flosculus argusto miseraque brevissima vitæ
 Portio ; dum bibimus, dum sarta, unguenta, puellas
 Poscimus, obrepat non intellecta senectus."
 " For youth, too transient flower ! of life's short day
 The shortest part, but blossoms to decay.
 Lo ! while we give the unregarded hour
 To wine and revelry, in pleasure's bower,
 The noiseless foot of time steals swiftly by,
 And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh."

Such is Gifford's pleasing version ; but it is not more pleasing than the liquid, pensive numbers of Hodgson.

" Swift down the pathway of declining years,
 As on we journey through this vale of tears,
 Youth wastes away, and withers like a flower,
 The lovely phantom of a fleeting hour :
 'Mid the light sallies of the mantling soul,
 The smiles of beauty, and the social bowl,

Inaudible, the foot of chilly age
Steals on our joys, and drives us from the stage."

Dr. Badham's attempt will not afford an equal degree of
asure.

" Life's floweret droops, and withers e'er tis blown !
Most brief its utmost date, and all the while
We fill the cup, or court the fair one's smile,
Age steals with noiseless tread, and ere we fear,
The sad, unwelcome visitant is here."

Our next and last extract shall be from the 5th Satire, where
Juvenal is lashing the hangers-on at the table of Virro.

" Has Virro ever drank to thee, or deign'd
To touch the goblet which thy lips have stain'd ?
Or hast thou ever pledged thy ruling God,
Rash slave, or hail'd him with an equal's nod ?
Few are the words that safely can be spoke
By the mean wearer of a threadbare cloak.
But if to Trebius by the hand of heaven,
The sudden fortune of a knight be given,
Or by some friend more bountiful than fate—
How is his worth increas'd with his estate !
Into a lord the little wretch is turn'd,
And courtly Virro loves the man he spurn'd.
' Slaves ! wait on Trebius ; would my brother taste
The sweet-bread ? let it at thy side be placed,
Dear Trebius !—can'st thou not the cause divine ?
He is thy fortune's brother and not thine." Hodgson.

This is very fair ; but there is still more life, and more collo-
quial freedom and fashion in Gifford.

" Does Virro ever pledge you ? ever sip
The liquor touch'd by your unhallow'd lip ?
Or is there one of all your tribe so free,
So desperate as to say ; ' Sir, drink with me ?'
O ! there is much that never can be spoke
By a poor client in a threadbare cloak.
But should some God, or man of godlike soul,
The malice of your niggard fate controul,
And bless you with a knight's estate ; how dear
Would you be then ! how wondrous great appear
From nothing ! Virro, so reserv'd of late,
Grows quite familiar : ' Brother, send your plate,
Dear brother Trebius ! you were wont to say,
You lik'd these dainties ; let me help you, pray.'
You, riches, are his ' brother ;' and to you
This warmth of friendship, this respect, is due."

In following the march of these passages, Dr. Badham halts
considerably.

" O ! when shall Virro drink to such a guest ;
When touch the goblet which thy lips have press'd ?
Or which of you will be so rash, so lost,
When uninvited, as to pledge his host ?

The words are not a few which want controul,
 Which none may utter with a cloak in holes !
 But should some god, or mortal well inclin'd,
 Leave thee a fortune, than the fates more kind,
 How very soon thy abject state will end !
 Now much caressed, now greatly Virro's friend !
 ' Help worthy Trebius, put that cover near,
 ' Come, brother—taste this haunch before me here.—
 Brother ! O gold omnipotent, for thee
 This speech is meant of kind fraternity !”

To conclude : Dr. Badham's translation may occasionally want the spirit and energy of Gifford's, and the easy flow of Hodgson's ; but it possesses merit peculiar to itself. Most of the translators of Juvenal seem to have imagined that their author's hurried transitions and prominent inequalities should be smoothed down into the uniform polish, and the laboured nicety of modern versification. Abruptness of manner and colloquial phraseology are not less characteristic of this poet, than flowing numbers and sweeping declamation. What we like in the present translation is, that it is a *translation*, not a *paraphrase*. It is a good copy, not merely of the matter of the original, but of its manner. It very properly makes a sacrifice of amplification and smoothness, whenever the sententiousness and unpolished grandeur of the original require it. But the boldness of this attempt has had its inconveniences, and been the means of leading the translator into error. His close imitation of his author's manner has, on various occasions, caused him to be obscure : and it is not always quite satisfactory to the reader to be referred to the Notes for an elucidation of such obscurities.—One who had never read a Roman author would say, Gifford's is the best poem : one who had read Juvenal would say, Badham's is the best translation.—The Notes, though pretty numerous, are generally to the purpose ; and are amusing, even where they afford no direct illustration of the text.

ART. X.—*An Essay to illustrate the Rights of the Poor by Law ; being a Commentary on the Statute of King Henry the VII, chapter 12 : with observations on the practice of suing and defending in formâ pauperis, and suggestions for extending the benefits of such practice. Dedicated by Express Permission to His Royal Highness the DUKE of KENT. By*

WILLIAM MINCHIN, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Author of several Law Tracts. Together with a succinct account of all the Public Charities in and near London, their origin and design, &c. and an Address to the Governors, Patrons, Presidents, and Promoters thereof. Dunn and Co. London. 1815. 8vo. pp. 144. 5s. bds.

A celebrated character replied to some one who had observed that Justice was open to every British subject, "and so is the London Tavern—to those that can pay." It cannot be denied, that, at the present day, there is an enormous expense attending the general prosecution of civil remedies, which the poor are not able to bear: Mr. Minchin has felt this strongly, and has very laudably endeavoured, in the work before us, to bring the question fairly before the public. We shall have pleasure in stating, as clearly as we can, the result of his enquiries.

The hardships to which the poor were exposed in litigation, from fees of office and remuneration to legal advisers, was adverted to by the legislature at a very early period of our history. The 11. Hen. VII. c. 12. accordingly gives *poor persons* "not able to sue for their remedy after the course of the Common Law" a power of suing without any expense of fees, counsel, or attornies at the discretion of the Chancellor. In the exercise of this discretion it became, in process of time, a rule never to admit any one to the benefit of this act unless he would solemnly depose that, after the payment of his debts, he had not more than *five pounds* remaining. As it was feared that the admission of the poor to sue without expense might be an encouragement to vexatious litigation the 23 Hen. VII. c. 15. provided that if the defendant recovered judgment for costs against a pauper, the latter, instead of paying them, should suffer such punishment as the Court should think proper to inflict. The law respecting the admission to sue or defend *in formâ pauperis* seems to have been finally settled by 2 Geo. II. c. 28., which fixes the sum at five pounds, which the property of the applicant must not exceed.

The constructions which the Courts have put on these enactments, form a valuable part of the work before us, and render it acceptable to the practical lawyer, as well as to the philanthropic theorist. Into minutiae we cannot enter. But the causes which prevent the beneficent intentions of our ancestors from being carried into effect, demand an attentive consideration and must have it.

The first thing which strikes us is the smallness of the sum which the pauper must possess to entitle him to sue in that character. It would surely suffice under the original statute of Henry, if he were "unable to sue;" even though possessed of a somewhat larger sum—necessary perhaps to the support of his family. It seems unreasonable that an unfortunate man must be reduced to five pounds, before he can assert his rights. Such a standard opens the door to perjury and collusion. Another evil is, that the attorney and counsel assigned by the court, being *compelled* to do that gratis for which otherwise they would receive remuneration, are tempted to neglect the interests of their unfortunate client. But the mischief is still greater which prevents the exercise of charity in legal practitioners when disposed to exert it—which makes their humanity a crime—and compels them to suppress the risings of pity when it might be the most serviceable. Barretry, Maintenance, Champerty, and Embrocary, are all of them misdemeanors by the Common or Statute Law, and are so many terms by which the conducting or encouraging of litigation is designated, including in their operation, those who take on themselves to manage the causes of others without those fees which the law allows them to receive. The fear of falling under the penalties with which these offences are visited, shuts out all but the very poorest from that relief, to which it was assuredly the original intention of the legislature that others should be entitled.

The miseries resulting from these difficulties are very distinctly shown and illustrated in the work before us. Illegal distresses must be submitted to in silence—outlawries may be incurred—even imprisonment for contempt in not answering a Bill in Chancery may be suffered, by a defendant who has not money to enable him to proceed. Creditors may lose their just claims by the inability of their debtors to recover theirs!—and inheritances may for ever be secured to strangers. To prove that this, and more than all this is true, we need only quote one or two of our author's anecdotes which we have no doubt are authentic.

"Norfolk. M. M. claims to be entitled to very considerable freehold property, and having obtained the opinion of counsel in favor of her claim, she has been necessitated to apply to some relations for pecuniary assistance to prosecute her rights, and they are able and desirous to assist her. The opinion of counsel has also been taken on the propriety of extending such assistance, and he has declared the same to be illegal. The poverty of M. M. therefore, precludes her from asserting her just pretensions." p. 60, 1.

“ Lancaster. J. B. one of the industrious class of persons called cotton spinners was made a bankrupt in the Month of November, 1812, upon the oath of petitioning creditors whose debts were falsely sworn to as J. B. believed, to the amount of 200*l.* J. B. applied to an attorney to make the requisite inquiry and paid him 1*l.* for his trouble therein. The attorney proceeded and found the amount of the debts sworn to 199*l.* 19*s.* being less than the amount imperatively required by the statutes concerning bankrupts. A petition from the bankrupt was prepared and presented to the Lord Chancellor, for superseding the Commission of bankruptcy; the supersedeas was ordered upon hearing counsel for and against the petition, which was superseded accordingly. The property of the bankrupt had been sold under the Commission so superseded, and the creditors refused to make satisfaction to J. B. for the injury he had sustained thereby. And an action was brought to seek reparation in damages against the petitioning creditors and the auctioneer who sold J. B.'s effects. The cause went to trial at the Assizes, and was referred to an arbitration, and an award made in J. B.'s favour of 209*l.* 10*s.* damages and costs were awarded to him, besides 46*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* the costs on the supersedeas, making together 255*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*—and paid by the defendants to J. B.'s attorney, who presented him with a bill for 329*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.* making J. B. his debtor 73*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* at the end of September 1813. J. B. was unable to pay the 73*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*; his credit was ruined by bankruptcy, he was arrested by the attorney for that sum, went to prison, and, after four months confinement, was discharged under the provisions of the Insolvent Act. The attorney was made assignee of the estate, and J. B. is without remedy. The bona fide creditors have nothing to hope for from the assignee, as it is a maxim in law, “no man can sue himself,” and there is no other property but what he holds, as received subsequent to the Bankruptcy.” p. 64, 5.

There are several other instances equally striking, which we wish we had room to quote; but, we believe, these will be sufficient. The evil is abundantly manifest; but the more important object remains;—the remedy. To effect this, Mr. M. submits that a board of commissioners might be delegated by the executive government, with the sanction of Parliament, to take into mature consideration the cases of the poor who may either wish to sue, or be compelled to defend, in which might be invested power to compel the attendance, and take depositions of witnesses. It is also proposed to legalize the establishment of a fund, as well as to allow of individual assistance, in cases where, at present, the exercise of charity would be punished as criminal. Then the Society for the relief of persons imprisoned for small debts, might expend part of their benevolent contributions, in preventing the evils they at present cure. An institution somewhat on the plan of the national Vaccine establishment might be founded with the fairest prospects of success. A limited number of Council, Attornies, Masters in Chancery, and other officers, might be appointed at certain salaries in annual rotation, or be paid according to a ratio fixed by the Governors. It is further

suggested that either a court should be erected for the sole consideration of the claims of paupers; or that Judges from the several courts, one from each, should sit either individually or collectively for the same purpose. In the country, Barristers might be locally authorised to consider the petitions of poor litigants, and to make reports as to their title to assistance. By this means, the equitable intentions of the legislature would be carried into effect, and perjury and collusion effectually prevented. The benefits which might be expected from such regulations, will be best expressed in the author's own language.

“ In many instances, it would be found that, upon a favourable report of the pauper's right, his opponent would be induced to compromise or relinquish the contest: or to court a termination of the dispute by submitting to an award upon arbitration, which is a mode of adjustment frequently found beneficial in ordinary instances of dispute. Numerous cases would thus be decided, satisfactorily to the parties concerned, with less profit to the lawyer, less fees to the counsel, and less expense to the unsuccessful litigant; but substantial justice would thus be obtained, and much inconvenience obviated. Parochial burthens would be considerably lessened by a restoration of property to the right owners, who are not unfrequently objects of charity; crimes would diminish because right would relieve necessity; and those to whom justice would be administered would, in some instances, be enabled to contribute to the relief of others; many of the receptacles for needy and insane persons would have fewer applicants and inmates, and the unhappy who are entitled to the benefits of such institutions, would have the opportunity of seeking redress against abuses, for which they have at present no remedy, because no means legally to seek it.” p. 121.

We take our leave of Mr. Minchin with feelings of satisfaction with his book and gratitude to himself. The book, it is true, is not given to the public in a style of much elegance. The anecdotes, though entertaining and useful, are told with a good deal of circuitry and quaintness. But the intention of the whole is highly laudable; the arguments are clear and convincing; and the narrative, we doubt not, quite authentic. We heartily wish success to his exertions in behalf of the poor, which success, we are persuaded, he will regard as the best reward for his labours.

ART. XI.—*Remarkable Sermons of RACHEL BAKER, and pious ejaculations delivered during sleep, taken down in short hand: with remarks on this extraordinary phænomenon. By Dr. MITCHELL, M. D. Professor of Physic, The late Dr. PRIEST-*

LEY, LL. D. and DR. DOUGLASS. *With some other extraordinary facts of the same kind, in which no delusion has been practised.* "Several hundreds every evening flock to hear this most wonderful preacher, who is instrumental in converting more persons to Christianity, when *asleep*, than all the other ministers together, whilst *awake*." Letter from America. London: Cox and Son; Sherwood, Neely, and Jones; Callow; and Underwood. 1815. price 4s. 6d. pp. 256.

THIS prolix and circumstantial title-page spares us the trouble of detailing the contents; so that we have only to state the impression remaining upon our minds, after having read it with due attention. The respectable names adduced in evidence, and the plain simple integrity which appears in the statement, forbid us to doubt the reality of the fact of these sermons (better called rhapsodies, since a sermon is the illustration of a text, not a string of invocations and aspirations) having been really pronounced by Rachel Baker, while in a state of imperfect, symptomatic sleep, or *somnium* as we are by this work instructed to call it. This same phænomenon might with great propriety have formed the subject of an article in the Medical Journals, and Philosophical Magazines; it might have supplied useful data for metaphysical inquiries; and *one* of these involuntary nocturnal exhortations, well attested, might, in all conscience, have sufficed as an example of this remarkable excitement of the moral faculties during the suspension of volition and of most of the physical powers. But we cannot, without wonder and pity, read of grave physicians, theologians, and philosophers, attending night after night, with assiduity and reverence, to these involuntary effusions of a silly, dreaming girl!—It was thought extraordinary that Miss Rachel Baker should be voluble and eloquent in her sleep, while during her waking hours she was as stupidly silent as any body. But few appearances are unaccountable, when steadily and coolly investigated. If the damsel was insane, her talking and walking too in sleep was not extraordinary. If she was sane, two reasons may be assigned for her being silent when other people *speak*: the one, that shyness customary to her age and sex, which might render her *unwilling* to hold forth on sacred subjects before her elders and superiors; the other, that exhaustion of her spirits by involuntary exertions during the night, which might render her unable to speak. We give an

extract from one of her discourses, which our judicious readers will consider a great deal more than long enough.

“Look, then, to the Lord Jesus, and give him your affection, for Jesus is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; Jesus is a friend that is nearer than any other friend, that is nearer than any other friend can possibly be; as every other tie must be broken asunder; husbands and wives must shake parting hands; and we see the same things taking place; we see husbands and wives parting; death calls, and they must go, but it is impossible to separate from the love of Jesus Christ. Parents and children are separated from each other; we all must die. And, except we have the religion of Jesus Christ, we are of all men most miserable, for we are bound to the indignation and wrath of God, and it will be poured out without measure; and I, even I, must, without this religion, lie down in this lake of fire, for ever and ever: this must be the lot of all; for we must die, and without we have the blood of Jesus Christ, we must live under the wrath of God for ever. The last enemy is death. Where will we go to avoid this death? if we go into the sea, Death is there—the fishes die; if we should go into the wilderness, the beasts die; where shall we go to hide ourselves? to hide from this grim monster, DEATH? we can go to none but Jesus Christ, for he has taken away the sting of death.

Tho' I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

It is, therefore, of the greatest importance; we must say the Lord is our Shepherd; we must be able to say, the Lord is our Shepherd; he will lead me through the valley of the shadow of death, in spite of all my foes.

The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.” p. 29.

The young woman had been reading some of the versions of the 'psalms, and having raved about one or two of them *inter somnia*, her absurd admirers have managed to serve up the above among other Bakerian dainties. After all, she is one of the worst of poets, and Moorfields and Tower Hill would be disgraced by having such a preacher. Her whole conduct strongly denotes a degree of that species of insanity which medical practitioners term "mental hallucination." We hear of no "foes" whom this unhappy girl ever had. Indeed she was only seventeen years of age, and had lived a quiet domestic life with her parents, who were honest Presbyterians in low circumstances.

The most interesting part of the volume is an Essay on the Theory of Dreams, Somnambulism, the Incubus, and other habits and accidents of the human mind, compiled from the writings of Doctors Hartley, Rush, Priestly, Goldsmith, and Mr. Addison. Some parts of the theory, which relate to the propensities and powers of the mind, correspond in a curious manner with the systems of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, and open to the medical student an interesting field of enquiry.

ART. XII.—*Vathek*. A Londres; chez Clarke, New Bond Street. 1815. pp. 218.

"Les éditions de Paris et de Lausanne étant devenues extrêmement rares, j'ai consenti enfin à ce que l'on republiât à Londres ce petit ouvrage tel que je l'ai composé. La traduction, comme on sait, a paru avant l'original: il est fort aisé de croire que ce n'étoit pas mon intention—des circonstances, peu intéressantes pour le public, en ont été la cause. J'ai préparé quelques Episodes; ils sont indiqués, à la page 200, comme faisant suite à *Vathek*—peut-être paroîtront-ils un jour.

1 Juin, 1815.

W. Beckford."

THIS is in every respect an extraordinary work. The circumstance of its having been written by an Englishman in *pure French*, is nearly *unique*, and the wildness of imagination displayed in it, and that property of genius which elicits from a reader a corresponding train of thought, and distinguishes character or describes passion by a few striking traits, claim for the author of *Vathek* not only our praise, which we are always unwilling to deny to laudable exertion, but that admiration which is due to distinguished merit. The manners of the piece and some historical allusions evince a familiar acquaint-

ance with the customs and literature of the east; and the story is conducted with the rapid march, and adorned with the vivid coloring of Voltaire, whose style, termed by his contemporary admirers, "*l'imprimatur de Voltaire*," Mr. Beckford seems to have combined with his own perceptions of human and supernatural agency, and of moral causes and effects. Vathek has more than once reminded us of the beautiful tale of "*Blanc et Noir*." That *gaité infernale*, which is the epithet applied by the first female genius of her age to the spirit which prompted the romance of *Candide*, does not indeed flash such a fatal glare upon human crime and misery, as is done in that celebrated performance, but the sardonic grin is not unfrequently contrasted with the solemn reprobation of Vice and Folly in the brilliant fiction of Vathek, which, although it might be improved by the rejection of some passages offensive to the eye of delicacy, we scruple not to call a strictly moral tale.

The hero is represented as the ninth Caliph of the Abbasside race and grandson to the generous, magnificent and laughter-loving Haroun Al-Rachid, perhaps the only Caliph whom many of our readers know or care any thing about. The opening of the story finds him in the prime of life, and plenitude of power, pride and self-conceit. Weary of sensual pleasures, and never having had his mind awakened to those of the intellect, he tires of the material world, and languishes to penetrate the secrets of its spiritual government. He becomes a student in the black art, and, to aid his astrological researches, builds a tower so high that Babel, Cleopatra's needle, or London's column which "lifts the head and lies," deserve not to be named with it. His magical researches are prompted and assisted by the Queen-mother, the sultana Carathis, who is an adept in judicial astrology; and these great personages, who hold themselves too wise to obey the laws of Mahomet, find out that *a stranger on whom their destiny depends is to arrive from a far country*. A fiend in the form of a hideous negro fulfils this prediction, and brings a store of magical merchandise which awakens the cupidity of the Caliph. His desires and his curiosity are stimulated by mystery and delay. In pursuit of his impious projects, he commits every sort of cruelty and injustice; and at last, on the promise of attaining to the treasures of the pre-adamite sultans, and being admitted to the palace of the subterranean Fire "where Suliëman the son of Daoud reposes, surrounded by the talismans which subjugate the world," the Caliph abjures the faith of Mahomet, and consents to adore the Powers of the Earth!—The first sacrifice demanded of him

by the Genie who negotiates this horrible apostasy, is the blood of fifty young children to be immolated by the hands of their king and father! A devouring and selfish ambition shuts the Caliph's heart to pity, and under the pretext of a feast given to his favourites and their children, he consummates this crime.—The terrible and the pathetic are finely blended in this description.—Royal butchery does not seem to have been so much the taste of the subjects of Vathek as it is of those of the King of Dahonny, since a revolt among the oppressed people was the result of this outrage. By the arts of the Queen-mother, whose incantations are horribly fine, and the blind and devoted loyalty of the Vizier Morakanabad, the insurrection is quelled, and the terrified and guilty Caliph is reserved for future crimes and future punishments.

The hideous rites of worship to the Infernal Powers are performed on the top of the tower. There, aided by mutes and Ethiopian slaves, Carathis feeds the impious fire with the *oil of serpents, the horns of the rhinoceros, skeletons and mummies*.—The flames are seen in the city, and some faithful and intrepid subjects climb up the fifteen hundred steps of the winding staircase with pails of water to stop the conflagration.—Carathis, with a diabolical laugh, devotes them all to the deity she serves, and her mutes strangle each as he reaches the summit. A supernatural revelation informs this hopeful mother and son, while they are supping luxuriously in the midst of slaughter, that their worship is accepted, and that Vathek has nothing to do, but to set out with all his suite at the time of the next full moon and take the route of Istakhar; “but he must take care to enter into no habitation upon the road.” The account of the preparations for, and conduct of this journey are highly entertaining, and the deepening shades of guilt and impiety which blot from the mind of the Caliph every trait of humanity, are thrown in with the hand of a master. Vathek and his suite, little accustomed to the casualties of travelling, or qualified to “rough it” through life, meet with all sorts of mis-adventures, and in spite of his mother's warning prohibition, which suddenly appears *traced in red letters upon his magical tablets*, he accepts the invitation of the good Emir Fakreddin, and reposes under his hospitable roof. Prodigious fertility of fancy is displayed throughout these details, and they all have an allegorical meaning and are conducive to the general object of the work. In this tranquil and happy asylum of elegance, charity and piety, the dark projects of the Caliph seem to be sus-

pended by his natural taste for voluptuousness, but he fails not to take the first opportunity of committing a crime, and carries off the beautiful Nouronihar, daughter to the Emir and betrothed to his nephew—the amiable Gulchenrouz. The sorrows and distraction of the father, the consternation of the harem, the struggles of habitual affection and duty against love, pride and ambition in the bosom of the fair fugitive are all exquisitely touched. Nouronihar gives some sighs to her father and her youthful lover, but soon catches from Vathek the contagion of impious curiosity, and is ready with him to resign this beautiful creation, and all the gifts of her Maker, to explore the palaces of Istakhar, to ransack the treasures of the pre-adamite sultans, and to possess *the carbuncle of Gianichid*. In the progress of the tale, Carathis (whose interview with the carcase-eating Goules is not to be read by nervous patients) visits her son at one of his *halts* in all the costume of a sorceress and attempts the murder of Gulchenrouz to propitiate her infernal deities. But a good Genie interposes and snatches this interesting boy from her grasp, to gift him with perpetual youth and innocence and assign to him an air-hung habitation, with the society of the fifty little boys whom he had rescued from the gripe of the Fiend of Darkness to whom Vathek had devoted them.

We transcribe for our readers a passage of peculiar interest.

“Cependant les bons Génies qui veilloient encore un peu sur la conduite de Vathek, se rendirent dans le septième ciel auprès de Mahomet, et lui dirent : Miséricordieux Prophète, tendez vos bras propices à votre Vicaire, ou il tombera, sans ressource, dans les pièges que les Dives nos ennemis lui ont dressés : le Giaour l’attend dans l’abominable palais du feu souterrain ; s’il y met le pied, il est perdu sans retour. Mahomet répondit avec indignation ; il n’a que trop mérité d’être laissé à lui-même ; toutefois, je consens que vous fassiez encore un effort pour le détourner de son entreprise.

“Soudain un bon Génie prit la figure d’un berger, plus renommé pour sa piété, que tous les derviches et les santons du pays ; il se plaça sur la pente d’une petite colline auprès d’un troupeau de brebis blanches, et commença à jouer sur un instrument inconnu, des airs dont la touchante mélodie pénétrait l’âme, réveillait les remords, et chassait toute pensée frivole. A des sons si énergiques, le soleil se couvrit d’un sombre nuage, et les eaux d’un petit lac plus claire que le crystal, devinrent rouges comme du sang.

“Vathek et Nouronihar pâlissoient dans leur litière, et se regardant d’un oeil hagard, se reprochoient à eux mêmes, l’un, mille crimes des plus noirs, mille projets d’une ambition impie ; et l’autre, la désolation de sa famille, et la perte de Gulchenrouz. Nouronihar croyoit entendre dans cette fatale musique, les cris de son père expirant, et Vathek, les sanglots des cinquante enfans qu’il avoit sacrifiés au Giaour. Dans ces

angoisses, ils étoient toujours entraînés vers le berger. Sa physiognomie avoit quelque chose de si imposant, que pour la première fois de sa vie, Vathek perdit contenance, tandis que Nouronihar se cachoit le visage avec les mains. La musique cessa ; et le Génie adressant la parole au Calife, lui dit : Prince insensé, à qui la Providence a confié le soin des peuples ! est-ce ainsi que tu réponds à ta mission ? Tu as mis le comble à tes crimes ; te hâtes-tu à présent de courir à ton châtimement ? Tu sais qu'au-delà de ces montagnes, Eblis et ses Dives maudits tiennent leur funeste empire, et séduit par un malin fantôme, tu vas te livrer à eux ! C'est ici le dernier instant de grace qui t'est donné : abandonne ton atroce dessein, retourne sur tes pas, rends Nouronihar à son père qui a encore quelque reste de vie, détruis la tour avec toutes ses abominations, chasse Carathis de tes conseils, sois juste envers tes sujets, respecte les Ministres du Prophète, répare tes impiétés par une vie exemplaire, et, au lieu de passer tes jours dans les voluptés, va pleurer tes crimes sur les tombeaux de tes pieux ancêtres ! Vois tu ces nuages qui te cachent le soleil ? Au moment que cet astre reparoîtra, si ton cœur n'est pas changé, le temps de la miséricorde sera passé pour toi.

“ Vathek, saisi de crainte et chancelant, étoit sur le point de se prosterner devant le berger qu'il sentit bien devoir être d'une nature supérieure à l'homme ; mais son orgueil l'emporta, et levant audacieusement la tête, il lui lança un de ses terribles regards. Qui que tu sois, lui dit il, cesse de me donner d'inutiles avis. Ou tu veux me tromper, ou tu te trompes toi-même : si ce que j'ai fait est aussi criminel que tu le prétends, il ne sauroit y avoir pour moi un moment de grace : j'ai nagé dans une mer de sang pour arriver à une puissance qui fera trembler tes semblables ; ne te flatte donc pas que je recule à la vue du port, ni que je quitte celle qui m'est plus chère que la vie et que ta miséricorde. Que le soleil reparoisse, qu'il éclaire ma carrière, que m'importe où elle finira ! En disant ces mots, qui firent frémir le Génie lui-même, Vathek se précipita dans les bras de Nouronihar, et commanda de forcer les chevaux à reprendre la grande route.

“ On n'eut pas de peine à exécuter cet ordre ; l'attraction n'existoit plus, le soleil avoit repris tout l'éclat de sa lumière, et le berger avoit disparu en jettant un cri lamentable.”

The followers of Vathek are most of them scared away by the supernatural apparition and he pursues his fatal journey alone with Nouronihar, more eager than himself to wield the sceptre of devilish potency and penetrate the recesses of ante-diluvian splendor.—They arrive at the gloomy and deserted city of Istakhar. All is silence and desolation, and the vestiges of an avenging and exterminating force are visible on the blackening soil. Gigantic ruins of black marble, on which lofty and ever-burning pharos shed a lurid and uncertain light, meet their eyes on every side ; the dark and stupendous mountain on which they stand shakes to its foundations, and an entrance into its cavity appears in the form of deep and wide steps of black marble, lighted by flambeaus which stream a suffocating vapour on the passage ;—they descend, “ Ce spectacle, au lieu d'effrayer la fille de Fakreddin, lui donna un nouveau courage ; elle ne daigna pas seule-

“ ment prendre congé de la lune et du firmament, et sans hésiter,
 “ quita l'air pur de l'atmosphère, pour se plonger dans des ex-
 “ halaisons infernales.” p. 185. They are now in Hell where
 they wished to be—and there we leave them. It is in painting
 that abode of hopeless and unutterable horror that the splendor
 of this writer's imagination blazes forth in its full force. He has
 plundered neither Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton nor Quevedo;
 but has struck out for himself a new and terrible path, on which
 the shuddering reader steps with amazement and trepidation.
 Vathek and Nouronihar find themselves the victims of those
 “ juggling fiends,” who “ paltered with them in a double sense,”
 they do indeed see the *treasures of the pre-adamite Sultans*, and
 the *throne of Suliëman*, the builder of the city of Istakhar, con-
 structed by Genies and devoted to the worship of Fire: but they
 see him a motionless corpse, cursed with memory and consci-
 ousness, *his heart the prey of an incessant flame* and his only
 consolation the remote promise that his torments shall cease,
 when a torrent of black water, on which his eyes are always
 fixed, shall have ceased to flow. Vathek and Nouronihar receive
 their sentence, which is, to wander for ever in lonely suffering,
avoiding and abhorring each other, with their hearts devoured
 by flame. Carathis receives her share of retributive punishment,
 and the volume ends with these lines. “ Ainsi le Calife Vathek,
 qui, pour parvenir à une pompe vaine, et à une puissance défen-
 due, s'étoit noirci de mille crimes, se vit en proie à des remords,
 et à une douleur sans fin et sans bornes; ainsi l'humble, le mé-
 prisé Gulchenrouz, passa des siècles dans la douce tranquillité
 et le bonheur de l'enfance.”

ART. XIII.—*Elements of Hebrew Grammar, in Two Parts.*
 Part. I. The doctrine of the Vowel Points, and the rudi-
 ments of the Grammar. Part II. The structure and idioms
 of the Language. With an Appendix, containing the nota-
 tion of the Hebrew verbs in the Roman letters. By J. F.
 GYLES, Esq. A. M. London: 8vo. pp. xii + 211 = 223.
 Hatchard.

IN whatever point of view we regard this subject, it appears
 interesting. The Theologian must desire to obtain an acquaint-
 ance with the language in which the great code of religion he
 has engaged to promulgate is written: the lover of general
 literature will wish to peruse in the original specimens of the

sublimest poetry which has ever been committed to writing : and the Philologist will be happy to be put in possession of the chief stock from which so many other languages have been derived.¹

From considerations like these, the last fifty years have been prolific in Grammars of the Hebrew and other Oriental dialects ; and Oriental Criticism in general has experienced a considerable improvement. 'The Syrian, which, till the time of C. B. Michaëlis who, in the year 1741, published his *Syriasmus* at Halle in Saxony, was very imperfectly understood, was further advanced by J. D. Michaëlis, the late Professor at Göttingen, printing his *Grammatica Syriaca* at the same place in 1784 ;² which book is in reality a considerably improved edition of the *Syriasmus*, and has greatly contributed to a more perfect acquaintance with Hebrew.³ 'The great progress, too, which has been made in Arabic within the same period, has had an excellent effect ; and the attention paid since the time of Mr. Harris to the philosophy of Grammar, has tended to simplify the Grammars of the Oriental language, which, admitting only three parts of speech, are easily reduced to the simplicity required by the modern system, which, in fact, owes its origin to them.

A custom has lately been introduced of writing Grammars of dead, as ancient languages, in English, with a view only of facilitating the acquisition of Greek and Hebrew, by persons who are ignorant of Latin. We are not of the number of those, who would confine the advantages of learning to the higher classes of society ; who think " ignorance the mother of devo-

¹ A strong argument that Hebrew, though not probably in its most refined state, was the primitive language, may be derived from the name of *Cain*, which was given by Eve, because קַיִן אִישׁ אֶת־דָּוָה—

Gen. iv. 1.

² It was printed under the author's own inspection at Göttingen, but was published by the Library of the Orphan-House at Halle.

³ It has been very successfully applied to this purpose by C. B. Michaëlis, in a Dissertation intitled, *Lumina Syriaca pro illustrando Hebraismo*, Halæ, 1756 ; and also by J. D. Michaëlis, in his *Abhandlung von der Syrischen Sprache, und ihrem Gebrauch*, Göttingen, 1772, p. 30. A very useful list of passages in the Hebrew Bible, which may be so illustrated, is given by Professor Diederichs, in a Programma, intitled *Spicilegium Observationum quarundam Arabico-Syriarum ad loca quedam Veteris Testamenti*, 4to. Götting. 1777. This work is particularly useful to students in Hermeneutical Theology, though it is not easy to say, which of the three is most valuable.

tion ;" or who, for political reasons, would join with those, who deem the absence of knowledge necessary to the existence of due obedience to the higher powers and to the laws. On the contrary, we believe that the more that substantial rational knowledge increases, the more will mankind feel bound to their various duties in life ; and we shall contend, that if any Government, if any Religion, maintains its ground only by keeping the human mind in the fetters of ignorance, that Government, and that Religion, must be radically and essentially defective. But, while we profess these notions, we have objections to those Anglo-Greek and Anglo-Hebrew Grammars ; objections, however, founded solely on literary grounds. In Grammar there is a kind of technical phraseology, which can be more easily expressed in Latin than in English : then, if works of this nature are not written in Latin, which is an universal medium, they will not be accessible to the natives of countries, (such as Poland), where almost every body reads, or speaks, Latin—scarcely any body English : and thirdly, if Latin be disused in such cases, there will by-and-by be an end to the good old custom in our seminaries, of making that language the foundation, or, at least, the principal instrument in the acquisition of modern tongues. It is very true, that employing the modern tongues to explain the ancient, enables those to acquire some knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, who are not classics. But the knowledge of Latin is of far more value to one who has to write and speak didactically, than that of Hebrew ; and the uninitiated in early youth ought to be told so.

We of course disapprove of the medium which Mr. Gyles has adopted ; at the same time we will not withhold from him the praise due for the successful manner in which he has executed by far the major part of his task. We say the major part, because we cannot commend him for retaining, in any circumstance, *ng* as the power of *Y*, especially when he refers to an article in the Classical Journal, Vol. viii. p. 97, where it is clearly demonstrated, that *ng* in no case is the true power of *Y*, and when he himself says, it is at the beginning an aspiration. The reader would also do well to consult the same work, Vol. ix. p. 538.

Mr. Gyles has made a very useful, and an unusual addition to his Syntax. He has mentioned the peculiarities of the Hellenistic Greek used in the N. T. as far as they correspond with the Hebrew idiom. This will be found serviceable to those who study the N. T. ; but the reader must not imagine, that the mere notation of Hebraisms will be sufficient—since the N. T.

contains a great number of Syriasms, and Rabbinisms, and even some Arabisms. Upon the whole, a knowledge of Syriac or Chaldee is more necessary to a student of the N. T. than an acquaintance even with Hebrew. The best works on this subject are Professor Fischer's edition of Vorstii de Hebraismo N. T. Commentarius, *Lips.* 1778; Supplementorum Comment. J. Vorstii Specim. i. ii. à J. F. Fischero, *ib.* 1791; and his edition of Leusden de dialectis N. T. *ib.* 1792. A work on this subject, which we have not yet seen, but which, from the author's name, we suppose to be valuable, has just made its appearance in Germany, viz. W. P. H. Haab's Hebraisch: Griechische Grammatik zum Gebrauch für das Neue Testament. 8vo. Tübingen, 1815.

Mr. Gyles concludes with a list of books, which he thinks will be useful to the Hebrew student, and which, to do him justice, are very well chosen. Instead of Buxtorf's Lexicon, however, we would recommend J. Simonis Lexicon, Heb. Chald. edit. Eichhorn, Halæ Sax. 1793: and we should strongly advise him not to have recourse either to the English or any other version, which, though it may save a little trouble, will in reality misguide him. Bishop Lowth's *Isaiah* is recommended with much propriety; but the rising Linguist will do well to consult Schelling's Animadversiones Philologico-Criticæ ad loca difficiliora Jesaie, *Lips.* 1797.

In the event of this Grammar arriving at a second edition, Mr. Gyles may make some improvements by consulting Dr. Vater's Hebräische Sprachlehre. 8vo. Halle, 1814.

ART. XIV.—*Conversations on Matrimony, intended as an Accompaniment to the Letters lately published on the Duties, Advantages, Pleasures, and Sorrows of the Marriage State.* By JOHN OVINGTON. London: Printed for the Author, and sold at his House, adjoining the Meeting-house, Clapham-Common, Surry. Sold also by W. Button and Son, and by J. Hamilton, Paternoster-Row, London. pp. 143.

IN a commercial country like this, where the numerous gradations from the prince to the peasant are not severed from each other by any palpable boundary; and where all partake more or less of the radiance of science and the powerful beam

of philosophy, which have a direct tendency to dispel the gloom of prejudice and error; there will always be a numerous class of *constant* readers and *occasional* thinkers, to whom classical allusion would be incomprehensible, the refinements of polished diction superfluous, and whom the coruscations of genius would only dazzle and confound; but whose leisure may be profitably engaged in plain and obvious reasonings upon essential topics, and harmlessly amused by stories about persons and things which come home to every man's business and concerns.

To such readers we may with a safe conscience recommend Mr. Ovington's book, which has, no doubt, the merit of a laudable intention to recommend virtue and discountenance vice.

Of the necessity for such re-iterated recommendations of the married state, we nevertheless do not feel thoroughly convinced; as we agree with a distinguished moralist of the last century, "That there seems little reason to fear that the present generation should omit to provide themselves with successes." Nor do we think that any lady would be much flattered by discovering that she owed the distinction of her husband's choice, not to her own charms, but to a pre-concerted determination to look about for a help-mate, excited in his mind by a perusal of Mr. Ovington's elaborate commendation of the honourable estate of wedlock. Much more glory would certainly result to her, from a triumph over the plans and prejudices of a stubborn bachelor, who, subdued by female loveliness, had bent to the yoke his proud unwilling neck.

The juxta-position of Mr. Ovington's dwelling-house and the meeting-house, which certainly would never have been chosen and thus announced by any person not of a particular persuasion, who preferred sense to sound, affords a glimpse at his religious opinions. Who, indeed, not possessed (we know not by what good spirit) would wish his walls to vibrate to the swell of incessant songs, or his door to be darkened perpetually with a fluctuating crowd? Principle let us, however, observe, must predominate strongly over convenience and over pride, before such a residence can be purposely chosen; but a regular and sober life, under such awful circumstances of locality, becomes not only a duty but a necessity;—and this unquestionably is a mighty benefit to any man.

This little volume abounds with incontrovertible truths and inevitable deductions: the first sentence tells us that,

"Martin and Trueman were intimate friends, and their mutual partiality led them to spend most of their leisure hours in each other's compa-

by. Their acquaintance had commenced early in life, and, from a similarity of taste and sentiment, as well as an equality in circumstances, they had been induced to participate in the same recreations, and to select the same associates. Being now arrived at the state of manhood, the trifling pursuits which had amused them in their juvenile years, lost their attractions, and they began to think of settling and forming matrimonial connexions."

These exemplary young men do not fail to read and admire Mr. Ovington's former work (an ingenious specimen of self-reviewing), and in a grave systematic manner, set themselves to *talk over* all their married acquaintance; some of whom come off but badly in this *critique raisonnée*. Not a few of the gentlemen are convicted of having married to please the eye or fill the pocket; and the same charges, with some variation, and the additional stimuli of having a house and servants and escaping the appellation of *old maia*, are brought against many of their female associates. The catastrophe of one courtship deserves to be recorded.

"I think with you, observed Martin, that those ladies deserve to be left to themselves, who affect to despise sincerity: their condition is pitiable. I knew an instance in a particular friend of mine, who paid his addresses to a young lady whom he intended to marry, should he find in her such a conformity of opinions as should encourage the expectation of happiness. After a slight acquaintance had subsisted between them for some time, and persons began to speak of them as rather particular friends, he considered it needful to enter into serious conversation on the subject of domestic concerns, and religious opinions, and social enjoyments: but from that time his company became unpleasant to her, and at last disagreeable. After making several attempts to engage her in serious conversation, which she always evaded, she frankly told him that she thought him too religious for her, for which reason his visits were not desirable. He considered this a denial, and never visited her again." p. 25.

Now as we cannot believe that any woman, whom a respectable honest man could have thought of marrying, would think any degree of sound religion an objection, much less state it as such, we cannot help suspecting that the lady, as judicious as she was candid, had discovered that her wooer's religion was too rough upon the tongue to have any hold of the heart.

In the course of the work, the dialogue is improved by the addition of an interlocutor who is called Theophilus; and all the best speeches are put into his mouth, as if the lover of the lady had not also been a *lover of God*.

In the progress of a declaration of love, we find this pathetic appeal to the lady.

"I fear, Miss, said he, that some happier man has the honour of your good opinion; if you were not engaged, I

"think you could have no objection to try the effect of a more intimate acquaintance." p. 125.

Some people have considered *unbelief* as a negative quality—the opposite of that positive virtue of the soul and exercise of the faith which we term belief. But it is not only personified but apostrophised in the following hymn, which might be entitled, "The sweet Ebenezer we have in review."

Begone Unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear,
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord. p. 136.

ART. XV.—*Poems by MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.* 2d 100
pp. 257. Price 10s. 6d.

POEMS on very different occasions may be supposed to have very different degrees of merit, and this is exactly the case with the collection now before us. It has however the recommendation of being more interesting to general readers than is usually the case with publications of this nature. Miss Mitford possesses a fine fancy, and a mind susceptible of the beauties of nature. She is not very dignified or pathetic; but there is an artless innocence in her compositions which often pleases not a little.

The Poem, on revisiting the school where she had been educated, contains some very natural reflections prettily expressed. We extract that part which describes the Garden:

"Here in the Garden's ample shade,
Through many a happy hour we play'd;
And still yon sunny path retains
The boundaries of our small domains.
Yes, still is seen the tiny bower,
The mimic walk, the drooping flower;
Turf, such as cheers th' imprisoned lark;
Pales that might bound a fairy park;

And fairy elyes were here I ween
As light of heart, as gay of mien,
As ever midnight circle drew,
Or from the acorn sipp'd the dew.—
'Though blundering zeal and lack of skill,
The flower we lov'd, contriv'd to kill;
The dearest gardener of us all,
Has known such evil chance befall,
Yet never blossom seemed so fair
As the small plants we tended there:
Sweet mignonette, or flaunting pea,
Young rose, or stunted myrtle-tree.
'Twas sweet at evening's sportive hour
To pluck the long-expected flower,
Our own dear flower, with hope so gay,
Nurtured and watch'd from day to day:
'Twas sweeter still to bid it deck
With childish love some playmate's neck;
That rose, to ev'ry rose prefer,
Yet wish it fairer still for her."

The piece entitled *Fair Eleanor*, displays a strong, romantic imagination; it is written somewhat in the measure, but not in the stanza, of *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene*. The *Pen and the Sword*, from a French translation of the *Tahkemoni*, a Hebrew work, is an ingenious little fable; and the same may be said of the *Wreaths*. But we consider a collection of detached Poems, whatever be their merits, as by no means so interesting, or so likely to procure the author much popularity as one continued descriptive piece; and are therefore glad to see that a poem of this description is likely soon to meet the public eye.



ART. XVI.—*Hints, for establishing an Office in Newcastle, for collecting and recording authentic information relative to the state of the Collieries in its neighbourhood, and the progress that has been made towards ascertaining the nature and constitution of the strata below those seams, to which the workings in this country have been confined.* By WILLIAM THOMAS, Esq. to which are added *Observations on the Necessity of adopting Legislative measures, to diminish the probability of the recurrence of fatal accidents in Collieries, and to prolong the duration of the Coal Mines of the United Kingdoms.* By WILLIAM CHAPMAN, Esq. Civil Engineer: Being Two Essays, read at a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle upon Tyne, and published by Order of the Society. 1815.

THE importance—the necessity—of a supply of coals for the prosecution of manufactures and arts, and even for the comfort of domestic life, is obvious; and renders the preservation and proper management of the coal deposits in this country great national objects. But there is no prospect of that which is so essential at present, becoming less so in future; and hence the expediency of availing ourselves, under the least risk of suffering, and with the smallest waste of human life, of the advantages which Nature bestows. The fatal accidents that have happened in our coal mines, have excited an interest beyond that which almost any other calamity could have excited; and have given peculiar force to any proposal for either preventing their recurrence, or lessening their effects. On the present occasion, it will be sufficient to mention two or three disastrous events of recent occurrence. The first of these took place on the 3rd of last May, when the water broke into Heaton Main Colliery, near Newcastle, from an old working; and such was the impetuosity with which the water rushed into the mine that 75 persons perished. On the 2nd of June another accident happened at Newbottle Colliery, on the river Wear, in which an explosion of inflammable gas took place, and 57 persons lost their lives. The inflammable gas is said to have entered the mine from an adjoining waste, which had been too nearly approached in working. On the 27th of the same month, a similar accident happened at the Isabella pit, at Sheriff-hill Colliery, by which 10 persons were killed, making a total of 142 persons who have thus lost their lives in less than *two months*! This must be enough to awaken attention; and on this ground we are desirous to press the substance of this pamphlet upon the notice of the Legislature, convinced that it is by a public act alone that an adequate remedy can be provided.

The circumstances which led to the publication of the two Essays which constitute the pamphlet before us, are thus stated in the Advertisement.

“So long ago as the year 1797, the Hints by Mr. Thomas were read at one of the monthly meetings of the Literary and Philosophical Society of this town, but from causes which it is not very material either to discuss or to assign, the proposal which they contain, though highly approved of and partially encouraged, fell to the ground, and until now, has never been revived.

“The late disastrous event at Heaton Colliery, by recalling this scheme to the recollection of some members of the Society, forcibly suggested to them the propriety of again bringing it forward. Mr. W. Chapman, to whom their intention was communicated, undertook with alacrity the

task of extending the plan, and of giving it a more practicable form, in conformity to the intimation contained in Mr Thomas's concluding paragraph. The papers of these two gentlemen, in the order in which they now appear, were accordingly read at the meeting of the Society on the 6th of June; and in consideration of the extreme importance of the subject, and the universal interest which it had excited, it was resolved, that the Society should publish these communications at its own expense.

It would be painful and superfluous to dwell on the necessity which so loudly calls for exertion in the present circumstances of the Coal mines in the district of the Tyne and Wear. It must force itself with irresistible conviction upon every humane and reflecting mind. Amongst various weighty reasons, however, that might be here enumerated, it will suffice to mention, that the more numerous and extensive the excavations become, the greater will be the difficulty of guarding against surrounding wastes, all of which must of course be filled either with water, carburetted hydrogen gas, or carbonic acid gas. It should likewise be held in remembrance, that when at a future period it shall be found necessary to work the lower seams in this coal field, the operations of the miner must be carried on under immense accumulations of water.

The Hints and Observations in these Essays are of a practical nature, and appear to be the result of much local knowledge of the subjects. The proposed object, besides being interesting to humanity, is also national and economical; and the means suggested for accomplishing it, are the establishment of an office at Newcastle in which authentic documents relative to the coal-mines in that neighbourhood should be collected and recorded, in order to furnish a complete knowledge of all the under-ground workings. It is proposed, that when any colliery is abandoned, an exact plan of it should be constructed and deposited in the office, showing in what parts the coal had been worked out, and in what places only abandoned. The old mines soon fill with water and carburetted hydrogen gas; and it is obvious that, as the deposits of these destructive agents become more numerous, the danger of accidents will be increased in the same ratio, unless their exact positions be known. Mr. Chapman also mentions instances in which great loss had been sustained by sinking pits, and executing other expensive operations upon a seam of coals which had previously been exhausted, for want of such knowledge as it is proposed to collect. Another point of view in which an accurate knowledge of the old workings would not only be important but essential, is in the event of the High Main seam being exhausted; in which case the Low Main must be resorted to: but this would be almost impossible without a correct knowledge of the old superincumbent wastes. That this exhaustion of the High Main is not altogether improbable will appear more evident from the estimate which Mr. Chapman has given of the

vast annual consumption and enormous waste of this mineral: and with which we shall conclude our short observations—recommending the subject to the attention of all whose enlarged views embrace the *future*, as well as the *present*, prosperity of the island.

Annual consumption of Pit Coal.

In the Iron and other manufactories in the Coal counties, about	<i>Tons.</i> 4,000,000
Coals paying coast duty, about 3,600,000 Ch. Winchester, or	5,040,000
Coals consumed for Culinary and other purposes, in the counties not paying duty, about	4,000,000
	<hr/>
Total	13,040,000

“According to the above estimate, which I conceive in some parts to be underrated, more than sufficiently to compensate for any error on the opposite side, the annual consumption of Great Britain will amount to the enormous quantity of thirteen millions of tons of coals, exclusive of the waste, which is beyond all reasonable comprehension, and can only be restrained by legislative authority; which may, I conceive, be so exerted as to produce beneficial results, not only to the future, but to the present times.” p. 25.

ART. XVII.—*An Outline of Mineralogy and Geology, intended for the use of those who may desire to become acquainted with the Elements of those Sciences; especially of young persons. Illustrated with four Plates. By WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Member of the Geological Society. pp. 205. 5s. 6d. Phillips, London. 1815.*

THE improvement of chemistry, during the last fifty years, has been so rapid; and the benefits it has conferred upon kindred branches of knowledge, so great; that most of these, which previously existed only as arts, are now classed among the sciences. This is precisely the case with Mineralogy: Geology, however, is still in such an infantine state, that it must be considered rather as a body of facts, than as a pure *system of principles*; and consequently its claims to the rank of a science are not altogether admissible.

The daily wants of society confer superior importance on the science of mineralogy; and the vast diffusion of know-

ledge stamps a peculiar interest on every thing that relates to the structure of the globe we inhabit. We, therefore, feel indebted, and embrace this opportunity of expressing our obligation, to the unassuming author of the work before us, for presenting our youth with such an easy and familiar introduction to the knowledge of subjects which were previously enveloped in an almost impenetrable panoply of technical phraseology. We must observe, however, that as Mr. Phillips's work contains *two* distinct subjects, we conceive that its title should have been *plural*, not singular. "*Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology*," instead of "*An Outline of Mineralogy and Geology*."

The subsequent extract from the preface, will furnish the reader at once with the author's motive for publishing the work, the object he had in view in its compilation, and the plan which he has followed in accomplishing it.

"The motive for introducing this little volume to public notice, might seem to be wanting if it were not avowed. It is this: There is no elementary work on the subjects it embraces in our language; no book that is calculated, by its simplicity and freedom from theory, and from the shackles imposed upon a learner by the unnecessary use of scientific terms, to invite his attention to the sciences of Mineralogy and Geology.

"It is not pretended that the following pages have any claim to originality: all the merit that belongs to them; if indeed any should be allowed, is that of combining in a narrow compass an outline of sister sciences which merit a more general attention than is given to them; in an arrangement as simple as the subjects will readily allow, and in language which it is hoped will be intelligible to those who may have no acquaintance with them.

"The form in which this outline is given, that of a division into Lectures, though not absolutely novel, is not common.

"During the last winter these lectures were delivered at the neighbouring village of Tottenham, in the order in which they are now printed; but with some deficiencies supplied, and some errors corrected, that were incidental to hasty compilation. These lectures were given gratuitously; and the interest they seemed to excite in a numerous audience, principally composed of young persons, and of both sexes, was felt as a flattering compensation.

"But the form of lectures is not adhered to on that account alone. It allows of a familiarity not inconsistent with an elementary treatise, while it affords an opportunity for useful recapitulation, that perhaps would appear objectionable in any other form; and for occasional repetition, which, if the scientific should condescend to peruse it, may seem tiresome, but will, I have no doubt, be advantageous to the learner."

These outlines are comprised in five lectures. The first and second are occupied with the subject of *Mineralogy*, and the

other three with that of *Geology*. Lecture I. embraces the following subjects—"Preliminary Observations—Objects of Mineralogy and Geology defined—Elementary substances—Simple and Compound Minerals—Affinity—Crystallization—Structure—Primitive Crystals—Of the Earths—Of the Alkalies.—Lecture II. treats of Metals and Combustibles."

The first lecture commences with such a simple and distinct enunciation of the subjects which were to constitute the substance of the whole course, that we are induced to extract a few sentences, as a specimen of that perspicuity and utility which the author keeps in view throughout the whole of his performance.

"The outline of the sciences of Mineralogy and Geology, of which I am now about to endeavour to give some idea, is not intended to involve all the nice inquiries, connected with the subject, that have been instituted by scientific men. Nor do I propose that this outline shall in any degree be dependent upon, or connected with, the many crude and almost barbarous theories of others, who long amused and even dazzled the world by the splendour of their inventions, which tended to retard, rather than to forward an inquiry into the nature of the globe we inhabit.

"The phenomena presented by nature, are worthy of our notice; to these your attention will be principally invited.

"Of the nature of the globe we comparatively know but little; our investigations are at the best but superficial. For we know nothing but of what appears on, or above, or of what is brought to light by the descent of the miner *beneath*, the general level of its surface; but the miner rarely descends more than 1500 feet, which is little more than one thirty thousandth part of the diameter of the earth. The globe has often been said to resemble in shape, an orange; in allusion to that resemblance, we may therefore say, that we know nothing but of the outer rind.

"The greater number of mineral substances are to the generality of mankind only rude masses, divested of instruction, and equally unintelligent and unintelligible; created only to minister to our necessities. To some, it may be even difficult to imagine how they should become the objects of a distinct science, or that after the miner has brought them to light, the naturalist should find an interest in them previously to their being subjected to the ingenuity of the artist.

"The sciences of Mineralogy and Geology are, however, worthy of our attention; they will be found to perform more than they seem to promise. The more we know of them, the more of order, of design, and of contrivance we shall perceive. The power that created the whole is evident in the smallest component part of the most elevated mountain.

"*Mineralogy* has for its object the study of mineral bodies in *particular*; their characters, varieties, forms and combinations.

"*Geology* embraces the study of the earth in *general*, of its plains, hills,

and mountains, and of the relative positions of the masses of which they are composed.

“ *Geology* comprises the study of rocks in the mass; Mineralogy, of the individual portions, or substances which, by entering into combination, form the mass. A knowledge of Mineralogy is therefore essential to the geologist, and for this reason we shall begin with Mineralogy.” pp. 1—3.

After some remarks relative to the elements of the ancients, he adds,

“ It is now considered that there are 9 earths, 2 alkalies, 27 metals, and 2 simple substances, which may be considered as the bases of those termed combustibles; and these elementary substances in the simple or compound state, according to the present state of our knowledge, form all the various constituent masses of the globe.” p. 3.

In treating of the various subjects which his plan embraced, Mr. Phillips is in general extremely careful in explaining the derivation of the terms, and in stating the precise sense in which they are used; in pointing out the distinguishing properties by which different bodies, or classes of bodies, are characterised; in specifying the situations and quantities in which they are found; and in marking the practical purposes to which they are applied. A good deal of information is also conveyed in notes, respecting the parts of compound bodies, and the relative proportions of their integrants. The author's plan necessarily imposes brevity on his explanations, but this is rather an advantage to the student than otherwise, when it does not preclude perspicuity. Instances of this defect are seldom met with in the work before us. Nor can it be expected that the information relative to Mineralogy, which he has been able to condense into the space of sixty pages, should extend much beyond the mere elements of the science.—Instead of extracting the author's observations on one subject, in this part of the work, as a specimen of the manner in which the rest are treated, as we once intended, we shall recommend an attentive perusal of the whole; and satisfy ourselves with giving his concluding remarks relative to what are generally denominated the *simple* or *pure earths*.

“ These nine earths enter, in very different proportions, into the composition of the globe.

“ It is considered that silex is the most abundant of all. It forms the greatest ingredient of the oldest rocks, is largely found in others, and in clays and soils; in these, alumine is the next in abundance; to it succeeds lime, which is less common in primitive rocks, though very plentiful in the transition and flætz, or secondary rocks.

"Magnesia and barytes occur in comparatively very small quantities. The first enters but little into the composition of rocks and soils; the latter rarely.

"Strontian, zircon, glucine and yttria, are very sparingly found; the first may be said to be the most common of the four, the others are only found in part, the components of a few mineral substances, some of which are occasionally enclosed in rocks; but rarely does any one of these four earths enter into the composition of rocks or of soils.

"Barytes, magnesia, strontian and lime, are never found pure; but mostly combined with acids." pp. 23, 4.

The following are the subjects discussed in the geological part—"Lecture III. Of the objects of Geological inquiry—Hypotheses—Geological positions—Of the low and level parts of the Earth—Of the chalk basins of Paris, of London, and of the Isle of Wight.—Lecture IV. Organic remains visible in hills and on the sides of elevated mountains—Strata of the Brocken mountain—Summits of lofty mountains contain no organic remains—Heights of mountains—Division of Rocks into primitive, transition, and flatz (or secondary) and alluvial—their definitions.—Lecture V. Of Mineral Veins—Of Salt Deposits—Of Coal Deposits—Of Volcanoes—Of the Deluge—Of the Internal Structure of the Earth—Concluding Observations."

In this part of the work, also, simplicity and utility have been the author's guiding principles. The four plates referred to in the title, are the comparative heights of mountains; the forms of primitive crystals; section of the Brocken mountain; Veins in tin croft, and in the Pink Mines. The concluding observations contain an epitome of the results of the author's inquiries and exhibit the general inferences he draws from the whole: they will therefore be gratifying to our readers, as proofs both of his knowledge, and of his views of creative design.

"We have the most indubitable evidence that the crust of the globe has been subject to revolutions, both partial and general. We are assured by the numerous facts that have been quoted, and by far more numerous which yet remain, that the sea must have changed both its place and height. Proofs have been adduced that animal life has repeatedly and largely fallen the victim to these terrible events; there seems reason to conclude that some animals have been destroyed by sudden inundations; that others have been laid dry in consequence of the bottom of the sea being suddenly elevated, and that these calamities have caused great changes in the outer crust of the globe.

"It seems also clear, that since these first and greater commotions, those which followed, uniformly acted at a less depth and less generally. We have seen that the researches of geologists have ascertained that of those animated beings, of which the remains are enclosed in those

rocks, which immediately rest upon primitive rocks, the race have become extinct: that the newer rocks contain the remains of animals more nearly approaching to, but not absolutely of the same species as those inhabiting our present seas; but that the newest contain only the remains of such animals as now exist in the seas, together with the bones of large land and amphibious animals.

“ Every part of the globe distinctly bears the impress of these great terrible events. The appearances of change and ruin are stamped on every feature. Change and ruin by which not a particle of the creation has been lost, but which have been repeated and are distinctly marked by the genera and species of the organic remains they enclose.

“ Thus, those fossils and petrifications which heretofore were carefully collected as curiosities, now possess a value greater than as mere curiosities. They are to the globe what coins are to the history of its inhabitants; they denote the period of revolution; they ascertain at least comparative dates.

“ If the inquiry should arise, what benefit has resulted from ruin so extensive, and so general? The answer is obvious; soil and fertility. If for a moment we imagine a world composed only of those rocks which we call primitive, which bear no marks of ruin, enclose no organic remains; we know from the nature of their component substances, that their exposure to the action of the elements during very many ages, would scarcely so separate and disintegrate them, as to produce a soil capable of any considerable vegetation; in other words, would fit the earth to receive and to maintain an extensive and almost universal population. A large and fertile part of England, is composed of the ruin of rocks to a considerable depth; and this greatly obtains in all the most level and most fertile parts of countries. Are we not then in degree justified in assuming that this great ruin was designed to fit and prepare the earth for the support of the numerous animal tribes that inhabit it; most especially for man; who, doubtless from his superior intellectual endowments, has emphatically been termed ‘ the Lord of the Creation.’

“ But our inquiries into utility need not stop here. All our researches have evinced such unquestionable proofs of design and contrivance, that it is impossible not to see them; and if we see them, it is or ought to be equally impossible not to ascribe them to the great Artificer of the universe. This indeed is the reasonable end and aim of all our inquiries, and all our philosophizing.

“ Without mountains what in all probability would be the earth? A swamp or a sandy desert: and the atmosphere a receptacle of noisome and pestilential exhalation. As conductors of the electric fluid, mountains contribute to the production of rain, which fertilizes the earth and purifies the atmosphere. They are the principal repositories of metallic ores. Their benefits, therefore, are great and extensive.

“ Hitherto the labours of the Chymist have discovered 27 metals, 9 earths, 2 fixed alkalies, and the two bases of combustible bodies, sulphur and carbon: and these (although some of them may possess some characters in common) have each some peculiar to themselves, and are therefore termed elementary substances. It may be remarked that these, either in the simple or compound state are found in quantity admirably apportioned to their utility; and in the same proportion, with whatever

they may be combined; they are generally most readily and easily freed from those substances with which they are compounded. Is it possible for one moment to doubt whether all this exhibits design and contrivance for the benefit of Man.

“ But further; is not design manifest in regard to the depositions of salt and of coal, so essential to man? Suppose these to have taken place between the earlier rocks, or in the masses of primitive mountains, or any where except where we find them; that is just beneath the surface: they would in that case have been nearly lost to man. Can we appreciate their present benefits? Can we doubt that there was design in placing them where we find them?” pp. 188—192.

ART. XVIII. *A Tour throughout the whole of France; or a new Topographical and Historical Sketch of all its most important and interesting Cities, Towns, Forts, Castles, Palaces, Islands, Harbours, Bridges, Rivers, Antiquities, &c. &c.; interspersed with curious and illustrative Anecdotes of the Manners, Customs, Dress, &c. of the Inhabitants.* By JOHN BAINES. London. 1815. 12mo. pp. 112.

THIS “Tour” is fortunately not a huge quarto, but a *petite*, pocketable volume, which may be of use to a traveller, who has as yet seen nothing of France. It gives a short description of almost every place of note in that country, beginning at Calais, and proceeding westward round the coast to Bayonne, across to Marseilles, and thence northward to Paris. This is an unusual route, and the author gives the following reason for treating the subject in this order :

“ The following pages were originally written as ‘ *A Key to Walker’s Geographical Tour through France* ;’ this is mentioned to account for the arrangement and succession of the articles, which were placed to correspond numerically with Walker’s large map of France, upon which the instructive and amusing *Tour* is made. No inconvenience will result from this order; for, the numbers being still preserved any particular place sought after may be found by the *Index*, which refers to the number of each article, and not to the page of the book, though the route supposed to have been pursued by Walker has been generally followed, as taking in the whole of France; yet many alterations have been made in this edition, by leaving out some places of minor consideration, and inserting others of greater importance. In the performance of this task, the

limits set me, precluded my giving a full description of places noticed—the reader must only expect a sketch.”

The book is embellished with a good map of France, on which the roads are plainly, and we doubt not, correctly laid down. It also presents us with engravings of the *diligence* and *cabriola* ; of an itinerant liquor shop ; a musician, who through the mistake either of nature or the engraver, is playing the fiddle with his left hand—as also of several others of the more remarkable of the ordinary characters that are daily seen in the streets of Paris.

ART. XIX. *A New and Practical Course of Book-Keeping ;* in which Double Entry is rendered intelligible to all capacities, and Single Entry, by being approximated to Double, is made to possess equal proof and certainty of correctness. By P. THOREAU, Accomptant. London : Law and Whittaker, 1815.

THIS little production has the merit of being plain and simple in its composition. To learners it will be found useful ; first, from the number of entries it contains, tending to exercise the pupil in the application of the four fundamental rules of arithmetic to commerce ; and then from its arrangement, which will convey a clear idea of Debtor and Creditor. The approximation of Single Entry to Double which it exhibits, fits it well for every desirable purpose of the retail trade.

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MONTHLY REGISTER

OF

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

* * The Conductors of the AUGUSTAN REVIEW request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publisher (post paid) before the 20th of the month.

I.

INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

In our last "REGISTER," we gave the results from the first part of a paper "*on the Absorption of Gases by different Bodies*," by M. DE SAUSSURE; and we shall now extract a few more of his results.—In the second section, he considers the "*simultaneous absorption of different gases by a single solid porous body*;" first treating of the condensation of gases by charcoal, and then considering the simultaneous absorption of various gases by different bodies. For the particulars on this part of the subject,

however, we must refer to DR. THOMSON'S *Annals of Philosophy*, No. 35.

In the third section, M. de Saussure treats of the *absorption of the gases by liquids*. Here M. de S. arranges his observations under the following heads. He first notices *Dalton's theory*, and then the *absorption of un-mixed gases by different liquids*. In this latter case; "The absorption was promoted by agitation, and its quantity was not determined till the gas and the liquid had been in contact for several days.

" The following table exhibits the quantity of the different gases

absorbed, according to these experiments, by water and alcohol.

	100 volumes of Water.	100 volumes of Alcohol. Sp. Gr. 0·84.
	Volumes.	Volumes.
Sulphurous acid gas	4378	11577
Sulphureted hydrogen	253	606
Carbonic acid	106	186
Nitrous oxide	76	153
Olefiant gas	15·3	127
Oxygen gas	6·5	16·25
Carbonic oxide	6·2	14·5
Oxy-carbureted hydrogen	5·1	7·0
Hydrogen	4·6	5·1
Azote	4·1	4·2

" A hundred volumes of water absorb about five volumes of atmospheric air, when the mass of air is very great, in comparison of that of the water."

The next object of M. de S.'s inquiries, is the *influence of chemical affinity on the absorption of gases*. On this subject, "The experiments were made at the temperature of 64·5°, and afforded the following results :

" A hundred volumes of rectified white and transparent native naphtha, of the specific gravity 0·784, absorbed

	Volumes.
Olefiant gas	261
Nitrous oxide	254
Carbonic acid	169
Carbonic oxide	20

" A hundred volumes of fresh distilled essential oil of lavender, of the specific gravity 0·88, absorbed

	Volumes.
Nitrous oxide	275
Olefiant gas	209
Carbonic acid	191
Carbonic oxide	15·6

" A hundred volumes of olive oil,

	Volumes.
Carbonic acid	151
Nitrous oxide	150
Olefiant gas	122
Carbonic oxide	14·2

" A hundred volumes of a saturated solution of muriate of potash in water,

	Volumes.
Carbonic acid	61
Nitrous oxide	21
Olefiant gas	10
Carbonic oxide	5·2

" It follows from these experiments, that in liquids, as well as in solid bodies, great differences take place in the order in which gases are absorbed by them, and that in consequence these absorptions are always owing to the influence of chemical affinity."

The influence of the viscosity and of the specific gravity of liquids on their absorption of gases forms the next subject of his observations; but for the results on this head, our limits oblige us to refer to Dr. Thomson's Annals.

The remainder of this essay is occupied in ascertaining the influence of barometrical pressure on the same subject, and the *simultaneous absorption of gases by water*. An appendix is also subjoined, explaining the *method of uniting with water those gases which are absorbed only in small quantities*.

DR. MURRAY, in pursuing the important question, "how far chemical analysis is capable of accounting for the medicinal efficacy of mineral waters?" has, in the paper from which we extracted his analysis of the mineral waters of Dunblane and Pitcaithly, extended his observations to the composition of other waters of the same class; and the frequency with which these are resorted to, and the consequent interesting nature of the subject, induce us to submit the following abstracts of his observations and results, to the consideration of our readers; and the circumstance that a further abridgment would have rendered them unintelligible, must plead our apology for their length.

Dr. M.'s experiments on the abovementioned waters, lead him to think "that the sulphuric acid exists in the water in the state of sulphate of soda." On this subject he adds, if this be admitted, "The preceding statement of the ingredients, and their proportions, must be altered. The sulphate of lime is of course to be omitted. The sulphate of soda, which is to be substituted for it, cannot be obtained by any method; but the quantity of it may be inferred,

from the quantity of sulphate of lime which is formed by its action on the muriate of lime. Real sulphate of lime and real sulphate of soda, are very nearly equivalent to each other with regard to the proportions of their acid and base; so that the quantity of the one may nearly be substituted for that of the other; 3.5 of sulphate of lime being equal to 3.7 of sulphate of soda. But this sulphate of lime is formed at the expense of a portion of muriate of lime, and its formation is accompanied with the production of a little muriate of soda; hence the proportion of the former must be a little larger, and that of the latter a little smaller, than have been before stated. 3.5 grains of sulphate of lime are equivalent to 2.8 of muriate of lime, which quantity, therefore, is to be added to the proportion above assigned. The equivalent portion of muriate of soda to be subtracted is 3. The whole proportion, therefore, will be the following:

	Grains.
Muriate of soda	21
Muriate of lime	20.8
Sulphate of soda	3.7
Carbonate of lime	0.5
Oxide of iron	0.17
	<hr/>
	46.17

"The quantity of sulphate of lime obtained in the analysis of the Pitcaithly water, being so much smaller than that in the Dunblane, it may perhaps be considered as an original ingredient; or if even the opposite view be adopted, the change in the proportions, as indicated by

the analysis, is much less. They may be stated as follows :

	Grains.
Muriate of soda	12·7
Muriate of lime	20·2
Sulphate of soda	0·9
Carbonate of lime	0·5."

Relative to the Bath water, so high in public estimation, the Doctor's observations merit particular attention. On this subject he remarks; "From the various facts I have stated, I believe it may be regarded as the more probable opinion in such cases, that the original ingredients are sulphate of soda and muriate of lime. Since sulphate of soda exists in the Bath water, and since muriate of soda and sulphate of lime are obtained in its analysis, it is scarcely possible to refuse assenting to the conclusion that these are formed by the action of sulphate of soda on muriate of lime.

"On this view of the composition of the Bath water, it is easy to assign the proportions of the ingredients, from the products which are obtained in its analysis. In the formation of 3·3 grains of muriate of soda, which is the quantity obtained from a pint of the water, 3·1 grains of muriate of lime must be decomposed: four grains of sulphate of soda would be required to produce this decomposition; and at the same time 3·8 grains of sulphate of lime would be formed.

"The latest, and no doubt the most accurate, analysis of the Bath water, that by Mr. Phillips, gives the following view of its composition.

"In an English pint—

Carbonic acid	1·2 inch
Sulphate of lime	9 grains
Muriate of soda	3·3
Sulphate of soda	1·5
Carbonate of lime	0·8
Silica	0·2
Oxide of iron	¼

"But, considering the composition according to the preceding view, the ingredients and their proportions will be,

Carbonic acid	1·2 inch
Sulphate of lime	5·2 grains
Muriate of lime	3·1
Sulphate of soda	5·5
Carbonate of lime	0·8
Silica	0·2
Oxide of iron	¼

"The peculiarity in the composition of the Bath water, compared with the greater number of saline mineral waters, is that it contains a larger quantity of sulphate of soda than is necessary to convert its muriate of lime into sulphate of lime."

The waters of Cheltenham and Harrowgate then pass under Dr. M.'s view; which is finally extended to those of some of the most celebrated foreign mineral springs: respecting which he observes,

"Those of Spa, Pyrmont, and Seltzer, form a very valuable order of mineral waters, to which we have none analogous in this country—what have been called the alkaline carbonated waters, distinguished by the leading character of being largely impregnated with carbonic acid gas, and containing a considerable proportion of carbonate of soda. With this are associated carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of

lime, and muriate of soda. Now this association of muriate of soda with these earthy carbonates, while there is also carbonate of soda present, leads almost necessarily to the belief that the real ingredients are carbonate of soda, muriate of magnesia, and muriate of lime; that the carbonate of soda is in larger proportion than what is indicated by the analysis; that it acts during the evaporation of the water on the muriates of magnesia and lime, and forms the carbonates of these earths which are obtained with corresponding portions of muriate of soda: and that it is only what muriate of soda there may be above this that exists as an original ingredient.

"The Seltzer water, which is the purest of this order of waters, as containing neither iron nor any sulphate, affords in particular a very excellent illustration of this. It contains, according to Bergman's analysis, in an English pint,

Carbonic acid gas	17 cub. in.
Carbonate of lime	3 grains
Carbon. of magnesia	5
Carbonate of soda	4
Muriate of soda	17.5

"But adopting the opposite view, the composition, so far as the uncertainty of the state of the products, to which Bergman's estimate is referred, admits of calculating the proportions, will be,

Carbonic acid gas	17 cub. in.
Muriate of lime	3.3 grains
Muriate of magnesia	5
Muriate of soda	7.8
Carbonate of soda	10.3 dry, or 18 crystallized."

M. LE ROUX has published, in the 94th volume of the *Annales de Chimie*, a paper on the "*Means of preventing the Development and Propagation of contagious Typhus*," in which he states, that the following fumigations have been found effectual for this purpose.

For rooms not inhabited,—mix three ounces of common salt with two drachms of black oxide of manganese, in an earthen vessel; and then pour two ounces of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) upon the mixture. If the earthen vessel be placed on a heated stove before the sulphuric acid is poured in, the salt will be more completely decomposed than without the heat. A small additional quantity of salt, however, has been found to answer the purpose of heating.

When the rooms are inhabited,—a small quantity of salt is to be put in an earthen vessel, and a few drops of sulphuric acid poured in successively. This must be repeated four or five times a day.

Disinfecting flasks may be prepared by putting four ounces of muriatic acid, two drachms of black oxide of manganese, and half a drachm of nitric acid, (common aqua-fortis), into a large flask, and closing it with a ground glass stopper; and opening it occasionally, when necessary to destroy any putrid miasmata diffused through the atmosphere.

For sulphurous fumigations, mix equal quantities of flowers of sulphur and nitrate of potash together; and throw eight or nine grains of this powder, when

occasion requires, on a charcoal stove.

Nitric fumigations are prepared by putting about four drachms of concentrated sulphuric acid into a glass vessel or crucible. This is to be placed in a sand bath, and when slightly heated, a little nitrate of potash is to be thrown in occasionally. The salt is slowly decomposed, and an acid gas diffuses itself through the atmosphere; and these small apparatus may be placed in different parts of a sick room, without inconvenience.

Sulphurous fumigations are the best for purifying bedding, clothes, &c.

M. GUALTEER DE CLAUBRY has made some experiments on the peculiar substance which *M. Rose* extracted a few years since from the root of the elecampane; and to which he gave the name of *Inuline*. From these experiments, he concludes that *Inuline* is a peculiar substance, which cannot be confounded with any other vegetable substance, and that it ought to be classed among the immediate materials of vegetables.

M. VAN MONS states it as his opinion, that what are usually termed Meteoric Stones, are neither projected from the moon, nor generated in the atmosphere, as philosophers have generally supposed; but are formed of the substance of the soil, which the lightning puts into a state of fusion. He saw a globe of fire strike the ground within a few paces of him, accompanied with

an explosion, and a repeated crackling noise, causing dust to ascend into the air, and giving out a sulphurous smell. On approaching the place, he found a stone about a foot in circumference, partly grey and partly brown, which retained its heat for a long time. This stone he afterwards analysed, and found it to consist of sand, argil, lime, carbon, and iron.

MESSRS. SALISBURY & Co. of the Old Buffery's Iron Works, near Dudley, are said to have discovered a method of preparing cast iron, which gives it toughness, flexibility, and elasticity; and promises the most valuable results to the arts—and especially in the construction of bridges.

A petrifying spring has lately been discovered near the village of *Coton*, about 2 and a half miles from Cambridge, in all respects similar to the celebrated petrifying spring of Matlock in Derbyshire; incrusting moss, rushes, &c. with a deposit of carbonate of lime, so as to form a beautiful reticular stalactite.

The results of COL. BEAUVOY'S magnetical observations for September, 1815, are as follow:

Morning ..	24°	15'	58"
Noon	24	23	01
Evening ..	24	17	25
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Mean of the three	24	18	48
Mean for August	24	19	30
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Difference	0	0	42

The declination has therefore decreased 42" during the month of September.

The quantity of rain which fell between noon of the first of September and the same time on the first of October, was 1.1 inch; and the evaporation during the same period 2.6 inches.

The following are the general results of Mr. Luke Howard's Meteorological Journal from the 26th of September to the 24th of October inclusive.

Wind chiefly from the S. and W.

Barometer.

Greatest height 30.22 inch.

Least height 29.25

Mean of the period 27.747

Thermometer.

Greatest height 66°

Least height 33

Mean of the period 50.79

Mean of the Hygrometer 74°.

Rain fell 2.92 inches.

II.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Mr. Sutcliffe of Huddersfield, Civil Engineer, will shortly publish a truly national work, peculiarly calculated to interest the mechanic; the manufacturer, the canal proprietor, the farmer, the corn miller, and the corn dealer. The work will comprise distinct treatises on Cotton Spinning, observations on the different Canals and Railways in England and Ireland, Draining Lands, and a new and improved method of preserving Grain, and also of purifying that which is become fusty and unfit for use.

The Rev. Samuel Burder, M. A. has in the press, a new Edition, being the Fifth, of his work, entitled, Oriental Customs; it has been revised throughout, and instead of forming two series of references to various passages of Scripture, the whole will now be incorpe-

rated in one arrangement. The first volume will comprise the Books of the Old Testament to the end of Solomon's Song. The second, from the beginning of Isaiah to the end of the New Testament. Additions will be made to the extent of nearly 100 pages of entirely new matter, containing extracts from some recent valuable Travels, and a copious list of Eastern literature. It will be ready for publication by the first of January 1816.

The Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue has in the press, a Familiar and Practical Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the United Church of England and Ireland.

A second Edition of Bishop Lowth's Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews, translated by Dr. Gregory, will spec-

dily be published.

A second Edition of *The Spirit of General History*, in a series of Lectures; from the Eighth to the Eighteenth century; wherein is given, a view of the progress of society, in manners and legislation, during that period. By the Rev. G. Thomson, will soon be published.

An Abridgment of Rollin's *Ancient History*, by Mr. E. A. Kendall, author of the *Pocket Cyclopædia*, will shortly appear, in one volume duodecimo.

Britton's *Beauties of Wiltshire*. Volume Three, to complete the Work, will embrace Historical and Descriptive Account of the Towns, Antiquities, Seats, &c., in the northern part of the county; also a neatly engraved Map of Wiltshire, and Engravings to illustrate the immense Druidical Temple at Avebury, St. John's Church at Devizes, Chippenham, Malmsbury Abbey Church, Laycock Priory, Farleigh Castle, &c. In the letter press will be a particular account of the Temple at Avebury; with histories of Malmsbury and Laycock Abbies; a bibliographical Catalogue; an Index, &c. As only 250 copies of this volume will be printed, gentlemen are desired to send in their names immediately. It will be published in, or before June 1816.

In the press, *The History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church at Bath*; illustrated by eight Engravings of Ground Plan, Views, and Architectural Details, including an account of the principal Monuments, and Anecdotes of the most distin-

guished persons interred in the Church. Inscribed to the Rev. John Josias Conybeare, M. A. Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. By John Britton, F. S. A. In royal octavo; also medium and imperial quarto, to correspond with the *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*; and the *History of Redcliffe Church, Bristol*.

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Mr. George Baker, of Northampton, has issued proposals for a History of Northamptonshire, brought down to the present time, on which he has been engaged several years.

Mr. L. S. Boyne has in the press, *Cursory Remarks on the Physical and Moral History of the Human Species, and its connections with surrounding agency.*

Dr. Busby is preparing a new Edition of *Musical Biography*, comprising Memoirs of all the eminent Composers and Writers of the present day.

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Dr. Clarke will shortly publish another Volume of his Travels; (being the fourth) comprising his Researches in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; with his route from Athens by land to Constantinople; and a Description of the North of Greece, Macedonia, and Thrace.

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Dr. Carey is about to publish a new and improved Edition of his English Prosody.

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III.

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